Vol. ..... of ..... vols. | cl. X 043

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

CENTRAL LIBRARY,
LEWISHAM HIGH STREET S.E.13

CHARGE NUMBER B 643

The Public Libraries of the Borough of Lewisham are as follows :—

Reference Library, Lending Library and Newsrooms :
CENTRAL LIBRARY, Lewisham High Street, S.E.13

Lending Library and Newsroo
FOREST HILL BRA
MANOR HOUSE BR
SYDENHAM BRANC
BROCKLEY BRANC
HITHER GREEN BI
DOWNHAM BRANC

The Lending Libraries employed within the boundari are open for the issue and exc year from **10 a.m.** to **7.30 p.** Day, Good Friday, Easter Sat will be given of any special cl

Borrowers may obtain tickets at two tickets. Tickets may be used at any of the seven Libraries of the Borough. A book must be returned to the Library from which it was obtained. Tickets must be renewed annually. Books may be reserved.

A Borrower may retain a book for home reading for 14 days ; the date last stamped upon the fly leaf within the book cover is the last day upon which it may be retained without charge. Thereafter, a fine of TWO PENCE shall be payable by the Borrower for each week or part of a week during which the book is retained.

Books cannot be exchanged on the day of issue, but otherwise no limit is placed upon the frequency with which a Borrower may make his exchange.

In cases of Infectious Disease, notice must at once be given by the Borrower to the Medical Officer of Health at the Town Hall, who will attend to the matter without cost to the Borrower.

M.S.C.

STRICKLAND, A

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

5-6

O/3750. Sch. 190. 10M. 8/46. B. & S., Ltd. Y5/924.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

BOOK STORE

Books must be returned on or before the last date stamped below or on the date card. Fines on overdue books will be charged: ~~1d per day for the first week (1d minimum), 1d per day for the second week. 2d per day thereafter.~~

Books are renewable by phone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader.

ALL LIBRARIES are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays, and the Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

~~13/11/67~~ 24. FEB. 1969 (7) 3/8/76

~~6/3/68~~ 2) 4/3/70 (16) 21/6/79

23/4/68 15) 22-6-70

21/1/69 15) 30-3-71 29. OCT 1970

22 MAY 1971

(1) 1/9/71

1969 1) 9-11-71

13/6/69 7) 2-5-72

21/11/69 (3) 5/3/73

(2) 27/8/75

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

VOL. V.

CENTRAL

Katharine Parr.

Sixth Queen of Henry 8th

Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street 1842.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

CENTRAL

LONDON
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

947.0

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,
PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1842.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES.
CENTRAL LIBRARY.
STOCK No. 542
SHELF No. B643

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS C. SAVILL,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

CENTRAL

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

KATHARINE PARR, sixth Queen of Henry VIII.—

Chapter I. . . . . *Page* 1
— II. 59

MARY, the first Queen-Regnant of England and Ireland.—

Chapter I. 144
— II. 189
— III. 238
— IV. 289
— V. 350
— VI. 398

ILLUSTRATIONS.

KATHARINE PARR, from Strawberry Hill Original Miniature . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

(See Page 42.)

HENRY VIII. AND HIS FAMILY, from Holbein, Hampton Court . . . . . *Vignette.*

(See Page 63.)

KATHARINE PARR,

SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Katharine Parr the first Protestant queen of England—Her ancestry—Royal descent—Relationship to Henry VIII.—Her parents—Her birth at Kendal Castle—Death of sir Thomas Parr, her father—His will—Prudent conduct of lady Parr—Katharine's learned education—Her royal destiny predicted—Her dislike of needlework—Sought in marriage for the heir of lord Scroop—Her mother's letters—The treaty broken off—Katharine weds lord Borough—His family—Katharine a widow at fifteen—Her residence at Sizergh Castle with lady Strickland—The queen's chamber at Sizergh—Description of Katharine Parr's embroidery at Sizergh—She marries lord Latimer—Her rich dower—Her husband joins the pilgrimage of Grace—His peril—Katharine's influence with the king—She intercedes for her aunt's husband—Cromwell's disgrace attributable to Katharine Parr—Death of lord Latimer—Katharine a second time a widow—She embraces the reformed faith—Religious assemblies at her house—Courted by sir Thomas Seymour—Her attachment to Seymour—Compelled to relinquish him for the king—Her reluctance to the royal marriage—Cranmer's licence for king Henry's nuptials with Katharine Parr—She is married to the king at Hampton Court—Her attentions to her royal step-children—Presents to the princess Mary—Her friendship with Mary—Fondness of prince Edward for queen Katharine—His letters to her—Description of her queenly dress—Her miniature at Strawberry-hill—Her devotional writings—Henry's hopes of offspring by Katharine Parr—His regard for her—She is appointed queen-regent of England—Her autograph—Her government in king Henry's absence—Her order in council—Return of the king—Painting of the royal family group at Hampton Court, (see vignette.)

KATHARINE PARR was the first Protestant queen of England. She was the only one among the consorts of

Henry VIII. who, in the sincerity of an honest heart, embraced the doctrine of the Reformation, and imperilled her crown and life in support of her principles. The name of Katharine, which, from its Greek derivative, *Katharos*, signifies pure as a limpid stream, seems peculiarly suited to the characteristics of this illustrious lady; in whom we behold the protectress of Coverdale, the friend of Anne Askew, the learned and virtuous matron who directed the studies of lady Jane Grey, Edward VI., and queen Elizabeth, and who may, with truth, be called the nursing mother of the Reformation.

Katharine Parr was not only a queen of England, but an English queen. Although of ancient and even royal descent, she claimed, by birth, no higher rank than that of a private gentlewoman. Like Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, Katharine Parr was only the daughter of a knight; but her father, sir Thomas Parr, was of a more distinguished ancestry than either sir Thomas Boleyn or sir John Seymour. From the marriage of his Norman progenitor, Ivo de Tallebois, with Lucy, the sister of the renowned earls Morcar and Edwin, sir Thomas Parr inherited the blood of the Anglo-Saxon kings. Ivo de Tallebois was the first baron of Kendal, and maintained the state of a petty sovereign in the north. His male line failing with William de Lancaster, the seventh in descent, the honours and estates of that mighty family passed to his sisters Helwise and Alice. Margaret, the elder coheiress of Helwise by Peter le Brus, married the younger son of Robert lord Roos, of Hamlake and Werks, by Isabel, daughter of Alexander II., king of Scotland. Their grandson, sir Thomas de Roos, married Katharine, the daughter of sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland. The fruit of this union was an only daughter, Elizabeth, who brought Kendal Castle and a rich inheritance into queen Katharine's

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

paternal house, by her marriage with sir William del Parr, knight. Sir William Parr, the grandson of this pair, was made knight of the Garter, and married Elizabeth, one of the coheiresses of the lord Fitzhugh, by Alice, daughter of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, and Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster. Alice Neville was sister to the king's great grandmother, Cicely Neville, duchess of York; and through this connexion Katharine Parr was fourth cousin to Henry VIII.[1]

From the elder coheiress of Fitzhugh, the patrimony of the Marmions, the ancient champions of England, was transmitted to sir Thomas Parr, father of queen Katharine. Her mother, Matilda, or, as she was commonly called, Maud Green, was daughter and coheiress of sir Thomas Green, of Boughton and Green's Norton, in the county of Northamptonshire. This lady was a descendant of the distinguished families of Talbot and Throckmorton. Her sister, Anne, wedded Sir Nicholas Vaux, afterwards created lord Vaux of Harrowden, and dying childless, the whole of the rich inheritance of the Greens of Boughton centred in Matilda.[2] At the age of thirteen, Matilda became the wife of sir Thomas Parr. This marriage took place in the year 1508. The date generally assigned for the birth of Katharine Parr is 1510; but the correspondence between her mother and lord Dacre, in the fifteenth year of Henry VIII., in which her age is specified to be *under* twelve,[3] will prove that she could not have been born till 1513. Her father, sir Thomas Parr, at that time held high offices at court, being master of the wards and comptroller of the household to Henry VIII. As a token of royal favour, we find

[1] Dugdale.
[2] Baker's Northamptonshire, corrected from Dugdale.
[3] Hopkinson's MSS. Whittaker's Richmondshire.

that the king presented him with a rich gold chain, value £140—a very large sum in those days.[1] Both sir Thomas and his lady were frequent residents in the court; but the child who was destined hereafter to share the throne of their royal master first saw the light at Kendal Castle, in Westmoreland, the time-honoured fortress which had been the hereditary seat of her ancestors from the days of its Norman founder, Ivo de Tallebois.

A crumbling relic of this stronghold of feudal greatness is still in existence, rising like a grey crown over the green hills of Kendal. It is situated on a lofty eminence, which commands a panoramic view of the town and the picturesque and ever verdant vale of the Kent, that clear and rapid stream, which, night and day sings an unwearied song, as it rushes over its rocky bed at the foot of the castle hill. The circular tower of the castle is the most considerable portion of the ruins; but there is a large enclosure of ivy-mantled walls remaining, with a few broken arches. These are now crowned with wild flowers, whose peaceful blossoms wave unnoted where the red cross banner of St. George once flaunted on tower and parapet of the sternly-guarded fortress, that for centuries was regarded as the most important defence of the town of Kendal and the adjacent country.

The warlike progenitors of Katharine had stern duties to perform at the period when the kings of Scotland held Cumberland of the English crown, and were perpetually harassing the northern counties with predatory expeditions. Before the auspicious era when the realms of England and Scotland were united under one sovereign, the lord of Kendal Castle, like his feudal neighbour of Sizergh, was compelled to furnish a numerous quota of men-at-arms for the service of the crown, and the protection of the border. The contingent con-

[1] See sir Thomas Parr's will in Testamenta Vetusta.

sisted of horse and foot, and, above all, of those bowmen, so renowned in border history and song—the Kendal archers. They are especially noted by the metrical chronicler of the battle of Flodden—

> "These are the bows of Kentdale bold,
> Who fierce will fight and never flee."

Dame Maud Parr evinced a courageous disposition in venturing to choose Kendal Castle for the place of her *accouchement*, at a time when the northern counties were menaced with an invasion from the puissance and flower of Scotland, headed by their king in person. Sir Thomas Parr was, however, compelled to be on duty there with his warlike meinè, in readiness either to attend the summons of the lord warden of the marches, or to hold the fortress for the defence of the town and neighbourhood; and his lady, instead of remaining in the metropolis, or seeking a safer abiding place at Green's Norton, her own patrimonial domain, decided on sharing her husband's perils in the north, and there gave birth to Katharine. They had two other children, William, their son and heir, afterwards created earl of Essex and marquis of Northampton, and Anne, the wife of William Herbert, the natural son of the earl of Pembroke, to which dignity he was himself raised by Edward VI.

Sir Thomas Parr died in the year 1517, leaving his three infant children to the guardianship of his faithful widow, who is said to have been a lady of great prudence and wisdom, with a discreet care for the main chance.

The will of sir Thomas Parr is dated Nov. 7th, the 9th of Henry VIII. He bequeathed his body to be interred in Blackfriars' church, London. All his manors, lands, and tenements, he gave to his wife, dame Maud, during her life. He willed his daughters, Katharine and Anne, to have eight hundred pounds between them, as

marriage portions, except they proved to be his heirs or his son's heirs, in which case that sum was to be laid out in copes and vestments, and given to the monks of Clairveaux, with a hundred pounds bestowed on the chantry of Kendal. He willed his son William to have his great chain, worth one hundred and forty pounds, which the king's grace gave him. He made Maud, his wife, and Dr. Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, his executors.

Four hundred pounds, Katharine's moiety of the sum provided by her father for the nuptial portions of herself and her sister, would be scarcely equal to two thousand pounds in these days, and seems but an inadequate dowry for the daughters of parents so richly endowed with the gifts of fortune as sir Thomas and lady Parr. It was, however, all that was accorded to her who was hereafter to contract matrimony with the sovereign of the realm.

Sir Thomas Parr died in London, on the 11th of November, four days after the date of his will, in the parish of the Blackfriars, and there can be no doubt but he was interred in that church, according to his own request; yet, as lately as the year 1628, there is record of a tomb, bearing his effigies, name, and arms, in the chapel or family burying-place of the Parrs,[1] in the south choir of Kendal church.

[1] This monument is thus described in Dr. Whittaker's History of Richmondshire:—

"On a tomb a man in armour kneeling, on his breast two bars argent, within a bordure sable, for Parr, on his wife's breast quartering Greene and Mapleloft, and about it was written,

"'Pray for the soul of Thomas Parr, knight, squire of the king's body, Henry 8th, master of his wards, who deceased the 11th day of Nov., in the 9th year of our said sovereign lord, at London, ... in the .... Fryers, as his tomb doth record.'

"In the window over this tomb was emblazoned the arms of Katharine's ancestor, sir William Parr, who married the heiress of Roos. The large black marble tomb still remaining in the Parr chapel is supposed to

It has been generally said, that Katharine Parr received a learned education from her father; but as she was only in her fifth year when he died, it must have been to the maternal wisdom of lady Parr that she was indebted for those mental acquirements which so eminently fitted her to adorn the exalted station to which she was afterwards raised. Katharine was gifted by nature with fine talents, and these were improved by the advantages of careful cultivation. She both read and wrote Latin with facility, possessed some knowledge of Greek, and was well versed in modern languages. How perfect a mistress she was of her own, the elegance and beauty of her devotional writings are a standing monument.

"I have met with a passage concerning this queen," says Strype, "in the margin of Bale's Centuries, in possession of a late friend of mine, Dr. Sampson, which shewed the greatness of her mind and the quickness of her wit, while she was yet a young child. Somebody skilled in prognostication, casting her nativity, said that she was born to sit in the highest seat of imperial majesty, having all the eminent stars and planets in her house. This she heard and took such notice of, that when her mother used sometimes to call her to work, she would reply—

"'My hands are ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, and not spindles and needles."[1]

This striking incident affords one among many instances in which the prediction of a brilliant destiny has

cover the remains of her grandfather, Sir William Parr, K.G., for it bears the paternal shield of Parr, quartered with Roos, Brus, and Fitzhugh, encircled with the garter.

"The ladies whose arms are engraven on this monument were all heiresses; therefore the property accumulated by these marriages of the heads of the family of Parr must have been considerable."

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. ii., part 1, p. 206.

insured its own fulfilment, by its powerful influence on an energetic mind. It is also an exemplification at how precocious an age the germ of ambition may take root in the human heart. But, however disposed the little Katharine might have been to dispense with the performance of her tasks, under the idea of queening it hereafter, lady Parr was too wise a parent to allow vain dreams of royalty to unfit her child for the duties of the station of life in which she was born; and notwithstanding Katharine's early repugnance to touch a needle, her skill and industry in its use became so remarkable, that there are specimens of her embroidery at Sizergh Castle, which could scarcely have been surpassed by the far-famed stitcheries of the sisters of king Athelstan.

Dame Maud Parr proved herself well worthy of the confidence her husband had reposed in her, when he endowed her with a life interest in his large possessions. Though she had scarcely completed her twenty-second year at the time of his death, she never entered into a second marriage, but devoted herself entirely to the superintendence of her children's education, and the improvement of their patrimony. In the year 1524, she entered into a negotiation with her kinsman, lord Dacre, for a marriage between his grandson, the heir of lord Scroop, and her daughter Katharine, of which the particulars may be learned from some very curious letters preserved among the Scroop MSS.[1] The first is from dame Maude Parr to the lord Dacre, and refers to a personal conference she had had with his lordship at Greenwich, on the subject of this alliance:—

"Most honourable and my very good lord,

"I heartily commend me to you. Whereas it pleased you at your last being here to take pains in the matter in consideration of marriage

[1] Quoted in Whittaker's History of Richmondshire.

between the lord Scroop's son and my daughter Katharine, for the which I heartily thank you, at which time I thought the matter in good furtherance. Howbeit, I perceive that my lord Scroop is not agreeable to that consideration. The jointure is little for 1100 marks, which I will not pass, and my said lord will not repay after marriage had; and 200 marks must needs be repaid if my daughter Katharine dies before the age of sixteen, or else I should break Master Parr's will, which I should be loth to do, and there can be no marriage until my lord's son (lord Scroop) comes to the age of thirteen, and my daughter to the age of twelve, before which time, if the marriage should take none effect, or be dissolved either by death, wardship, disagreement, or otherwise, which may be before that time notwithstanding marriage solemnized, repayment must needs be had of the whole, or else I might fortune to pay my money for nothing. The conversation I had with you at Greenwich, was that I was to pay at desire 1100 marks, 100 on hand—and 100 every year, which is as much as I can spare, as you know, and for that my daughter Katharine is to have 100 marks jointure, whereof I am to have 50 marks for her finding till they live together, and then they are to have the whole 100 marks, and repayment to be had if the marriage took not effect. My lord, it might please you to take so much pain as to help to conclude this matter, if it will be, and if you see any defect on my part, it shall be ordered as ye deem good, as knoweth Jesu, who preserve your good lordship.

"Written at the Rye, the 13 day of July,

"Your cousin, MAUD PARR."

Lord Scroop of Bolton Castle did not choose to submit to the refunding part of the clause, and was unwilling to allow more than forty marks per annum for the finding of the young lady till the heir of Scroop came to the age of eighteen.

Lord Dacre, after some inconsequential letters between him and dame Maud, proved his sincerity in the promotion of the wedlock by the following pithy arguments contained in an epistle to lord Scroop, his son-in-law:—

"My lord,

"Your son and heir is the greatest jewel that ye can have, seeing he must represent your own person after your death, unto whom I pray God grant many long years. And if ye be disposed to marry him, I cannot see, without you marry him to an heir of land (which would be

right costly[1]), that ye can marry him to so good a stock as my lady Parr, for divers considerations—first, in remembering the wisdom of my said lady, and the good, wise stock of the Greens, whereof she is coming, and also of the wise stock of the Parrs, of Kendale, for all wise men do look when they do marry their child, to the wisdom of the blood they do marry with. I speak not of the possibility of the lady Parr's daughter Katharine, who has but one child[2] between her and 800 marks yearly to inherit thereof.

"My lord, the demands you have and my lady's demands are so far asunder, that it is impossible ye can ever agree. I think it is not convenient nor profitable that so large a sum as 100 marks should go yearly out of your land to so young a person as my lady's eldest daughter Katharine, if it fortune, as God defend, that your said son and mine die. Also, I think it good (but I would not have it comprised in the covenant), that during the time of three years, that he should be with my said lady Parr, if she keep her widowhood, and ye to find him clothing and a servant to wait upon him, and she to find him meat and drink, for I assure you he might learn with her as well as in any place that I know, as well nurture as French and other languages, which *me seems* were a commodious thing for him.

"At Morpeth, 17 day of December, 15 year Henry 8th."

These letters certify us that Katharine Parr was under twelve years of age in the year 1524; she could not, therefore, have been born *before* 1513. We also learn that lord Dacre was anxious that his youthful grandson should participate in the advantages of the liberal education lady Parr was bestowing on her children, and that he placed due importance on the fact that the lady came of a family celebrated for sound sense and good conduct, a point little regarded now in the marriages of the heirs of an illustrious line. Lady Parr and all her lineage had a great reputation for wisdom, it seems; but the wisdom of this world formed so prominent a feature in the matrimonial bargain the sagacious widow and the

[1] The consent of parents or guardians must have been bought. It was a common case in that age for fathers and mothers to sell their consent to the marriage of their heirs.

[2] Her brother, afterwards Marquis of Northampton; in fact, the youngest sister, Anne Parr, inherited the Parr estate.

wary lord Scroop were attempting to drive in behalf of their children, that the affair came to nothing.

Lord Dacre tells lady Parr, "that lord Scroop must needs have money, and he has nothing whereof to make it but the marriage of his said son;" and dame Maud, in a letter from the court of Greenwich, dated the 15th of the following March, laments to my lord Dacre that the custom of her country and the advice of her friends will not permit her to submit to lord Scroop's way of driving a bargain.

Lord Dacre, who seems some degrees less acquisitive than his son and the lady Parr, replies:—

"Madam,

"For my part, I am sorry that ye be thus converted in this matter, seeing the labour I have had in it, which was most for the strength of my friendship for my cousin Katharine, your daughter, assuring you that ye shall not marry Katharine in any place that be so good and comfortable to my said cousin, your daughter. And concerning my lord Scroop's demands, he *demandit* nothing but that ye were content to give, which was 1100 marks. And concerning his offer which was 100 marks jointure, it is not far from the custom of the country; for from the highest to the lowest, it is the custom to give for every 100 marks of dower, ten marks jointure.

"But finally, madame, seeing ye are thus minded (whereat I am sorry, as nature constraineth me to be), as it doth please you in this business, so it shall please me. And thus heartily fare ye well.

"At Morpeth, 25th day of May, 16 anno."

Thus ended the abortive matrimonial treaty for the union of Katharine Parr and the heir of Scroop, who was her kinsman by the maternal connexion of both with the great northern family of Dacre. Katharine must have been still of very tender age when she was given in marriage to her first husband, Edward, lord Borough of Gainsborough,[1] a mature widower, with chil-

[1] This nobleman was the second peer of the family of Borough, anciently written de Burgh. He was of the same lineage as the famous Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent and justiciary of England, the favourite of Henry III. His father, Sir Thomas Borough, was made knight of the

dren who had arrived at man's estate. Henry, the second of these sons, after his father's marriage with Katharine Parr, espoused her friend and kinswoman, Katharine Neville, the widow of sir Walter Strickland, of Sizergh ;[1] and this lady, though only twenty-nine at the time of their union, was fourteen years older than her husband's stepmother.

The principal family seat of Katharine's first husband was his manor-house of Gainsborough, situated about seventeen miles from Lincoln, and here, no doubt, he resided with his young bride. His father had expended considerable sums in enlarging and improving this mansion, which was sold a century afterwards by one of his descendants to a wealthy London citizen. Lord Borough had a fine mansion at Catterick, in Yorkshire, and probably at Newark, likewise, where his arms, impaled with those of his first wife, Alice Cobham, were painted on a window which his father presented to the parish church.

In Gainsborough church, on the tomb of the first lord Borough, father to Katharine Parr's husband, the arms

Garter at the coronation of Henry VII. He was afterwards called to the peerage by the title of lord Borough of Gainsborough; and Edward, the husband of Katharine, succeeded his father in the year 1495-6. He had married Anne, the daughter and heiress of sir Thomas Cobham, of Sterborough, Kent, by whom he had a family before he succeeded to his father's honours, for his eldest son is mentioned in the first lord Borough's will. That son was probably as old as the mother of Katharine Parr. By his mother, Alianor, the daughter of lord Roos of Hamlake, and the daughter of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, he was distantly related to the family of Parr; and by the second marriage of his grandmother, Alice Beauchamp, with Edmund Beaufort, afterwards duke of Somerset, he was allied to the royal family.

[1] Catharine Neville was the co-heiress of sir Ralph Neville, of Thornton Briggs, in Yorkshire. She married sir Walter Strickland, who died 19th year of Henry VIII., January, 1527; and lady Strickland married, the *year after*, 1528, to Henry Borough, entailing her inheritance of Thornton Briggs on her only son, Walter Strickland. She afterwards married William Knyvet. She was twenty-two years old in 1521, when Katharine Parr was about eight.—Plumpton Papers, 260. Strickland Family Papers, third folio, Sizergh Castle.

of Borough were quartered with Tallebois, Marmion, and Fitzhugh,[1] which afford sufficient proof of the ancestral connexion of this nobleman with the Parrs. He appears to have been related to Katharine somewhere about the fourth degree. He died in 1528-9.[2] Katharine, therefore, could not have exceeded her fifteenth year at the period of her first widowhood. She had no children by lord Borough. Soon after the death of her husband, Katharine was bereaved of her last surviving parent. From a passage in the will of lady Parr, it appears as if that lady had sacrificed the interests of her daughter in order to purchase a marriage with a kinswoman of the sovereign for her son, sir William Parr. This strange document, which is utterly devoid of perspicuity and common sense, commences thus :—

"Dame Maud Parr, widow, late wife of sir Thomas Parr, deceased 20th of May, 21st Henry VIII., 1529. My body to be buried in the church of the Blackfriars, London. Whereas I have indebted myself for the preferment of my son and heir, William Parr, as well to the king for the marriage of my said son, as to my lord of Essex for the marriage of my lady Bourchier, daughter and heir apparent to the said earl, Ann, my daughter, sir William Parr, knt., my brother, Katharine Borough, my daughter, Thomas Pickering, esq., my cousin, and steward of my house."[3]

Great difficulties were probably encountered by the executors of lady Parr's will, as it was not proved till December 14th, 1531, more than two years after her death. Like many of the marriages based on parental pride and avarice, the union of Katharine's brother with the heiress of the royally descended and wealthy house of Bourchier, proved a source of guilt and misery to both parties. The young lady Parr was the sole descendant

[1] Halle's MSS., British Museum.

[2] His son and heir, Thomas, third lord Borough, received summons to attend parliament, 3rd Nov., 21 Henry VIII.

[3] Testamenta Vetusta.

of Isabel Plantagenet, sister to the king's great grandfather, Richard, duke of York.

This alliance increased the previous family connexion of the Parrs with the sovereign's lineage on the female side. Some degree of friendly intercourse appears to have been kept up between the king and his cousin the young lady Parr; and we observe that, in the year 1530, she sent him a present of a coat of Kendal cloth.[1] Both the brother and the uncle of Katharine were now attached to the royal household, but many reasons lead us to suppose that Katharine became an inmate of Sizergh Castle about this period. She was a lovely, noble, and wealthy widow, in her sixteenth year, when deprived of the protection of her last surviving parent. Her only near female relations were an unmarried sister younger than herself, and her aunt, lady Throckmorton, who resided in a distant county. As heiress presumptive to her brother William, it was desirable to remain in the vicinity of Kendal Castle, and the family estates in that neighbourhood; therefore the most prudent and natural thing she could do was to take up her abode with her kinswoman and friend, lady Strickland. That lady, though she had, by her marriage with Katharine's step-son, Henry Borough, become her daughter-in-law, was quite old enough to afford matronly countenance to the youthful widow of lord Borough, whom, according to the quaint custom of the time, she called "her good mother."

Katharine Parr and lady Strickland were alike descended from the Nevilles, of Raby; and sir Walter Strickland, the deceased husband of the latter, was also a relative of the Parrs; and as lady Strickland held of the crown the wardship of her son, young Walter Strickland's person and estates, she remained mistress of

[1] Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.

EXLIBRIS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sizergh Castle, even after her marriage with Henry Borough.[1]

At no other period of her life than the interval between her mother's death and her own marriage with Neville, lord Latimer, could Katharine Parr have found leisure to embroider the magnificent counterpane and toilet-cover, which are proudly exhibited at Sizergh Castle as trophies of her industry, having been worked by her own hands during a visit to her kinsfolk there.

As the ornamental labours of the needle have become once more a source of domestic enjoyment to the ladies of England, and even the lords of the creation appear to derive some pleasure, as lookers-on, in tracing the progress of their fair friends at the embroidering-frame, a brief description of these beautiful and well preserved specimens of Katharine Parr's proficiency in that accomplishment may not be displeasing.

The material on which both counterpane and toilet-cover are worked is the richest white satin, of a fabric with which the production of no modern loom can vie. The centre of the pattern is a medallion, surrounded with a wreath of natural flowers wrought in twisted silks and bullion. A spread eagle, in bold relief, gorged with the imperial crown, forms the middle. At each corner is a lively heraldic monster of the dragon class, glowing with purple, crimson, and gold. The field is gaily beset with large flowers in gorgeous colours, highly embossed and enriched with threads of gold.

The toilette is *ensuite*, but of a smaller pattern. The lapse of three centuries has scarcely diminished the brilliancy of the colours, or tarnished the bullion; nor is the purity of the satin sullied, though both these queenly relics have been used, on state occasions, by the family in

[1] Strickland Papers at Sizergh Castle, folio 3.

whose possession they have remained as precious heir-looms and memorials of their ancestral connexion with queen Katharine Parr. The apartment which Katharine occupied in Sizergh Castle is still called "the Queen's Room." It is a fine state chamber in that ancient portion of the castle, the Deincourt tower. It opens through the drawing-room, and is pannelled with richly-carved black oak, which is covered with tapestry of great beauty. The designs represent hunting in all its gradations, from a fox-chase up to a lion-hunt, varied with delineations of trees and flowers, and surrounded with a very unique border, in which young tigers are fighting and brandishing their claws at each other in the manner of enraged kittens. The most splendid patterns for modern needle-work might be taken from these spirited devices. Over the lofty carved chimney-piece are the arms of England and France, supported between the lion and the Tudor dragon, with the motto "*Vivat Regina;*" the date, 1569, proves they were put up some years after the death of Katharine Parr, though doubtless intended to commemorate the fact that this apartment was once honoured by her use.[1] The bed, with its hangings of costly crimson damask, is shewn as the veritable one in which she reposed, but the fashion of the bedstead is too modern to favour the tradition, which we think more probably belongs to one of the elaborately-carved and canopied oaken bedsteads coeval with the days of the Plantagenets, which are to be seen in other chambers of this venerable mansion.

How long Katharine continued the widow of lord Borough is uncertain, but she was probably under twenty

[1] The arms of Deincourt, quartering Strickland, Roos, and Parr, are painted in the upper part of the antique window of the apartment in Sizergh Castle, called the inlaid chamber, which, from that circumstance, has been mistaken for the queen's room by Mr. Allom, in his Beauties of Westmoreland.

years of age when she became, for the second time, the wife of a mature widower, and again undertook the office of a step-mother. It is not unlikely that her residence at Sizergh Castle might lead to her marriage with John Neville, lord Latimer, as lady Strickland was a Neville, of Thornton Briggs, and would naturally afford her kinsman every facility for his courtship to their fair cousin. Lord Latimer was related to Katharine in about the same degree as her first husband, lord Borough.[1] The date of her marriage with this nobleman is not known. He had been previously married twice; first, to Elizabeth, daughter of sir Richard Musgrave, who died without issue;[2] secondly, to Dorothy, daughter of sir George de Vere, and sister and co-heiress to John de Vere, fourteenth earl of Oxford, by whom he had two children, John and Margaret.[3] The second lady Latimer died in 1526-7.

After Katharine became the wife of lord Latimer, she chiefly resided with him and his family at his stately mansion of Snape Hall, in Yorkshire, which is thus described by Leland:—"Snape, a goodly castel in a valley belonging to the lord Latimer, with two or three good parks well wooded about it. It is his chief house, and standeth about two miles from Great Tanfield." The

[1] The maternal ancestors of Katharine's second husband were the Latimers, lords of Corby and Shenstone, afterwards of Braybrooke and Danby. The heiress of this family marrying John lord Neville, of Raby and Middleham, became the mother of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, whose fifth son by Joanna Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, took the title of lord Latimer, and married the third daughter and co-heiress of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick. From this pair John Neville, lord Latimer, Katharine's husband, was the fourth in descent. He was the eldest son of a family of thirteen children.—Hopkinson's MSS.

[2] Lord Latimer was united to this lady July 20th, 1518, in the chapel of his manor of Snape, during his father's life, being then only a knight.—Wolsey's Register, p. 94. Unpublished History of the Family of Neville, by Daniel Rowland, esq.

[3] Rev. T. Nash, Archæologia, vol. ix., p. 6.

manors of Cumperton, Wadborough, and several other estates in Worcestershire, which he inherited from Elizabeth Beauchamp, were settled on Katharine Parr at her marriage with this wealthy noble."

The ancestors of Katharine Parr, the Marmions, had formerly held sway at Tanfield; and through the marriage of her grandfather, sir William Parr, with Elizabeth Fitzhugh, the grand-daughter of the heiress of sir Robert Marmion, the castle and manor of Tanfield descended to the father of Katharine, and was now the property of her brother, young William Parr. He was at that time childless; and as Katharine was his heiress presumptive, there was a contingency, by no means remote of this demesne, which was so desirably contiguous to her husband's estates, falling to her. It would be too much to say that lord Latimer had an eye to this contingency when he sought the hand of Katharine Parr, for she was young, lovely, accomplished, learned, and virtuous, and, to a man who had enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the perfections of a mind like hers, the worldly advantages that might accrue from a matrimonial alliance with her, must have been considerations of a very secondary nature. Fortunate, indeed, must lord Latimer have felt himself in being able to obtain so charming a companion for his latter days, and at the same time so well qualified to direct the studies and form the minds of his children. The amiable temper and sound sense of Katharine taught her to perform the difficult duties that devolved upon her in the character of a step-mother with such conscientious and endearing gentleness, that she ensured the love and esteem of all the families with whom she was connected in that capacity. During the first years of her marriage with lord Latimer, she pursued the noiseless tenour of her way in the peaceful routine and privacy of domestic life, to which those talents and acquirements which afterwards

rendered her the admiration of the most learned men in Europe, and the intellectual model of the ladies of England, were calculated to lend a charm.

Lord Latimer was so strenuous a catholic that he became one of the leaders of the Northern insurrection, on account of the suppression of the monasteries, and the sequestration of the church property by Cromwell, in 1536. This revolt, though chiefly proceeding from the miseries of a starving population, who found themselves suddenly deprived of the relief of conventual alms in seasons of distress, assumed the tone of a domestic crusade against the enemies of the olden faith, and was called the pilgrimage of grace. Forty thousand rustics in Yorkshire, alone, appeared in arms, bearing white banners with the image of the Saviour on the cross, and the chalice and host depicted thereon. Their nominal general was Robert Aske, a gentleman of mean condition, and a mysterious personage entitled the earl of Poverty, but an enthusiastic junto of nobles, knights, and ecclesiastics, at the head of whom was the archbishop of York, lord Neville, lord Darcy, and the husband of Katharine Parr, were allied with these adventurers.[1] They were knit together with oaths of compact, and they compelled the inhabitants of every village or town through which they passed to take this oath, and to join the pilgrimage. They became so formidable in a short time that the duke of Norfolk, who was empowered by the king to put down the rebellion, considered it more desirable to negotiate than to fight; and a peaceable conference was appointed between the royal commissioners and a chosen number of the leading men among the insurgents at Doncaster. Lord Latimer was one of the delegates nominated by the pilgrims for the perilous service of laying their grievances before the sovereign, and stating

[1] Speed.

their demands.[1] Four pledges were given by the Duke for the safe return of the delegates.[2]

They demanded, among other things, the restoration of the monastic establishments and the papal supremacy, the suppression of heretical books, especially the writings of Wycliff, Luther, Melancthon, and others whom they specified. That the heretical bishops might be condemned to the flames, or else compelled to do battle in single combat with certain valiantly disposed pilgrims, who would take upon themselves the office of champions for the church militant. There were also many legal and statistical reforms required, but the most extraordinary demand of the northern democracy was, "that the king should expel from his council all men of *vileyn* blood, especially Cromwell, Rich, and others who had risen from a humble station in society."[3]

In every era of our history it may be noted that the lower classes have disliked the elevation of persons of their own degree to the exercise of authority in the state. Such is the inconsistency of popular pride.

The king was much offended at the manifesto of the pilgrims, and took upon himself the task of compounding a reply, in which he expressed his astonishment, "that ignorant people should go about to instruct him in matters of theology, who somewhat had been noted to be learned in what the true faith should be."[4] In this, his majesty, with all the pride of authorship, evidently designs to recal to the memory of the more polite members of the confederacy, his own book against Luther, which had procured for him from the pope the title of "defender of the faith." He also angrily complains "of their presumption in wanting to mend his laws, as if after being their king eight-and-twenty years he did not know

[1] Speed; Lord Herbert. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Speed; Herbert; Lingard.

how to govern the realm. He rejected all their petitions, but offered to pardon them for appearing in arms against him, if they would give up their ringleaders; and concluded by bidding them admire the benignity of their sovereign."

The pilgrims declined the royal grace under such conditions, recalled their delegates, and made them ready for battle. The wise and conciliating policy of the duke of Norfolk prevented the collision which appeared almost inevitable. He prevailed upon the insurgents to lay down their arms, on condition of receiving free pardon from the king, with a promise that their grievances should be discussed in parliament; and with some difficulty he induced the king, who was very peevish with him about it, to publish the amnesty without exceptions.

The general pardon was dated December 9th, 1536. In February, the insurrection broke out again, but lord Latimer did not join it. The prudent counsels of Katharine possibly deterred her lord from involving himself a second time in so rash an enterprise. It is certain that, by remaining quiescent, he escaped the tragic fate of his northern neighbours and late confederates, the lord D'Arcy, sir Robert Constable, sir Stephen Hamerton, and upwards of seventy others, on whom the royal vengeance inflicted the extreme penalty of the law. The only daughter of sir Stephen Hamerton was betrothed to Katherine's youthful kinsman, Walter Strickland, and not only this family connexion, but the execution of several of the Nevilles after the second rising must have rendered this period a season of fearful anxiety to lord and lady Latimer. It was probably about this time that sir John Russell, the lord privy seal, took the opportunity of requesting a very inconvenient favour for one of his friends, of lord Latimer; namely, that his lordship should oblige this person with the loan of his fine mansion in the churchyard of the Chartreux, now called the

Charterhouse. Latimer did not venture to refuse, but his extreme reluctance to comply with the request, may be seen in the following letter[1] written in reply.—

"Right honourable and my especial good lord.

"After my most hearty recommendations had to your good lordship. Whereas your lordship doth desire . . . . of your friends my house within Chartreux Churchyard beside so . . . . I assure your lordship the getting of a lease of it cost me 100 marcs, besides other *pleasures* (improvements) that I did to the house, for it was much my desire to have it, because it stands in good air, out of press of the city. And I do alway lie there when I come to London, and I have no other house to lie at. And, also, I have granted it to farm to Mr. Nudygate, (Newdigate,) son and heir to serjeant Nudygate, to lie in the said house in my absence. And he to void whensoever I come up to London. Nevertheless, I am contented, if it can do your lordship any pleasure for your friend, that he lie there forthwith. I seek my lodgings at this Michaelmas term myself. And as touching my lease, I assure your lordship it is not here, but I shall bring it right to your lordship at my coming up, at this said term, and then and alway I shall be at your lordship's commandment, as knows our Lord; who preserve your lordship in much honour to his pleasure. From Wyke, in Worcestershire, the last day of September.

"Your lordship's assuredly to command,

"JOHN LATIMER."[2]

To the right honourable and very especial
good lord, my Lord Privy Seal.

From this letter we may gather that the household arrangements of the second husband of Katherine Parr were of the same prudential character which induces many of the nobles of the present age to let their mansions ready furnished to wealthy commoners, when they retire to their country seats, with this difference—lord Latimer's arrangement with the heir of serjeant Newdigate was a perennial engagement, by which the tenant was to vacate the house when his duties in parliament or other business called his lordship to town. It must have been

[1] Vespasian, F. xiii., 183, folio 131; an original document in the same volume of the Cottonian MSS., containing letters of Katharine Parr and other persons of her era.

[2] The Latimers were lords of Wyke Burnell, near Pershore, in Worcestershire, which was derived from the alliance of the Nevilles with the Beauchamps, earls of Warwick. Lord Latimer was evidently staying there when he wrote this letter.

a serious annoyance to all parties for the friend of my lord privy seal to take an impertinent fancy to occupy lord Latimer's town house under these circumstances; and yet, because the minister prefers the suit, the noble owner of the mansion is compelled to break his agreement with his tenant, and to seek for other lodgings for himself against the ensuing session of parliament, in order to accommodate a person who has evidently no claim on his courtesy. But a man who had been once in arms against the sovereign would, in that reign, be careful how he afforded cause for offence to one of the satellites of the crown. After his name had been connected with the pilgrimage of grace, lord Latimer had a delicate game to play, and it was well for him that his wife was related to the king, and the niece of a favoured member of the royal household, sir William Parr. Katharine's sister, lady Herbert, had an appointment in Jane Seymour's court, and assisted at the christening of Edward VI.

That Katharine Parr was not only acquainted with Henry VIII., but possessed a considerable influence over his mind some years before there was the slightest probability of her ever becoming the sharer of his throne, is certified by the history of the Throckmorton family, to which we are principally indebted for the following details. Sir George Throckmorton, the husband of Katharine Parr's aunt, having incurred the ill will of lord Cromwell, in consequence of some disputes arising from the contiguity of their manors of Coughton Court and Oursley, Cromwell endeavoured to compass the ruin of his aristocratic neighbour, by accusing him of having denied the king's supremacy.[1] The charge was peculiarly

[1] MS. Throckmorton, collated by Brown Willis. Among the incipient proofs of Cromwell's seizure of the Throckmorton property is his possession of a house in Throgmorton-street, where his oppression of his poor neighbours is commemorated by Stow, whose father was a sufferer. That the Throckmortons had a city house there is proved by the MS.

alarming to Throckmorton, because his brother Michael was in the service of cardinal Pole, and had taken an active part in opposing the king's divorce from Katharine of Arragon, as we are told by his kinsman in the following lines, from a metrical chronicle of the Life of sir Nicholas Throckmorton :—

"For after that resolved stood the king
To take a new, and leave his wedded wife.
My uncle was a means to work the thing,
By Reynold Poole, who brewed all the strife,
And then at Rome did work the contrary,
Which drave the king at home to tyranny."

Throckmorton MS.[1]

The subject of sir George Throckmorton's imprisonment, and the distress of his family, is introduced in these quaint lines :—

"My father's foes clapt him, through cankered hate,
In Tower fast, and gaped to joint his neck ;
They were in hope for to obtain a *mate*,
Who heretofore had laboured for a *check* ;
Yea, Grevills grieved him ill without a cause!
Who hurt not them, nor yet the prince's laws.

"Thus everything did run against the hair ;
Our name disgraced, and we but witless boys,
Did deem it hard such crosses then to bear—
Our minds more fit to deal with childish toys ;
But troubles are of perfect wit the schools,
When life at will feeds men as fat as fools."

quoted above, where it mentions, that, after the death of Edward VI., the four sons of that family met there for a consultation

"In London, in a house that bore our name."

Throgmorton House was evidently one of Cromwell's spoils, seized for a time from that family.

[1] This curious literary treasure belongs to the Throckmorton MS., and contains some of the most remarkable passages in the life of sir Nicholas Throckmorton (the son of sir George and Katharine Parr's aunt), arranged in verse by his nephew, sir Thomas Throckmorton. The poem consists of 229 stanzas, of six lines each. The near relationship between queen Katharine Parr and the Throckmorton family renders it a valuable addition to the scanty records of this period of her life.

After drawing rather a ludicrous picture of their tribulations, and comparing lady Throckmorton in her tears to a drowned mouse, he introduces the family of Parr on the scene.

"While flocking foes to work our bane were bent,
While thunder-claps of angry Jove did last,
Then to lord Parr my mother[1] saw me sent,
So with her brother I was safely placed;
Of alms he kept me in extremity,
Who did misdoubt a worse calamity.

"Oh, lucky looks that fawned on Katharine Parr!
A woman rare like her but seldom seen,
To Borough first, and then to Latimer,
She widow was, and then became a queen;
My mother prayed her niece with watery eyes,
To rid both her and hers from endless cries.

"She, willing of herself to do us good,
Sought out the means her uncle's life to save;
And when the king was in his pleasing mood
She humbly then her suit began to crave;
With wooing times denials disagree,
She spake and sped—my father was set free!"

In his rapturous allusion to the good offices of Katharine Parr, the poet, by mentioning her subsequent marriage with the king, a little confuses the time when her intercession was successfully employed for the deliverance of sir George Throckmorton. The date of this event is clearly defined, in the prose documents of the Throckmorton family, to have taken place in the year 1540, by the statement that sir George was released through the influence of his kinswoman, the lady Katha-

[1] This lady was the daughter of Katharine's grandmother, widow of sir William Parr, K.G., by a second marriage with sir Nicholas Vaux; consequently, lady Throckmorton was sister, by the half blood, to Katharine Parr's father and uncle. Lord Vaux of Harrowden, the younger brother of lady Throckmorton, married Elizabeth Green, sister to lady Parr, and both these ladies were the grand-daughters of Matilda Throckmorton, whose stately monument is to be seen in the church of Green's Norton. Thus we see the connexion of Katharine Parr with the family of Throckmorton was threefold.—Baker's Northamptonshire; Throckmorton Papers.

rine Parr, and advised with by the king, at her suggestion, about Cromwell, immediately before the arrest of that minister, which was in the June of that year.[1] This fact throws a new light on the fall of Cromwell, and leads us to infer that his ruin was caused, not by the enmity of Katharine Howard, but of her unsuspected successor, Katharine Parr, at that time the wife of a zealous Catholic peer, and herself a member of the church of Rome. It was probably from the eloquent lips of this strong-minded and intrepid lady, when pleading for the life of her uncle, that Henry learned the extent of Cromwell's rapacity, and the real state of the public mind as to his administration; and thus may we, perhaps, account for the otherwise mysterious change in the royal mind, when the monarch, after loading his favourite with honours and immunities, suddenly resolved to sacrifice him to popular indignation as a scapegoat, on whose shoulders the political sins of both king and council might be conveniently laid. Sir George Throckmorton took an active part in bringing his former persecutor to the block, and instead of being stripped by him of his fair domain of Coughton Court, was enabled to purchase Cromwell's manor of Oursley, on advantageous terms, of the crown, and to transmit it to his descendants, in whose possession it remains at the present day.[2]

Few things, perhaps, tend more importantly to the elucidation of historical mysteries than the study of

[1] This important incident is recorded in Brown Willis's History of the ancient family of Throckmorton, drawn up from the archives of that house in the year 1730. By the courtesy of the late venerable and lamented sir Charles Throckmorton, Bart., I have been favoured with some interesting and valuable extracts connected with the history of Katharine Parr, from that work and other family documents, which were kindly transcribed by our mutual friend, Miss Jane Porter, the accomplished author of Thaddeus of Warsaw and many other works, illustrative of the *beau-ideal* of heroism and virtue.

[2] MS. Throckmorton. This statement is confirmed by Pollino, who says that Henry had secret consultations with a noble cavalier, called *Roberto Trogmorton*, in order to bring about the fall of Cromwell.

genealogies. It is by obtaining an acquaintance with the family connexions of the leading actors in any memorable era, that we gain a clue to the secret springs of their actions, and perceive the wheel within a wheel which impelled to deeds otherwise unaccountable.

The brother of Katharine Parr was the husband of the heiress of the last earl of Essex, of the ancient line of Bourchier; but on the demise of that nobleman, those honours, which in equity ought to have been vested in his descendants, were, to the indignation of all the connexions of the Bourchiers and Parrs, bestowed on Cromwell. The death of that rapacious minister smoothed the way for the summons of William Parr to the house of lords as earl of Essex, in right of his wife.[1] Katharine herself came in for a share of the spoils of the enemy of her house, for his manor of Wimbledon was settled on her. Tradition says that she resided at the mansion at some period of her life. A portion of this ancient edifice, which is still called by her name, is in existence.[2]

Cromwell was the third great statesman of Henry VIII.'s cabinet, within the brief period of ten years, whose fall is attributable to female influence. Wolsey and More were the victims of Anne Boleyn's undisguised animosity, and the secret ill will of Katharine Parr appears to have been equally fatal to Cromwell, although her consummate prudence in avoiding any demonstration of hostility has prevented her from being recognised as the author of his ruin, save in the records of the house of Throckmorton.

The execution of the unfortunate queen, Katharine Howard, in February, 1542, preceded the death of Katharine Parr's second husband, lord Latimer, about

[1] Mills's Catalogue of Honour. Dugdale.
[2] Manning's History of Surrey.

twelve months. The will of lord Latimer is dated September 12, 1542, but as it was not proved till the 11th of the following March,[1] it is probable that he died early in 1543.

In this document lord Latimer bequeaths to the lady Katharine his wife the manors of Nunmonkton and Hamerton. He bequeaths his body to be buried on the south side of the church of Well, where his ancestors lay buried, if he should die in Yorkshire, appointing that the master of the hospital, and vicar of the church of Well, should take and receive all the rents and profits of the parsonage of Askham Richard, in the county of the city of York, as also of the parsonage of St. George's church, in York, for the term of forty years, wherewith to endow a grammar school at Well, and to pray for him the founder.[2] The latter clause affords evidence that lord Latimer died as he had lived—a member of the church of Rome. There is, however, neither monument nor memorial of him in the church of Well, for he died in London and was interred in St. Paul's cathedral.[3]

The conversion of Katharine to the principles of the reformed religion did not, in all probability, take place till after the decease of lord Latimer, when, unbiassed by the influence of that zealous supporter of the ancient system, she found herself at liberty to listen to the impassioned eloquence of the apostles of the Protestant faith, men who were daily called upon to testify the sincerity of their profession, through tortures and a fiery death. The house of the noble and learned widow soon became the resort of such men as Coverdale, Latimer, and Parkhurst; and sermons were daily preached in her chamber of state by those who were desirous of restoring

[1] Testamenta Vetusta. Sir H. Nicolas.
[2] Testamenta Vetusta. Whittaker's Richmondshire.
[3] History of the House of Neville.

the practice of the Christian religion to its primitive simplicity.[1]

Katharine was not only pious, learned, and passing fair, but possessed of great wealth as the mistress of two ample jointures, both unincumbered. With these advantages, and connected as she was either by descent or marriage with some of the noblest families in England, even with royalty itself in no very remote degree, it is not to be supposed that she was left unwooed. At an early stage of her widowhood, she was sought in marriage by sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of the late queen Jane, and uncle to the infant heir of England. Sir Thomas Seymour enjoyed the favour of his royal brother-in-law in a high degree, and was the handsomest and most admired bachelor of the court. He was gay, magnificent, and brave, excelling in all the manly exercises of that age, and much distinguished by the richness of his dress and ornaments, in which his fashions were implicitly followed by the other courtiers, and with the ladies he was considered irresistible. How it happened that the grave, learned, and devout lady Latimer, should be the one to fix the wandering heart of this gay and reckless gallant, for whom the sprightliest beauties of the court had sighed in vain, has never been explained, nor is it always possible to account for the inconsistencies of love. As the Seymours were among the political leaders of the anti-papal party, it is, however, probable that sir Thomas might be induced to attend the religious assemblies that were held at the house of this noble and distinguished convert to the reformed religion, from motives of curiosity in the first instance, till a more powerful interest was insensibly excited in his mind by her charms and winning deportment. Be this as it may, it is certain that Katharine fully returned his passion, as she herself subsequently acknowledges, "and had determined

[1] Echard.

to become his wife at that time if her will had not, for wise purposes, been overruled by a higher power."[1]

A more important destiny was reserved for her, and while she delayed her union with the man of her heart, till a proper interval from the death of her late husband should have elapsed, her hand was demanded by a third widower, in the decline of life, and the father of children by former marriages. This widower was no other than her sovereign, who had remained in a state of gloomy celibacy since the execution of his last queen, apparently wearied out by the frequent disappointments and mistakes that had attended his ventures in the matrimonial lottery. His desire for conjugal companionship was, however, unabated, and rendered, perhaps, wiser by experience, he determined, in his selection of a sixth wife, not to be guided by externals only.

The circumstances that led to Henry's marriage with Katharine Parr, are quaintly glanced at by her poet cousin, sir Thomas Throckmorton, who dates the advancement of his family from that event.

> "But when the king's fifth wife had lost her head,
> Yet he mislikes the life to live alone,
> And once resolved the sixth time for to wed,
> He sought outright to make his choice of one—
> That choice was chance, right happy for us all,
> It brewed our bliss, and rid us quite from thrall."
>
> Throckmorton MS.

When the celebrated act of parliament was passed which rendered it a capital offence for any lady who had ever made a lapse from virtue to contract matrimony with her sovereign, without first apprising him of her fault, it had been shrewdly observed, that his majesty had now no other alternative than to marry a widow. No spinster, however pure her conduct might have been, it was presumed, would venture to place herself within the peril

[1] Letters of queen Katharine Parr to the lord admiral, sir Thomas Seymour.

of a penalty, which might be inflicted on the most innocent woman in the world, the moment she ceased to charm the unprincipled tyrant, whose fickleness was only equalled by his malice and cruelty.

When Henry first made known to lady Latimer that she was the lady whom he intended to honour with the sixth reversion of his hand, she was struck with dismay, and in the terror with which his cruel treatment of his matrimonial victims inspired her, she actually told him "that it was better to be his mistress than his wife."[1] A few months after marriage, such a sarcasm on his conduct as a husband might have cost Henry's best loved queen her head. As it was, this cutting observation from the lips of a matron of Katharine's well-known virtue, though it must have afforded him a mortifying idea of the estimation in which the dignity of queen-consort was regarded by the ladies of his court, had no other effect than to increase the eagerness of his suit to the reluctant widow. Fear was not, however, her only objection to become the wife of Henry.

Love was for awhile victorious over ambition in the heart of Katharine. Her affection for Seymour rendered her very listless about the royal match at first;[2] but her favoured lover presumed not to contest the prize with his all-powerful brother-in-law and sovereign. A rival of Henry's temper, who held the heads of wives, kinsmen, and favourites, as cheaply as tennis balls, was not to be withstood. The Adonis of the court vanished from the scene, and the bride-elect, accommodating her mind to the change of bridegroom, as she might, prepared to assume the glittering fetters of a queenly slave with a good grace. The arrangements for the royal nuptials were made with a celerity truly astonishing; barely three months intervened between the proving of

[1] Leti. [2] Strype's Memorials, vol. ii., part 1, p. 206.

lord Latimer's will and the day on which Cranmer grants a licence "for the marriage of his sovereign lord, king Henry, with Katharine Latymer, late the wife of the lord de Latymer, deceased, in whatever church, chapel, or oratory he may please, without publication of bans, dispensing with all ordinances to the contrary, for reasons concerning the honour and advancement of the whole realm."[1] Dated July 10th, 1543.

Two days afterwards, Katharine exchanged her briefly-worn weeds of widowhood, for the bridal robes of a queen of England—robes that had proved fatal trappings to four of her five predecessors in the perilous dignity to which it was the pleasure of her enamoured sovereign to advance her. The nuptials of Henry VIII. and Katharine Parr, instead of being hurried over secretly in some obscure corner, like an unhallowed mystery, (as was the case in his previous marriages with Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard,) were solemnized much in the same way as royal marriages are in the present times, without pageantry, but with all suitable observances. The ceremony was performed by Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, in the queen's closet at Hampton Court; and the high respect of the monarch for his bride was proved by his permitting the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, his daughters, and his niece, the lady Margaret Douglas, to assist at these nuptials.[2] The queen was also supported by her sister Mrs. Herbert, afterwards Countess of Pembroke; her beloved friend, Katharine Willoughby, duchess of Suffolk, Anne, countess of Hertford, and Joanna, lady Dudley. The king was attended by his brother-in-law, the earl of Hertford, lord John Russell, privy seal, sir Anthony Brown, master of the pensioners, Henry Howard, Richard Long, Thomas

[1] Chronological Catalogue of Papers for New Rymer, p. 238.
[2] Notarial certificate in the Chapter House.

Darcy, Edward Baynton, the husband of the late queen's sister, Anthony Denny and Thomas Speke, knights, and William Herbert, the brother-in-law of his bride.[1]

It is scarcely possible but the cheek of Katharine must have blanched when the nuptial ring was placed on her finger by the ruthless hand that had signed the death-warrant of two of his consorts within the last seven years. If a parallel might be permitted between the grave facts of history and the creations of romance, we should say that the situation of Henry's sixth queen greatly resembled that of the fair Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, who voluntarily contracted matrimony with sultan Schriar, though aware that it was his custom to marry a fresh wife every day, and cut off her head the next morning.

The sound principles, excellent judgment, and endearing qualities of Katharine Parr, and above all, her superlative skill as a nurse, by rendering her necessary to the comfort of the selfish and irritable tyrant who had chosen her as a help meet for him in the season of premature old age and increasing disease, afforded her best security from the fate of her predecessors; but of this hereafter.

Among the unpublished MSS. in the State Paper Office, we find the following paragraph in a letter from sir Thomas Wriothesley, relating to the recent bridal of the sovereign :—"I doubt not of your grace knowing by the fame and otherwise, that the king's majesty was married on Thursday last to my lady Latimer, a woman in my judgment, for certain wisdom and gentleness, most meet for his highness; and sure I am, his majesty had never a wife more agreeable to his heart than she

[1] Notarial certificate in the Chapter House.

is. The Lord grant them long life, and much joy together."[1]

On the day of her marriage, queen Katharine presented her royal step-daughter and bridemaid, the princess Mary, with a magnificent pair of gold bracelets set with rubies, and the yet more acceptable gift in money of £25.[2] Of course, the princess Elizabeth, who also assisted at the bridal, was not forgotten. The pecuniary present to Mary was repeated on the 26th of September.[3]

Katharine Parr had now for the third time undertaken the office of a step-mother—an office at all times of much difficulty and responsibility, but peculiarly so with regard to the children of Henry VIII., who were the offspring of queens so fatally opposed as Katharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Jane Seymour, had successively been. How well the sound sense and endearing manners of Katharine Parr fitted her to reconcile the rival interests, and to render herself a bond of union between the disjointed links of the royal family, is proved by the affection and respect of her grateful step-children, and also by their letters after king Henry's death. Whether a man who had so glaringly violated the duties of a father to his daughters, as Henry had done, deserves any credit for paternal care in his choice of his sixth queen, it would be difficult to say; but it was scarcely possible for him to have selected a lady better qualified to conduce to the happiness of his children, to improve their minds, and to fit them, by the inculcation of virtuous and noble sentiments, to adorn the high station to which they were born.

The union of the sovereign with the pious and learned lady Latimer was the cause of great joy to the university of Cambridge, where the doctrines of the Reformation had

[1] No. 400; date, July 1543. This letter seems to be written to the duke of Norfolk.
[2] Privy Purse Expenses of Princess Mary. Sir F. Madden.
[3] Ibid.

already taken deep root. The opinions of this erudite body on the subject are eloquently expressed in their congratulatory address to Henry on his marriage.

The dignity of the scholar and the queen are beautifully blended with the tenderness of the woman and the devotedness of the Christian, in the line of conduct adopted by Katharine Parr after her elevation to a throne. Her situation at this period is not unlike that of Esther in the house of Ahasuerus. Her attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation naturally rendered her an object of jealous ill will to Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, the leader of the anti-papal Catholic party; and as early as the second week after her marriage, this daring ecclesiastic ventured to measure his power against that of the royal bride, by an attack on a humble society of reformers at Windsor. Anthony Persons, a priest, John Marbeck, a chorister, Robert Testwood, and Henry Filmer, were the leading persons attached to this community; but it was suspected that they received encouragement from members of the royal household. Dr. London, one of the most unprincipled agents of Cromwell in the spoliation of the abbeys, had, since the fall of his patron, changed his tack, and was employed by the triumphant faction in preparing a book of informations, denouncing every person in Windsor who was suspected of holding opinions at variance with the six articles. This book was presented to Gardiner, who moved the king in council that a commission should be granted for searching all the houses in Windsor, for books written in favour of the new learning.[1] Henry acceded to this measure as regarded the town, but excepted the castle, his own royal residence, having doubtless shrewd reason to suspect, that more works of the kind objected to would be found in the closets and chambers of those

[1] Burnet.

nearest and dearest to him, than among the poor and unlearned inhabitants of Windsor.

A few MS. notes on the Bible, and a Latin Concordance in progress of arrangement, which were found in the house of Marbeck, furnished an excuse for the arrest, trial, and condemnation of himself and his three friends. Nothing could induce them to betray any person in the royal household, to save themselves from the fiery death with which they were menaced. Marbeck found an intercessor sufficiently powerful to represent his case to the king. This was most probably either the queen, or some person encouraged by her. Henry was shewn the Latin Concordance, of which several hundred pages were completed—"Poor Marbeck!" exclaimed he, with an unwonted burst of sympathy, "it would be well for thine accusers if they had employed their time no worse."[1] A reprieve was granted to Marbeck; but Persons, Testwood, and Filmer, were sent to the stake, July 26th, two days after their condemnation.

Though the flames of their martyrdom were kindled almost in the sight of Henry's Protestant queen, she was unable to avert the fate of the victims; and well aware was she that the blow which produced this fell sacrifice of human life was aimed at herself, and would be followed by an attack on persons in her immediate confidence. The murder of these humble reformers was, indeed, but the preliminary move, in the bold yet subtle game which Gardiner was playing against the more elevated individuals, professing the same religion with the queen.

Dr. Haines, the dean of Exeter, and a prebendary of Windsor, sir Philip Hoby and his lady, sir Thomas Carden, and other members of the royal household, were denounced by Dr. London and Symonds as persons encouraging the new learning, and placed under arrest.[2]

[1] Soame's History of the Reformation. [2] Burnet.

The only evidence against them that could be produced was contained in certain inferences and false statements which Dr. London had suborned Ockham, the clerk of the court, to introduce into the notes he had taken at the trials of the recent victims.[1] The queen having obtained full information of these proceedings, sent one of her most trusty and courageous servants into court to expose the iniquity of this plot. Ockham was arrested and his papers seized, which afforded full proof of the base conspiracy into which he had entered; and the whole transaction was laid before the king. The tables were now completely turned. London and Symonds were sent for and examined on oath; and not being aware that their letters were intercepted, fully committed themselves, were found guilty of perjury, and were sentenced to be placed on horseback with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their foreheads, setting forth their perjury. They were then set in the pillory in Windsor, Reading, and Newbury, where the king and queen were. Katharine sought no further vengeance; and the mortification caused by this disgraceful punishment is supposed to have caused Dr. London's death.[2]

Such were the scenes that marked the bridal month of Katharine Parr as queen of England—that month which is generally styled the honeymoon. Her elevation to the perilous dignity of queen-consort afforded her, however, the satisfaction of advancing the fortunes of various members of her own family. She bestowed the office of lord chamberlain on her uncle, lord Parr of Horton; she made her sister, lady Herbert, one of her ladies of the bedchamber; and her step-daughter, Margaret Neville, the only daughter of her deceased husband, lord Latimer, one of her maids of honour. On the 21st of December,

[1] Burnet, Hist. Ref., vol. i., p. 312. Rapin. Hall.
[2] Burnet, vol. i.

her brother, William Parr, was created earl of Essex,[1] in right of his wife, having been previously made baron Parr of Kendal.

The preferment which queen Katharine's cousins of the house of Throckmorton obtained, through her powerful patronage, is thus quaintly described by the poetical chronicler of that family:—

"Lo, then! my brethren, Clement, George, and I,
Did seek, as youth doth still, in court to be;
Each other state as base we did defy,
Compared with court, the nurse of dignity!
'Tis truly said, no fishing to the seas—
No serving but a king—if you can please!

* * * * * * * *

"First in the court my brother Clement served;
A fee he had, the queen her cup to bring,
And some supposed that I right well deserved,
When Sewer they saw me chosen to the king.
My brother George, by valour in youth rare,
A pension got and gallant halbert bare."

One of the first fruits of queen Katharine's virtuous influence over the mind of the king, was the restoration of his daughters, the persecuted Mary and the young neglected Elizabeth, to their proper rank in the court, and recognition in the order of succession to the crown. The privy purse expenses of the princess Mary bear evidence of many little traits of kindness and friendly attentions which she from time to time received from her amiable step-mother. When Mary was taken ill, on her

[1] This gentleman enjoyed not only the favour but the esteem of king Henry, who honoured him with the name of "his Integrity." The young prince, afterwards Edward VI., always called him "his honest uncle." He was finally advanced to the title of marquis of Northampton. Like his sister, queen Katharine, he possessed an elegant and cultivated mind, and delighted in poetry and music. His marriage with the heiress of Essex was a miserable one, and was dissolved in consequence of the incontinence of the lady. The portrait of the marquis, among the Holbein heads in her majesty's collection, represents him as a model of manly beauty.

journey between Grafton and Woodstock, the queen sent her own litter to convey her to Ampthill, where she was herself residing with the king. On the New Year's day after her marriage,[1] queen Katharine sent her footman, Jacob, with the present of a cheese for the princess Mary, who guerdoned the bearer with seven and sixpence.

A rich night-gown, or evening dress, is on another occasion sent by queen Katharine to Mary, by Fritton, the keeper of the royal robes. Mary's reward to Fritton was fifteen shillings. Mary embroidered a cushion with her own hands, as an offering for the queen, and paid seven and sixpence to John Hayes for devising the pattern.[2] Katharine, on her marriage, received into her household one Mrs. Barbara, undoubtedly at the request of the princess Mary, who had kindly supplied this person with money, clothes, food, and medical attendance, during a long illness. An item occurs at the time of Katharine Parr's marriage, in the accounts of the princess, of money presented to Mrs. Barbara, when she was sworn queen's woman, and being thus honourably provided for, her name is no longer blended with the list of Mary's pensioners.

Notwithstanding the great difference in their religious tenets, a firm friendship ever subsisted between Katharine Parr and Mary. They were near enough in age to have been sisters, they excelled in the same accomplishments, and the great learning and studious pursuits of these royal ladies rendered them suitable companions for each other. The more brilliant talents of the young Elizabeth were drawn forth and fostered under the auspices of her highly-gifted step-mother. Katharine Parr took also an active part in directing the studies of the heir of England,

[1] Privy Purse Expenses of Princess Mary, by sir F. Madden.
[2] Ibid.

and her approbation appears to have been the greatest encouragement the prince could receive.

In a letter, written in French, to queen Katharine, Edward notices the beauty of her penmanship. "I thank you," says he, "most noble and excellent queen, for the letters you have lately sent me; not only for their beauty, but for their imagination. For when I see your *belle ecriture* (fair writing), and the excellence of your genius, greatly surpassing my invention, I am sick of writing. But, then, I think how kind your nature is, and that whatever proceeds from a good mind and will, will be acceptable, and so I write you this letter."[1]

A modern author has noticed the great similarity between the handwriting of Edward VI. and Katharine Parr, and from this circumstance it has been conjectured that Katharine superintended the education of one or other of the juvenile members of the royal family previous to her marriage with king Henry. No official evidence of her appointment to any office of the kind has been discovered, but her great reputation for wisdom and learning renders the tradition not improbable. Certain it is, that after she became queen, she took great delight in directing the studies of her royal step-children. It is evident that Edward VI., queen Elizabeth, and their youthful cousins, lady Jane and lady Katharine Gray, all imbibed her taste for classic literature, and her attachment to the principles of the Reformation. She induced not only Elizabeth, but Mary, to translate passages from the Scriptures. Each of these princesses compiled a little manual of devotions in Latin, French, and English, dedicated to their accomplished stepmother.[2]

[1] 2 Ellis, p. 132.

[2] See the Memoirs of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, for a description of these books.

Katharine Parr's celebrity as a scholar and a theologian, did not render her neglectful of the feminine accomplishment of needlework, in which, notwithstanding her early resistance to its practice, she much delighted. Like Henry's first excellent queen, Katharine of Arragon, she employed her hours of retirement in embroidering among her ladies. It is said that a portion of the hangings which ornamented the royal apartments of the Tower, before they were dismantled or destroyed, were the work of this queen; the only specimens, however, that are now to be found of her skill and industry in this pleasing art, are preserved at Sizergh Castle.

Her taste in dress appears to have been excellent, uniting magnificence of material with a simplicity of form. In fact, the costume of Katharine Parr, as shewn in the miniature from which the frontispiece of this volume is taken, might be worn with perfect propriety in any courtly circle of the present age.

Katharine Parr enacted the queen with as much royal state and splendour as the loftiest of her predecessors; she granted an interview to the Spanish duke de Najera, at Westminster palace, Feb. 17, 1544. This Spanish grandee visited England on his return from the army of Charles V., and was admitted to pay his respects to the queen and her daughter-in-law, the princess Mary. The queen permitted him to kiss her hand. Pedro de Gante, secretary to the grandee, has described her dress with the zeal of a man milliner. She wore a kirtle of brocade, and an open robe of cloth of gold, the sleeves lined with crimson satin and trimmed with three piled crimson velvet, the train more than two yards long. Suspended from her neck were two crosses and a jewel of very rich diamonds, and in her head-dress were many large and beautiful ones. Her girdle was of gold, with very large pendants.

The original miniature of this queen, which has recently attracted much interest during the sale of Horace Walpole's collections at Strawberry Hill, represents her with very small and delicately-marked features, hazel eyes, and golden hair, folded in simple Madonna bands. Her forehead is lofty and serene, indicative of talent and sprightly wit. She wears a round crimson velvet hood, or cap of state, edged with pearls, and surmounted with a jewelled band of goldsmith's work, set with rubies and pearls, which confines a long black veil, that flows from the back of the head-dress over the shoulders. The boddice and sleeves of the dress are made of rich gold brocade, and set tight to the shape. The boddice is cut square across the bust, like the corsage of a modern dress, and is edged with a row of pearls, between pipes of black and crimson velvet. She wears a double row of large pearls about her neck, from which depends a ruby cross, finished with one fair pendant pearl. Her boddice is ornamented with a large ruby brooch, set in filigree gold. The miniature is a small oval, on a deep smalt-blue background. Her age is stated, in gilt figures in front of the picture, to be xxxii, so that the likeness must have been taken in the year 1545, about two years after her marriage with Henry VIII.

Perhaps this was the veritable miniature which the admiral, sir Thomas Seymour, obtained from Katherine, when he subsequently entreated her "to send him one of her little pictures, if she had not given them all away;" —a proof that several original miniatures of this queen were painted, although they are now almost as rare, and difficult to identify, as those of Katharine Howard.

The engraving, usually stated to be from an original painting, of Katharine Parr,[1] possesses none of her characteristics. It is a shrewd, sordid-looking female of

[1] In Lodge.

rather large proportions, with dark complexion and hair. Katharine Parr was *petite* in form, with remarkably small and delicately cut features, and her complexion was that of a genuine Westmoreland beauty, brilliantly fair, and blooming, with hazel eyes, and hair of a golden auburn, realizing the beau-ideal of Petrarca, when he exclaims—

> "Love, from what precious mine of gold didst thou
> Bring the rich glories of her shining hair;
> Where plucked the opening roses, fresh and fair,
> Which on her cheeks in tender blushes glow?"

Katharine Parr's celebrated work, "The Lamentations of a Sinner," was written after her marriage with the king. This little volume, next to the writings of sir Thomas More, affords one of the finest specimens of English composition of that era. It is a brief but eloquent treatise on the imperfection of human nature in its unassisted state, and the utter vanity of all earthly grandeur and distinction. Within the limited compass of about 120 miniature pages, it comprises the elements of almost all the sermons that have been levelled against catholicism. The royal writer does not forget to compliment king Henry for having emancipated England from the papal authority:—

"Thanks be given to the Lord that he hath now sent us such a godly and learned king in these latter days to reign over us, that, with the force of God's word, hath taken away the veils and mists of errors, and brought us to the knowledge of the truth by the light of God's word, which was so long hid and kept under, that the people were well nigh famished and hungered for lack of spiritual food—such was the charity of the spiritual curates and shepherds. But our Moses, and most godly wise governor and king, that hath delivered us out of the captivity and spiritual bondage of Pharaoh—I mean by this Moses king Henry 8th, my most sovereign favourable lord and husband, one (if Moses had figured any more than Christ), through the excellent grace of God, meet to be another expressed verity of Moses' conquest over Pharaoh, (and I mean by this Pharaoh the bishop of Rome), who hath been, and is, a greater persecutor of all true Christians than ever was Pharaoh of the children of Israel."

The gross flattery offered up to her husband in this passage is somewhat atoned for by the pure morality which generally pervades the precepts of this little treatise. The zeal with which it is written is extremely ardent, her aspiration for martyrdom frequent; the tenets inculcated are simply that all good works arise from the inspiration of the Spirit of God, vouchsafed through belief in Christ, derived from prayer and diligent perusal of the Scriptures. She is nearly as severe on those who call themselves gospellers, and separate faith and works, as she is on the pope; and she evidently considers them in equal or greater error. Here are her words, and it must be owned, that if she considered her two last lords, Henry VIII. and Thomas Seymour exceptions from her description, conjugal partiality must have strangely blinded her:—

"Now I will speak with great dolour and heaviness of heart of a sort of people which be in the world, that be called professors of the gospel, and by their words do declare and shew that they be much affected to the same. But I am afraid some of them do build on the sand, as Simon Magus did, making a weak foundation: I mean, they make not Christ their chiefest foundation. But either they would be called *gospellers*, and procure some credit and good opinion of the true and very favourers of Christ's doctrines, either to find out some carnal liberty, either to be contentious disputers, finders, or rebukers of other men's faults, or else finally to please and flatter the world. Such gospellers be an offence and slander to the word of God, and make the wicked to rejoice and laugh, saying—'Behold, I pray you, their fair fruits.' What charity, what discretion, what goodness, holiness, and purity of life is amongst them? Be they not great avengers, foul gluttons, backbiters, adulterers, swearers, and blasphemers? yea, do they not wallow and tumble in all manner of sins? These be the fruits of their doctrine, and yet the word of God is all holy, sincere, and godly, being the doctrine and occasion of all pure living."

She then, with great earnestness, applies the parable of the sower and his seed, and that of the barren fig-tree.

Her precepts to her own sex are as follows:—

"If they be women married, they learn of St. Paul to be obedient to

their husbands, and to keep silence in the congregation, and to learn of their husbands at home. Also, that they wear such apparel as becometh holiness and comely usage, with soberness, not being accusers or detractors, not given to much eating of delicate meats and drinking of wine, but that they teach honest things; to make the young women soberminded, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, housewifely, and good, that the word of God may not be evil spoken of."

Katharine evidently approved of clerical celibacy. The passage in her work from which this inference is drawn is curious, because it shews that she still professed the church established by her husband, which insisted on this point of discipline:—

"The true followers of Christ's doctrine hath always a respect and an eye to their vocation. If they be called to the ministry of God's word, they preach and teach it sincerely to the edifying of others, and shew *themselves* in their living followers of the same. If they be *married men*,[1] having children and family, they nourish and bring them up without all bitterness and fierceness in the doctrine of the Lord in all godliness and virtue, committing (that is the married men) the instruction of others, *which appertaineth not to their charge*, to the reformation of God and his ministers."[2]

The most remarkable passage in the book is perhaps that in which Katharine deplores her former attachment to the ceremonials of the church of Rome; some of her biographers having erroneously asserted that she was brought up in the principles of the reformation. Those principles were abhorrent to the king, for it was the government, not the essentials of the Roman-catholic church, that he was labouring to overthrow. In such low esteem, indeed, was Henry held by the fathers of the Reformation, that, on his rupture with the princes of the Smalcaldick league, Luther publicly returned thanks to

[1] *Laymen* is the marginal word appended to the sentence—"If they be married men."

[2] The black letter copy, from which we draw these extracts, was printed at London, "at the long shop adjoining St. Michael's church, Poultry, 1563, at the instant desire of that right gracious lady, Katharine, duchess of Suffolk, and the earnest request of lord William Parr, marquis of Northampton, brother to queen Katharine Parr."

God " for having delivered the protestant church from that offensive king of England. That king," says he, on another occasion, " is still the same old *Hintz*,[1] as in my first book I pictured him. He will surely find his judge."[2]

The adulation of a woman of superior intellect was necessary to Henry's happiness. Katharine presently discovered his weak point, and, by condescending to adapt herself to his humour, acquired considerable influence over his mind.

Early in the year 1544, king Henry gave indubitable tokens of the favour with which he regarded queen Katharine, by causing his obedient parliament to settle the royal succession on any children he might have by her in case of the decease of prince Edward without issue. The wording of the first clause of this act[3] is very curious, inasmuch as Henry treats four of his marriages as absolute nullities, and out of his six queens only condescends to acknowledge two,—namely, Jane Seymour and Katharine Parr. " Forasmuch," says the record, " as his majesty, sithence the death of the late queen Jane, hath taken to wife Katharine, late wife to sir John Neville, knight, lord Latimer, deceased, by whom as yet his majesty hath none issue, but may full well when it shall please God," &c. &c. In failure of heirs by his most entirely beloved wife queen Katharine, or any other his lawful wife, Henry by the same act[4] entails the succession on his daughter Mary, and, in failure of her line, to his daughter Elizabeth; but who their mothers were he does not think proper to notice, lest he should, by word as well as by deed, contradict his previous

[1] A German abbreviation, meaning the same as " Old Harry."
[2] Luther's Familiar Discourses. Sect. On the Princes of Europe.
[3] Royal Acts, 37th Henry VIII. Herbert's Hist. Henry VIII.
[4] Royal Acts, 37th Henry VIII. Herbert.

decisions as to the unlawfulness of his marriages with Katharine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn. It was, however, too late for Henry VIII. to think of making sacrifices to consistency in his old age, after having followed no other guide than passion or caprice for nearly a quarter of a century.

The record further explains, that this act for settling the succession was made preparatory to the sovereign "undertaking a voyage royal, in his most royal person, into the realm of France against the French king."[1] Previous to his departure on this expedition, king Henry testified his confidence in Katharine's wisdom and integrity, by appointing her to govern the realm in his absence, by the style and title of Queen Regent of England and Ireland.[2] "The queen," observes lord Herbert, "was constituted general regent of the realm, yet not so much that her soft sex was thought less capable of ambition, as that the Roman catholics, of whom the king was mistrustful, would take no dependence from her, she being observed to incline a little to the reformed." The reformers certainly had the ascendancy in the council appointed by Henry to assist his consort with their advice. Among the Minutes of Council of July 7, 36 Henry VIII., we have the following entry connected with Katharine Parr's appointment to this important trust:—

"First, touching the queen's highness and my lord prince. The king's majesty hath resolved, that the queen's highness shall be regent in his grace's absence, and that his highness' process shall pass and bear test in her name, as in like cases heretofore hath been accustomed."

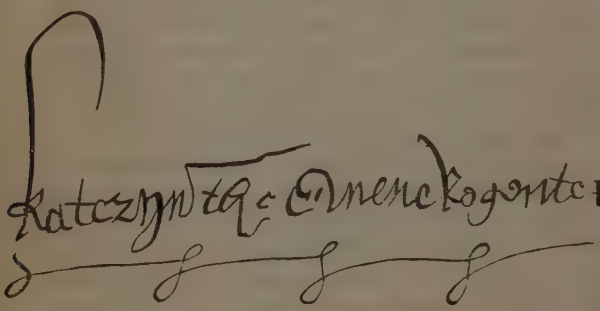
The earl of Hertford was ordered to be ever attendant on the person of Katharine, and resident in her court; but if he could not conveniently be there, then Cranmer

[1] Royal Acts, 37th Henry VIII. Herbert.
[2] State Paper MSS. Acts of Privy Council.

was for the time to remain with her grace, and with them sir William Petre, and lord Parr,[1] of Horton, were to sit in council. Wriothesley and the bishop of Westminster were in this junto.

In the queen's commission of regency, Hertford was to be her lieutenant, if she needed such assistance.

Several of the queens-consort of England have exercised vice-regal power, either by usurpation or the consent of the sovereign; but Katharine Parr was the first and only one, on whom the style and title of QUEEN REGENT was solemnly conferred, and who signed herself as such, as the *fac-simile* from her official autograph witnesses:



The initials K. P., for Katharine Parr, which are attached to all her regal signatures, prove that neither her elevation to a throne nor the distinction of the highest title of honour that had ever been borne by a female in England, had rendered her unwilling to remember her simple patronymic.

In the true spirit of a Christian, queen Katharine entered upon her high office by imploring the Divine

[1] Queen Katharine's uncle, and lord chamberlain.

protection for her royal husband and his realm in the following prayer, which she composed for their use :[1]—

"O Almighty King and Lord of Hosts! which by thy angels thereunto appointed dost minister both war and peace, who didst give unto David both courage and strength, being but a little one, unversed and inexpert in feats of war, with his sling to set upon and overthrow the great huge Goliath, our cause now being just, and being enforced to enter into war and battail, we most humbly beseech thee, O Lord God of Hosts, so to turn the hearts of our enemies to the desire of peace, that no Christian blood be spilt. Or else grant, O Lord, that with small effusion of blood and little damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory, and that the wars being soon ended, we may all, with one heart and mind, knit together in concord and amity, laud and praise Thee who livest and reignest world without end.—Amen."

On the 14th of July, 1544, king Henry crossed the seas from Dover to Calais, in a ship with sails of cloth of gold.[2] On the 25th he took the field in person, armed at all points, mounted on a great courser, and so rode out of Calais with a princely train, attended by sir William Herbert, the queen's brother-in-law, bearing his head-piece and spear, and followed by the henxmen bravely horsed and appointed. Katharine's brother, the earl of Essex, was chief captain of the men-at-arms in this expedition. On the 26th, Henry appeared before Boulogne, and took the command of his puissance there. The duke of Albuquerque, the general of the allied Spanish forces, encamped on the other side the town, and acted in conformity to the directions of the English monarch, who was the leader of the siege.[3]

The following very loving and dutiful letter appears to

[1] This beautiful aspiration for the restoration of peace is taken from a little volume, entitled "Prayers or Meditations, wherein the mynd is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, to set at nought the vaine prosperite of this world, and always to long for the everlasting felicity, collected out of certaine holy workes by the most vertuous and gracious princesse Katharine, queen of England, France, and Ireland. Printed by John Wayland. 12mo, 1545."

[2] Herbert. Hall. [3] Ibid.

have been written by queen Katharine to the king, very soon after his departure from England :[1]—

"Although the distance of time and account of days neither is long nor many of your majesty's absence, yet the want of your presence, so much desired and beloved by me, maketh me that I cannot quietly pleasure in anything until I hear from your majesty. The time, therefore, seemeth to me very long, with a great desire to know how your highness hath done since your departing hence; whose prosperity and health I prefer and desire more than mine own. And whereas I know your majesty's absence is never without great need, yet love and affection compel me to desire your presence.

"Again the same zeal and affection forceth me to be best content with that which is your will and pleasure.

"Thus love maketh me in all things to set apart mine own convenience and pleasure, and to embrace most joyfully his will and pleasure whom I love. God, the knower of secrets, can judge these words not to be only written with *ynke*, but most truly impressed on the heart. Much more I omit, lest it be thought I go about to praise myself or crave a thank. Which thing to do I mind nothing less—but a plain, simple relation of the love and zeal I bear your majesty, proceeding from the abundance of the heart. Wherein I must confess I desire no commendation, having such just occasion to do the same.

"I make like account with your majesty as I do with God, for his benefits and gifts heaped upon me daily (*somewhat idolatrous this*), acknowledging myself a great debtor to him, not being able to recompense the least of his benefits. In which state I am certain and sure to die; yet I hope in his gracious acceptation of my good will. Even such confidence have I in your majesty's gentleness; knowing myself never to have done my duty as were requisite and meet for such a noble prince, at whose hands I have found and received so much love and goodness, that with words I cannot express it.

"Lest I should be too tedious to your majesty, I finish this my scribbled letter, committing you to the governance of the Lord, with long and prosperous life here, and after this life to enjoy the kingdom of his elect.

"From Greenwich, by your majesty's humble and obedient wife and servant,

"KATERYN THE QUEEN, K. P."

A grateful and a loyal spirit pervades this letter. That the queen had both felt and expressed much anxiety for the safety of her royal husband, as well as for the success

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. ii., pp. 331, 332.

of his expedition, may be gathered from the following hypocritical passage in one of Wriothesley's letters to her majesty :—" God is able to strength his own against the devil, and therefore let not the queen's majesty in any wise trouble herself, for God shall turn all to the best; and sure we be that the king's majesty's person is out of all danger."[1]

A fragment of one of king Henry's letters to queen Katharine Parr has been preserved, in which he details with soldier-like plainness, to his fair regent at home, the auspicious progress of his campaign on the hostile shores of France. The manner in which he names his family to Katharine is very interesting, considering their relative positions, and implies much for the amiable conduct of the royal step-mother. Henry VIII. with all his faults, wrote very pleasant letters, and this is one of his best :—

" At the closing up of these our letters this day, the castle before named with the dyke is at our command, and not like to be recovered by the Frenchmen again, as we trust, not doubting, with God's grace, but that the castle and town shall shortly follow the same trade, for as this day, which is the eighth of September, we begin three batteries, and have three more going, beside one which hath done his execution, in shaking and tearing off one of their greatest bulwarks. No more to you at this time, sweetheart, but for lack of time and great occupation of business, saving we pray you to give in our name our hearty blessings to all our children, and recommendations to our cousin Marget[2] and the rest of the ladies and gentlewomen, and to our council also. Written with the hand of your loving husband,

" Henry R."

During the absence of the king in France, queen Katharine and her royal step-children appear to have resided together as one family. In September, the young Edward and his sisters were under her careful guardianship at Oking, whence, in consequence of the pestilence

[1] State Paper MSS.
[2] His niece, the lady Margaret Douglas.

then raging, she issued her mandate to the mayor and sheriffs :—

"To make proclamation that, since, on account of the plague, great danger might arise to her, the prince, and the king's other children, no person in whose house the plague had been, or who may have been with any infected person, or may have lived near any place where the infection had been, should go to court, or suffer any attendants on the court to enter his house where the infection is, under the queen's indignation and further punishment at her pleasure. From Okinge."[1]

If aught but good had befallen the dearly-prized heir of England during the absence of the king, a fearful reckoning would have awaited queen Katharine from her jealous and unreasonable lord, on his return. No wonder that her anxiety for the safety of this precious trust impelled her to the use of arbitrary measures to preserve the royal household from the danger of infection.

Among the few existing documents connected with the regency of Katharine Parr, there is in the Cottonian collection an inedited letter to her council, headed "Katharine, queen regente, K. P.," in favour of her trusty and well-beloved servant, Henry Webbe, gentleman usher of her privy chamber, requesting that the king's grant of the nunnery and demesne of Hollywell, which had been given to him at the surrender of the said nunnery, but only in part fulfilled, might be carried into effect on the modified terms of allowing him to purchase that portion of the demesne which had been withheld from him. Her majesty concludes in the following persuasive strain :—

"We shall heartily desire and pray you to be favourable to him at this our earnest request . . and in declaring whereof, your kind and loving friendship towards him effectually, at the contemplation of these our letters, we shall gratefully accept it, and also thankfully remember it whensoever occasion shall serve us to do you pleasure.[2]

"Given under our signet at my lord the king's majesty's honour of Hampton Court, the 23rd of July, and the thirty-sixth of his highness's most noble reign."

[1] See MS. Harl., 442, fol. 207.
[2] MS. Cott. Vespas. F. iii. fol. 17.

It is to be observed of Katharine Parr, that she never omitted an opportunity, either public or private, of offering the homage of a compliment to her formidable consort.

On the 14th of September, Boulogne surrendered after a fierce siege; and on the 18th, king Henry made his triumphant entry into the town. On the 19th of September, the council, by command of the queen regent, issued a general order "that a public thanksgiving should be offered up to Almighty God in all the towns and villages throughout England, for the taking of Boulogne."[1] This was one of the last acts of queen Katharine Parr's regency, for the king returned to England October 1st, finding it impossible to follow up his victorious career in France, because his Spanish allies had made a separate peace with Francis I. Katharine had governed with such prudence during the brief period in which the sovereign power of the crown had been confided to her administration, as to leave no cause of complaint to either party.

It was in all probability after Henry's return from his victorious campaign in France, that the interesting family group in her majesty's collection at Hampton Court, which forms the subject of the vignette to this volume, was painted by Hans Holbein. In this splendid picture, the design of which appears to have been intended to introduce all the members of the royal house of Tudor, as a united family, Henry is enthroned beneath his canopy of state, with his consort at his left hand; but instead of Katharine Parr, a pale spectral resemblance of Jane Seymour occupies the queenly place at Henry's side. The attitude and expression of the dead queen's face and figure are as rigid and inanimate, as if it had been the intention of the painter to represent her as a corpse newly taken from the grave,

[1] Lingard.

clad in royal robes, and seated in jewelled pomp among the living. There is little doubt but that the delineation was made from the wax effigy[1] which was carried at her funeral. She bears a mournful, and almost startling likeness to her son, prince Edward, a beautiful boy of eight years old, who leans on his father in a caressing attitude. With his right arm, the king embraces his son, and his hand rests on his shoulder. The princesses Mary and Elizabeth are entering on opposite sides, as if to offer filial homage to the royal pair. The scene appears to be on the dais of Wolsey's hall, with a view of one of the turrets through a side window.

The picture is richly emblazoned with gold, and the costumes are peculiarly gorgeous, and characteristic of the time. Henry's gown of scarlet and gold brocade is girded to his waist, with a white satin sash, in which the hilt of his jewelled dagger is seen. The skirts of the gown are short, very full, and edged with gold. It is slashed on the breast in five or six longitudinal rows, with puffs of white satin, confined with gold clasps. Over this he wears a magnificent collar of twisted pearls, with ruby medallions, a dalmatica with hanging sleeves, lined with sables, and edged with pearls, is thrown on his shoulder. His hat is of black velvet, adorned with pearls, and edged with the drooping white feather, which is always characteristic of the costume of this monarch, and also of his son. Henry's hose and shoes are of white satin, and he wears on his breast a large medallion jewel, having the appearance of a watch. The prince wears a crimson velvet cap, jewelled and plumed, but his hair is so arranged as to have the unpicturesque effect of a brown silk scull cap, or a little bob-wig. He has a gold chain about his neck, and is dressed in a gown of dark red damask, striped

[1] See its description, 2nd edition of vol. iv., Life of Jane Seymour.

with gold, and arranged in heavy plaits, from the throat to the waist, where it is confined by a narrow belt. The skirt is full, and descends below the knees, his garment is much padded and stiffened; it has hanging sleeves open to the shoulders, beneath which are very full sleeves of white satin, fantastically slashed with scarlet velvet. His hose and shoes are of scarlet. The faded statue-like representation of his dead mother appears in the pointed cloth-of-gold hood edged with pearls, precisely like that worn by Jane Seymour in life, but which had been superseded by the pretty low French hood introduced by Katharine Howard, and adopted by Katharine Parr and her ladies. The two princesses are each represented in the same picture in the round hood, according to the prevailing fashion of their royal stepmother's court, of crimson velvet, edged with pearls, similar to that worn by queen Katharine Parr in the Strawberry-hill miniature, only not surmounted with so rich a coronal band of jewels. This peculiarity of the costume marks the miniature of Katharine to have been painted at the same period as the Holbein family group, if not by the same artist. The hair of Jane Seymour, and of the two princesses in this picture, as well as that of Katharine Parr in the Strawberry-hill miniature, are all of the golden tint, which appears the universal colour in all the Holbein portraits of the last three years of Henry VIII.'s reign. A singular freak of nature, we should say, were it not well known that an imitation of the envied *chiome d'oro* was produced by the use of a bright yellow powder then in vogue. In some instances folds of amber-coloured velvet were worn by the elder ladies of Henry VIII.'s court, arranged like crossed bands of hair, so as to give a great appearance of breadth to the forehead under the low French hood.

In Holbein's family group, the princesses Mary and

Elizabeth are dressed precisely alike, in kirtles or close-fitting gowns of rich crimson velvet, with long sleeves, finished at the hands with ruffles, and slashed with puffs of white satin from the wrists to the elbows. Over these they wear flowing robes of gold brocade, with hanging sleeves and sweeping trains. Their boddices fit tightly to the shape, and are cut rather low and square across the bust; they are edged with pearls. Both sisters wear double rows of pearls about their necks, supporting small ruby crosses.

Elizabeth is a tall, full-proportioned, lovely girl, of womanly appearance. Mary is much smaller, and more delicate in form and features; she has the melancholy cast of countenance which sickness and early sorrow had rendered natural to her.

In this painting, contemporary portraits of four Tudor sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward VI., queen Mary and queen Elizabeth, with the posthumous portrait of Henry's favourite queen, Jane Seymour—are assembled together in the splendid costume of the era embraced in the fourth and fifth volumes of "The Lives of the Queens of England."

The circumstance of Katharine Parr permitting her deceased predecessor to take her place in the royal *tableau* is very remarkable. Few ladies, indeed, there are who would not have regarded the proposal of being thus superseded as a decided affront; but Katharine Parr was too generous to be jealous of a compliment offered to the dead queen, and far too prudent to oppose her royal spouse in any of his whims, however unreasonable.

That Katharine Parr was in the full enjoyment of Henry's favour at this period, may be inferred from the consideration with which her kindred were treated, although she was herself cautious of giving cause of

disgust to the old nobility, or envy to the climbing courtiers, by obtaining lavish grants of money and lands, or a plurality of offices for her own family. Just such a meed of patronage was bestowed on her brother, her uncle, and her sister's husband, as evinced her affection, and the respect of the king for her relatives, but no more. Three of her young kinsmen, the Throckmortons, followed the banner of the sovereign in the French campaign. George was made prisoner, and a thousand pounds was demanded by the captor for his ransom, on account of his consanguinity to her majesty. After he had remained a year in captivity, the queen exerted herself for his redemption. The scene of his return, and the preferment that followed at court, is thus pleasantly described by his nephew in the Throckmorton MS. :—

"When first in presence chamber he was come,
The king said to him, 'Welcome to our grace;
I know thou lovest the alarum of a drum,
I see the marks of manhood in thy face.'
He, humbly kneeling, thanked his majesty
That he did see him set at liberty.

"And often after that the king would jest
And call him cousin in his merry mood,
Because, therefore, the Frenchmen had assest
His fine so high, which turned him to good.
His foes did say, in serving he was free,
And for reward the prince gave land in fee.

"Then none of us did unrewarded go,
I had a gift yearly worth fifty pound,
Which I record because thou shouldest know
I hate received benefits to drown;
Besides, I had a stipend for my life,
Who shortly left the court and took a wife.

"And now, because the king and queen did use,
By friendly signs, their liking to display,

What men our company would then refuse?
Our betters then with us did seek to stay.
For lo! it is a path to dignity
With Cæsar's friend to be in amity.

"Then Pembroke and his wife, who sister was
Unto the queen, their kinsfolk friended much,
And Parr their brother did them both surpass,
Who for to pleasure us did never grutch.
When these did call us cousin, at each word
The other peers would friendly speech afford."

Soon after the king's return from France, the queen's uncle, Parr of Horton, resigned his office of lord chamberlain, and his place in the council; and though greatly urged by Henry and Katharine to continue to assist them with his experience and advice, he sighed for the quiet of private life; preferring, to the honours that beset him in his niece's court, he said, "the pious, peaceable, hospitable way of the country, where popularity affected him more than he sought it," no man being more beloved by the commonalty.[1]

[1] Fuller. In Horton church, Northampton, is a fine monument to William, lord Parr, 1546, a recumbent statue in armour, in alabaster, with another of his lady, Mary Salusbury. He obtained this manor by his marriage, being uncle to queen Katharine Parr.

KATHARINE PARR,

SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

Difficult position of queen Katharine with reference to sir Thomas Seymour—Her zeal for the Scriptures—Patronage of Coverdale—Preserves the university of Cambridge from sequestration—Her letter to that university—Her attentions to the king—Prince Edward's letter to her—Wriothesley and Gardiner's jealousy of the queen's influence—Her patronage of Anne Askew denounced—Tortures inflicted on Anne—Her refusal to betray the queen—Plot against the queen—Henry takes umbrage at Katharine's sincerity—Complains of her to Gardiner—He induces the king to have articles of impeachment framed—Katharine discovers the plot—Her terror and dangerous illness—Henry visits her—Her prudent conduct—Reconciliation with the king—His anger against her enemies—King's renewed fondness for queen Katharine—His illness and death—Honourable mention of Katharine in his will—Katharine prayed for as queen dowager—King Edward's letter of condolence to her—King Henry's funeral—Queen Katharine's residence at Chelsea—Sir Thomas Seymour renews his suit—Their correspondence and meetings—Privately married—Katharine's jewels detained by Somerset—Her anger—Duchess of Somerset disputes precedency with queen Katharine—Seymour's freedom with the princess Elizabeth—Katharine's displeasure—Katharine goes to Sudeley to lie in—Birth of her daughter—Her dangerous illness—Complaints to lady Tyrwhitt—Agitating scene in her chamber—She dies—Her funeral—Lady Jane Gray chief mourner—Her epitaph—Seymour's proceedings after her death—His attainder and execution—Destitution of queen Katharine's infant—Sent to the duchess of Suffolk—Her letters—Traditions—Relics of queen Katharine Parr—Exhumation of her remains—Present state of her grave.

ONE great trial, we may add, peril, of Katharine Parr's queenly life was the frequent presence of her former lover,

Sir Thomas Seymour, who was one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. The contrast between his person and demeanour and those of her royal lord must have been painfully apparent at times to Katharine. She was surrounded with invidious spies withal, who would have been only too happy to be able to report a word, a look, or even a sigh, to the king, as evidence of her preference for the handsome Seymour; but the high principles and consummate prudence of the queen carried her triumphantly through an ordeal which some princesses might not have escaped without loss of life and fame. The conduct of Seymour was rash, inconsistent, and selfish. He was the most restless, and at the same time the most blundering of intriguers. He had shared in the spoils of the sequestered abbeys, though in a lesser degree than his brother, the earl of Hertford, and was one of those who would have tempted the king to appropriate the revenues of the bishops. It was, however, necessary to find some cause of complaint with that body; and, according to Fox, he began at the fountain head. "Sir Thomas Seymour," says our author, "who waited on the king, not much favouring Cranmer, accused him of wasting his revenues, and retrenching all hospitality, in order to gather riches for his wife and children,[1] and that such stipends would be no small profit to his majesty." About a fortnight afterwards, one day the king having washed before going to dinner, and Sir Thomas Seymour holding the basin, he said to him, "Go you out of hand to my lord of Canterbury, and bid him be with me at two o'clock, and fail not."

When Seymour went to Lambeth, he found the great hall set out for dinner, and the usual hospitality going forward; and being invited by Cranmer to dine, at which meal all proceeded with the usual state of the former

[1] Fox. Folio, book ii. 524, 525.

archbishops, Sir Thomas Seymour presently divined that he had been sent on purpose; and after delivering his message, went back to the king in great haste.

"Ho!" said Henry, when he saw him, "dined you not with my lord of Canterbury?"

Sir Thomas Seymour spied a portentous cloud on the royal brow, as he replied, "That I did, your majesty, and he will be with your highness forthwith;" then falling on his knees, he added, "I beseech your majesty to pardon me, for I have of late told you an untruth concerning my lord of Canterbury's housekeeping; but I will never henceforth believe the knave which did put that vain tale in my head, for never did I see in my life so honourable a hall set in the realm, except your majesty's, or so well furnished, according to each degree, and himself also most honourably served." "Ah! sir," quoth the king, "have you now spied the truth? But I perceive which way the wind bloweth. There are a sort of you whom I have liberally given of suppressed monasteries, which, as you have lightly gotten, so you have unthriftily spent—some at dice,[1] other some in gay apparel, and otherways worse, I fear; and now all is gone, you would fain have me make another *chevisance* (gratuity) of the bishops' lands, to satisfy your greedy appetites."

Far different from this worldly self-seeking spirit was the disinterested devotion of the queen to the cause of the Reformation. With nothing to gain, and everything to lose by her religion, she courageously maintained the opinions to which she had become a convert; and in her zeal for the translation of the Holy Scriptures, left no means untried for the accomplishment of that good work. She appointed Miles Coverdale to the office of her al-

[1] The king himself lost 300*l.* at a sitting with Edward Seymour, elder brother to this man. The Seymours seem the greatest gamblers at court. (See Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII., many items.)

moner,[1] and rendered him every assistance in his labour of love. Even that determined pillar of the olden faith, the princess Mary, her step-daughter, was won upon by Katharine to co-operate partially in the undertaking, as will be shewn in the memoir of that queen —a circumstance which proves how resistless in their gentleness must have been the manners of the royal matron, whom the Protestant church may well regard as its glory.

The learned Nicholas Udal, master of Eton school, was employed by Katharine Parr to edite the translations of Erasmus's Paraphrases on the Four Gospels; in the labour of which the Princess Mary was induced by her royal step-mother to take an active share.

The queen thus addresses the princess Mary on the expediency of appending her name to her translation:—

"I beseech you to send me this beautiful and *useful* work, when corrected by Mallet, or some other of your household; and at the same time let me know whether it shall be published under your own name or anonymously. In my own opinion, you will not do justice to a work in which you have taken such infinite pains for the public (and would have still continued to do so, as is well known, had your health permitted it), if you refuse to let it descend to posterity under the sanction of your name. For, since everybody is aware what fatigue you have undergone in its accomplishment, I do not see why you should refuse the praise that all will deservedly offer you in return."[2]

[1] Miles Coverdale was an Augustinian monk, of Danish family, converted to the Protestant faith. He was patronized by Cromwell, and appointed by Katharine Parr as her almoner, and he was such when she died. He was bishop of Exeter, but ejected from his see by queen Mary, who, by an act of council, in 1554, allowed him to pass to Denmark, with two servants and bag and baggage. He returned during Elizabeth's reign, but refused to assume his bishopric, and died peaceably at the age of eighty-one, and was buried in St. Bartholomew's church. A search for his bones took place, August, 1840; his coffin was found, and transferred to St. Magnus's church, London-bridge, his original cure.

[2] Translated by sir F. Madden, from the original Latin. Katharine Parr's letter is dated from Hanworth, September 20th, 1544. The original is in MS. Cottonian Faustina, F. 111.

The first edition of these paraphrases, (of which so important a use was afterwards made by Cranmer and Somerset,) was published, according to Strype, in 1545, at the sole expense of Queen Katharine Parr.

In his dedication to his royal patroness, Udal remarks, "on the great number of noble women at that time in England given to the study of devout science and of strange tongues. It was a common thing," he quaintly adds, "to see young virgins so nouzled and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It was now no news at all to see queens and ladies of most high estate and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance to embrace virtuous exercises, reading and writing, and with most earnest study, early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge."

Fortunately for Katharine Parr and those fair and gentle students, who were encouraged by the example of that learned queen to seek the paths of knowledge, they flourished in days when the acquirements of ladies were regarded as their glory, not their reproach. Learning in women was then considered next unto holiness; and the cultivation of the female mind was hailed by the wise, the good, the noble of England, as a proof of the increasing refinement of the land. In later centuries, invidious ignorance has succeeded in flinging the brand of vulgar opprobrium on such women as Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Udal, and Ascham, all but deified. Margaret Roper, Katharine Parr, and the divine Lady Jane Gray, would inevitably have been stigmatized as *blue-stockings*, if they had lived in the nineteenth instead of the sixteenth century.

When Katharine Parr was first called to the unenviable distinction of sharing the throne of Henry VIII., the poverty of the crown precluded the king from indulging his love of pomp and pageantry in any of the public

fêtes and rejoicings which had been so frequent in the first thirty years of his reign. The expense of a coronation for the new queen was out of the question; and though she was dowered in the same proportion as her predecessors had been, it must have been a source of comfort to Katharine that she enjoyed a fine income as the widow of lord Borough and lord Latimer, independently of her royal allowance as queen-consort of England. Henry's pecuniary distresses had led him to the fallacious expedient of raising the nominal value of the currency of the realm, and afterwards of issuing a fresh coinage, in which the proportion of alloy exceeded that of the silver. This purblind proceeding gave the death-blow to trade, by ruining the national credit, and involved himself, his subjects, and successors, in tenfold difficulties.[1]

In the autumn of 1545, Henry claimed the assistance of parliament; but the subsidy granted not satisfying the rapacious and needy sovereign, the revenues of all the hospitals and colleges in England were placed at his disposal by the time-serving and venial legislators of whom it was composed.[2] The university of Cambridge, dreading the spoliation with which it was threatened, implored the protection of their learned queen.[3] Katharine, who was not forgetful of the affection and respect which had been ever manifested for her person and character by this erudite body, exerted her utmost influence with her royal husband to avert the storm that impended over that ancient nursery of learning and piety. The letter in which her majesty informs the members of the university of the success of her intercession with the king in their behalf, is exceedingly curious; and the advice she offers as to the nature of their studies is equally creditable to her head and heart.

[1] Herbert. Stow. [2] Herbert. Hall. [3] Strype.

LETTER FROM QUEEN KATHARINE PARR.[1]

"*To our right trusty, dear, and well-beloved the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of my lord the King's Majesty's university of Cambridge, and to the whole said university there.*

"Your letters I have received presented on all your behalfs, by Mr. Dr. Smythe, your discreet and learned advocate.[2] And as they be *Latinly* written which is *singnyfyed* unto me by those that be learned in the Latin tongue. So (I know) you could have uttered your desires and opinions familiarly in your vulgar tongue, aptest for my intelligence, albeit you seem to have conceived, rather partially than truly, a favourable estimation both of my going forward and dedication to learning, which to advance, or at least conserve, your letters move me."

This passage must not be considered by the reader as any contradiction of her attainments as a Latin scholar, because, notwithstanding her denial of learning, the queen meant not to be taken at her word as ignorant of the language in which the university has addressed her; for she uses, in the course of the letter, a very apt Latin quotation. She rather means to imply an evangelical objection to the use of Latin, as liable to induce the continuance of "papistry." And perhaps the preference that Cambridge has shewn to the mathematics may be traced to the royal exordium which follows against the vain learning of the ancients. Her majesty resumes—

"You shew me how agreeable it is to me, being in this worldly estate, not only for mine own part to be studious, but also a maintainer and cherisher of the learned state, bearing me in hand, (insisting) that I am endowed and perfected with those qualities which *ought to be in a person of my station.*

"Truly this your discreet and politic document I as thankfully accept as you desire that I should embrace it. And forasmuch (as I do hear) all kind of learning doth flourish among you in this age as it did amongst the Greeks at Athens long ago. I desire you all not so to

[1] Quoted by Strype; to be found at length in Statutes of Cambridge, by H. J. Heywood, F.R.S., vol. i., p. 211.

[2] The University of Cambridge addressed their letters to queen Katharine Parr, by Dr. Smith, afterwards sir Thomas Smith, the learned secretary to Edward VI.

hunger for the exquisite knowledge of profane learning, that it may be thought that the Greek university was but transposed, or now in England revived, *forgetting our Christianity*; since their excellency did only attain to moral and natural things. But rather, I gently exhort you to study and apply those doctrines, as means and apt degrees, to the attaining and setting forth Christ's reverent and sacred doctrine, that it may not be laid against you in evidence at the tribunal of God,[1] how you were ashamed of Christ's doctrine, for this *Latin lesson I am* taught to say of St. Paul, *Non me pudet evangelii*, to the sincere setting forth whereof (I trust) universally in all your vocations and ministries you will apply; and conform your sundry gifts, arts, and studies in such end and sort, that Cambridge may be accounted rather an university of divine philosophy than of natural and moral, as Athens was. Upon the confidence of which your accomplishment of my expectation, zeal, and request, I (according to your desires) have *attempted* my lord the king for the establishment of your livelihood and possessions, in which (notwithstanding his majesty's property and interest, through the consent of the high court of parliament,) his highness being such a patron to good learning, doth hinder you so much, that he would rather advance learning and erect new occasion thereof than confound your ancient and godly institutions, so that such learning may hereafter ascribe her very original whole conservation to our sovereign lord the king, her only defence and worthy ornament, the prosperous estate and princely government of whom long to preserve; I doubt not but every one of you will in the daily invocation call upon him, who alone and only can dispose to every creature. Scribbled with the rude hand of her that prayeth to the Lord and immortal God to send you all prosperous success in godly learning and knowledge. From my lord the king's majesty's manor of Greenwich, the 26 Feb.

"KATHARINE THE QUEEN, K. P."[2]

The triumph which Katharine Parr's virtuous influence obtained in this instance over the sordid passions of Henry and his greedy ministers, ought to endear the name of the royal patroness of learning to every mind capable of appreciating her magnanimity and moral courage. The beauty, the talents, and rare acquirements of Katharine Parr, together with the delicate

[1] Here the queen displays, much in the style of her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, the learning she has so elaborately disclaimed.

[2] MS. Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 206. This letter is quoted by Strype.

LEWIS ... INCLOSURE

tact which taught her how to make the most of these advantages, enabled her to retain her empire over the fickle heart of Henry for a longer period than the fairest and most brilliant of her predecessors. But these charms were not the most powerful talismans with which the queen won her influence. It was her domestic virtues, her patience, her endearing manners, that rendered her indispensable to the irritable and diseased voluptuary, who was now paying the severe penalty of bodily tortures and mental disquiet for the excesses of his former life. Henry had grown so corpulent and unwieldy in person, that he was incapable of taking the slightest exercise, much less of recreating himself with the invigorating field sports and boisterous pastimes in which he had formerly delighted. The days had come unexpectedly upon him in which he had no pleasure. His body was so swollen and enfeebled by dropsy, that he could not be moved to an upper chamber without the aid of machinery. Hitherto the excitement of playing the leading part in the public drama of royal pomp and pageantry, had been, with sensual indulgences, the principal objects of his life. Deprived of these, and with the records of an evil conscience to dwell upon in the weary hours of pain, his irascibility and impatience would have goaded him to frenzy, but for the soothing gentleness and tender attentions of his amiable consort. Katharine was the most skilful and patient of nurses, and shrunk not from any office, however humble, whereby she could afford mitigation to the sufferings of her royal husband. It is recorded of her, that she would remain for hours on her knees beside him, applying fomentations and other palliatives to his ulcerated leg, which he would not permit any one to dress but her. She had already served an apprenticeship to the infirmities of sickness, in her attendance on the deathbeds of her two previous hus-

bands, and had doubtless acquired the art of adapting herself to the humours of male invalids. A royally-born lady might have been of little comfort to Henry in the days of his infirmity, but Katharine Parr had been educated in the school of domestic life, and was perfect in the practice of its virtues and its duties. She sought to charm the *ennui* which oppressed the once magnificent and active sovereign, in the unwelcome quiet of his sick chamber, by inducing him to unite with her in directing the studies and watching the hopeful promise of his beloved heir, prince Edward. The following letter, addressed to Katharine by her royal step-son, bears witness to the maternal kindness of the queen, and the affection of the precocious student:—

PRINCE EDWARD TO KATHARINE PARR.

"Most honourable and entirely beloved mother,

"I have me most humbly recommended to your grace with like thanks, both for that your grace did accept so gently my simple and rude letters, and also that it pleased your grace so gently to vouchsafe to direct unto me your loving and tender letters, which do give me much comfort and encouragement to go forward in such things, wherein your grace beareth me on hand that I am already entered. I pray God I may be able to satisfy the good expectation of the king's majesty, my father, and of your grace, whom God have ever in his most blessed keeping.

"Your loving son,

"E. PRINCE."

There is extant a Latin and a French letter addressed to the queen, in the same filial style.

The arrival of the plenipotentiaries to negotiate a peace between England and France, in the commencement of the year 1546, caused the last gleam of royal festivity and splendour that was ever to enliven the once magnificent court of Henry VIII. Claude d'Annebaut, the admiral who had a few months previously attempted a hostile descent on the Isle of Wight, and attacked the English fleet, was the ambassador extraordinary on this

occasion. He was received with great pomp at Greenwich, where he landed, and on Hounslow-heath he was met by a numerous cavalcade of nobles, knights, and gentlemen, in king Henry's service, headed by the young heir of England, prince Edward, who, though only in his ninth year, was mounted on a charger, and performed his part in the pageant by welcoming the admiral and his suite in the most graceful and engaging manner. Annebaut embraced and kissed the princely boy, and all the French nobles were loud in their commendations of the beauty and gallant bearing of this child of early promise. Prince Edward then conducted the embassy to Hampton Court, where for ten days they were feasted and entertained with great magnificence by the king and queen. Henry, on this occasion, presented Katharine Parr with many jewels of great value, that she might appear with suitable *éclat* as his consort before the plenipotentiaries of France. He also provided new and costly hangings and furniture for her apartments, as well as plate, which she naturally regarded as her own property; but a long and vexatious litigation took place, with regard to these gifts, after the death of the king, as will be shewn in its proper place.

The increasing influence of Katharine with king Henry, and the ascendancy she was acquiring over the opening mind of the future sovereign, were watched with jealous alarm by the party most inimical to the doctrines of the Reformation. Wriothesley, the lord chancellor, who had been the base suggester to Henry VIII. of a breach of faith to Anne of Cleves, and afterwards pursued that monarch's fifth unhappy queen with the zest of a bloodhound,[1] till her young head was laid upon the block, waited but for a suitable opportunity for effecting the fall of Katharine Parr.

[1] See the Memoirs of Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard.

Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, was his confederate in this intention; but so blameless was the conduct, so irreproachable the manners of the queen, that, as in the case of Daniel, it was impossible for her deadliest foes to find an occasion against her, except in the matter of her religious opinions. In these she was opposed to Henry's arbitrary notions, who was endeavouring to erect the dogma of his own infallibility on the ruins of papacy. Every dissent from his decisions in points of faith had been visited with the most terrible penalties. In his last speech to parliament, he had bitterly complained of the divisions in religion which distracted his realm, for which he "partly blamed the priests, some of whom," he sarcastically observed, "were so stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, and others so busy with their new *sumpsimus*, that, instead of preaching the word of God, they were employed in railing at each other;[1] and partly the fault of the laity, whose delight it was to censure the proceedings of their bishops, priests, and preachers. If you know," continued the royal polemic, "that any preach perverse doctrine, come and declare it to some of our council, or to us, to whom is committed by God authority to reform and order such causes and behaviours; and be not judges yourselves of your own fantastical opinions and vain expositions. And although you be permitted to read Holy Scriptures, and to have the Word of God in your mother tongue, you must understand it is licensed you so to do only to inform your conscience, your children, and families, and not to dispute, and to make scripture a railing and taunting stock against priests and preachers. I am very sorry to know and hear how irreverently that precious jewel, the Word of God, is disputed, rhymed, sung, and jangled in every

[1] Hall.

alehouse and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same."[1]

This speech was a prelude to the rigorous enforcement of the six articles. The most interesting victim of the fiery persecution that ensued in the spring and summer of 1546, was the young, beautiful, and learned Anne Askew. She was a lady of honourable birth and ancient lineage, and having become a convert to the new learning, was for that cause violently driven from her home by her husband, Mr. Kyme of Lincolnshire; she then resumed her maiden name, and devoted herself to the promulgation of the religious opinions she had embraced. It was soon known that the queen's sister, lady Herbert, the duchess of Suffolk, and other great ladies of the court, countenanced the fair gospeller—nay, more, that the queen herself had received books from her in the presence of lady Herbert, lady Tyrwhit, and the youthful lady Jane Gray, which might bring her majesty under the penalty of the statute against reading heretical works.[2] The religious opinions of a young and beautiful woman might, perhaps, have been overlooked by men, with whom religion was a matter of party, not conscience; but the supposed connexion of Anne Askew with the queen, caused her to be singled out for the purpose of terrifying or torturing her into confessions that might furnish a charge of heresy or treason against her royal mistress. The unexpected firmness of the Christian heroine baffled this design; she endured the utmost inflictions of Wriothesley's vindictive fury without permitting a syllable to pass her lips that might be rendered subservient to this purpose.

Anne Askew had been supported in prison by money which had been conveyed to her, from time to time, by persons supposed to be in the service of the ladies of

[1] Journals of Parliament. [2] Fox.

the queen's bedchamber; and the lord chancellor's inquisitorial cruelty was especially exercised in his attempts to extort from the hapless recipient of this charity the name of her secret friends.[1]

It is well known that when sir Anthony Knevet, the lieutenant of the Tower, endeavoured, by his directions to the gaoler, to modify the ferocious, and it seems illegal requisition of chancellor Wriothesley, to inflict severer agonies on the tender but unshrinking victim, his lordship threw off his gown, and, with the assistance of his pitiless accomplice, Rich, worked the rack, till, to use Anne's own words, they well nigh plucked her joints asunder. When the lieutenant of the Tower found his authority thus superseded, he promptly took boat, and proceeding to the king, indignantly related to him the disgusting scene he had just witnessed.

Henry affected to express great displeasure that a female should have been exposed to such barbarity, but he neither punished the perpetrators of the outrage nor interposed his authority to preserve Anne Askew from a fiery death. Indeed, if the contemporary author quoted by Speed is to be credited, "Henry had himself ordered Anne Askew to be stretched on the rack, being exasperated against her for having brought prohibited books into his palace, and imbued his queen and his nieces, Suffolk's daughters, with her doctrine."

The terrible sentence which consigned the dislocated frame of the young and lovely Anne Askew a living prey to the flames, shook not the lofty self-devotion of the victim. Several persons professing the reformed doctrine were condemned to die at the same time, among whom were two gentlemen of the royal household, William Morrice, the king's gentleman usher, and sir George Blagge, of the privy chamber. The following

[1] Fox's Martyrology.

touching particulars of their last meeting have been recorded by a survivor:—

"I, being alive," narrates John Loud, (tutor to sir Robert Southwell, and a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn,) "must needs confess of her departed to the Lord." There was a sad party of victims, and their undaunted friends gathered in the little parlour by Newgate. Sir George Blagge was with Lascells (a gentleman of a right worshipful house in Nottinghamshire, at Gatford, near Worksop) the day before his execution and that of Anne Askew, "who had," says the narrator, "an angel's countenance and a smiling face." Lascells was in the little parlour by Newgate; "he mounted up in the window seat, and there sat; he was merry and cheerful in the Lord, and sir George Blagge sat by his side: one Belenian, a priest, likewise burnt, was there. Three of the Throckmortons were present, sir Nicolas being one of them. By the same token a person unknown to me said, 'Ye are all marked men that come to them. Take heed to your lives.'"[1]

The Throckmortons were, be it remembered, the near kinsmen of the queen, and confidential members of her household. They were her élèves, and converts, withal, to the faith of which she was the nursing mother. Undismayed by the warning they had received when they came to comfort Anne Askew and her fellow captives in prison, these heroic brethren ventured to approach her, when she was borne to her funeral pile in Smithfield, for the purpose of offering her sympathy and encouragement; but they were again warned "that they were marked men," and compelled to withdraw.[2] In a far different spirit came Wriothesley, Russell, and others of the ruthless clique, to witness the last act of the tragedy,[3] and to

[1] Strype. Mems., p. 599. [2] Aikin's Elizabeth.

[3] This amiable junto were seated on a bench by St. Bartholomew's church, and expressed some alarm lest their persons should be endan-

tempt the weakness of woman's nature by offering her the king's pardon on condition of her recanting. She treated the proposal with the scorn it merited, and her fearless demeanour encouraged and strengthened the resolution of the three men who shared with her the crown of martyrdom.

The male victims were not subjected to torture. They appear to have suffered on matters of faith, unconnected with politics. Anne Askew may be regarded as a sacrifice to the malignity of the party who failed in making her an instrument in their machinations against the queen.

The terror and anguish which must have oppressed the heart of the queen at this dreadful period may be imagined. Not only was she unable to avert the fate of the generous Anne Askew and the other Protestant martyrs, but she was herself, with some of her nearest and dearest connexions, on the verge of the like peril.

Sir George Blagge, who was involved in the same condemnation with Anne Askew and those who suffered with her, was a great favourite with the king, who was wont to honour him, in moments of familiarity, with the endearing appellation of his "pig." Henry does not appear to have been aware of Blagge's arrest till informed of his condemnation. He then sent for Wriothesley, and rated him "for coming so near him, even to his privy chamber," and commanded him to draw out a pardon. Blagge, on his release, flew to thank his master, who, seeing him, cried out, "Ah, my pig! are you here safe again?" "Yes, sire," said he; "and if your majesty had not been better than your bishops, your pig had been *roasted* ere this time."[1] Notwithstanding this

gered by the gunpowder among the faggots exploding. Russell reassured his colleagues, by informing them that it was only intended for the condemned prisoners.

[1] Ridley's Life of Bishop Ridley. Tytler.

rebuff, Wriothesley and his coadjutors presumed to come somewhat nearer to the king than an attack on members of his household, for they struck at the wife of his bosom.

It was shrewdly observed by a contemporary, "that Gardiner had bent his bow to bring down some of the head deer." Victims of less distinguished note were destined first to fall, but it was plain to all that it was to compass the disgrace or death of the queen, that the fires of persecution had been rekindled, Wriothesley and Gardiner having masked an iniquitous political intrigue under the name of religion. The queen's sister, lady Herbert, had been secretly denounced to Henry as an active instrument in controverting his edict touching heretical works. This was a subtle prelude for an attack upon the queen herself; for when Henry had reason to suppose she received and read books forbidden by his royal statutes, he was prepared to take every difference in opinion expressed or insinuated by her in the light not only of heresy but treason.

Henry's anger was always the most deadly and dangerous when he brooded over an offence in silence. Queen Katharine had been accustomed, in their hours of domestic privacy, to converse with him on theological subjects, in which he took great delight. The points of difference in their opinions, and the ready wit and eloquence with which the queen maintained her side of the question, gave piquancy to these discussions.

Henry was at first amused and interested, but controversies between husband and wife are dangerous pastimes to the weaker vessel, especially if she chance to have the best of the argument. On subjects of less importance to his eternal welfare, Katharine might possibly have had tact enough to leave the victory to her lord; but, labouring as she saw him under a complication of incurable maladies, and loaded with a yet more fearful

weight of unrepented crimes, she must have been anxious to awaken him to a sense of his accountability to that almighty Judge at whose tribunal it was evident he must soon appear.

With the exception of his murdered tutor, Fisher, Henry's spiritual advisers, whether catholics or reformers, had all been false to their trust. They had flattered his worst passions, and lulled his guilty conscience, by crying, "Peace, peace! when there was no peace." Katharine Parr was, perhaps, the only person for the last ten years who had had the moral courage to speak, even in a modified manner, the language of truth in his presence.

Henry, who was neither catholic nor protestant, had a "*sumpsimus*" of his own, which he wished to render the national rule of faith, and was at last exceedingly displeased that his queen should presume to doubt the infallibility of his opinions. One day she ventured, in the presence of Gardiner, to remonstrate with him on the proclamation he had recently put forth, forbidding the use of a translation of the Scriptures, which he had previously licensed. This was at a time when his constitutional irascibility was aggravated by a painful inflammation of his ulcerated leg, which confined him to his chamber. Perhaps Katharine, in her zeal for the diffusion of the truths of holy writ, pressed the matter too closely, for the king shewed tokens of mislike, and cut the matter short. The queen made a few pleasant observations on other subjects, and withdrew. Henry's suppressed choler broke out as soon as she left the room. "A good hearing it is," said he, "when women become such clerks; and much to my comfort, to come in mine old age to be taught by my wife!"[1]

Gardiner, who was present, availed himself of this

[1] Fox. Herbert. Lingard.

scornful sally to insinuate things against her majesty, which a few days before he durst not, for his life, have breathed to the king. "For," says a contemporary author, "never handmaid sought more to please her mistress than she to please his humour; and she was of singular beauty, favour, and comely personage, wherein the king was greatly delighted. But Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, Wriothesley, lord chancellor, and others of the king's privy chamber, practised her death, that they might the better stop the passage of the gospel, yet they durst not speak to the king touching her, because they saw he loved her so well.[1] But now that an offence had been given to the royal egotist's self-idolatry, he was ready to listen to anything that could be said in disparagement of his dutiful and conscientious wife. Her tender nursing, her unremitting attentions to his comfort, together with her amiable and affectionate conduct to his children, were all forgotten. Gardiner flattered him to the top of his bent, on his theological knowledge and judgment, in which he declared "that his majesty excelled the princes of that and every other age, as well as all the professed doctors of divinity, insomuch that it was unseemly for any of his subjects to argue with him so malapertly as the queen had just done. That it was grievous for any of his counsellors to hear it done, since those who were so bold in words would not scruple to proceed to acts of disobedience;" adding, "that he could make great discoveries, if he were not deterred by the queen's powerful faction. In short, he crept so far into the king at that time," says Fox, "and he and his fellows so filled Henry's mistrustful mind with fears, that he gave them warrant to consult together about drawing of articles against the queen, wherein her life might be touched. Then they thought it best to begin

[1] Fox.

with such ladies as she most esteemed, and were privy to all her doing,—as the lady Herbert, afterwards countess of Pembroke, her sister, the lady Jane, who was her first cousin; and the lady Tyrwhit, all of her privy chamber; and to accuse them of the six articles, and to search their closets and coffers, that they might find somewhat to charge the queen; which being found, the queen should be taken and carried by night in a barge to the Tower, of which advice the king was made privy by Gardiner. This purpose was so finely handled that it grew within few days of the time appointed, and the poor queen suspected nothing, but, after her accustomed manner, visited the king, still to deal with him touching religion as before." At this momentous crisis, when the life of the queen might be said to hang on a balance so fearfully poised that the descent of a feather would have given it a fatal turn, the bill of articles that had been framed against her, together with the mandate for her arrest, were dropped by Wriothesley from his bosom, in the gallery at Whitehall, after the royal signature of the king had been affixed. Fortunately, it happened that it was picked up by one of the attendants of the queen, and instantly conveyed to her majesty,[1] whose sweetness of temper and gracious demeanour had endeared her to all her household.

It is impossible but that shuddering recollections of the fell decree which doomed Henry's second queen, Anne Boleyn, to be either burned or beheaded, at the king's pleasure, and of the summary proceedings by which his last queen, Katharine, was hurried to the block, without even the ceremony of a trial, must have pressed upon her mind as she glanced at these appalling documents. Her virtue, it is true, could not be impugned, as theirs had been, but she had disappointed the expecta-

[1] Fox's Acts and Monuments. Speed. Tytler.

tion so confidently stated by the king in the act for settling the succession to the crown, "that their union might be blessed with offspring." In that very act there was the ominous clause, in case of failure of issue by her, which secured a precedency over his daughters "to the children he might have by any other queens."

Katharine had been Henry's wife three years, and was still childless, and as she had not brought a family to either of her former husbands, the reproach of barrenness might, not unreasonably, be ascribed to her by the king. It was doubtless to the full as great a crime in his sight as her heresy, and it is not improbable that it was even cited in the list of her misdemeanours, as the untimely death of Katharine of Arragon's sons had been impiously construed into evidences that the marriage was displeasing in the sight of God, when Henry was desirous of another wife. Be that as it may, the queen no sooner perceived that a bill for her attainder was prepared, and that the king had treacherously given his sanction to the machinations of her foes, than she concluded that she was to be added to the list of his conjugal decapitations, and fell into an hysterical agony.[1] She occupied an apartment contiguous to that of the sick and froward monarch; and as she fell from one fit into another, her shrieks and cries reached his ears. Finding they continued for many hours, either moved with pity, or, as Dr. Lingard shrewdly suggests, "incommoded by the noise," he sent to inquire what was the matter. Katharine's physician, Dr. Wendy, having penetrated the cause of her majesty's indisposition, informed the royal messenger that the queen was dangerously ill, and that it appeared that her sickness was caused by distress of mind."[2] When the king heard this, he was either moved

[1] Fox. Speed. Herbert. Lingard. [2] Tytler.

with unwonted feelings of compassion for the sufferings of his consort, or reminded, by his own increasing infirmities, which had confined him for the last two days to his bed, of her unrivalled skill as a nurse; and feeling, perhaps, for the first time, how much he should miss her in that capacity if death deprived him of her services, he determined to pay her a visit. This act of royal condescension was the more remarkable because it was attended with great personal inconvenience to himself, for he was carried in a chair into queen Katharine's apartment, being at that time unable to walk.[1] He found her heavy and melancholy, and apparently at the point of death, at which he evinced much sympathy, as if really alarmed at the idea of losing her. Perhaps he had not, till then, discovered that she was dearer to him than her fairer and more passionately, but briefly loved, predecessors, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard. The hysterical agonies of those unhappy ladies had produced no such relentings in his vindictive breast, though they had been duly reported to him; but then, to be sure, he was out of hearing of their cries. Katharine Parr had, besides, been twice married before, and being a woman of great sense and observation, had acquired greater experience in adapting herself to the humour of her froward lord, than either the gay, reckless coquette, Anne Boleyn, or the young, unlettered Howard. On this occasion she testified a proper degree of gratitude for the honour of his visit, "which," she assured him, "had greatly revived and rejoiced her." She also adroitly offered an opening for an explanation of the cause of Henry's displeasure by expressing herself much distressed at having seen so little of his majesty of late, adding, that her uneasiness at this was increased by her apprehensions of having been so unhappy as to have given him some

[1] Fox.

unintentional offence.[1] Henry replied only with gracious and encouraging expressions of his good will. During the rest of this critical interview, Katharine behaved in so humble and endearing a manner, and so completely adapted herself to the humour of her imperious lord, that, in the excitement caused by the reaction of his feelings, Henry betrayed to her physician the secret of the plot against her life. This gentleman, being both a good and a prudent person, acted as a mediator with his sovereign in the first instance, and is said to have suggested to the queen the proper means of securing a reconciliation with Henry.[2]

The next evening the queen found herself well enough to return the king's visit in his bedchamber. She came attended by her sister, lady Herbert, and the king's young niece, lady Jane Gray,[3] who carried the candles before her majesty. Henry welcomed her very courteously, and appeared to take her attention in good part; but presently turned the conversation to the old subject of controversy, for the purpose of beguiling her into an argument. Katharine wittily excused herself from the snare by observing, that she was but a woman, accompanied with all the imperfections natural to the weakness of her sex; therefore, in all matters of doubt and difficulty she must refer herself to his majesty's better judgment, as to her lord and head; "for so God hath appointed you," continued she, "as the supreme head of us all, and of you, next unto God, will I ever learn."

"Not so, by St. Mary," said the king; "ye are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us, as oftentime we have seen." "Indeed," replied the queen, "if your majesty have so conceived,

[1] Fox. Herbert. Speed. [2] Soames' Hist. Ref. Tytler.
[3] Lady Jane Gray, though only nine years old at that time, held some office of state in the chamber of queen Katharine Parr.

my meaning has been mistaken, for I have always held it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if I have ever presumed to differ with your highness on religion, it was partly to obtain information for my own comfort, regarding certain nice points on which I stood in doubt, and sometimes because I perceived, that in talking, you were better able to pass away the pain and weariness of your present infirmity, which encouraged me to this boldness, in the hope of profiting withal by your majesty's learned discourse." "And is it so, sweetheart!" replied the king; "then are we perfect friends." He then kissed her with much tenderness, and gave her leave to depart.

On the day appointed for her arrest, the king, being convalescent, sent for the queen to take the air with him in the garden. Katharine came, attended, as before, by her sister, lady Jane Gray, and lady Tyrwhit. Presently, the lord chancellor Wriothesley, with forty of the guard, entered the garden, with the expectation of carrying off the queen to the Tower, for he had not received the slightest intimation of the change in the royal caprice. The king received him with a burst of indignation, saluted him with the unexpected address of "Beast, fool, and knave," and sternly withdrawing him from the vicinity of the queen, he bade him "avaunt from his presence." Katharine, when she saw the king so greatly incensed with the chancellor, had the magnanimity to intercede for her foe, saying, "she would become a humble suitor for him, as she deemed his fault was occasioned by mistake."

"Ah! poor soul," said the king, "thou little knowest, Kate, how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very knave!"[1]

[1] Speed. Herbert. Fox. Rapin.

Katharine Parr treated the authors of the cruel conspiracy against her life with the magnanimity of a great mind and the forbearance of a true Christian. She sought no vengeance, although the reaction of the king's uxurious fondness would undoubtedly have given her the power of destroying them, if she had been of a vindictive temper. But though Henry was induced, through the intercession of Katharine, to overlook the offence of Wriothesley, he never forgave Gardiner the part he had taken in this affair, which proved no less a political blunder than a moral crime. It was the death-blow of his credit with the king, who not only struck his name out of his council-book, but forbade him his presence. Gardiner, notwithstanding this prohibition, had the boldness to present himself before the sovereign on the terrace at Windsor, among his former colleagues. When Henry observed him, he turned fiercely to his chancellor, and said, "Did I not command you that *he* should come no more among you?"

"My lord of Winchester," replied Wriothesley, "has come to wait upon your highness with the offer of a benevolence from his clergy."[1] This was touching the right chord, for money never came amiss to the rapacious and needy monarch from any quarter. Henry condescended to receive the address, and to accept the bribe, but took no further notice of the bishop than to strike his name out of the list of his executors. Henry cancelled that of Thirlby, bishop of Westminster, also, "because," he said, "the latter was schooled by Gardiner."[2] So careful was the king to leave neither power nor influence in the council of his successor to the man who had tempted him to close his reign with the murder of his innocent wife.

[1] By the testification as well of master Denny as of sir Henry Neville, who were present. Fox.

[2] Lingard. Soames.

Henry is said to have exhibited many public marks of coarse, but confiding fondness for queen Katharine Parr in his latter days. He was accustomed to call her "sweetheart," and to lay his sore leg on her lap before the lords and ladies in waiting; and sometimes, it is said, he so far forgot the restraints of royalty as to do so in the presence of the whole court. The queen, who was still a very pretty little woman, and quite young enough to have been his daughter, was careful to receive these rude endearments, as flattering marks of the favour of her royal lord. Yet after the fearful warning she had received of the capricious nature of his love, and the treachery of his disposition, she must have regarded herself as a "poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour." How indeed could the sixth wife of Henry pillow her head on his cruel bosom, without dreaming of axes and flames, or fearing to see the curtains withdrawn by the pale spectres of his former matrimonial victims?

Her wifely probation, as queen consort of England, was, however, near its close; for Henry's own tragedy was rapidly drawing to a termination. Its last act was to be stained with the blood of the most accomplished nobleman in his dominions, the gallant Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, the cousin of his two beheaded queens, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard, and the friend and brother-in-law of his passionately-loved son, Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond. Surrey has generally been regarded as the victim of the Seymour party, who had obtained a great ascendancy in the council since Gardiner had committed the false step of practising against the life of the queen.

Katharine Parr, though she had laboured, at the peril of being sent to the scaffold, to obtain toleration and liberty of conscience for those of her own religion, had hitherto carefully abstained from implicating herself

with the intrigues of either party. Now, she naturally threw the weight of her quiet influence into the scale of those who supported the doctrine of the Reformation. With this party, which was headed by the Seymours, her only brother the earl of Essex, and her sister's husband, lord Herbert, were allied. A mortal hatred subsisted between the newly-aggrandized family of Seymour and the house of Howard. The high-spirited heir of Norfolk, in whose veins flowed the proud blood of Charlemagne and the Plantagenets, was known to look with contempt on the new nobility, and had rashly expressed his intention of avenging the insolence with which he had been treated by the earl of Hertford, when a convenient season should arrive. The precarious state of the sovereign's health warned the Seymours to make the most of the power which they had got into their own hands. Among the absurd charges that were brought against Surrey, one must have been artfully framed to cause disquiet to queen Katharine, which was, that he had conceived the monstrous project of marrying his beautiful sister, the duchess-dowager of Richmond, to the king, although she was the widow of that monarch's reputed son Henry, duke of Richmond. Stranger still, the young lady herself, out of revenge, as it is supposed, to her noble brother, for having prevented her father from bestowing her in marriage on the admiral sir Thomas Seymour, of whom she was deeply enamoured, came forward as a witness against him, and deposed, "that he had instructed her how to behave herself that she might obtain private interviews with the king, and so endear herself in his favour that she might rule as others had done." As Henry had already married two fair ladies of the Howard lineage,[1] through

[1] Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard. In one of the state papers, in the handwriting of Wriothesley, that portion of the charge against

whose influence the blanche lion had for a brief period triumphed over all rivals in the court, the foes of Surrey and his aged father calculated that this odious accusation might possibly obtain sufficient credit to excite the indignation of the people and the jealousy of the queen; so far, at any rate, as to deter her from interceding in behalf of the victims of their murderous policy.

The unmerited fate of the gallant and accomplished Surrey has been ever considered as one of the darkest blots of the crime-stained annals of Henry VIII. It is somewhat remarkable that this monarch, who had received a learned education, made pretensions to authorship, and affected to be a patron of the belles-lettres, sent the three most distinguished literary characters of his court—sir Thomas More, lord Rochford, and Surrey—to the block, from feelings of private and personal malice, and in so illegal a manner, that the executions of all three deserve no gentler name than murder. Surrey was beheaded on the 19th of January, 1547. Henry then lay on his death-bed; and his swollen and enfeebled hands having been long unequal to the task of guiding a pen, a stamp, with the fac-simile of the initials "H. R.," was affixed to the death-warrant in his presence.[1] In like manner was that for the execution of the duke of Norfolk signed. This aged nobleman claimed a three-

Surrey is thus commented upon, and placed in a still coarser point of view:—

"If a man compassing *with himself to govern the realm, do actually go about to rule the king, and should for that purpose advise his daughter or sister* to become his harlot, *thinking thereby to bring it to pass, and so would rule both father and son, as by this next article doth more appear.*"

The words in italics are written by Henry himself, in a tremulous character.

[1] On August 31st, 1546, Henry appointed A. Denny, J. Gate, and W. Clere, to sign all instruments requiring his signature, from that day to the 10th of May, 1547, in the following manner:—Two of them were to impress a dry stamp on the instrument, and the third to fill up the impression with pen and ink. Rymer.

fold relationship to the king, as the husband of his maternal aunt, the princess Anne Plantagenet, and as the uncle of two of Henry's queens, Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard. According to the custom of those times, he had no doubt been occasionally called by the king, his uncle Norfolk. Yet the last act of Henry's life was to dispatch a messenger to the lieutenant of the Tower with an order for the execution of the unfortunate duke, early on the following morning. This was on the evening of the 26th of January. A more irrevocable fiat had, however, gone forth against the relentless tyrant, and ere that morning dawned which was to have seen the hoary head of Norfolk fall on the scaffold, he was himself a corpse.[1]

When the physicians announced to those in attendance on the sovereign that the hour of his departure was at hand, they shrunk from the peril of incurring the last ebullition of his vindictive temper by warning him of the awful change that awaited him.[2] The queen, worn out with days and nights of fatiguing personal attendance on her wayward lord, during the burning fever which had preyed upon him for more than two months, was in all probability unequal to the trial of witnessing the last fearful scene; for she is not mentioned as having been present on that occasion. Sir Anthony Denny was the only person who had the courage to inform the king of his real state. He approached the bed, and leaning over it, told him "that all human aid was now vain, and that it was meet for him to review his past life, and seek for

[1] The duke was reprieved from the execution of his sentence by the providential death of the king. It is therefore evident that it was from Henry himself that sentence proceeded, since the Seymours might easily have had the warrant executed, if they had chosen, before the death of the sovereign was made public. It was his last order, and it must have cost some trouble to prevent its being carried into effect.

[2] Burnet. Tytler. Lingard.

God's mercy through Christ." Henry, who was uttering loud cries of pain and impatience, regarded him with a stern look, and asked, "What judge had sent him to pass this sentence upon him?" Denny replied, "Your physicians." When these physicians next approached the royal patient to offer him medicine, he repelled them in these words: "After the judges have passed sentence on a criminal they have no more need to trouble him; therefore begone!"[1] It was then suggested that he should confer with some of his divines. "I will see no one but Cranmer," replied the king; "and not him as yet. Let me repose a little, and as I find myself so I shall determine." After an hour's sleep he awoke, and becoming faint, commanded that Cranmer, who had withdrawn to Croydon, should be sent for with all haste. But the precious interval had been wasted; and before the archbishop entered, Henry was speechless. Cranmer besought him to testify by some sign his hope in the saving mercy of Christ. The king regarded him steadily for a moment, wrung his hand, and expired.[2] Thevet bears testimony to the dying monarch's remorse of conscience for the murder of Anne Boleyn, in particular, and of his other crimes in general. Harpsfield describes him as afflicted with visionary horrors at the hour of his departure; for that he glanced with rolling eyes and looks of wild import towards the darker recesses of his chamber, muttering to himself "Monks—monks!" But whether this ejaculation implied that his disordered fancy had peopled vacancy with cowled figures, or that he was desirous of summoning monks to assist at his last orisons, must for ever remain a mystery. "Warned of the moment of approaching dissolution," says another writer, "and scorched with the death-thirst, he craved a cup of white wine, and turning to one of his attendants, he exclaimed,

[1] Leti. [2] Goodwin.

'All is lost!' these words were his last." The same author avers that Henry was preparing an accusation against his queen, on the old charge of heresy, which was only prevented by his death.

If this were indeed the case, it would sufficiently account for the silence of contemporaries touching Katharine Parr's proceedings at the time of her royal husband's death. This throws some light, too, on the general remark of the historians of that period, that Katharine's life was providentially preserved by the decease of Henry at a critical period for her; and that it was only by especial good luck that she was the survivor.

The only notice of the queen which occurs at this period is contained in a letter addressed to her on the 10th of January by prince Edward, in which he thanks her for her new year's gift, the pictures of herself and the king his father; " which will delight him," he says, " to contemplate in their absence." He calls her, " illustrious queen and dearest mother." The youthful heir of England was at Hertford with his preceptors at the time of the last illness of his royal father.

Henry VIII. expired at two o'clock in the morning of January 28th, 1547, at his royal palace of Westminster, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his age.

This important event was kept secret till the earl of Hertford had obtained possession of the person of his royal nephew, the young king Edward VI., and arranged his plans for securing the government of England in his name. The parliament met on the 29th, according to an adjournment, which had been moved during the life of the sovereign, and received no intimation of his demise till Monday, the last day of January,[1] when Wriothesley, the chancellor, announced to the assembled peers and com-

[1] Lingard. Mackintosh. Tytler. Rapin.

mons the death of their late dread lord—"which," says the deceitful record, "was unspeakably sad and sorrowful to all hearers, the chancellor himself being almost disabled by his tears from uttering the words." A part of Henry's will was then read by sir William Paget, secretary of state; and the parliament was declared by the chancellor to be dissolved by the demise of the crown.

When the will of Henry VIII. was opened, the queen expressed the utmost surprise on learning that she was not appointed to the regency of the realm, and the care of the person of the young king. She complained bitterly of the counsellors and executors of king Henry, and of those persons under whose influence his last testament had been made, but they paid no attention to her displeasure.

In this will, Henry places the children he may have by his queen, Katharine Parr, in the order of succession immediately after his only son, prince Edward, giving them precedency of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. If, therefore, the queen had borne a posthumous daughter to Henry, a civil war would unquestionably have been the result. The words are,

"And per default of lawful issue of our son, prince Edward, we will that the said imperial crown, and other the premises, after our two deceases, shall fully remain and come to the heirs of our entirely beloved wife, queene Katharyne, that now is or of any other our lawful wife that we shall hereafter marry."[1]

The last sentence seems ominous enough to the childless queen, implying that Henry meant to survive her, and was gravely providing for the contingency of his issue by a seventh queen. The preamble to the legacy he bequeaths to Katharine Parr contains, however, a very high testimony to her virtues:—

"And for the great love, obedience, chastity of life, and wisdom, being in our forenamed wife and queen, we bequeath unto her for her

[1] Chapter-House Royal MS. This will was executed December 30th, 1546. It was stamped with the royal initials, not signed.

proper life, and as it shall please her to order it, three thousand pounds in plate, jewels, and stuff of household goods, and such apparel as it shall please her to take of such as we have already. And further we give unto her one thousand pounds in money, and the amount of her dower and jointure according to our grant in parliament."

This legacy, when the relative value of money is considered, as well as the destitution of the exchequer at the time, will not be thought so inadequate a bequest as it appears. Katharine Parr was amply dowered by parliament and by the king's patents, and she had two dowers besides, as the widow of the lords Borough and Latimer. She was supposed to have made great savings while she was queen-consort. After the death of the king, she received all the honours due to his acknowledged widow—he left two, be it remembered; but she was prayed for as queen dowager in the presence of the young king, by her old enemy, Gardiner, in the following prayer for the royal family:—"I commend to God queen Katharine, dowager,[1] my lady Mary's grace, and my lady Elizabeth's grace, your majesty's dear sisters." On the 7th of February, after Henry VIII.'s death, king Edward VI. wrote a Latin letter of condolence to his widowed step-mother, superscribed "Reginæ Katharinae," calling her his dearest mother, and concluding, "Farewell, venerated queen."

The news of Henry's death was received with exultation at Rome. The pope asked cardinal Pole "why he did not rejoice with the rest at the death of this great enemy of the church?" Pole replied, "that nothing would be gained by that event, for the young king Edward had been educated by preceptors of Lutheran and Zuinglian principles; that the council of regency was composed of persons of the same class; and to complete all, his uncles and the queen-mother (Katharine Parr) were more obstinate in their heresies than all the rest."[2]

[1] Fox. [2] Leti.

While Henry's body lay in state, Gardiner held a controversy with lord Oxford's players, who were located at Southwark, his own diocese. These players chose to act a splendid play. Gardiner thought it more decent, as he said, "to perform a solemn dirge for his master, as beseemeth, whilst he laid unburied." He applied to the justice of peace against the players, "who mean," says he, "to see which shall have most resort, them or I," adding that, "if he could not prevent the acting of the play, he could and would prevent the people from going to see it while the king's body was above ground."[1]

The following account of the pompous, and certainly very catholic obsequies of Henry VIII., is taken from a book in the College of Arms:—"The chest wherein the royal corpse was laid stood in the midst of the privy chamber, with lights, and divine service was said about him, with masses, obsequies, and continual watch made by the chaplains and gentlemen of the privy chamber, in their course and order, night and day, for five days, till the chapel was ready, where was a goodly hearse, with eighty square tapers, every light containing two feet in length, in the whole 1800 or 2000 weight in wax, garnished with pensils, escutcheons, banners, and bannerols of descents; and at the four corners, banners of saints, beaten in fine gold upon damask, with a majesty (i. e. canopy) over of rich cloth of tissue, and valance of black silk, and fringe of black silk and gold. The barriers without the hearse, and the sides and floor of the chapel, were covered with black cloth to the high altar, and the sides and ceiling set with the banners and standards of St. George and others. The 2nd of February, the corpse was removed and brought into the chapel by the lord great master and officers of the household, and there placed within the hearse, under a pall of rich

[1] Tytler's State Papers, pp. 20, 21.

cloth of tissue, garnished with scutcheons, and a rich cloth of gold set with precious stones. It continued there twelve days, with masses and *diriges* sung and said every day, Norroy each day standing at the choir door, and beginning with these words, in a loud voice—'Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and mighty prince, our late sovereign lord and king, Henry VIII.'" February 14th, the corpse was removed for interment. There is an appalling incident connected with that journey, which we copy from a contemporary MS. among the Sloane collection:—

"The king being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the broken walls of Sion, and there the leaden coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage, the pavement of the church was wetted with Henry's blood. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, under whose feet—I tremble while I write it," says the author—"was suddenly seen a dog creeping, and licking up the king's blood. If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dog, told me, and so did the plumber also."

It appears pretty certain that the sleepy mourners and choristers had retired to rest after the midnight dirges were sung, leaving the dead king to defend himself as best he might from the assaults of his ghostly enemies, and some people might think they made their approaches in a currish form. It is scarcely, however, to be wondered that a circumstance so frightful should have excited feelings of superstitious horror, especially at such a time and place; for this desecrated convent had been the prison of his unhappy queen Katharine Howard, whose tragic fate was fresh in the minds of men, and by a singular coincidence it happened that Henry's corpse rested there the very day after the fifth anniversary of her execution.

There is a class of writers, too, who regard the accident which has just been related, as a serious fulfilment of friar Peyto's denunciation against Henry, from the pulpit of Greenwich church, in 1533, when that daring preacher compared him to Ahab, and told him, to his face, "that the dogs would, in like manner, lick his blood." In a very different light was Henry represented by bishop Gardiner, in the adulatory funeral sermon which he preached at Windsor, on the 16th of February, on the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," in which he set forth the loss both high and low had sustained, in the death of so good and gracious a king."

But to return to the ceremonial. "The corpse being let down by a vice, with the help of sixteen tall yeomen of the guard, the same bishop (Gardiner), standing at the head of the vault, proceeded in the burial service, and about the same stood all the head officers of the household—as the lord great master, the lord chamberlain, lord treasurer, comptroller, serjeant-porter, and the four gentlemen ushers in ordinary, with their staves and rods in their hands, and when the mould was brought and cast into the grave, by the officiating prelate, at the words *Pulvis pulveri, cinis cineri*, then first, the lord great master, and, after him, the lord chamberlain and all the rest, brake their staves in shivers upon their heads, and cast them after the corpse into the pit, with exceeding sorrow and heaviness, not without grievous sighs and tears. After this, *De profundis* was said, the grave covered over with planks, and Garter, attended by his officers, stood in the midst of the choir, and proclaimed the young king's titles, and the rest of his officers repeated the same after him thrice. Then the trumpets sounded with great melody and courage, to the comfort of all them that were present,"[1] acting as a cordial to the official

[1] MS. in College of Arms.

weepers, it may be presumed, after their hydraulic efforts were concluded.

On the banners carried at Henry the Eighth's funeral, the arms of his late wife, queen Jane, were displayed, quartered with his, likewise a banner of the arms of queen Katharine Parr,[1] his widow—these being the only wives he acknowledged out of six.

During the brief period of her royal widowhood, Katharine Parr, now queen dowager, resided at her fine jointure-house at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames, which, with its beautiful and extensive gardens, occupied the pleasant spot now called Cheyne Pier.[2] Some of

[1] "In the east window of the hall of Baynard's Castle," Sandford says, "stood the escutcheon of this queen Katharine Parr, which I delineated from the original, on the 8th of November, 1664, in which she did bear quarterly of six pieces:—the 1st, argent, on a pile gules, betwixt six roses of the first the roses of the second, which was an augmentation given to her, being queen. 2. Argent, two barrs azure, a border engrailed, sable, *Parr*. 3. Or, three water-bougets, sable, *Roos of Kendal*. 4. Varry, argent and azure, a fess, gules, *Marmion*. 5. Three cheverons interlaced in base, and a chief, or, *Fitz Hugh*. 6. Vert, three bucks, standing at gaze, or, *Green*. These quarterings are ensigned with a royal crown, and are between a K and a P, for Katharine Parr."

Genealogical Hist. of England, fol. ed. p. 460.

One of the badges of Parr, marquis of Northampton, borne by him at a review of the gentlemen pensioners in Greenwich park, was a maiden's head, crowned with gold.

[2] The following particulars of Katharine Parr's dowager palace may be interesting to the reader, as it is a place so frequently mentioned both in the personal history of this queen, and that of her step-daughter, queen Elizabeth:—

About the year 1536, Henry VIII., being seized of the manors of Chelsea and Kensington, built a capital messuage in Chelsea, called Chelsea Hall, intending it as a nursery for his children, and made sir Francis Bryan keeper of it for life. Dr. King, in his MS. account of Chelsea, quoted by Lyssons, says the "old manor-house stood near the church," and adds, "Henry VIII.'s building stood upon that part of Cheyne Walk which adjoins to Winchester House, and extends eastward as far as Don Saltero's coffee-house. The north front of the manor-house is depicted in a print in Faulkner's Chelsea. The architecture of the ancient part assimilates somewhat with that of St. James's Palace. Small turrets communicate with the chimneys; the windows are long and high, and one of them has the Tudor arch on the top. The battlements are crenated; the door, situated between two of the chimney turrets, is pointed Gothic. There seemed little ornament, and no royal magnificence, in the structure. The walls of the royal garden were still entire when

the noble trees in Mr. Druce's gardens appear coeval with that epoch, and are perhaps the same under whose budding verdure queen Katharine was accustomed to hold her secret meetings with her adventurous lover, sir Thomas Seymour, ere royal etiquette would allow her to give public encouragement to his suit. Faulkner assures us, that at the time of Katharine Parr's residence at Chelsea Place, there was but one passable road in the village, which was a private way to the royal residence across the open fields; it crossed a foot bridge, called in ancient records, Blandel bridge, afterwards the scene of many murders from highwaymen, which caused the name to be corrupted, in vulgar parlance, to Bloody bridge. Across this dangerous track, the lord admiral must have taken his nocturnal path to the queen. Seymour renewed his addresses to Katharine so immediately after king Henry's death, that she was wooed and won almost before she had assumed the widow's hood and barb and sweeping sable pall, which marked the relict of the departed majesty of England. Seymour had opportunities of confidential communication with the widowed queen, even before the funeral of the royal rival for whom she had been compelled to resign him, when lady Latimer, for he was a member of the late king's household, and had been appointed by Henry's will one of the council of regency during the minority of the young king. His person and characteristics are thus described by Hayward:—"The lord Sudley," (he had been elevated to that title by his nephew, Edward VI.,) "was fierce in courage, courtly in fashion, in personage stately, in voice magnificent, but somewhat empty in

Mr. Faulkner's valuable history of Chelsea was written. A portion of them still remains in the gardens of Mr. Druce, and also of Mr. Handford, in which are the little stone basins used as fish-ponds in queen Katharine's pleasure grounds, and marked in the ancient maps of Chelsea as part of that domain.

LEWIS ... LIBRARIES

matter." He was still in the prime of life, and possessed of the peculiar manners calculated to charm the softer sex. Though he had made more than one attempt to secure a splendid alliance, he had the art to make the queen dowager believe that he was still a bachelor for her sake. Katharine, after having been the wife of three mature widowers in succession, to the last of whom that joyless bauble, a crown, had tricked her into three years, six months, and fourteen days of worse than Egyptian bondage, found herself, in her thirty-fifth year, still handsome, and apparently more passionately beloved than ever by the man of her heart. Woman-like, she gave him full credit for constancy and disinterested love, and found it difficult to withstand his ardent pleadings to reward his tried affection by resigning to him the hand which had been plighted to him before her marriage with the king. The postscript of the following letter, evidently not the first billet-doux the widowed queen had penned to Seymour, contains an interesting comment on her feelings on the occasion of their previous separation, and the painful struggle it had caused:—

"My Lord,

"I send you my most humble and hearty commendations, being desirous to know how ye have done since I saw you. I pray you be not offended with me in that I send sooner to you than I said I would, for my promise was but once in a fortnight. Howbeit the time is well abbreviated, by what means I know not, except weeks be shorter at Chelsea than in other places.

"My lord your brother hath deferred answering such requests as I made to him till his coming hither, which he saith shall be immediately after the term. This is not the first promise I have received of his coming, and yet unperformed. I think my lady hath taught him that lesson;[1] for it is her custom to promise many comings to her friends, and to perform none. I trust in greater matters she is more circumspect.

[1] It has been affirmed that Sanders is the only authority for the differences between Katharine Parr and Anne Stanhope, duchess of Somerset: but here is an evident indication of the same, under her own hand, accompanied by shrewd appreciation of character.

"And thus, my lord, I make my end, bidding you most heartily farewell, wishing you the good I would myself.—From Chelsea.

"P.S.—I would not have you to think that this mine honest good will toward you to proceed of any sudden motion of passion; for as truly as God is God, my mind was fully bent the other time I was at liberty to marry you before any man I know. Howbeit God withstood my will therein most vehemently for a time, and through his grace and goodness made that possible which seemed to me most impossible; that was, made me renounce utterly mine own will, and to follow his will most willingly. It were long to write all the process of this matter—if I live I shall declare it to you myself. I can say nothing, but as my lady of Suffolk saith, 'God is a marvellous man.'

"By her that is yours to serve and obey during her life,

"KATERYN THE QUENE, K. P."

Indorsed—"The queen's letter from Chelsea to my lord admiral. The answer to the lord admiral of her former loves."[1]

Seymour, who was determined not to lose Katharine a second time, would brook no delays, not even those which propriety demanded. The following letter was written by queen Katharine, in reply to one of his love letters, wherein, among other matters, their immediate marriage appears to have been warmly urged by the admiral:

"My lord,

"As I gather by your letter, delivered to my brother Herbert, ye are in some fear how to frame my lord your brother to speak in your favour; the denial of your request shall make his folly more manifest to the world, which will more grieve me than the want of his speaking. I would not wish you to importune for his good will, if it come not frankly at the first; it shall be sufficient once to require it, and then to cease. I would desire you might obtain the king's letters in your favour, and also the aid and furtherance of the most notable of the council, such as ye shall think convenient; which thing obtained, shall be no small shame to your brother and loving sister, in case they do not the like.

"My lord, whereas ye charge me with a promise, written with mine own hand, to change the two years into two months, I think ye have no

[1] The original of this important document, lately in the Strawberry-hill collection of MSS., is an undoubted autograph of queen Katharine Parr, and a very fine specimen of her beautiful penmanship. A copy of it has been printed in Hearne's Syloge, but with one or two verbal errors, and without the descriptive indorsement. The opportunity of taking a perfect transcript from the original was courteously granted by Mr. Robins, but I have modernized the orthography for publication in this work. The autograph letter realized the enormous price of sixteen guineas at the sale at Strawberry Hill.

such plain sentence written with my hand. I know not whether ye be a paraphraser or not. If ye be learned in that science, it is possible ye may of one word make a whole sentence, and yet not at all times after the true meaning of the writer; as it appeareth by this your exposition upon my writing.

"When it shall be your pleasure to repair hither, ye must take some pain to come early in the morning, that ye may be gone again by seven o'clock; and so I suppose ye may come without suspect. I pray you let me have knowledge over-night at what hour ye will come, that your portress may wait at the gate[1] to the fields for you. And thus, with my most humble and hearty commendations, I take my leave of you for this time, giving you like thanks for your coming to court when I was there. —From Chelsea."

"P.S.—I will keep in store till I speak with you my lord's large offer for Fausterne, at which time I shall be glad to know your further pleasure therein.

"By her that is and shall be your humble, true, and loving wife during her life,

"KATERYN THE QUENE, K. P."

Although the precise date of Katharine Parr's fourth nuptials is uncertain, it is evident that the admiral's eloquence prevailed over her punctilio at a very early period of her widowhood, by persuading her to consent to a private marriage. Leti affirms, that exactly thirty-four days after king Henry's death, a written contract of marriage and rings of betrothal were exchanged between Katharine and Sir Thomas Seymour, but the marriage was not celebrated till some months later. According to Edward the Sixth's journal, this event took place in May, but it was certainly not made public till the end of June.

Great censure has been passed on queen Katharine for contracting matrimony again so soon after the death of her royal husband. But, in the first place, she owed neither love nor reverence to the memory of a consort, who had held a sword suspended over her by a single hair, for the last six months of their union; and in the next, Henry himself had previously led her into a similar

[1] This postern is still in existence, in the garden of Mr. Druce. The antique hinges may be seen imbedded in the old wall.

breach of widowly decorum by inducing her to become his wife, within almost as brief a period after the death of her second husband, lord Latimer, as her marriage with Seymour after his own.

It appears evident, from the tenour of the following dutiful and reverential letter from Seymour to queen Katharine, which we give verbatim, that they had been privately married for some days, and that at the time it was written he was doubtful, from the cross-questioning of her sister, lady Herbert, whether the queen had confided the secret to her, or circumstances had been whispered abroad, which had led to unpleasant reports as to the nature of his nocturnal visits to her majesty.

SEYMOUR TO KATHARINE PARR.

"After my humble commendation unto your highness, yesternight I supped at my brother Herbert's, of whom, for your sake besides mine own, I received good cheer; and after the same, I received from your highness, by my sister Herbert, your commendations, which were more welcome than they were sent. And after the same she waded further with me touching my lodging with your highness at Chelsea, which I denied lodging with your highness, but that indeed I went by the garden as I went to the bishop of London's house, and at this point stood with her a long time, till at last she told me further tokens, which made me change colour, who, like a false wench, took me with the manner; then remembering what she was, and knowing how well ye trusted her, examined whether those things came from your highness or were feigned. She answered, 'that they came from your highness,' and he, 'that he knew it to be true,' for the which I render unto your highness my most humble and hearty thanks, for by her company, in default of yours, I shall shorten the weeks in these parts, which heretofore were four days longer in every one of them than they were under the plummet at Chelsea. Besides this commodity, I may also inform your highness by her, how I do proceed in my matter, although I should take my old friend Walter Erroll. I have not as yet attempted my strength, for that I would be first throughly in credit, or I would move the same; but beseeching your highness that I may not so use my said strength that they shall think and hereafter cast in my teeth that by their suit I sought and obtained your good will, for hitherto I am out of all their dangers for any pleasure that they have done for me worthy of thanks, and, as I judge, your highness may say the like; wherefore by mine ad-

vice we will keep us, so nothing mistrusting the goodness of God, but we shall be able to live out of their danger, as they shall out of ours; yet I mean not but to use their friendship to bring our purpose to pass, as occasion shall serve. If I knew by what mean I might gratify your highness for your goodness to me, shewed at our last lodging together, it should not be slack to declare mine lady again, and to that intent that I might be more bound unto your highness, that once in three days I might receive three lines in a letter from you, and as many lines and letters more as shall seem good unto your highness. Also, I shall humbly desire your highness to give me one of your small pictures, if ye have any left, who with *his* silence shall give me occasion to think on the friendly cheer that I shall receive when my suit shall be at an end; and thus, for fear of troubling your highness with my long and rude letter, I take my leave of your highness, wishing that my hap may be one so good, that I may declare so much by mouth at the same hour that this was writing, which was twelve of the clock in the night, this Tuesday, the 17th of May, at Saint James's.

"I wrote your highness a line in my last letter, that my lord of Somerset was going to that shire, who hath been sick, which by the —— thereof, and as I understand, may get thither as to-morrow.

"From him whom ye have bound to honour, love, and in all lawful things obey,

"T. Seymour, &c."

Indorsed,—"The Lord Admirall to the Queene."[1]

In this lover-like and romantic manner did the fair queen dowager and her secretly wedded lord pass the merry month of May, which, according to king Edward's diary, was their bridal month. The oft-repeated assertion, that "Katharine wedded Seymour so immediately after the death of her royal husband, that had she proved a mother so soon as she might have done, it would have been a doubt whether the child should have been accounted the late king's or the admiral's,"[2] rests wholly on the charge that was brought after her decease against Seymour in his indictment. Katharine, for her own sake, would scarcely have married till full three months had elapsed since the death of the king, as her issue, whether male or female, by the tenour of Henry VIII.'s

[1] State Paper MSS. Edward VI. No. 20.

[2] Art. 20 of charge against Seymour. Burnet's Hist. of Ref., p. 11. Records, p. 160.

will, would have been heir presumptive to the crown of England, and she was too prudent, and at the same time too ambitious, to have risked the benefit and dignity she would have obtained by a contingency, that might have ultimately given her the rank and power of a queen mother.

May was certainly the earliest period in which she could, with any degree of safety, to say nothing of propriety, contract matrimony with her former lover; and even this, notwithstanding the precedent afforded by the parallel case of the precipitate marriage of Mary queen of France with Charles Brandon, was a great breach of royal etiquette.

Seymour at length became impatient of the restraints that attended his clandestine intercourse with his royal bride, and applied to the princess Mary for her advice and influence in the matter. In her dry and very characteristic reply, the princess commences with allusions to some amplification of her establishment, which the interest of lord Seymour in the council of guardianship and regency had expedited:—

"My lord,

"After my hearty commendations, these shall be to declare to you that, according to your accustomed gentleness, I have received six warrants from you by your servant, this bearer, (the bearer of this,) for the which I do give you my hearty thanks, by whom also I received your letter, wherein, as methinketh, I perceive strange news concerning a suit you have in hand to the queen for marriage, for the sooner obtaining whereof you seem to think that my letters might do you a favour.

"My lord, in this case I trust your wisdom doth consider that, if it were for my nearest kinsman and dearest friend *on lyve*, (alive,) of all other creatures in the world it standeth least with my poor honour to be a medler in this matter, considering whose wife her grace was of late, and besides that, if she be minded to grant your suit, my letters shall do you but small pleasure. On the other side, if the remembrance of the king's majesty, my father, (whose soul God pardon,) will not suffer her to graunt your suit, I am nothing able to persuade her to forget the loss of him who is as yet very rife in mine own remembrance. Wherefore I shall most earnestly require you (the premises considered) to think none unkindness in me, though I refuse to be a medler any ways in

this matter, assuring you that, (*wooing matters set apart, wherein, being a maid, I am nothing cunning,*) if otherways it shall lie in my power to do you pleasure, I shall be as glad to do it as you to require it, both for his blood's sake that you be of,[1] and also for the gentleness which I have always found in you, as knoweth Almighty God, to whose tuition I commit you. From Wanstead, this Saturday, at night, being the 4th of June. "Your assured friend, to my power,

"MARYE."

The princess Elizabeth was at that time residing at Chelsea with queen Katharine, to whose maternal care she had been consigned by the council of the young king. It is very likely that she was well acquainted with the whole affair, for even if the queen had not made her a confidante, her acute powers of observation, and natural talent for intrigue, would undoubtedly have enabled her to penetrate the cause of the handsome Seymour's mysterious visits and admissions, through the postern gate of the gardens at Chelsea.

In the latter end of May, queen Katharine was sojourning at St. James's palace for a few days, and while there, she wrote the young king a Latin letter on the subject of her great love for his late father Henry VIII. This was rather an extraordinary subject for the royal widow to dilate upon, since she was at the very time either married or on the point of marriage with Seymour. She added to her letter many quotations from Scripture, and expressed an earnest desire that the young monarch would answer the epistle, which he did, in the same learned language. The following is a translation of Edward's letter, that of Katharine Parr is lost, but the answer gives a clear idea of its contents:—

"As I was so near to you, and saw you, or expected to see you every day, I wrote no letter to you, since letters are tokens of remembrance and kindness between those who are at a great distance. But being urged by your request, I would not abstain longer from writing—first, that I may do what is acceptable to you, and then to answer the letter

[1] Being uncle to her brother, Edward VI., to whom she here alludes.

you wrote to me when you were at St. James's. In which, first, you set before my eyes the great love you bear my father the king, of most noble memory, then your good will towards me, and lastly, your godliness and knowledge, and learning in the Scriptures. Proceed, therefore, in your good course; continue to love my father, and to shew the same great kindness to me which I have ever perceived in you. Cease not to love and read the Scriptures, but persevere in always reading them; for in the first you shew the duty of a good wife and a good subject, and in the second, the warmth of your friendship, and in the third, your piety to God. Wherefore, since you love my father, I cannot but much esteem you; since you love me, I cannot but love you in return; and since you love the Word of God, I do love and admire you with my whole heart. Wherefore, if there be anything wherein I may do you a kindness, either in word or deed, I will do it willingly. Farewell, this 30th of May."[1]

The artless young sovereign was in the end not only induced to recommend his wily uncle to his widowed stepmother for a husband, but led to believe that it was actually a match of his own making. In the innocence of his heart Edward wrote the following letter with his own hand to queen Katharine, in which he expresses himself highly obliged to her for acceding to his wish by marrying his uncle. The dignity with which the monarch, in his tenth year, offers his royal protection to the mature bride and bridegroom is truly amusing.

To the Queen's Grace.

"We thank you heartily, not only for the gentle acceptation of our suit moved unto you, but also for the loving accomplishing of the same, wherein you have declared, not only a desire to gratify us, but to declare the good will, likewise, that we bear to you in all your requests. Wherefore ye shall not need to *fear any grief to come or to suspect lack of aid in need*, seeing that he, being mine uncle, is of so good a nature that he will not be troublesome any means unto you, and I of such mind, that for divers just causes I must favour you. But even as without cause you merely require help against him whom you have put in trust with the carriage of these letters, so may I merely return the same request unto you, to provide that he may live with you also without grief, which hath given him wholly unto you; and I will so provide for you both,

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. ii., part 1, p. 59, from archbishop Parker's Collection of MSS.

that if hereafter any grief befal, I shall be a sufficient succour in your godly or praiseable enterprises.

"Fare ye well, with much increase of honour and virtue in Christ. From St. James, the five and twenty day of June.

"EDWARD."

Indorsed, in an antique hand,—"The king's majesty's letter to the queen *after marriage*, June 25, 1548."

Young Edward, in his journal, notices the anger of the lord protector at the marriage of the admiral with the queen dowager. Somerset and his council loudly condemned the presumption of the audacious Sudley, in daring to contract this lofty alliance without leave or licence of those who exercised the authority of the crown. They did what they could to testify their hostility by withholding from queen Katharine all the jewels that had been presented to her by the late king, under the pretext that they were not personal property but heir-looms to the crown. This was touching the lady on a very tender point. "Can a bride forget her ornaments?" is a scriptural query, founded on the characteristic attachment of females for these glittering toys. Neither the equanimity nor the philosophy of this learned queen was proof against such a provocation as the detention of the good and stately gear which had formed a portion of her conjugal wages during the perilous term of her servitude to her royal husband's caprices.

The indignant remonstrances of the royal dowager were unavailing; her jewels were never restored; and that their detention was no less illegal than vexatious, may be gathered from the following observation of the lord admiral:—"My brother is wondrous hot in helping every man to his right save me. He maketh a great matter to let me have the queen's jewels, which you see by the whole opinion of the lawyers ought to belong to me, and all under pretence that he would not the king

should lose so much, as if it were a loss to the king to let me have mine own!"[1]

The loss of her jewels was neither the only affront nor the only wrong to which the queen dowager was subjected from her powerful brother-in-law. He had fixed his mind on obtaining a lease of her favourite manor of Fausterne for a person of the name of Long, and we have seen with what scorn Katharine, in her first letter to the admiral, speaks of his brother's "large offer for Fausterne." The protector, however, strong in the authority of his office, actually caused Long to be admitted as a tenant of her majesty's demesne, in defiance of her wish to retain the property in her own hands. Katharine gives a lively account of her wrath at this outrage in the following letter to her husband.[2] She says—

"My lord,

"This shall be to advertise you that my lord your brother hath this afternoon made me a little warm. It was fortunate we were so much distant; for I suppose else I should have bitten him. What cause have they to fear (she adds playfully) having such a wife? To-morrow, or else upon Saturday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I will see the king, when I intend to utter all my choler to my lord your brother, if you shall not give me advice to the contrary; for I would be loth to do anything to hinder your matter. I will declare to you how my lord hath used me concerning Fausterne; and after, I shall most humbly desire you to direct mine answer to him in that behalf. It liked him to-day to send my chancellor to me, willing him to declare to me that he had brought master Long's lease, and that he doubted not but I would let him enjoy the same to his commodity, wherein I should do to his succession no small pleasure, nothing considering his honour, which this matter toucheth not a little, for so much as I at sundry times declared unto him the only cause of my repair into those parts was for the commodity of that park, which else I would not have done. He, notwithstanding, hath so used the matter, with giving master Long such courage, that he refuseth to receive such cattle as are brought here for the provision of my house; and so in the meantime I am forced to commit them to farmers. My lord, I beseech you send me word with speed how I shall order myself to my new brother. And thus I take my leave with my

[1] State Papers. [2] Haynes's Burghley Papers.

most humble and hearty commendations, wishing you all your godly desires, and so well to do as I would myself, and better. From Chelsea, in great haste.

"By your humble, true, and loving wife in her heart,

"KATERYN THE QUENE, K. P."[1]

Whether Katharine enjoyed the satisfaction of telling the protector her mind in the presence of his royal nephew does not appear, but she was probably frustrated in her intention of obtaining an interview with the young king, by the party most interested in keeping them apart. Surely so rich a scene as that which she meditated would have been recorded if it had ever taken place. Somerset is supposed to have been excited to this injurious treatment of the widow of his royal master and benefactor, Henry VIII., by the malice of his duchess, who had always borne envious ill will against Katharine Parr.

Many and various are the accounts given by historians of the cause of the fatal animosity of these ladies towards each other. Open hostility between them broke out after the marriage of Katharine with the admiral, in consequence of the duchess of Somerset refusing any longer to fulfil her office of bearing up the train of the queen dowager, alleging, "that it was unsuitable for her to submit to perform that service for the wife of her husband's younger brother."[2] She next objected to give place to her majesty, carrying her insolence so far as to dispute precedence with her in the court of Edward VI. The pretence on which the duchess of Somerset founded her presumptuous claim was, that as the wife of the protector and guardian of the realm she had a right to take place of every lady in England. It is possible that, with the exception of the ladies of the royal family, she might; but the act of Henry VIII., whereby it was provided that Anne of Cleves should take precedency after his queen,

[1] Haynes's State Papers, p. 61. [2] Camden's Elizabeth.

and the princesses his daughters of every other lady in the realm, settled the matter of Katharine Parr's precedency beyond contravention; and the arrogant duchess was compelled to yield, but never forgave the mortification. According to Heylin, the duchess of Somerset was accustomed to inveigh in the bitterest manner against queen Katharine, and actually expressed herself concerning her in the following coarse and detracting language:—"Did not Henry VIII. marry Katharine Parr in his doting days, when he had brought himself so low by his lust and cruelty that no lady that stood on her honour would venture on him. And shall I now give place to her, who, in her former estate, was but Latimer's widow, and is now fain to cast herself for support on a younger brother? If master admiral teach his wife no better manners, I am she that will."[1]

The tender affection which the young king lavished on the queen dowager, and his reverence for her talents, virtue, and piety, excited, of course, the jealousy and ill will, not only of the duchess of Somerset, but of her husband also; and the vulgar insolence of the former was systematically exerted to keep so powerful a rival from the court. The king was certainly far more attached to his uncle Thomas Seymour than to the protector, and Katharine Parr had always been to him in the place of the mother whom he had never known. Allied with them was his best-loved sister Elizabeth, and his amiable and highly-gifted cousin, lady Jane Gray, who were both the *élèves* of the queen, and residing in her house.

[1] Hayward, in his Life of Edward VI., speaks of Anne Stanhope, duchess of Somerset, "as a woman for many imperfections intolerable, but for pride, monstrous. She was both exceeding violent and subtle in accomplishing her ends, for which she spurned all respects of conscience and shame. This woman did bear such invincible hate to the queen dowager, first, for light causes and woman's quarrels, and especially because she (queen Katharine) had precedency over her, being the wife of the greatest peer in the land."

The project of uniting lady Jane with Edward VI. originated with Katharine Parr, who had directed her education in such a manner as to render her a suitable companion for the royal scholar.

The aspiring protector desired to match king Edward with his own daughter, the learned lady Jane Seymour,[1] and to obtain lady Jane Gray for his son. His plans, were, however, frustrated by a private arrangement between the admiral and the marquis of Dorset, the preliminaries of which were thus arranged. Soon after the death of king Kenry, one Harrington, a confidential officer of sir Thomas Seymour, came to the marquis of Dorset's house, at Westminster, and proposed to him to enter into a close friendship and alliance with his master, who was like to come to very great authority. He advised Dorset to permit his daughter, lady Jane Gray, to reside with sir Thomas Seymour, because he would have the means of matching her much to his comfort.

"With whom will he match her?" asked Dorset.

"Marry," quoth Harrington, "I doubt not you shall see him marry her to the king."[2]

Upon these persuasions, Dorset visited the admiral that day week, at Seymour Place, who gave such explanations of his prospects that Dorset struck a bargain[3]

[1] The boy king, with more pride than has generally been attributed to him, revolted at the idea of forming an alliance with a kinswoman and a subject. He notes, with dignified displeasure, in that depository of his private thoughts, his journal, the presumptuous project of his uncle Somerset to marry him to his cousin, the lady Jane, observing, that it was his intention to choose for his queen "a foreign princess, well *stuffed and jewelled*," meaning that his royal bride should be endowed with a suitable dower, and a right royal wardrobe.

[2] Those who compare this conversation with the document published by that great historical antiquarian, sir Harris Nicolas, in his Memorials of lady Jane Gray, whereby we learn that the marquis of Dorset sold for five hundred pounds, the wardship of his daughter Jane, to lord Thomas, will be convinced that this bargain, which was by no means a strange one in those detestable times, was struck at this interview.

[3] Tytler's England, vol. i. p. 138.

with him, sent for his daughter, and consigned her to him as an inmate of his house, in which she remained during the life of Katharine Parr.

Queen Katharine's cup-bearer, Nicholas Throckmorton, continued to follow her fortunes from the time of king Henry's decease. The Throckmorton MS. furnishes the following details connected with Katharine's fourth marriage :—

" My sovereign lost, the queen I did attend
The time when widow, mourning she did rest;
And while she married was unto her end,
I willingly obeyed her highness's hest;
Who me esteemed and thought my service good,
Whereas, in truth, to small effect it stood.

" Her husband, fourth, was uncle to the king,
Lord Seymour, high by office, admiral,
In praise of whom loud peals I ought to ring;
For he was hardy, wise, and liberal;
His climbing high, disdained by his peers,
Was thought the cause he lived not out his years.

" Her house was deemed a second court of right,
Because there flocked still nobility;
He spared no cost his lady to delight,
Or to maintain her princely royalty."

After queen Katharine had been the wife of her beloved Seymour some months, there was a prospect of her becoming a mother. Her raptures at the anticipation of a blessing which had been denied to all her other marriages, carried her beyond the bounds of discretion, and her husband was no less transported than herself; the feelings of paternity with them amounted to passion. During a brief separation, while Seymour was at court, vainly soliciting of his brother the restoration of queen Katharine's property, among which not only the late king's gifts, but those of her mother, were unjustly detained, he writes in a very confidential and loving strain to his teeming consort :—

"After my humble commendations and thanks for your letter.

"As I was perplexed heretofore with unkindness, (apprehending) I should not have justice in all my causes from those that I thought would have been partial to me, even so, the receiving of your letter revived my spirits; partly for that I do perceive you be armed with patience, howsoever the matter may fall. But chiefest——"

Here he proceeds to exult in fierce hopes that his expected son "should God give him life to live as long as his father,[1] will revenge his wrongs." * * *

"Now," continues he, "to put you in some hope again. This day, a little before the receiving your letter, I have spoken to my lord, (Somerset,) whom I have so well handled that he is somewhat qualified; and although I am in no hopes thereof, yet I am in no despair. I have also broken to him for your mother's gift; he makes answer, 'that at the finishing of the matter you shall either have your own again, or else some recompence as ye shall be content withal.' I spake to him of your going down into the country[2] on Wednesday, who was sorry thereof, trusting that I would be here all to-morrow, to hear what the Frenchmen will do. But on Monday, at dinner, I trust to be with you. As for the Frenchmen, I have no mistrust that they shall be any let (hindrance) of my going with you this journey, or any of my continuing there with your highness. Thus, till that time, I bid your highness most heartily well to fare, and thank you for your news, which were right heartily welcome to me."

He then expresses his wishes that both the queen and his expected progeny, whom he insists is to be a boy, may be kept in health, "with good diet and walking;" and concludes in these words:—

"And so I bid my most dear and well beloved wife most heartily well to fare. From Westminster, this Saturday, the 9th of June.

"Your highness's most faithful loving husband,

"T. Seymour."

The queen was then at Hanworth, one of the royal manors belonging to her dower; from whence Seymour escorted her to his principal baronial residence—Sudley Castle.

The jealousy with which the duke of Somerset regarded his brother the admiral, operated to prevent, as far as

[1] Tytler's State Papers, entitled "England, under Edward VI. and Mary," 104—106.

[2] To Sudley. This marks the precise time of the queen's retirement thither, where her confinement was to take place.

he could, the slightest intercourse between him and their royal nephew, the young king. The admiral, however, who was bent on superseding Somerset in the office of protector, contrived to keep up a secret correspondence with Edward, and to supply him with money, of which he was kept almost destitute.[1] One of the agents of this correspondence was John Fowler, a gentleman of Edward's privy chamber. The following letter shews how vigilantly the young king was beset, and the jealous care taken by Somerset and his satellites to prevent his writing to that beloved step-mother, to whom his heart yearned with not less than filial tenderness:—

JOHN FOWLER TO MY LORD ADMIRAL.

"I most humbly thank your lordship for your letter, dated the 15th of this present, which letter I shewed to the king's majesty; and whereas, in my last letter to your lordship, I wrote unto you, if his grace could get any spare time, his grace would write a letter to the queen's grace and to you.

"His highness desires your lordship to pardon him, for his grace is not *half a quarter of an hour alone*; but in such leisure as his grace had, his majesty hath written here inclosed his commendations to the queen's grace, and to your lordship, that he is so much bound to you that he must needs remember you always; and as his grace may have time you shall well perceive by such small lines of recommendations with his own hand."[2]

Enclosed within Fowler's letter are the royal notes alluded to, written by Edward's own hand on torn and shabby scraps of paper, betraying both the scarcity of that article in the royal escrutoire, and the stealthy manner in which they were penned. The first is a mysterious request for money, addressed to his uncle:—

"My lord,—Send me, per Latimer,[3] as much as ye think good, and deliver it to Fowler. EDWARD."

[1] Haynes's State Papers. Lingard. Tytler.

[2] State Paper MSS.

[3] This was bishop Latimer, who was deeply involved in lord Seymour's secret communications with the young king, though he afterwards spoke of him from the pulpit in very severe terms.

LEWIS[illegible] [illegible]SMARIES

The second of "*these small lines*" is:—

"My lord, I thank you, and pray you to have me commended to the queen."[1]

There is in the context of Fowler's letter an allusion to queen Katharine's situation, with a friendly wish for the birth of the son, of whom both parents were so fondly desirous. He says—"My lady of Somerset is brought to bed of a goodly boy, and I trust in Almighty God the queen's grace shall have another." Fowler's letter is dated July 19th, from Hampton, where the young king then was. Seymour's great object was to get a letter written by king Edward, complaining of the arbitrary conduct of the protector, and the restraint in which he was kept by him. Edward had actually consented to write the letter, which the admiral was to lay before the parliament; but before this could be done, the plot was betrayed to the protector. The admiral was called before the council to answer for his proceedings. He defied them, but when he was threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, he made submissions to his brother, a hollow reconciliation took place for the present, and 800*l.* per annum was added to his appointments by the protector, in the hope of conciliating him.[2]

As long as queen Katharine lived, the admiral was too powerful for his foes; but fickle and unprincipled as he was, he little appreciated her value even in a political and worldly point of view, till it was too late.

The residence of the princess Elizabeth under their roof was fatal to the wedded happiness of Seymour and Katharine. The queen, forgetful that a blooming girl in her fifteenth year was no longer a child, had imprudently encouraged the admiral to romp with her royal step-daughter in her presence. Mrs. Ashley, the princess Elizabeth's governess, in her deposition before the privy

[1] State Paper MSS.

[2] Burnet. Lingard. Tytler.

council, gives a lively picture of the coarse manners of the times, in which such proceedings could be tolerated in a palace, and with royal ladies.

"At Chelsea, after my lord Thomas Seymour was married to the queen, he would come many mornings into the said lady Elizabeth's chamber before she were ready, and sometimes before she did rise, and if she were up he would bid her good morrow, and *ax* how she did, and strike her on the back familiarly, and so go forth to his chamber, and sometimes go through to her maidens and play with them. And if the princess were in bed, he would put open the curtains and bid her good morrow, and she would go further in the bed. And one morning he tried to kiss the princess *in* her bed, and this deponent was there, and bade him go away for shame. At Hanworth, for two mornings, the queen (Katharine Parr) was with him, and they both tickled my lady Elizabeth in her bed. Another time, at Hanworth, he romped with her in the garden, and cut her gown, being black cloth, into a hundred pieces, and when Mrs. Ashley came up and chid lady Elizabeth, she answered, 'she could not strive with all, for the queen held her while the lord admiral cut the dress.' Another time, lady Elizabeth heard the master key unlock; and knowing my lord admiral would come in, ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtain of her bed, and my lord tarried a long time in hopes she would come out. Mrs. Ashley could not tell how long. She (Mrs. Ashley) was told these things were complained of, and that the lady Elizabeth was evil spoken of. Then the lord admiral swore—'God's precious soul! I will tell my lord protector how I am slandered; and I will not leave off, for I mean no evil.'

"At Seymour-place, when the queen slept there, he did use awhile to come up every morning in his night-gown

and slippers; when he found my lady Elizabeth up, and at her book, then he would look in at the gallery door, and bid her good morrow, and so go on his way; and the deponent told my lord it was an unseemly sight to see a man so little dressed in a maiden's chamber, with which he was angry, but he left it. At Hanworth, the queen told Mrs. Ashley 'that my lord admiral looked in at the gallery window, and saw my lady Elizabeth with her arms about a man's neck.' Upon which, Mrs. Ashley questioned her charge regarding it, and the lady Elizabeth denied it, weeping, and bad them *ax* all her women, if there were any man who came to her excepting Grindall, my lady Elizabeth's schoolmaster? Howbeit, Mrs. Ashley thought, the queen being jealous did feign this story to the intent that Mrs. Ashley might take more heed to the proceedings of lady Elizabeth and the lord admiral." The governess added, that her husband, Mr. Ashley, who, it seems, was a relative of Anne Boleyn, did often give warning that he feared the princess did bear some affection to the lord admiral, as she would sometimes blush when she heard him spoken of."[1]

Elizabeth herself told Parry, the cofferer of her household, "that she feared the admiral loved her but too well, and that the queen was jealous of them both; and that, suspecting the frequent access of the admiral to her, she came suddenly upon them when they were alone, he having her in his arms."

Queen Katharine was greatly offended with them both, and very sharply reproved the princess's governess for her neglect of her duty to her royal pupil, in permitting her to fall into such reprehensible freedom of behaviour. Conjugal jealousy apart, Katharine Parr had great cause for anger and alarm; for the princess was under her

[1] Haynes's State Papers.

especial care, and if aught but good befel her at the tender age of fifteen, great blame would, of course, attach to herself, especially if the admiral, whom she had already outraged popular opinion by marrying with indecorous precipitation, were the author of her young stepdaughter's ruin. It is just possible that the actual guilt incurred by the unhappy queen, Katharine Howard, in her girlhood, did not amount to a greater degree of impropriety than the unseemly romping which took place almost every day at Chelsea, between the youthful princess Elizabeth and the bold bad husband of Katharine Parr.

It does not appear that any violent or injurious expressions were used by queen Katharine, but she saw the expediency of separating her household from that of the princess, and acted upon it without delay. There is no reason to believe that she cherished vindictive feelings against Elizabeth; for she continued to correspond with her in a friendly and affectionate manner, as the princess herself testifies in the playful and somewhat familiar letter which is here subjoined :—

LADY ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN.[1]

"Although your highness's letters be most joyful to me in absence, yet, considering what pain it is for you to write, your grace being so sickly, your commendations were enough in my lord's letter. I much rejoice at your health, with the well liking of the country, with my humble thanks that your grace wished me with you till I were weary of that country. Your highness were like to be cumbered if I should not depart till I were weary of being with you; although it were the worst soil in the world, your presence would make it pleasant. I cannot reprove my lord for not doing your commendations in his letter, for he did it; and although he had not, yet I will not complain on him, for he shall be diligent to give me knowledge from time to time how his busy child doth; and if I were at his birth, no doubt I would see him beaten, for the trouble he hath put you to. Master Denny and my lady, with humble thanks, prayeth most entirely for your grace, praying the Almighty God to send you a most lucky deliverance; and my mistress[2]

[1] Hearne's Sylloge.

[2] Katharine Ashley, her governess.

wisheth no less, giving your highness most humble thanks for her commendations. Written with very little leisure, this last day of July.

"Your humble daughter,

"ELIZABETH."

This letter, dated within six weeks of the queen's death, affords convincing evidence that she was on amicable terms with her royal step-daughter. She had not only written kindly to Elizabeth, expressing a wish that she were with her at Sudley, but she had even encouraged the admiral to write when not well enough herself to continue the correspondence—a proof that Katharine Parr, though she had considered it proper to put a stop to the dangerous familiarity with which her husband had presumed to demean himself towards her royal charge, did not regard it as anything beyond a passing folly. But even if her heart had been torn with a temporary pang of jealousy, she was too amiable to blight the opening flower of Elizabeth's life by cherishing a feeling so injurious to the honour of the youthful princess. It was not, however, Elizabeth, but the young and early wise lady Jane Gray, who became the companion of Katharine Parr at Sudley Castle, when she withdrew thither to await the birth of her child, and continued with her till the melancholy sequel of Katharine's fond hopes of maternity.

Sudley Castle[1] was royal property, that had been granted to the admiral by the regency on the death of king Henry. It was suspected that lands thus illegally obtained were held on a doubtful tenure. One day, when queen Katharine was walking in Sudley park with her husband and sir Robert Tyrwhitt, she said, "Master Tyrwhitt, you will see the king, when he cometh to full

[1] Sudley Castle is situated in Gloucestershire, and was, even in the reign of Henry IV., a noble building, and when one of the Botelers, its lord, was arrested by Henry IV., he suspected the king of coveting his castle, and looking back at it, said, "Ah! Sudley Castle, thou art the traitor, not I."

age, will call in his lands again as fast as they be now given away from him." "Marry," said Master Tyrwhitt, "then will Sudley Castle be gone from my lord admiral." "Marry," rejoined the queen, "I do assure you he intends to offer to restore them, and give them freely back when that time comes." Queen Katharine had a princely retinue in attendance upon her in her retirement at Sudley Castle, of ladies in waiting, maids of honour, and gentlewomen in ordinary, besides the appointments for her expected nursery and lying-in chamber, and more than a hundred and twenty gentlemen of her household and yeomen of the guard. She had several of the most learned men among the lights of the reformation for her chaplains;[1] and she caused divine worship to be performed twice a day, or oftener, in her house, notwithstanding the distaste of the admiral, who not only refused to attend these devotional exercises himself, but proved a great let and hindrance to all the pious regulations his royal consort strove to establish.[2] This opposition came with an ill grace from Seymour, who, for political purposes, professed to be a reformer, and had shared largely in the plunder of the old church; but in his heart he had no more liking for protestant prayers and sermons than queen Katharine's deceased lord, king Henry.

A few days before her confinement, Katharine received the following friendly letter from the princess Mary:—[3]

"Madame,

"Although I have troubled your highness lately with sundry letters, yet that notwithstanding seeing my lord marques [who hath taken the pains to come to me at this present] intendeth to see your grace shortly, I could not be satisfied without writing to the same, and especially because I purpose to-morrow (with the help of God) to begin my journey towards

[1] Strype, when discussing the anabaptist tenets of an officer of the court, named Robert Cooke, declares, that when Parkhurst was preacher to queen Katharine Parr, Cooke was keeper of the wine cellar. Here he became acquainted with the said Parkhurst, and also with Coverdale and Dr. Turner.

[2] Strype's Memorials. Latimer's Sermons.

[3] Hearne's Sylloge.

Norfolk, where I shall be further from your grace, which journey I have intended since Whitsuntide, but lack of health hath stayed me all the while, which, altho' it be, as yet, unstable, nevertheless I am enforced to remove for a time, hoping, with God's grace, to return again about Michaelmas, at which time, or shortly after, I trust to hear good success of your grace's condition, and in the mean time shall desire much to hear of your health, which I pray Almighty God to continue and increase to his pleasure as much as your own heart can desire; and thus, with my most humble commendations to your highness, I take my leave of the same, desiring your grace to take the pain to make my commendations to my lord admiral.

"From Beaulieu, the 9th of August,

"Your highness's humble and assured loving daughter,

"MARYE."

The lord marquis mentioned by Mary was queen Katharine's only brother, William Parr, marquis of Northampton. His guilty and unhappy wife, the heiress of Essex, was then at Sudley Castle, under some restraint, and in the keeping of her royal sister-in-law. This unpleasant charge must have greatly disquieted the last troubled months of Katharine Parr's life.[1]

On the 30th of August, 1548, Katharine Parr gave birth, at Sudley Castle, to the infant whose appearance had been so fondly anticipated both by Seymour and herself. It was a girl; and though both parents had confidently expected a boy, no disappointment was expressed. On the contrary, Seymour, in a transport of paternal pride, wrote so eloquent a description of the beauty of the new-born child to his brother, the duke of Somerset, that the latter good-naturedly added the following kind postscript to a stern letter of expostulation and reproof, which he had just finished writing to him when he received his joyous communication:—

[1] The marriage between the queen's brother and the frail representative of the royally connected line of Bourchier, was finally dissolved, and the children of the marchioness, by her paramour, declared incapable of succeeding to the honours of Essex or Northampton. So much for the advantages derivable from marriages founded on sordid or ambitious motives. Parr, marquis of Northampton, was thrice wedded, and died without an heir to perpetuate his honours.

"After our hearty commendations,

"We are right glad to understand, by your letters, that the queen, your bedfellow, hath had a happy hour; and, escaping all danger, hath made you the father of so pretty a daughter. And although (if it had pleased God) it would have been both to us and (we suppose) also to you, a more joy and comfort if it had, this the first-born, been a son, yet the escape of the danger, and the prophecy and good hansell of this, to a great sort of happy sons, which (as you write) we trust no less than to be true, is no small joy and comfort to us, as we are sure it is to you and to her grace also, to whom you shall make again our hearty commendations with no less gratulation of such good success.

"Thus we bid you heartily farewell from Sion, the 1st of Sept., 1548,

"Your loving brother,

"E. SOMERSET."[1]

From this letter it is evident that lord Thomas had been casting horoscopes and consulting fortune-tellers, who had promised him long life and a great *sort* of sons.

It is difficult to imagine that the admiral, however faulty his *morale* might be on some points, could cherish evil intentions against her who had just caused his heart to overflow for the first time with the ineffable raptures of paternity. The charge of his having caused the death of queen Katharine by poison can only be regarded as the fabrication of his enemies; neither is there the slightest reason to believe that the unfavourable symptoms which appeared on the third day after her delivery were either caused or aggravated by his unkindness. On the contrary, his manner towards her when she was evidently suffering under the grievous irritability of mind and body incidental to puerperal fever, appears from the deposition of Lady Tyrwhit,[2] one of the most faithful and attached of her ladies, to have been soothing and affectionate. Let the reader judge from the subjoined record of that sad scene in the chamber of the departing queen:—

[1] State Paper MSS.

[2] Lady Tyrwhit was one of the three ladies included by Gardiner and Wriothesley in the bill of indictment they had prepared, with the sanction of the deceased king, against Katharine Parr.

"Two days before the death of the queen," says lady Tyrwhit, "at my coming to her in the morning, she asked me 'where I had been so long,' and said unto me 'that she did fear such things in herself that she was sure she could not live.' I answered, as I thought, 'that I saw no likelihood of death in her.' She then, having my lord admiral by the hand, and divers others standing by, spake these words, partly, as I took, *idly* (meaning in delirium):—'My lady Tyrwhit, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me.' Whereunto my lord admiral answered, 'Why, sweetheart, I would you no hurt.' And she said to him again, aloud, 'No, my lord, I think so;' and immediately she said to him in his ear, 'but, my lord, you have given me many shrewd taunts.' These words I perceived she spake with good memory, and very sharply and earnestly; for her mind was sore disquieted. My lord admiral, perceiving that I heard it, called me aside, and asked me what she said, and I declared it plainly to him. Then he consulted with me 'that he would lie down on the bed by her, to look if he could pacify her unquietness with gentle communication,' whereunto I agreed; and by the time that he had spoken three or four words to her, she answered him roundly and sharply, saying, 'My lord, I would have given a thousand marks to have had my full talk with Hewyke the first day I was delivered, but I durst not for displeasing you.' And I, hearing that, perceived her trouble to be so great, that my heart would serve me to hear no more. Such like communication she had with him the space of an hour, which they did hear that sat by her bedside."[1]

It is probable that the alarming change in Katharine had been caused, not by any sinister practices against her life, but by whispers circulated among the gossips in

[1] Haynes's State Papers, p. 104.

her lying-in chamber, relating to her husband's passion for her royal step-daughter, and his intention of aspiring to the hand of the princess, in case of her own decease. Her malady was evidently fever, brought on by distress of mind; a sense of intolerable wrong was constantly expressed by her, yet she never explained the cause of her displeasure. She alluded to her delivery, but, strange to say, never mentioned her infant. Wild and gloomy fantasies had superseded the first sweet gushings of maternal love in her troubled bosom, and she appeared unconscious of the existence of the babe she had so fondly anticipated. This symptom with ladies in her situation is generally the forerunner of death, and Katharine breathed her last two days after the scene described by lady Tyrwhit, being the seventh after the birth of her child. She was only in the thirty-sixth year of her age,[1] having survived her royal husband, Henry VIII., but one year, six months, and eight days. Her character is thus recorded by a contemporary quoted by Strype:—

"She was endued with a pregnant wittiness joined with right wonderful grace of eloquence; studiously diligent in acquiring knowledge, as well of human discipline as also of the Holy Scriptures; of incomparable chastity, which she kept not only from all spot, but from all suspicion, by avoiding all occasions of idleness and contemning vain pastimes."

Fuller also, in his Church History, panegyrizes this queen in the highest terms of commendation. The official announcement of queen Katharine Parr's death, together with the programme of her funeral, is copied from a curious contemporary MS. in the College of Arms. Lady Jane Gray, who was with queen Katharine at Sudley Castle at the time of her death, officiated at her funeral solemnity as chief mourner, which is certified in this document.

[1] See her mother, lady Parr's correspondence with lord Dacre, which proves that Katharine Parr was four years younger than has generally been supposed.

"*A breviate of the interment of the lady Katharine Parr, queen dowager, late wife to king Henry VIII., and after wife to sir Thomas, lord Seymour, of Sudley, and high admiral of England.*

"Item, on Wednesday, the 5th of September, between two and three of the clock in the morning, died the aforesaid lady, late queen dowager, at the Castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire, 1548, and lieth buried in the chapel of the said castle.

"Item, she was cered and chested in lead accordingly, and so remained in her privy chamber until things were in readiness.

"The chapel was hung with black cloth, garnished with scutcheons of marriages;—viz., king Henry VIII. and her in pale under the crown, her own in lozenge under the crown; also the arms of the lord admiral and hers in pale without the crown.

"The rails were covered with black cloth for the mourners to sit within, with stools and cushions accordingly, and two lighted scutcheons stood upon the corpse during the service.

"*The order in proceeding to the chapel.*

"First, two conductors in black, with black staves; then gentlemen and esquires; then knights; then officers of the household, with their white staves; then the gentlemen ushers; then Somerset herald, in the tabard coat; then the corpse, borne by six gentlemen in black gowns, with their hoods on their heads; then eleven staff torches, borne on each side by yeomen round about the corpse, and at each corner a knight for assistance (four), with their hoods on their heads; then the lady Jane (daughter to the lord marquess Dorset), chief mourner, her train borne up by a young lady; then six other lady mourners, two and two; then all ladies and gentlemen, two and two; then yeomen, three and three, in a rank; then all other following.

"*The manner of the service in the church.*

"Item, when the corpse was set within the rails, and the mourners placed, the whole choir began and sung certain psalms in English, and read three lessons; and after the third lesson, the mourners, according to their degrees, and that which is accustomed, offered into the alms-box, and when they had done, all other, as gentlemen or gentlewomen, that would.

"The offering done, doctor Coverdale,[1] the queen's almoner, began his sermon, which was very good and godly, and in one place thereof he took occasion to declare unto the people how that they should none there think, say, nor spread abroad that the offering which was there done was done anything to benefit the dead, but for the poor only; and also the lights, which were carried and stood about the corpse, were for the honour of the person and for none other intent nor purpose; and so went through with his sermon, and made a godly prayer, and the whole

[1] He was in that office at her death, by this document.

church answered and prayed the same with him in the end. The sermon done, the corpse was buried, during which time the choir sung Te Deum in English. And this done, after dined the mourners; and the rest returned homeward again. All which aforesaid was done in a morning."[1]

This curious document presents the reader with the form of the first royal funeral solemnized according to protestant rites.

Queen Katharine's epitaph was written in Latin by her chaplain, Dr. Parkhurst, afterwards bishop of Norwich. The translation by an anonymous author is elegant:—

"In this new tomb the royal Katharine lies;
Flower of her sex, renowned, great, and wise;
A wife, by every nuptial virtue known,
And faithful partner once of Henry's throne.
To Seymour next her plighted hand she yields—
Seymour, who Neptune's trident justly wields;
From him a beauteous daughter bless'd her arms,
An infant copy of her parent's charms.
When now seven days this infant flower had bloom'd,
Heaven in its wrath the mother's soul resumed."

The erudite writer who has collected many interesting particulars in the Archæologia of the life of this queen says, "she was tormented and broken-hearted with the pride of her sister-in-law, and the ill-temper of her husband, whom she adored to the last." No instance of personal incivility or harshness on the part of the admiral towards Katharine Parr has, however, been recorded, and he was wont to affirm, with his usual terrible oath, that "no one should speak ill of the queen; or, if he knew it, he would take his fist to the ears of those who did, from the lowest to the highest."[2] The charge of his

[1] From a MS. in the College of Arms, London, entitled, "A Booke of Buryalls of Trew Noble Persons." No. 1—15, pp. 98, 99.

[2] The duke of Somerset, after Katharine Parr's death, obtained a grant of the manor and palace of Marlborough, which had lately formed part of her dower as queen of England, and where there was an ancient royal palace. Strype, vol. ii., p. 538. Chelsea Palace was doomed to a rapid change of owners; for, on the attainder and death of Somerset, it was granted by the young king to the heir of Northumberland, as we find from the following entry in the Augmentation Records:—"Fifth year of

having hastened her death is not only without the slightest proof, but really opposed to the general evidences of history.

The fatal termination of the queen's illness was not anticipated even by the admiral, and how great a shock it was to him, may be gathered from the fact, that in his first perplexity all his political plans were disarranged, and he wrote to the marquess of Dorset to send for lady Jane Gray, as he meant to dismiss his household; but before a month was over, he wrote again to the marquess, saying, "By my last letters, written at a time when with the queen's highness's death I was so amazed that I had small regard either to myself or my doings, and partly then thinking that my great loss must presently have constrained me to have dissolved my whole house, I offered to send my lady Jane unto you whensoever ye would send for her." But having more deeply considered the matter, he found he could continue his establishment, "where shall remain," he adds, "not only the gentlewomen of the queen's highness's privy chamber, but also the maids which waited at large and

Edward VI. All our manor of Chelsea, with all appurtenances, and all that capital mansion-house, late parcel of the possessions of Katharine, late queen of England, instead of Esher, granted to the earl of Warwick, son of the earl of Northumberland." These transfers remind us of Scipio's remark, when bereaved of the stolen crowns: "Thus did brother Chrysostom's goods pass from one thief to another." After the attainder and death of Northumberland, the manor-house of Chelsea was granted by patent to John Caryll, who sold it to James Basset; yet, in the herald's order for the funeral of Anne of Cleves, who died there, July 1557, it is described as crown property. Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign, granted it to the widowed duchess of Somerset, who lived there with her second husband, Newdigate, once the occasional tenant of Katharine Parr's second husband, lord Latimer's, town residence in the Charter-house. Lord Cheyney afterwards lived in the palace, having become lord of the manor in the seventeenth century; whence the ground on which stood the palaces of queen Katharine Parr and the bishop of Winchester derived its present name of Cheynè Row, not from the china works, which has been vulgarly supposed. The old palace was finally purchased and pulled down by sir Hans Sloane.

other women who were about her in her lifetime, with an hundred and twenty gentlemen and yeomen." The ambition of lord Thomas Seymour still projected placing a royal partner at the head of his establishment; at present, he invited his aged mother, lady Seymour, to superintend this vast household; and he concluded his letter to Dorset with the assurance "that if he would restore lady Jane Gray as his inmate, lady Seymour should treat her as if she were her daughter."

After this letter, Seymour came to Bradgate, "and," says lord Dorset, "he was so earnestly in hand with me and my wife, that he would have 'no nay,' so that we were contented for her to return to his house; at the same time and place he renewed the favourite project of the deceased queen and himself, that Edward VI. should wed lady Jane Gray, adding, that if he could once get the king at liberty, this marriage should take place." Thus the fair girl was restored to the guardianship of lord Thomas Seymour, and actually remained under his roof till his arrest and imprisonment in the Tower.

After the death of queen Katharine, a deceitful message of condolence was sent to the lord admiral by the duchess of Somerset, who intimated at the same time, that if any grudge were borne by her to him, it was all for the late queen's cause; and now she was taken away by death, it would undoubtedly follow (unless the fault were in himself) that she, the duchess, would bear as good will to him as ever she did before. The admiral accepted the overture for a time, and paid his brother a visit, but soon after gave pretty evident proof that his hostility to Somerset and his party was far from being diminished by the death of Katharine Parr. Indeed, it amounted almost to insanity, after he was deprived of the restraining influence of her sound sense and prudent counsels.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The old dispute touching Fausterne[1] was still a sore point with the admiral, and he fiercely pursued the suit that had been commenced during Katharine's life for the restoration of the jewels and stuff which had been detained from her by the protector and his council. So thoroughly persuaded was the widower of queen Katharine of the justice of the claim, that he appealed to no meaner witness than the princess Mary, requiring her to testify whether the disputed jewels and furniture were a *bonâ-fide* gift made by the deceased king her father to Katharine Parr, or only a loan. In his letter to the princess he says:—

"The queen's highness (whose soul God hath) did ofttimes, in her lifetime, declare unto me upon occasion of talk between us of such jewels and other things as were kept from her possession by my lord my brother, (Somerset;) she said, your grace knew and could testify how and after what sort the king's majesty used to part with things to her—namely, those jewels which he delivered to her against the French admiral's coming in. And forasmuch as it may fortune a further communication will hereafter be had for the due trial of her title unto them, I do most humbly beseech your grace that it will please you to employ so much pains at my poor request as to make me some brief note of your knowledge in two or three lines; as to whether his majesty king Henry did *give* her highness (Katharine Parr) those jewels, and other things that were delivered to her at the French admiral's coming in, and other times, both before and after. Or else, whether he did but lend them for a time, to be returned home again after those triumphs finished; for which time and turn some few in number suppose they were only delivered. Assuring your grace that your opinion declared shall not only much satisfy me in this matter, but also bind me during my life to be at your grace's commandment with anything that lieth in me."[2]

This application was made a little before Christmas. The princess Mary was too prudent to allow herself to be involved in the dispute, and merely in her reply bore testimony to the great love and affection that her late lord and father did bear unto her grace queen Katharine—

[1] See Wightman's Confessions, where it is called Vasterne Park.
[2] Haynes's State Papers.

a testimony of some importance to the biographers of Katharine Parr, but not what Seymour required to establish his right to the contested articles.

Wightman, one of the admiral's servants, subsequently deposed that he was employed by him in copying letters to the keeper of St. James's Palace, and others, requiring them to bear witness, as to the fact, whether the jewels were given to queen Katharine by king Henry, or only lent for the honour of the crown, while she presided at the *fêtes* that were given at Hampton Court to the French ambassador, Claude d'Annebaut, who concluded the peace between England and France, in 1546, as before related?

Seymour made great search among queen Katharine's papers at her late royal residence at Hanworth, in the hope of finding some record affording decisive evidence of the gift. It is to be feared, that among "the great sort of old papers belonging to the late queen Katharine," of which he spake to his servant Wightman, the unthrifty admiral recklessly destroyed as useless, and perhaps dangerous, many a precious letter and record of her queenly, as well as of her early, life, and of her first and second marriages, whereof so few particulars are now to be obtained.[1]

The limits of this work will not admit of detailing the particulars of the intrigues which led to the fall of the admiral. Suffice it to say, that he had organized measures for supplanting his elder brother, the duke of Somerset, in the office of guardian to king Edward. The youthful majesty of England was actually brought before his own council, to be made a witness against his best-beloved uncle, for the purpose of bringing him to the block. Edward confessed that the admiral had privily

[1] It is supposed that many of queen Katharine Parr's letters to her brother the marquis of Northampton, and her sister the countess of Pembroke, perished in the great fire at Wilton.

supplied him with sums of money, of which he had been kept cruelly destitute by the protector; and also, that he had been accustomed to censure the proceedings of the protector, and to desire his removal.

"At another time," says the young king, "within these two years, at least, the admiral lord Thomas Seymour said to me, 'Ye must take upon yourself to rule, for ye shall be able enough as well as other kings, and then ye may give your men somewhat; for your uncle Somerset is old, and, I trust, will not live long.' I answered, 'It were better he should die.'"[1]

It is worthy of observation, that the marquis of Northampton, Katharine Parr's brother; her brother-in-law, Herbert, earl of Pembroke; and her cousin, Nicholas Throckmorton, all remained the fast friends of the admiral after her death, which they would scarcely have done had they suspected him of unkindness to her, much less of hastening her death. This is the friendly mention of Seymour, in the Throckmorton MS.

"But when my queen lay buried in her grave,
To Musselborough field I mourning went.
The gladsome victory to us God gave;
Home with those tidings I in haste was sent.

"The admiral, my spokesman, was at home,
Who staid his nephew's safety to regard;
He was at all essays my perfect friend,
And patron, too, unto his dying day.

"When men surmised that he would mount too high,
And seek the *second time aloft to match*,
Ambitious hearts did steer something too nigh,
Off went his head, they made a quick dispatch;
But ever since I thought him sure a beast,[2]
That causeless laboured to defile his nest.

"Thus, guiltless, *he* (Seymour) through malice, went to pot,
Not answering for himself, nor knowing cause."

[1] Haynes's State Papers, p. 74.

[2] Throckmorton goes on to blame Somerset severely for the death of his brother, and attributes his subsequent fate to retributive justice.

It is more than probable that the charge of poisoning queen Katharine Parr was devised in order to induce the king, by whom she had been so fondly beloved, to sign the warrant for the execution of her unhappy husband.

Seymour was far from submitting to death, like his contemporaries, with an approbative speech setting forth the justice of his sentence; he knew he had been doomed lawlessly, and he loudly proclaimed the fact on the scaffold. Before he laid his head on the block, he told an attendant of the lieutenant of the Tower, to "bid his man speed the thing he wot of."

This speech was overheard, and Seymour's servant was arrested, and threatened, till he confessed, "that his master had obtained some ink in the Tower, and had plucked off an aglet from his dress, with the point of which he had written a letter to each of the princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, which he had hidden within the sole of a velvet shoe.[1] The shoe was opened and the letters found, which were, as was natural, full of bitter complaints against his brother, and all who had caused his destruction. Latimer preached a very uncharitable funeral sermon for Seymour, in which he said, "that it was evident God had clean forsaken him; whether he be saved or not I leave it to God, but surely he was a wicked man, and the realm is well rid of him."[2]

Latimer accused lord Thomas Seymour, that when queen Katharine, his wife, had daily prayer morning and afternoon in his house, he would get him out of the way, and was a contemner of the Common Prayer. Among his misdeeds it was mentioned, that a woman, in 1540, being executed for robbery, declared that the beginning of her evil life was being seduced and deserted by lord Thomas Seymour.[3] He made no religious profession on the scaf-

[1] Tytler's State Papers, England. Lingard. Strype.
[2] Latimer's Sermons.
[3] Strype, vol. ii., part i. p. 197.

fold; and, according to the account given in his funeral sermon, he died "irksomely, dangerously, and horribly."

These accusations against the unfortunate husband of Katharine Parr are somewhat softened by the religious and philosophic verses he was known to write the week before his death :[1]

"Forgetting God, to love a king,
Hath been my rod, or else nothing
In this frail life, being a blast
Of care and strife till it be past.
Yet God did call me in my pride,
Lest I should fall, and from him slide;
For whom he loves he must correct,
That they may be of his elect.
Then, death, haste thee, thou shalt me gain
Immortally with God to reign.
Lord send the king in years as Noè,
In governing this realm in joy;
And after this frail life such grace,
That in thy bliss he may find place."

The admiral was beheaded on Tower-hill, March 20th, 1549. There was only an interval of two years, one month, and three weeks between the death of Katharine's third husband, king Henry VIII, and the execution of her fourth, who survived her just six months and fourteen days. The only child of queen Katharine and lord Sudley was named Mary. It is probable that lady Jane Gray was her godmother, as she was at Sudley Castle at the time of her birth, and acted as chief mourner at the funeral of her royal mother. As the sole representative of both parents, the young Mary Seymour ought to have been the heiress of great wealth; and even if the act of attainder, which had been passed on her father, operated to deprive her of the broad lands

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii., p 328. Sir John Harrington the elder, who has preserved these verses, was the officer of lord Seymour, and cherished the utmost regard for his memory. He wrote a grand poetical portrait of his master.

of Sudley and the rest of his possessions, she was fully entitled to inherit the large fortune of the queen dowager her mother, if she had had friends to assert her rights.

"This high-born infant lady," says Strype, "destitute already both of her mother queen Katharine and her lately executed father, remained a little while at her uncle Somerset's house at Sion; and then, according to her father's dying request, was conveyed to Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where Katharine, dowager duchess of Suffolk lived. There she was brought, with her governess, Mrs. Aglionby, her nurse, two maids, and other servants, consonant to the high quality to which for their own misery her unfortunate parents had been advanced. Her uncle, the duke of Somerset, upon her leaving Sion, promised that a certain pension should be settled upon her for her maintenance, and that a portion of her nursery plate and furniture brought to Sion house was to be sent after her when she went to Grimsthorpe." So the duchess of Somerset promised Mr. Bertie, the duchess of Suffolk's servant, and afterwards her husband, but consonant to the detestable conduct of the Somerset family, these promises in behalf of the poor orphan were never fulfilled.[1]

Katharine, duchess of Suffolk, had been honoured with the friendship of the deceased queen, and she had by her favour and protecting influence been preserved from the fiery persecution, which had marked the closing years of Henry VIII.'s reign; and she had the greater need of a powerful patroness, since she had, by her cutting raillery, provoked the enmity of Bonner and Gardiner both. She held the same religious tenets as the late queen, whom she professed to regard as a saint;

[1] Strype, vol. ii., p. 201. Strype declares, the attainder, which robbed the poor babe of all, was taken off. Burnet and the Parliamentary History affirm the direct contrary.

and, it might have been expected that she would have cherished the orphan babe of her royal friend, with not less than maternal tenderness. The worldly spirit and sordid temper of the young duchess are, however, sufficiently apparent in her letters to her friend Cecil, on the subject of the incumbrance and expense of the hapless little one, who had become the unwelcome recipient of her charity.

To Mr. Cecil.[1]

"It is said that the best means of remedy to the sick is first plainly to confess and disclose the disease wherefore lieth for remedy; and again, for that my disease is so strong that it will not be hidden, I will discover me unto you. First, I will as it were under Benedicite, and in high secrecy, declare unto you that all the world knoweth, though I go never so covertly in my net, what a very beggar I am. This sickness, as I have said, I promise you increaseth mightily upon me. Amongst other causes whereof is, you will understand not the least, the queen's child hath lain, and yet doth lie, at my house, with her company about her wholly at my charges. I have written to my lady Somerset at large; which was the letter I wrote, note this, with mine own hand unto you; and among other things for the child, that there may be some pension allotted unto her, according to my lord's grace's promise. Now, good Cecil, help at a pinch all that you may help. My lady also sent me word at Whitsuntide last, by *Bartue* that my lord's grace, at her suit, had granted certain nursery plate should be delivered with the child; and lest there might be stay for lack of a present bill of such plate and stuff as was there in the nursery, I send you here inclosed of all parcels as were appointed out for the child's only use; and that ye may the better understand that I cry not before I am pricked, I send you mistress Eglonby's (governess) letter unto me, who, with the maids, *nourice*, and others, daily call on me for their wages, whose voices mine ears may hardly bear, but my coffers much worse. Wherefore, I cease, and commit me and my sickness to your diligent care, with my hearty commendations to your wife. At my manor of Grymesthorpe, the 27th of August.

"Your assured loving friend,

"K. Suffolk."[2]

[1] Lansdowne MSS., No. II., art. 16, edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq., in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ.

[2] This sharp-witted lady was the only child and heiress of William, lord Willoughby, and the fourth wife and widow of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. She married her factotum, Richard Bertie, esq., the ancestor of the lords Willoughby d'Eresby. His name is variously spelled by his mistress—sometimes Bartue, sometimes Barty.

This curious letter is indorsed thus :—

"To my loving friend, Mr. Cecil, attendant upon my lord protector's grace."

"From my lady of Suffolk's grace to my Mr. ——, concerning the queen's child, nursed at her house at Grimesthorpe, with a bill of plate belonging to the nursery. Anno 2 Ed. VI."

From the terms of the letter it appears, that even the paltry modicum in the list subjoined, of the good and stately gear which of right belonged to the neglected infant of queen Katharine Parr, were withheld by her rapacious uncle Somerset and his pitiless wife.

"A bill of all such plate and other stuff as belongeth to the nursery of the queen's child :—

"First, 2 pots of silver, all white. Item, 3 goblets, silver, all white. One salt, silver, parcel gilt. A *maser*, (wooden cup,) with a band of silver, parcel gilt. 11 spoons, silver, all white. Item, a quilt for the cradle, 3 pillows, and 1 pair fustians. 3 feather beds, 3 quilts, 3 pair fustians. Item, a tester of scarlet, embroidered with a counterpoint of silk serge, belonging to the same, and curtains of crimson taffeta. Item, 2 counterpoints of imagery for the nurse's bed. Item, 6 pair of sheets of little worth. 6 fair pieces of hangings within the inner chamber. 4 carpets for windows. 10 pieces of hangings of the twelve months within the outer chamber. Item, 2 cushions cloth of gold, and a chair of cloth of gold, 2 wrought stools, and a bedstead gilt, with a tester and counterpoint, with curtains belonging to the same."

The fair hangings and the embroidered scarlet tester and counterpoint were doubtless wrought by the skilful hands of the royal mother and her ladies in waiting, to adorn the apartments and the cradle of the fondly expected babe, whose birth cost her her life. How little did poor Katharine anticipate, that before that child had completed its first year of life, it was to be deprived of both parents, plundered of its princely inheritance, and even of the small remnant of plate and tapestry belonging to its nursery appointments, and thrown a helpless burden on the sufferance of a forgetful friend! In the list of the little Mary Seymour's effects is the following item :—

"2 milch beasts, which were belonging to the nursery, the which it may please your grace (Somerset) to write may be bestowed upon the 2 maids towards their marriages, which shall be shortly. Item, one lute."[1]

Eleven months after the date of this application, the persevering duchess writes again to her friend Cecil, assuring him that she had wearied herself with her letters to the protector and his lady on the same subject, and that she must again trouble him to press her suit to them both. "In these my letters to my lady," she says, "I do put her in remembrance for the performance of her promise, touching some small pension, for my kindness to the late queen's child, for it is with a dozen servants living altogether at my charge, the continuance of which will not bring me out of debt this year. My lord marquis of Northampton, to whom I should deliver her, hath as bad a back for such a burden as I have. He would receive her, but not willingly, if he must receive her train."[2]

This letter is dated July 24th, 1549.

The conduct of the marquis of Northampton was even more heartless than that of the duchess of Suffolk towards his sister's orphan daughter, since he was the person who was by nature bound to cherish and protect her person, and to vindicate her right to inherit the possessions of her deceased parents; but he having obtained for himself a grant of a portion of his infant niece's patrimony,[3] was unwilling to give her and her attendants a home. The brother of Katharine Parr, united with her

[1] Lansdowne MS.

[2] Unpublished MS., State Paper Office, Edward VI.

[3] On the attainder of Thomas Seymour, lord Sudley, the manor of Sudley was granted to William, marquis of Northampton; and on his attainder by queen Mary, it was granted to lord Chandos; from thence, by a marriage and heirship, down to lord Rivers, of Strathfieldsaye; and the circumference of the castle was bought, about A.D. 1826, by the duke of Buckingham and Chandos. It is now the property of Mr. Dent.

soi-disant friend Katharine, duchess of Suffolk, in editing and publishing the devotional writings of that queen, though they grudged a shelter and food to her only child.

The destitution of the unoffending infant of queen Katharine was completed by an act of parliament, entitled, "An act for disinheriting Mary Seymour, daughter and heir of the late lord Sudley, admiral of England, and the late queen."[1] Another act *for the restitution* of Mary Seymour, passed January 21st, 1549, 3 Edward VI.,[2] yet we find her uncle retained possession of Sudley.

The historical records connected with queen Katharine's only child, close with this act. Her aunt, the learned Anne, countess of Pembroke,[3] the only sister of Katharine Parr, died in the year 1551, at Baynard's Castle, so that the little lady Mary Seymour could not have found a home with her; and whether she was actually transferred to her unwilling uncle, the marquis of Northampton, or remained, which is more probable, under the care of the duchess of Suffolk, is not known. Strype says she died young. Lodge affirms, but on what authority he does not state, "that the only child of the admiral lord Thomas Seymour by queen Katharine Parr, died in her thirteenth year." There is, however, more reason to believe that she lived to be a wife and mother. The statements with which I have been favoured by Johnson Lawson, Esq., of Grove Villa, Clevedon, and his brother, Henry Lawson, Esq., of Hereford, the sons of the late very reverend Johnson Lawson, dean of Battle, in Sussex, vicar of Throwley, and rector of Cranbrook, in Kent, affords, at any

[1] Drake's Parliamentary History. Burnet.
[2] Journals of the House of Commons, vol. i., p. 15.
[3] Her portrait, and that of her lord, painted on glass, is still extant in the chapel of Wilton. The present earl of Pembroke is her descendant.

rate, presumptive evidence that they derive their descent from this lady. The authentic records of this fact appear to have been destroyed, among a mass of interesting genealogical papers that were in the possession of a clergyman of the Lawson family, and on his death were consigned to the flames by his widow, "as she had no children to give them to," she said. One precious MS. fragment of the pedigree had, however, fortunately escaped the notice of this destructive dame, who would certainly have been branded by Anthony à Wood with the epithet "of a clownish woman," and it contains a family record of the marriage and posterity of the daughter of Katharine Parr.

Copy of MS. fragment, entitled, "A good account of my pedigree given me by my grandmother, July 26th, 1749."

"Paul Johnson, a gentleman of good family and estate, residing at his mansion at Fordwich, in the county of Kent, also, having another named Nethercourt, in the Isle of Thanet, married Margaret Heyman, (of the Baronet's family of Kent and Norfolk.)

"Their son, *Sylas Johnson*, married the daughter of sir Edward Bushel,[1] who had married the only daughter of the Duke of Somerset's younger brother, lord Seymour, which daughter the lord Seymour had by queen Katharine Parr, whom he married after the death of Harry the Eighth, whose queen she was. The above sir Edward Bushel's daughter was a great fortune to Silas Johnson; and their daughter, *Mary Johnson*, married the Rev. Francis Drayton, of little Chart, in Kent, where he and his wife lie buried."—From that marriage, the records

[1] The Bushels were a very ancient and honourable family, and sir Edward Bushel, probably the same person referred to in the Lawson pedigree, was a gentleman of the household to Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., and with nine other knights assisted in bearing her body to the grave.

of the pedigree down to Lawson, are very clear and certain, and need not lengthen this statement.

Whether from any records, or knowledge, or tradition, the old grandmother declared the marriage of Katharine's daughter to sir Edward Bushel, it is impossible now to say in 1841; but it seems that Silas Johnson, by his marriage with their daughter, Mary Bushel, obtained a great fortune, together with some relics of Katharine Parr's personal property, which have continued in the Lawson family, their descendants, ever since. They are thus described by Johnson Lawson Esq., in whose possession they are at present:—

"A fine damask napkin, which evidently was made for, and brought from Spain by Katharine of Arragon, the first queen of Henry VIII. The beautiful pattern therein exhibits the spread eagle, with the motto, '*Plus Oultre*,' four times; and on the dress of four men blowing trumpets, attired in the Spanish garb as matadors, are the letters K.I.P, (probably Katharine Infanta Princess). And this napkin, in the palace of Henry VIII., must have passed through the hands of *six queens!* down to Katharine Parr. The second relic is the royal arms of the king Henry, engraved on copper in cameo, which were set in the centre of a large pewter dish —the table service in those times was usually pewter."

In the absence of those *bona fide* vouchers of the marriage of the young lady Mary Seymour, which have been destroyed by time, by accident, or wanton ignorance, it may be conjectured that the duchess of Suffolk, after her marriage with Richard Bertie and her subsequent flight from the Marian persecution, provided for her youthful protégé by an honourable marriage with sir Edward Bushel, though certainly much beneath the alliances which would have courted her acceptance, had she not been wrongfully deprived of the great

wealth she ought to have inherited, as the only child of queen Katharine Parr. The Lawsons who claim their descent from the daughter of Katharine Parr, are a branch of the ancient family of the Lawsons of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, and bear the same arms.

Queen Katharine Parr was originally interred on the north side of the altar of the then splendid chapel of Sudley, and a mural tablet of sculptured alabaster was placed above her tomb. The chapel is now despoiled, desecrated, and in ruins, the roofless walls alone remaining. The notice of queen Katharine's death and interment, from the document in the Heralds' Office, having been published in "Rudde's History of Gloucestershire," some ladies, who happened to be at Sudley Castle, in May, 1782, determined to examine the ruined chapel. Observing a large block of alabaster fixed in the north wall of the chapel, they imagined that it might be the back of a monument that had once been fixed there. Led by this hint, they had the ground opened not far from there, and not above a foot from the surface they found a leaden envelope, which they opened in two places, on the face and breast, and found it to contain a human body wrapped in cere-cloth. Upon removing what covered the face, they discovered the features, particularly the eyes, in the most perfect state of preservation. Alarmed with this sight, and with the smell which came from the cerecloth, they ordered the earth to be thrown in immediately, without closing over the cerecloth and lead which covered the face, only observing enough of the inscription to convince them it was the body of queen Katharine.[1]

In the same summer, Mr. John Lucas, the person who rented the land on which the ruins of the chapel stand, removed the earth from the leaden coffin, which

[1] Archæologia.

lay the depth of about two feet, or little more, below the surface. On the lid appeared an inscription, of which the following is a true copy:—

K. P.
Here lyeth Quene
Katharine vth wife to Kyng
Henry the viiith And
after the wif of Thomas
lord of Suddeley high
Admyrall of ᶜ England
And vnkle to Kyng
Edward the vi.
She died
September
MCCCCC
XLVIIJ.

Mr. Lucas had the curiosity to rip up the top of the coffin, and found the whole body, wrapped in six or seven linen cerecloths entire, and uncorrupted, although it had lain there upwards of two centuries and a half. He made an incision through the cerecloths which covered one of the arms of the corpse, the flesh of which at that time was white and moist.[1] The perfect state in which the body of queen Katharine Parr was found affords a convincing evidence that her death was not occasioned by poison, for in that case almost immediate decomposition would have taken place, rendering the process of embalming ineffectual if not impracticable. The repose of the buried queen was again rudely violated by ruffian hands in the spring of 1784, when the royal remains were taken out of the coffin, and irreverently thrown on a heap of rubbish and exposed to public view. An ancient woman, who was present on that occasion, assured my friend, Miss Jane Porter, some years afterwards, that the remains of costly burial clothes were on the body, not a shroud but a dress, as if in life: shoes were

[1] Rudde's Hist. of Gloucestershire. Archæologia.

on the feet, which were very small, and all her proportions extremely delicate; and she particularly noticed, that traces of beauty were still perceptible in the countenance, of which the features were at that time perfect, but, by exposure to the air and other injurious treatment, the process of decay rapidly commenced. Through the interference of the vicar, the body was re-interred. In October, 1786, a scientific exhumation was made by the Rev. Tredway Nash, F.A.S., and his interesting and valuable report has been published in the "Archæologia,"[1] from which the following abstract is given:—

"In 1786, October 14, having obtained leave of lord Rivers, the owner of Sudley Castle, with the Hon. J. Somers Cocks, the writer proceeded to examine the chapel. Upon opening the ground, and tearing up the lead, the face was found totally decayed; the teeth, which were sound, had fallen.

"The body was perfect, but out of delicacy they forbore to uncover it. Her hands and nails were entire, of a brownish colour.

"The queen must have been of low stature, as the lead that enclosed her corpse was just five feet four inches long. The cerecloth consisted of many folds of linen, dipped in wax, tar, and gums, and the lead fitted exactly to the shape of the body.

"It seems, at first, extraordinary that she should be buried so near the surface; but we should consider that the pavement, and perhaps some earth, had been taken away since she was first interred. As she was buried within the communion rails, probably the ground was three feet higher than the rest of the chapel.

[1] In vol. ix. of Archæologia, 1787, being the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries, with a plate of the exterior of the beautiful chapel when perfect, and of the encased body, with a fac-simile of the inscription on the lead.

"I could heartily wish more respect were paid to the remains of this amiable queen, and would willingly, with proper leave, have them wrapped in another sheet of lead and coffin, and decently interred in another place, that at least her body might rest in peace; whereas the chapel where she now lies is used for the keeping of rabbits, which make holes, and scratch very irreverently about the royal corpse."

The chapel seems a beautiful miniature of Eton.

The last time the coffin of queen Katharine Parr was opened, it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself round the temples of the royal corpse, a berry having fallen there and taken root at the time of her previous exhumation, and there had silently, from day to day, woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal. A lock of hair, which was taken from the head of queen Katharine Parr, after it had lain in the dust and darkness of the grave for nearly two centuries and a half, was kindly sent for my inspection by Mrs. Constable Maxwell. It was of the most exquisite quality and colour, exactly resembling threads of burnished gold in its hue; it was very fine, and with an inclination to curl naturally.

"The ruined chapel of Sudley with the very small remains of the castle, now a farm-house, were visited by me," says Mr. Lawson, "A.D. 1828, and I am sorry to report that queen Katharine's remains have not been re-deposited with the honour and historical respect due to the royal and noble lady; for, instead of their being replaced within the walls in their own grave, and secured from further intrusion, they are buried in a lean-to-building outside the north wall, in which divine service is sometimes performed, to preserve the right as a parochial church." How much better it would be to restore the chapel itself for this purpose, and to erect a suitable

monument to the memory of Katharine Parr.[1] Surely some mark of consideration and grateful respect is due from this country to the memory of our first protestant queen; and if the owner of the soil which covers her sacred dust does not endeavour to preserve her remains from further outrage, the bishop of the diocese is called upon to devise some suitable protection for the desecrated grave of this royal lady, to whom the church of England owes the preservation of the university of Cambridge.

With Katharine Parr closes the records of the queens consort of England. The next two queens of England, Mary I. and Elizabeth, were sovereigns; and, with the queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, the series of queens of Great Britain will commence.

[1] Sudley Castle has recently been repaired, and some portion of it restored by Mr. Dent, the present possessor, who has also, we understand, placed a grated screen before Katharine Parr's monumental tablet, to preserve it from being carried away piecemeal by the dishonest and destructive collectors of mementos of celebrated persons and places—a species of relic-hunting, which has caused of late years irreparable damage to many precious works of art, the ruin of some of the most venerable remains of antiquity, and, in many instances, amounted to the crime of sacrilege. It is to be hoped that a practice so truly childish and unconscientious will be abandoned by all persons who imagine they possess the slightest claims to good taste and good feeling. The time-honoured memorials of historical facts are witnesses sacred to the cause of truth, and as such they should be venerated and protected from the outrages of ignorance and folly in a nation whose greatest boast is the increase of refinement, which the increase of education is extending now even to the humblest grades of life.

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Mary at Greenwich—Only surviving child of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon—Her state governess—Nurse—Baptism—Sponsors—Infancy—Presented in infancy to the Venetian ambassadors—Her father's fondness—Nursery establishment—Her court and receptions in infancy—Her early musical attainments—Abode at Ditton Park—Presents in infancy—Sponsor to a child—Betrothed at six years old to Charles V.—Her tutors and education—Her message to the emperor—Her betrothment broken—Grand establishment at Ludlow—Person and manners—Attainments—Offered in marriage to Francis I.—Dances at court with her father—Verses—Mary appears in court masques and ballets—Commencement of divorce of Katharine of Arragon—Reginald Pole—His defence of Mary and queen Katharine's rights—Mary separated from her mother—Her dangerous illnesses—Her father and mother divorced—Anne Boleyn crowned queen—Katharine of Arragon's letter to Mary—Mary present at the birth of Elizabeth—Refuses to call her sister princess—Mary's letters—Resistance to her degradation—Her household at Beaulieu broken up—Calamitous reverses—Her life threatened—Refused access to her mother's death-bed—Death of her mother, queen Katharine.

MARY, our first queen regnant, was the only child of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon who reached maturity; she first saw the light on the banks of the Thames, at Greenwich Palace, on Monday, at four in the morning, February 18, 1516. As she was a healthy babe, her birth consoled her parents for the loss of the two heirs male, who had preceded her, nor in her childhood was her father ever heard to regret her sex. The queen confided

her to the care of her beloved friend, the countess of Salisbury (Margaret Plantagenet); and the royal infant's first nourishment was supplied by one of that lady's family. Katharine, the wife of Leonard Pole, was Mary's wet-nurse.

The princess was, according to custom, baptized the third day after her birth. The silver font, in which the children of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII. had been christened, once more travelled from Christ Church, Canterbury, to the Grey Friars, adjacent to Greenwich Palace. Carpets were spread for the royal babe's procession from the palace to the font, which was placed in the Grey Friars' church, guarded by knights-banneret. The godmothers were, the princess Katharine Plantagenet and the duchess of Norfolk. The infant was carried by the countess of Salisbury;[1] the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, both uncles to the princess by marriage, walked on each side of her. Cardinal Wolsey was godfather. She was named Mary after the favourite sister of Henry VIII. When the baptism was finished, the countess of Salisbury knelt at the altar with her infant charge in her arms, who received the preliminary rite of confirmation or bishoping, the countess being her sponsor at that ceremony. Various rich presents were bestowed on the princess Mary by her sponsors and relatives, who assisted at her baptism.[2] Cardinal Wolsey gave a gold cup; her aunt, Mary Tudor, gave her niece and name-child a pomander of gold.[3] The princess Katharine gave a gold spoon; and the duchess of Norfolk

[1] Herald's Journal, Harleian MSS.

[2] Household book of princess Mary, 1517.

[3] The pomander of gold was a hollow ball, which opened to admit a ball of paste, formed of rich perfumes, the pomander being perforated, to diffuse the scent. It was hung at the girdle, and sometimes carried in the hand. It was not unfit for a baby's plaything, though an article of jewellery used by the belles of those days.

presented a primer, being a book richly illuminated, of catholic offices of devotion.

Mary was reared, till she was weaned, in the apartments of the queen her mother,[1] and the first rudiments of her education were commenced by that tender parent as soon as she could speak. Both Henry and Katharine were in the habit of dandling Mary, and holding her in their arms after dinner. Sebastian Justianiani, the Venetian ambassador, observes in his despatches, dated March 1st, 1518,[2] that "Henry VIII. came to his palace called Windsor, about twenty miles from London, and dined there. The king then took from the arms of the serene queen Katharine, his little daughter, at that time about two years old, and carried her to Cardinal Wolsey and to our ambassador, who kissed her hand."

The nursery establishment of the princess was occasionally stationed at Ditton Park, in Buckinghamshire. The royal infant was often ferried over the Thames to Windsor Castle, when her parents sojourned there. Her education must have commenced at a very tender age, if her early attainments in music may be taken in evidence.

After the first months of her infancy no more payments occur to Katharine Pole, as her wet-nurse, but the care of her person was consigned to lady Margaret Bryan, the wife of sir Thomas Bryan, who was called the lady mistress. This lady superintended the temperate meals of the royal infant, which consisted of one dish of meat, with bread. The countess of Salisbury was state governess and head of the household, the annual expenses of which amounted to 1100*l.*;[3] sir Weston Browne

[1] Poem of William Forrest, chaplain to queen Mary, quoted by sir F. Madden, Privy Purse Expenses of Mary, cxix.

[2] Copied from the diaries of Martin Sanuto, in St. Marco's library, by Rawden Browne, esq.

[3] Household book of the princess Mary.

was chamberlain, Richard Sydnour, treasurer and accountant; Alice Baker, gentlewoman of the bedchamber, at a salary of £10, and Alice Wood, laundress, had 33 shillings half yearly. Sir Henry Rowte, priest, was chaplain and clerk of the closet at an allowance of sixpence per day. Ditton Park and Hanworth were the earliest residences of the princess's childhood; but while her parents were absent in France, at the celebrated field of the cloth of gold, she seems to have kept court in royal state at their palace of Richmond. Here the privy council frequently visited her, and sent daily details of her health and behaviour to her absent parents, or to Cardinal Wolsey. Some foreign strangers were introduced by the order of the king to the royal child, who, though little more than three years old, had to sit up in state, greet them courteously and rationally, and, finally, to amuse them by playing on the virginals. She must have been a musical prodigy, if at that tender age she could play a tune correctly on a musical instrument. The visit of three Frenchmen of rank to the princess is thus described by the privy council:[1]—"After they had been shewn everything notable in London, they were conveyed in a barge, by the lord Berners and the lord Darcy, to Richmond, when they repaired to the princess, and found her right honourably accompanied with noble personages, as well spiritual as temporal, and her house and chambers furnished with a proper number of goodly gentlemen and tall yeomen. Her presence chamber was attended, besides the lady-governess and her gentlewomen, by the duchess of Norfolk and her three daughters, the lady Margaret, wife to the lord Herbert, the lady Gray, lady Neville, and the lord John's wife. In the great chamber were many other gentle-

[1] Letter from the council to Wolsey, dated July 2nd, 1520, printed by sir Harris Nicolas. Privy Council of Henry VIII., pp. 339, 340.

women well apparelled. And when the gentlemen of France came into the presence chamber to the princess, her grace in such wise shewed herself unto them in welcoming and entertaining them with most goodly countenance, proper communication, and pleasant pastime in playing on the virginals, that they greatly marvelled and rejoiced at the same, her tender age considered." The infant royal performer must have been exceedingly docile and well trained, not only to receive and speak properly to foreign strangers, but to play her tunes when required. The instrument here mentioned was the first rude idea our ancestors had formed of a piano: it was a miniature keyed instrument contained in a box about four feet long, with an ivory or boxwood finger-board, limited to two or three octaves, and was, when wanted, placed on a table before the performer. When the little princess had exhibited her infantine skill on this instrument, refreshments were served to her foreign guests of strawberries, wine, wafers, and ypocras. The council, in another letter, thus mentions the princess again :—"Since our last writing we have sundry times visited and seen your dearest daughter the princess, who, God be thanked, is in prosperous health and convalescence; and like as she increaseth in days and years, so doth she in grace and virtue."

General history is not silent regarding Mary's infantine musical attainments. In the Italian history of Pollino it is asserted, that Mary played on the virginals, or *arpicordo*, which is the same name as the *harpsichord*. The Italian seems to designate by it the clavichord. "These she used to play on," he adds, "when a very little child; and she had so far mastered the difficulties as to have a light and rapid touch, with much grace and velocity."

When her royal parents returned to England, Mary went back to her nursery at Ditton Park, but she made

a long visit to the king and queen the succeeding Christmas. She was a very lovely infant, her complexion rosy, and her eyes brown, and right merry and joyous; it is not probable that the king, who was passionately fond of children, could part from an attractive prattler of that age. Accordingly she remained at Greenwich till after her fourth birthday. The Christmas gifts made to the princess this year were numerous, and some of them very costly. There was, however, but one article calculated to please a little child; this was a rosemary-bush hung with spangles of gold, brought for her by a poor woman of Greenwich; it was, perhaps, like the Christmas tree, which gives such delight to the German children. Cardinal Wolsey sent her a gold cup; the princess Katharine Plantagenet, two small silver flagons; queen Mary Tudor, another golden pomander; her nurse, lady Margaret Bryan, a crimson purse tinselled; and the duke of Norfolk, a pair of silver snuffers.[1] The princess was amused by the performance of a company of children who acted plays for her diversion; and in her accounts 6*s.* 8*d.* is given to a man who managed the little actors, as a reward. This man, it appears, was Heywood, the dramatic author.

The succeeding Christmas was spent by the princess Mary at Ditton Park, where, among the diversions of

[1] The use of snuffers at this era is a proof that England had surpassed other nations in luxury, although there was still great need of improvement in manners and customs. In the northern countries, the use of snuffers was not comprehended for centuries afterwards. King Gustavus Adolphus replied to one of his officers, who declared "that he never knew what fear was," "Then you never snuffed a candle," meaning, with his fingers. The delicate way of trimming the duke of Holstein's candles forms a laughable page in Raumer's collections; and even in the beginning of the present century, a Swedish officer, dining at an English gentleman's table, seized the snuffers, and, after curiously examining them, snuffed the candles with his fingers, and carefully gathering up the snuff, shut it in the snuffers, commending the cleanliness of the English in providing such a receptacle.

the season, a lord of misrule, one John Thurgood, was appointed to "make mirth for herself and household, with morrice dancers, masks, carillons, and hobby horses." After Christmas, she crossed the Thames to Windsor, and there received her new year's gifts:—from the king, a standing cup of silver gilt, filled with coin; from Cardinal Wolsey, a gold salt set with pearls; and from her aunt, princess Katharine, a gold cross.

The princess made her Candlemas offering that year at Hanworth, and thence proceeded to Richmond, where her mother, the queen, sent her barge to convey her to Greenwich. The same month she stood godmother to the infant daughter of sir William Compton, to whom she gave the name of Mary; at the baptism, the lady-mistress, Margaret Bryan, distributed 33*s.* to the attendants. This office of standing godmother made a pleasing impression on the memory of the princess of five years old, since it was often reiterated; she must have stood godmother to more than a hundred children.

More than one negotiation had been in agitation for the marriage of the young princess with the dauphin, heir to Francis I., while she was yet in her cradle; but neither Henry VIII. nor Francis I. appear to have been sincere in their intentions. In the summer of 1522 she was brought to Greenwich, where the queen her mother, holding her by the hand at the hall-door of the palace, there introduced her to the emperor Charles V., on his landing with king Henry from his barge at the water-stairs. It was the wish of queen Katharine's heart that this great emperor, her nephew, might become her son-in-law, and all the political arrangements between him and her husband seemed to favour that wish. The emperor, who was then a young man, in his twenty-third year, came expressly to England for betrothal to his cousin Mary, a child of six years old. He passed five

weeks in England; so the little princess became well acquainted with him, and learned, young as she was, to consider herself as his empress.

By a solemn matrimonial treaty, signed at Windsor, the emperor engaged to marry the princess Mary when she attained her twelfth year; he was in the meantime exceedingly desirous that she should be sent to Spain, that she might be educated as his wife. But the doting affection of her parents could not endure the separation. The emperor's visit caused the expenditure of the princess's establishment to amount to the great sum of 1139*l.* 6*s.* 1½*d.* The care of Mary's excellent mother was now sedulously directed to give her child an education that would render her a fitting companion to the greatest sovereign of modern history, not only in regard to extent of dominions, but in character and attainments. To Dr. Linacre, the learned physician, who had formerly been one of prince Arthur's tutors,[1] was entrusted the care of the princess Mary's health, and some part of her instruction in Latin, the queen her mother (as appears by her own written testimony) often examining her translations and reading with her. Linacre died when the princess was but eight years of age, having first written a Latin grammar for her use. It was dedicated to her, and he speaks with praise of her docility and love of learning at that tender age. The copy belonging to the princess is now in the British Museum.

Queen Katharine requested Ludovicus Vives, a Spaniard of deep learning, who was called by his contemporaries the second Quintillian, to draw up a code of instructions for the education of Mary. He sent a treatise in Latin, dedicated to the queen, from Bruges, and afterwards came to England, and at Oxford revised

[1] Biographia Britannica. Linacre dedicated to his royal pupil one of his grammatical works.

and improved it. He thus addresses Katharine of Arragon :—" Govern by these my monitions Maria thy daughter, and she will be formed by them; she will resemble thy domestic example of probity and wisdom, and, except all human expectations fail, holy and good will she be by necessity."[1]

Vives points out with exultation the daughters of sir Thomas More as glorious examples of the effects of a learned and virtuous female education. His rules are rigid: he implores that the young princess may read no idle books of chivalry or romance. He defies and renounces such compositions in Spanish as " Amadis de Gaul," " Tirante the White," and others burnt by the curate, in " Don Quixote." He abjures " Lancelot de Lac," " Paris et Vienne," " Pierre Provençal," and "Margalone and the Fairy Melusina." In Flemish, he denounces " Florice and Blanche," and " Pyramus and Thisbe." All these, and such as these, he classes as *libri pestiferi*,[2] corrupting to the morals of females. In their place he desires that the young princess Mary may read the Gospels night and morning, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, selected portions of the Old Testament, and the works of Cyprian, Jerome, Augustine, and Ambrose; likewise Plato, Cicero, Seneca's Maxims, Plutarch's Enchiridion, the Paraphrase of Erasmus, and the " Utopia" of sir Thomas More. Among the works of classic poets he admitted the " Pharsalia" of Lucan, the tragedies of Seneca, with *selected* portions of Horace. He deemed cards, dice, and splendid dress, as pestiferous as romances. He gave rules for her pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and

[1] Dated April 5, 1523. Bruges. Sir F. Madden's Introductory Memoir of Mary, p. cxxi.

[2] Sir Frederick Madden's Privy Purse Expenses of Mary. Introductory Memoir, p. xxxi.

advised that lessons from these languages should be committed to memory every day, and read over two or three times before the pupil went to bed. He recommended that the princess should render English into Latin frequently, and likewise that she should converse with her preceptor in that language. Her Latin dictionary was to be either Perotti or Colepin. He permitted some stories for her recreation, but they were all to be purely historical, sacred, or classic. He instanced the narrative of Joseph and his brethren in the Scriptures, that of Papyrus in Aulus Gellius, and Lucretia in Livy. The well-known tale of "Griselda" is the only exception to his general exclusion of fiction, and that perhaps he took for fact. It is a curious coincidence that Griselda was afterwards considered in England as the prototype of queen Katharine.

The young princess was certainly educated according to the rigorous directions of Vives, and she is an historical example of the noxious effect that over-education has at a very tender age. Her precocious studies probably laid the foundation for her melancholy temperament and delicate health.

The emperor Charles continued extremely desirous that the princess should be sent to Spain for education; a wish Henry VIII. parried by declaring that she should, while in England, be brought up, and entirely trained, as a Spanish lady; and that she should be even accustomed to wear the national dress of the country whose queen she was expected to be. For this purpose he sent envoys to consult Margaret, Regent of Flanders, regarding materials and patterns proper for Spanish costume.

"As to the education of the princess Mary," said Henry VIII., "if the emperor should search all Christendom for a mistress to bring her up and frame her

after the manner of Spain, who could be found more meet than the queen's grace, her mother?—who comes of the royal house of Spain, and who for the affection she beareth to the emperor will nurture her, and bring her up to his satisfaction. But the noble person of the young princess is not meet as yet to bear the pains of the sea, nor strong enough to be transported into the air of another country."[1]

In the course of the summer of 1525, when this correspondence took place, rumours reached the court of England that the emperor meant to forsake the princess Mary, and was privately engaged to Isabel of Portugal. This was probably the first sorrow experienced by Mary, who was observed to grow pale with apprehension and jealousy when the change of the emperor's intentions was discussed. The little creature had been persuaded by her maids that she was in love with Charles V., for about this time she sent a pretty message to him through her father's ambassadors resident in Spain. Cardinal Wolsey thus communicated it in a letter addressed to them, dated April 7, 1525:—"I send you herewith an emerald, which my lady princess Mary sendeth to the emperor, with her most cordial and humble commendations to him. You, at the delivery of the same, shall say, 'that her grace hath devised this token for a better knowledge to be had (when God shall send them grace to be together) whether his majesty doth keep constant and continent to her, as with God's grace she will to him.' Whereby you may add, that her assured love towards his majesty hath already raised such passion in her that it is confirmed by jealousy, which is one of the greatest signs and tokens of love."[2] The emerald, whose

[1] Hall.

[2] Wolsey's correspondence with Tunstal and Wingfield, MS. Cotton. Vesp., C. iii., fol. 49 to fol. 162, from March to July, 1525.

colour was the symbol of constancy, sent by young Mary, would, it was imagined, fade and pale its brilliant green, if the heart of the betrothed swerved from the affianced lady. Thus, in that time of transition from the chivalric to the political era, did the fond ideality of the minstrel and the troubadour (with which the heads of the maids and pages of honour who waited around the little heiress were teeming) find its way into the dispatches of the statesman; ay, and would have had influence, too, had the betrothed princess been taller and older. As it was, the emperor stuck the emerald ring on his little finger as far as it would go, and bade the English ambassadors say "he would wear it for the sake of the princess," asking many questions regarding her health, learning, and appearance; to which the ambassadors answered by zealously descanting upon the "manifold seeds of virtues that were in her grace."

Even at this very time Charles V. was burning with indignation at private intelligence which had reached him that Henry VIII. meditated a divorce from queen Katharine, and the consequent disinheriting of her daughter. In the course of the same year, Charles broke his contract of betrothal with Mary, and wedded the beautiful Isabel of Portugal. It appears he justified his conduct by a letter full of reproaches to Henry VIII., for his sinister intentions in respect to Mary. Henry took great pains to shew him in what a different light he ostensibly regarded his only child; for Mary, if not actually declared princess of Wales, as some authors have affirmed, actually received honours and distinctions which have never, either before or since, been offered to any one but the heir apparent of England. A court was formed for her at Ludlow Castle, on a grander scale than those established either for her uncle Arthur or Edward

of York, both acknowledged princes of Wales, and heirs apparent of England.[1]

The officers and nobles who composed the princess Mary's court at Ludlow were employed likewise in superintending the newly-formed legislature of Wales, the natives of the principality being at last, by the tardy gratitude of the Tudors, admitted to participation in the privileges of English subjects. The Welsh had been long discontented with the absence of the royal family from any part of their territory, and this sojourn of the heiress of England was intended to conciliate their affections and sanction the new laws. Sir John Dudley (whose ambition afterwards made him so prominent a character as earl of Warwick, and duke of Northumberland, in the next reign,) was appointed chamberlain to the princess Mary at her new court. Thomas Audley, afterwards lord chancellor, and John Russell, were members of her council. The countess of Salisbury resided with her, as she had done from her birth, as head of her establishment and state governess, an office always filled till the time of James I. by a lady of the blood royal. The princess had besides no less than thirteen ladies of honour, and a crowd of lower functionaries, whose united salaries amounted to £741 13*s.* 9*d.*[2]

[1] Burnet, and many English authors, who, however, use mere general terms, without entering into documents. We translate the following passage from Pollino:—

"She was," says this author, "declared rightful heir of the realm by the king her father, and princess of Wales, which was the usual title of the king of England's eldest son. She likewise governed that province, according to the custom of the male heir." The Italian then carefully explains that the princes of Wales were in the same position, in regard to the English crown, as the dauphins were to that of France. Pollino must have had good documentary evidence, since he describes Mary's court and council (which he calls a senate) exactly as if the privy council books had been open to him. He says four bishops were attached to this court.

[2] To the deep research of Sir Frederic Madden is the public indebted for any particulars of Mary's sojourn in this ancient demesne of the English heirs-apparent. See, for many curious antiquarian particulars, Privy Purse Expenses of Mary, p. xxxix., by Sir F. Madden.

Mary took leave of her parents at the palace of Langley, in Hertfordshire, in September, 1525, previously to her departure for Ludlow Castle. Dr. Sampson gives a pleasing description of her person and qualities at this epoch. "My lady princess," he says, in a letter to Wolsey, "came hither on Saturday; surely, sir, of her age, as goodly a child as ever I have seen, and of as good gesture and countenance. Few persons of her age blend sweetness better with seriousness, or quickness with deference; she is at the same time joyous and decorous in manners." In fact, contemporaries and all portraiture represent Mary at this period of her life as a lovely child. But if human ingenuity had been taxed to the utmost in order to contrive the most cruel contrast between her present and future prospects, it could not have been more thoroughly effected than by first placing her in vice regal-pomp and state, as princess of Wales, at Ludlow Castle, and then afterwards blighting her young mind by hurling her undeservedly into poverty and contempt. It was exceedingly probable that Henry meant fraudulently to force a high alliance for Mary before he disinherited her, and therefore took the deceitful step of placing her in a station which had never been occupied, excepting by an heir apparent of England. It was in her court at Ludlow Castle that Mary first practised to play the part of queen, a lesson she was soon compelled to unlearn, with the bitterest insults. Her education at the same time went steadily on with great assiduity. Fresh instructions were given to her council regarding her tuition when she parted from her royal parents; they emanated from the maternal tenderness and good sense of queen Katharine, whose earnest wish was evidently to render her daughter healthy and cheerful, as well as learned and accomplished.

"First, above all other things, the countess of Salisbury, being lady-governess, shall, according to the singular confidence that the king's highness hath in her, give most tender regard to all that concerns the person of said princess, her honourable education and training in virtuous demeanour; that is to say, to serve God, from whom all grace and goodness proceedeth. Likewise, at seasons convenient, to use moderate exercise, taking open air in gardens, sweet and wholesome places, and walks, (which may conduce unto her health, solace, and comfort,) as by the said lady governess shall be thought most convenient. And likewise to pass her time most seasons at her virginals, or other musical instruments, so that the same be not *too much*, and without *fatigacion* or weariness, to attend to her learning of Latin-tongue and French. At other seasons to dance, and among the rest to have good respect to her diet, which is *meet* (proper) to be pure, well prepared, dressed, and served with comfortable, joyous, and merry communication, in all honourable and virtuous manner. Likewise, the cleanliness and well wearing of her garments and apparel, both of her chamber and person, so that everything about her be pure, sweet, clean, and wholesome, as to so great a princess doth appertain; all corruptions, evil airs, and things noisome and unpleasant, to be eschewed."[1] With these instructions, the princess Mary and her court departed for Ludlow, which Leland describes as a "fair manor place, standing in a goodly park, west of the town of Bewdley, on the very knob of the hill;" he adds, "the castle was built by Henry VII., for his son prince Arthur." It was probably repaired and decorated, but the castle was pre-

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitellius, C., fol. 24. In sir F. Madden's Privy Purse Expenses, Introductory Memoir, this document may be seen in the original orthography, p. xli.

viously the grand feudal seat of the Mortimers, as lords of the marches; Richard, duke of York, as heir of those semi-royal chiefs, resided there, and the young prince of Wales, afterwards the unfortunate Edward V., was educated and kept his court there, as heir apparent of England, for some years previous to the death of his father, Edward IV.

As a great concourse of people was expected at Ludlow Castle during the Christmas festivities, for the purpose of paying respect to the princess, her council thought it requisite that she should "keep Christmas with princely cheer;" they therefore wrote to the cardinal, intimating the articles requisite for use of their young mistress's household. A silver ship, or rather a boat, for an alms-dish, and silver spice plates, were among these requests; they wanted trumpets and a rebeck, and hinted a wish for the appointment of a lord of misrule, and some provision for interludes, disguisings, and plays at the feast, and for the banquet at Twelfth night.

The residence of Mary at Ludlow lasted about eighteen months, varied with occasional visits to Tickenhill, and to the magnificent unfinished palace of the unfortunate duke of Buckingham, at Thornbury, lately seized by the king; her education meantime proceeded rapidly. Lord Morley, one of the literary nobles of that day, thus alludes to Mary's attainments in a preface to his translation of the "New Year's Angelical Salutation," one of his works presented to her some years afterwards, when her changed fortune had wholly silenced the voice of flattery:—

"I do well remember," says Lord Morley, addressing the princess, "that scant had ye come to twelve years of age, but ye were so rife in the Latin tongue, that *rathe* (rarely) doth happen to the women-sex; that your grace

not only could perfectly read, write, and construe Latin, but furthermore translate any hard thing of the Latin into our English tongue; and among other your virtuous occupations, I have seen one prayer of your doing of St. Thomas Aquine,[1] that I do assure your grace is so well done, so near to the Latin, that when I look upon it (as I have one the examplar of it) I have not only marvel at the doing of it, but farther, for the *well*-doing of it. I have *set it* (copied it) in my books, as also in my poor wife's (probably her prayer-book) and my children, to give them occasion to remember to pray for your grace."

Mary's translation, thus described by her friend, is as follows:—

"The prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, translated out of Latin into English by the most excellent *princess* Mary, daughter to the most high and mighty prince and princess king Henry 8th and *queen Katharine his wife.*[2] In the year of our Lord God 1527, and the eleventh of her age:—[3]

"O merciful God, grant me to covet with an ardent mind those things which may please thee, to search them wisely, to know them truly, and to fulfil them perfectly to the laud and glory of thy name. Order my living that I may do that which thou requirest of me, and give me grace that I may know it, and have wit and power to do it, and that I may obtain those things which be most convenient for my soul. Good Lord, make my way sure and straight to thee, that I fail not between prosperity and adversity, but that in prosperous things I may give thee thanks, and in adversity be patient, so that I be not lift up with the one nor oppressed with the other, and that I may rejoice in nothing but in that which moveth me to thee, nor be sorry for nothing but for those which draweth me from thee. Desiring to please nobody, nor fearing

[1] Sir F. Madden's Privy Purse Expenses of Mary, p. clxxiii.

[2] The words in italics have been crossed out of the manuscript at a time (doubtless) when it was treason to call Mary princess, or her mother, queen.

[3] Sir F. Madden's Privy Purse Expenses of Mary; this translation being edited by him from Mary's missal, now in the possession of George Wilkinson, of Tottenham Green. It has been formerly alluded to in the fourth volume of this work, as containing autographs of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, the princess Mary and her mother.

to displease any besides thee. Lord, let all worldly things be vile to me for thee, and that all thy things be dear to me, and thou, good Lord, most specially above them all. Let me be weary with that joy which is without thee, and let me desire nothing beside thee. Let the labour delight me which is for thee, and let all rest weary me which is not in thee. Make me to lift my heart ofttimes to thee, and when I fall, make me to think and be sorry with a steadfast purpose of amendment. My God, make me humble without feigning; merry without *lightness* (levity); *sad* (reflective) without mistrust; *sober* (steady) without dulness; fearing without despair; gentle without doubleness; trustful in thee without presumption; telling my neighbours (of their) faults without mocking; obedient without arguing; patient without grudging; and pure without corruption. My most loving Lord and God, give me a waking heart, that no curious thought withdraw me from thee. Let it be so strong that no unworthy affection draw me backward; so stable that no tribulation break it; and so free that no election, by violence, make any challenge to it. My Lord God, grant me wit to know thee; diligence to seek thee; wisdom to find thee; conversation to please thee; *continuance* (constancy) to look for thee; and, finally, hope to embrace thee; by thy penance here to be punished, and in our way to use thy benefits by thy grace; and in heaven, through thy glory, to have delight in thy joys and rewards. Amen."

There is a childlike simplicity in this translation; at the same time, the perspicuity apparent in the construction proves that Mary had the command of her own language as well as the knowledge of it—points which do not always meet with proper attention in a classical education.

In her missal, from which this early performance is drawn, the young princess has added: "I have read, that nobody liveth as he should do but he that followeth virtue, and I, reckoning you to be one of them, I pray you to remember me in your devotions.—MARYE, *child of K . . . . .*"

The princess has added, "child of king Henry and queen Katharine;" but as such a sentence, in succeeding years, rendered the person in whose hand it was written liable to the pains and penalties of high treason, all the words but those in italics were subsequently obliterated.

While the princess still resided at Ludlow Castle, Henry VIII. made a desperate attempt to marry her to Francis I., with the intention of revenging himself on the emperor Charles, and, perhaps, of removing his daughter out of his way before he dismissed her mother.

The king of France was under engagements to marry the emperor's sister, Eleanora of Austria, widow of Emanuel the Great, king of Portugal. Wolsey, who could not bear this close alliance between France and Spain, prevailed on his royal master to send Dr. Clerke to Louise, duchess of Savoy, the mother of Francis, for the purpose of proposing a marriage between him and Mary,[1] the then acknowledged heiress of England—an unsuitable marriage, for the princess was, in 1526, but eleven years of age. The marriage with Eleanora had been one of the conditions of Francis's liberation from his captivity, but it now seemed doubtful whether Charles would trust his enemy with an amiable sister, whom he loved so entirely. While the matter was uncertain, Dr. Clerke beset the duchess Louise with panegyric on the young Mary's beauty and docility. "Howbeit," (he says in his dispatch,) "I observed that madame Eleanora was now of the age of thirty, and peradventure there should not be found in her so much good-nature and humility as in my lady princess (Mary), whom now at her age, and after her education, she might bring up, fashion, forge, and make of her whatever she would, assuring her that my said lady princess would be as loving, lowly, and humble to her, as to her own father." The lady duchess then held up her hands, and with tears declared, "that I said truth;" adding—"that if it should be my lady princess's chance to be queen of France, she would be as loving again to her as to her own son Francis I." Louise made the more rational proposal of a union be-

[1] MS. Cotton. Caligula. D. ix., p. 256.

tween her second grandson, Henry, duke of Orleans, and the young English princess; but this did not answer Wolsey's purpose, which was to break a family league between Francis and the emperor. The bishop then sought Francis I. himself, to whom he descanted, in terms of great hyperbole, on the girlish beauties of Mary, calling her "the pearl of the world, and the jewel her father esteemed more than anything on earth." Francis affirmed that he had wished to espouse her before he left France. "Sir," responded the bishop, "whereat stick ye, then? for she is of that beauty and virtue——" Here Francis interrupted him, being, perhaps, impatient at hearing all this incongruous flattery regarding a small child; his words, though couched in a similar strain, have the semblance of satire—"I pray you," said the king, "repeat unto me none of these matters. I know well her education, her form and her fashion, her beauty and her virtue, and what father and mother she cometh of. I have as great a mind to marry her as ever I had to any woman;" and then he declared—"he had promised Eleanora, and was not free without she refused first." This strange negotiation ended with the king's mother informing the English ambassador "that news had arrived of queen Eleanora having laid aside her widow's weeds, and therefore it was evident she looked upon herself as the future queen of France." Francis I., though by no means anxious to espouse a bride of eleven years old, seemed really desirous of receiving Mary as his daughter-in-law, and at various periods of his life endeavoured to match her with his son Henry, duke of Orleans. It was in the course of one of these negotiations, which took place in the succeeding spring of 1527, that (as it was affirmed by Henry VIII. and Wolsey) doubts of the legitimacy of Mary were first started.[1]

[1] See Life of Katharine of Arragon, vol. iv.

The precise time of the withdrawal of the princess Mary from her court at Ludlow Castle is not defined; it was probably to receive the French ambassadors, who had arrived for the purpose of negotiating her marriage with the second son of France. Many notices exist of her participation in the giddy revelry of her father's court. Among others, occur the following curious verses, quoted here, not for any poetical merit they possess, but for their historical[1] allusions. They were evidently penned by some courtly adulator, who witnessed a ball, at which Mary danced with her royal father; and strange must have been the contrast presented between his colossal figure and her petite and fragile form:—

"Ravished I was, that well was me,
O Lord! to me so *fain* (willing),
To see that sight that I did see
I long full sore again.

"I saw a king and a princess
Dancing before my face,
Most like a god and a goddess,
(I pray Christ save their grace!)

"This king to see whom we have sung,
His virtues be right much,
But this princess, being so young,
There can be found none such.

"So *facund* fair she is to see,
Like to her is none of her age,
Withouten grace it cannot be
So young to be so sage.

"This king to see with his fair flower,
The mother[2] *standing by,*
It doth me good, yet at this hour,
On them when that think I.

[1] From MS. Ashmole, 176, edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq., in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. i., p. 258, from which valuable work this extract is made.

[2] Katharine of Arragon.

"I pray Christ, save father and mother,
And this young lady fair,
And send her shortly a brother
To be England's *right* heir."

The tenour of these lines plainly indicate that they were composed at a period when Katharine of Arragon was still the undoubted queen, presiding at the regal festival; yet that the lamentations of Henry for a son "to be England's right heir," on which he founded his grand plea for the divorce, were beginning to be re-echoed by his flatterers.

But the princess appeared soon after, not only as the partner of her royal sire in the stately pavon, (or minuet, of that era,) but as a dancer in court ballets, and a performer in comedies—no slight infringement of the rigid rules prescribed for her education by Ludovicus Vives. She seems, nevertheless, to have passed through the trials of this early introduction to display and dissipation, without incurring the least blame for levity of conduct; on the contrary, all parties joined in praising the simplicity and purity of her manners and pursuits. Among these commendations is one, according to the bias of the times, which will appear no particular excellency in modern estimation; for instance, she is praised for dressing on the Easter festival, according to the old usages of England, in the very best apparel she had, in order that she might shew her gladness at receiving the sacrament. This is a curious illustration of the national custom still existing among the lower classes, who scrupulously wear their best clothes on Easter day, and, if possible, purchase some new apparel.[1]

The practice of royal personages exhibiting themselves in the costume of stage-players had been hitherto unex-

[1] Not for the sake, sad to say, of approaching the table of our Lord. That custom can scarcely now be considered a national one, being nearly confined to the middle classes.

ampled, excepting by Henry VIII.,[1] and the most profligate of the Roman emperors. Nor was the coarse mind of Henry satisfied without the females of his family followed his example. His beautiful sister Mary, when she first appeared in one of these pantomimic ballets, wore a black crape mask as an Ethiopian princess; she soon became emboldened, and freely took her part as a dancer in the court balls and pageants. Still it was strange that the king should wish a girl, young as his daughter, thus to challenge the gaze of strangers. She appeared before the French ambassadors, at Greenwich Palace, in the spring of 1527, with five of her ladies disguised in Icelandic dresses, and with six lords, in the costume of the same country, "daunced lustily about the hall." At another banquet and mask, before the same ambassadors, in May, the princess Mary issued out of a cave, with her seven ladies, all apparelled after the Roman fashion, in rich cloth of gold and crimson tinsel *bendy;* that is, the dresses were striped in a slanting direction—a Roman fashion that may vainly be sought in classic remains. Their hair was wrapped in cawls of gold, with bonnets of crimson velvet on their heads, set full of pearls, and precious stones. Mary and her seven ladies then danced a ballet with eight lords. Some scenic effect was evidently attempted in this performance. The princess is said likewise to have acted a part in one of Terence's comedies, in the original Latin, for the enter-

[1] The sole exception to this assertion was the fact that Charles VI. of France and some of his courtiers went to a court ball in the disguise of *salvage* men. The surprise at the king's disguise occasioned a fatal accident, and it seems the whole scheme was an insane frolic, unauthorized by any precedent. King René, the father of Margaret of Anjou, wrote operas and songs, and planned ballets; he did not, however, act in them. Henry VIII. certainly established the precedent, afterwards so amply followed in England, France, and Italy, of royal and noble personages taking part in plays and pantomimic ballets. This continued till the verses of Racine, in Britannicus, on the stage-playing of Nero, were taken by Louis XIV. as a suitable reproof for this practice.

tainment of the French ambassadors, at Hampton Court. Mary was but in her twelfth year at this epoch, from which the commencement of her misfortunes may be dated; for a few weeks afterwards, her mother's divorce became matter of public discussion. Just at this time, May 21, 1527, was born at Valladolid, Philip, afterwards the second of Spain, son of the emperor Charles V. and Isabel of Portugal, who afterwards became the husband of the princess Mary.

Henry VIII., during the protracted discussion of the divorce, was at times extremely embarrassed by his affection for Mary and her claims on his paternity. Sometimes he bestowed profuse caresses on her in public; and at the first movement of the divorce, gave out that the inquiry was only made to settle her claims permanently to the succession. The princess, meantime, remained near her parents, in possession of the same state and distinction she had enjoyed since her birth. Henry thus mentions his daughter in one of his speeches, regarding the divorce from her mother. "Although," says he, "we have had the lady Mary, singular both in beauty and shape, by the most noble lady Katharine, yet that marriage cannot be legitimate which gives us such pain and torment of conscience." The jealous disposition of Henry was probably soon inflamed into rancour when he found, in the course of the dispute, that his daughter took part with her mother, and was, moreover, the idol of his people, who declared, on all occasions, "that king Henry might marry whom he would, yet they would acknowledge no successor to the crown but the husband of the lady Mary."[1] Wolsey was hated furiously throughout England, because he was supposed to be the originator of the divorce; and one of the popular rhymes

[1] Hall.

of the day thus sets forth public indignation at the wrongs of the people's darling :—

"Yea, a princess whom to describe
It were hard for an orator,
She is but a child in age,
And yet she is both wise and sage—
And beautiful in favour.

"Perfectly doth she represent
The singular graces excellent
Both of her father and mother.
Howbeit, this disregarding,
The *carter* of York[1] is meddling
For to divorce them asunder."

It has been asserted by all contemporaries, that queen Katharine at one time of her life cherished an ardent desire that her daughter Mary should be united in marriage with Reginald Pole, son of the countess of Salisbury, the noble kinswoman who had constantly resided with the young princess. All the biographers of Reginald Pole declare that Mary manifested the greatest partiality to him from her earliest childhood. This might have been ; yet the difference of their ages, Reginald being born in 1500, was too great for any partiality to have subsisted between them in early life as lovers. While there was hope of her daughter becoming the wife of the emperor, it was not probable that queen Katharine, who loved her nephew exceedingly, could have wished her to marry Reginald Pole. But when Reginald returned to England at the same time that the imperial match was broken off, and appeared in her court in his twenty-fifth year, possessing the highest cultivation of mind, the grandest person and features, of that perfect mould of beauty which revived the memory of

[1] Wolsey was archbishop of York. The lines are by a protestant, John Roy.

the heroic Plantagenets, his ancestors,[1] it is possible that the wise queen, weighing the disadvantages of wedlock with a foreign monarch, might wish her Mary united to such a protector. The match would have been highly popular among the English, as the national love for the memory of the Plantagenet kings was only equalled by the intense national jealousy of foreign alliances, besides which, the personal qualities of Reginald rendered him the pride of his country. He had, however, a mistrust of the atmosphere of the English court, as portentous of storm and change; he reminded his royal relatives that he had been educated for the church, and withdrew himself into the seclusion of the Carthusian convent of Sion. Here Reginald abstracted himself from the world by sedulous attention to books, but it was observed that he neither took priest's orders nor monastic vows.

While the perplexities of the divorce engrossed public attention, few notices occur of the princess Mary, excepting that the queen was occasionally threatened with separation from her child, a proof that their intercourse continued. Both the queen and princess were with the king at Tittenhanger[2] during the prevalence of the plague called the Sweating Sickness, in 1528. At the ensuing Christmas, the king gave his daughter "£20 to disport her with." At Ampthill, one of her servants "received for her use £10 to make pastime withal."

She seems to have spent the year 1530 entirely with her mother, for Hall occasionally mentions her at Greenwich, particularly at the close of the year, when he says,

[1] The portrait of Cardinal Pole singularly resembles the most beautiful portraits of Edward III., his ancestor, and the best pictures of Edward IV., his great uncle. Michael Angelo has drawn his portrait in the grand painting of The Raising of Lazarus, as the Saviour. This work, which is the joint performance of Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo, is in the National Gallery.

[2] A country house of the abbot of St. Albans, already wrested from him by the king.

speaking of Henry's disappointment at finding himself still remaining the husband of Katharine of Arragon—"The king sore lamented his chance; he made no mirth or pastime, as he was wont to do, yet he dined with and resorted to the queen as accustomed; he *minished* nothing of her estate, and much loved and cherished their daughter, the lady Mary."[1] These words afford proof that the establishment and royal routine of the mother and daughter continued the same as formerly. Lady Salisbury likewise retained her office, and Reginald Pole, her son, who had, with a single exception of an honourable mission to Paris, been resident in England for five years, must have had frequent opportunities of seeing the princess on account of his mother's residence with her, and her near relationship to the royal family. Mary was now a very lovely girl, in her fifteenth year; she manifested the greatest partiality to her noble and accomplished kinsman—whether as friend or lover, it is scarcely possible to say. But history having linked together the names of Mary Tudor and Reginald Pole, by hints that matrimonial alliance was at a later time projected between them, their locality at this momentous period of their career becomes an interesting point of biography.

Henry VIII. was very anxious to gain the sanction of the noble-minded Reginald to his pending divorce. When greatly urged to give his opinion on that head, and to accept of the archbishopric of York, rendered vacant by the death of Wolsey, Reginald, by letter,[2] firmly and respectfully declined this great advancement,

[1] Hall, 780.

[2] This letter was the first of the celebrated series of controversial letters and essays written by Reginald Pole, and often quoted by historians. It was, of course, different in tone to those written after his aged mother had been hacked to pieces on the scaffold, his brother put to death on slight pretext, and his whole house desolated.

adding many arguments against the divorce of Katharine and the degradation of her daughter. Henry was incensed; he called the disinterested advocate before him in the stately gallery of Whitehall Palace,[1] to account for this opposition. Reginald, who at that time loved the king ardently, could not speak for emotion, and his words, so celebrated for their impassioned eloquence, were stifled in a gush of tears; yet his broken sentences proved that he was firm in his principles and manly in his defence of the helpless queen and her daughter. Henry frowned, and his hand often sought the hilt of his dagger; but if his kinsman did not yield to affection or interest, there was little chance of a scion of the Plantagenets bending to fear. Henry left Reginald weeping, and vented his temper by threats to his brother, lord Montague—threats which long after were fatally verified. Reginald's brothers loaded him with reproaches, yet he appears to have convinced them that he was right; for Montague, his elder brother, undertook a message of explanation to the king, who had rather taken the contents of the letter which had displeased him from the report of the duke of Norfolk than from his own perusal. Meantime, Henry had conquered his passion, for he was as yet a novice in injustice and cruelty. He examined the letter, and after walking up and down thoughtfully for some time, turned to his kinsman, lord Montague, and said, "Your brother has rightly guessed my disposition; he has given me such good reasons for his conduct, that I am under the necessity of taking all he has said in good part; and could he but gain on himself to approve of my divorce from the queen, no one would be dearer to me."[2]

[1] Whitehall Palace was thus called, after the death of Wolsey. It formerly bore the name of York Place, and was from this time the favourite residence of the royal family.

[2] This scene is related by both Pole's secretaries, and by himself in his

At this period, no separation had taken place of the English church from Rome, and the divorce cause remained wholly undecided, therefore no religious prejudices were at issue in the bosom of Reginald Pole; it was as yet a simple matter of right or wrong between a husband, wife, and child, and when his opinion was demanded, and not till then, Reginald, the near kinsman of the husband and child, honestly declared what he thought of the justice of the case. If his defence of the oppressed made a powerful impression on the oppressor, what must it have done on the minds of those whose cause he pleaded?

The queen, from the commencement of her troubles, had often recurred to the unjust sentence on Reginald Pole's uncle, the last of the Plantagenets. She said, "that she saw the judgment of God in her afflictions, for a marriage founded in murder was not likely to prosper." She knew that her father, king Ferdinand, had refused the English alliance till Warwick was executed.[1] The conscientious queen had endeavoured to make reparation by the friendship she ever shewed to Warwick's sister, the countess of Salisbury, and the affection she cultivated between her daughter Mary and the children of the countess. At one period of her life (and this may naturally be deemed the time) Katharine was heard to express a wish that Mary might marry a son of lady Salisbury, in order to atone for the wrong done to the earl of Warwick, whose property was taken as well as his life.[2] Reginald Pole used no surreptitious means to realize a wish so flattering to ambition. When

letters. Sanders has likewise detailed it. Burnet rejected it as a romantic fiction of his own inventing; but as it is related by Pole himself it enforces belief. When a man sacrifices all worldly advantage rather than flatter injustice, his word becomes sacred to posterity.

[1] Hall. Life of Cardinal Pole.

[2] This is evident from the State Papers and Lodge's Illustrations, which prove that Warwick Castle was crown property in the reign of Edward VI.

A PUBLIC LIBRARIES

the young princess was sixteen, he withdrew from England, finding that his principles could not accord with the measures of the king. Yet it was long supposed that his reluctance to take priest's orders arose from a lingering hope that the wishes of queen Katharine might one day be fulfilled.

An utter silence is maintained, alike in public history and state documents, regarding that agonizing moment when the princess Mary was reft from the arms of her unfortunate mother to behold her no more. No witness has told the parting, no pen has described it; but sad and dolorous it certainly was to the hapless girl, even to the destruction of health.[1] In the same month that Henry VIII. and queen Katharine finally parted, Mary had been ill, for a payment is made by her father to Dr. Bartelot, of £20, in reward for giving her his attendance. Another long sickness afflicted the princess the succeeding March, when the king again gave a large sum to the physician for restoring his daughter. Mary's sorrow had thus cast an early blight on her constitution, which she never wholly recovered. But her troubles had not yet reached their climax; for lady Salisbury, the friend, next her mother, dear to her heart, still resided with her. This fact is evident from the letter[2] written by queen Katharine, in which the recent illness of Mary is mentioned, and at the conclusion a kind message is sent to lady Salisbury. In this letter, Katharine endeavoured, with great sweetness, to reconcile the princess Mary to the loss of the Latin lessons she used to give her, by commendations of the superior ability of her tutor, Dr. Fetherston, (who, it is evident, still retained his post.) At the same time, she requested occasionally to inspect

[1] Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII., pp. 146, 202.

[2] See Life of Katharine of Arragon, vol. iv., where the whole letter is cited.

her daughter's Latin exercises. The queen's letter concluded with expressions of tender regret at her separation from the king and her daughter, but without a word of angry complaint at the cause, which she wisely knew would irritate and agonize the mind of her child. Woburn is the date which marks the time as during the queen's residence at the palace of Ampthill, close to that abbey.

The succeeding year brought many trials to the unfortunate mother and daughter, who were still cruelly kept from the society of each other. The king proclaimed his marriage with Anne Boleyn. Cranmer pronounced the marriage of queen Katharine invalid; and the coronation of the rival queen took place. Another letter, written by Katharine of Arragon to her daughter, occurs without date of time or place, which we conjecture to have been written at Bugden, 1533, about the middle of August:—

"Daughter, I heard such tidings this day, that I do perceive (if it be true) the time is very near when Almighty God will provide for you, and I am very glad of it; for I trust that he doth handle you with a good love. I beseech you agree to his pleasure with a *merry* (cheerful) heart, and be you sure that without fail *he* will not suffer you to perish if you beware to offend him.

"I pray God that you, good daughter, offer yourself to him. If any pangs come over you, shrive yourself, first make you clean; take heed of his commandments, and keep them as near, as he will give you grace to do, for there are you sure armed.

"And if *this lady* do come to you as it is spoken, if *she* do bring you a letter from the king, I am sure in the self same letter you will be commanded what to do. Answer with very few words, obeying the king your father in everything—save only that you will not offend God, and lose your soul—and go no further with learning and disputation in the matter. And wheresoever, and in whatsoever company you shall come, obey the king's commandments, speak few words, and meddle nothing.

"I will send you two books in Latin; one shall be, De Vita Christi, with the declarations of the gospels; and the other, the Epistles of St. Jerome, that he did write to Paula and Eustochium, and in them I trust you will see good things.

"Sometimes for your recreation use your virginals or lute, if you have any. But one thing specially I desire you, for the love you owe to God and unto me, to keep your heart with a chaste mind, and your person from all ill and wanton company, not thinking or desiring of any husband, for Christ's passion; neither determine yourself to any manner of living, until this troublesome time be past. For I do make you sure you shall see a very good end, and better than you can desire.

"I would God, good daughter, that you did know with how good a heart I write this letter unto you. I never did one with a better, for I perceive very well that God loveth you. I beseech him, of his goodness, to continue it.

"I think it best *you keep your keys yourself*, for whosever it is (*that is, whosoever keeps her keys*) shall be done as shall please them.

"And now you shall begin, and by likelihood I shall follow. I set not a rush by it, for when they have done the utmost they can, then I am sure of amendment.

"I pray you recommend me unto my good lady of Salisbury, and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the kingdom of heaven but by troubles. Daughter, *wheresover you come* take no pain to send to me, for if I may, I will send to you.

"By your loving mother,

"KATHARINE THE QUENE."

Hitherto, this letter has been deemed a mystery. It is evidently written with conflicting feelings, under the pressure of present calamity, but with the excitement of recently-awakened hope of better days. The queen has privately heard of some great, but undeclared, benefit to her daughter, which she hints at to cheer her. Meantime she expects that a lady is to summon Mary by a letter from the king, and that she is shortly to be introduced into trying scenes, where the divorce will be discussed, and her opinion demanded. On these points, she disinterestedly and generously exhorts her not to controvert her father's will. The queen expects her daughter to be surrounded by dissipated company, where temptations will sedulously be brought to assail her, against which she guards her. She likewise anticipates that enemies will be near her, and warns her to keep the keys herself, no doubt dreading the introduction of dangerous papers into her escrutoire. Lady Salisbury is

still Mary's protectress; but that venerable lady is in trouble, and looking darkly forward to the future. The kind queen sends her a message of Christian consolation, the efficacy of which she had fully tried.

All that has been considered mysterious in the letter of queen Katharine vanishes before the fact preserved in the pages of the Italian Pollino, who declares that Mary was present at Greenwich Palace, and in the chamber of Anne Boleyn,[1] when Elizabeth was born. Setting aside the religious prejudices of the historian, the simple fact that Mary was there is highly probable.

Till some days subsequent to the birth of Elizabeth, Henry did not disinherit his eldest daughter, lest if anything fatal had happened to queen Anne and her infant, he might have been left without legitimate offspring of any kind. It is very likely that the laws of England required then, as now, the presumptive heir of the kingdom to be present at the expected birth of an heir apparent to the crown. If Katharine of Arragon's letter be read with this light cast on it, how plain does it appear. The good mother endeavoured to fortify her daughter's mind for the difficult situation in which she would find herself in the chamber of Anne Boleyn at the birth of the rival heir. Then the beneficial change in Mary's prospects hinted at by her mother has reference to the recent decree of the pope, (soon after public,) who, in July, 1533, had annulled the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn, and forbade them to live together under pain of excommunication—a sentence which likewise illegitimated their offspring, and confirmed Mary in her royal station. This sentence was published in Sep-

[1] Pollino, Istoria della Ecclesia, p. 7, printed 1594. Burnet likewise says, that Sanders mentions that Mary was present on this occasion. Vol. ii., p. 220, of Records: in the same volume may be seen, in the original orthography, the letter of queen Katharine quoted above.

tember, as near as possible to the birth of Elizabeth; and secret intelligence of this measure had evidently been given to Katharine of Arragon, when she wrote to Mary. She knew that the decision of Rome had previously settled all such controversies; and it was natural enough that she should expect the same result would take place.

It is very clearly to be gathered from the continued narrative of our Italian authority, that Mary did not adhere to the temperate line of conduct her wise mother had prescribed for her. "She was present," says Pollino, "assisting, with the relatives and friends of Anne Boleyn, in the lying-in chamber, when *Lisabetta* (Elizabeth) was born; and there she heard, among the ladies and persons of the court, such secret things relative to the conduct of the mother, as made her declare that she was sure the infant was not her sister." Thus had Mary, with the natural incautiousness of youth, given ear to all the scandals which queen Anne's enemies were whispering on this occasion; and Mary's informants, who were probably her deadliest foes, had repeated to Anne Boleyn and the king any imprudence she, in the excitement of the moment, might utter, or even what she did not utter, but was attributed to her by the gossips with whom she was surrounded. Too often there is an evil propensity in the human heart which finds amusement in the fomentation of dissension where family interests clash. The close observer may see this tendency in active operation among gossiping circles, even where the promoters of strife have not the least selfish end to gain by success in their endeavours. If they would subject themselves to that rigid self-examination which moral justice requires, they would find their satisfaction arose from a certain degree of malignant marvellousness which is gratified in watching the agitation of their victims. In short, they witness a species of *improvisatore* tragedy,

of which they furnish the plot and machinery. If, according to the wise scripture proverb, "a little matter kindleth a great heap," when the tale-bearers of private life are pursuing their self-appointed vocation, let us consider what the case was in the royal family of England in September, 1533, when the matter was so portentous and the heap so enormous. The situation of Mary, when called to court at such a crisis, must have been trying in the extreme; nor could the most sedulous caution have guided her, through the difficulties which beset her path, without incurring blame from one party or the other. There is, however, whatever the court gossips might say, the witness of her own letter that she never denied the name of sister to the new-born infant; for when she was required to give up the title of princess, and call Elizabeth by no other appellation, "Sister," she said, "she would call the babe, but nothing more."[1]

Her father threatened her—his threats were useless; and he proceeded to aggravate the case by declaring Mary's new-born rival his heiress (in default of male issue), a dignity till then enjoyed by Mary, who had lately, as such, exercised authority in the principality of Wales.

But neither threats nor deprivations had the least effect in bending the resolution of Mary. That her resistance did not spring from an exclusive devotion to her own interest, her subsequent concessions proved; but her love for her injured mother was an absorbing feeling, paramount to every other consideration, and while Katharine of Arragon lived, Mary of England would have suffered martyrdom rather than make a concession against the interest and dignity of that adored parent.

Before the end of September, the privy council sent

[1] This fact is related by Mary herself, in a letter of hers, which will be subsequently quoted.

orders to Mary, who had then returned to Beaulieu, that she was immediately to lay aside the name and dignity of princess, and moreover enjoined her to forbid her servants to address her as such, and to withdraw directly to Hatfield, where the nursery of her infant sister was about to be established. The king did not take any ostensible part in this message—conduct, however singular it may appear, which was perfectly consistent with the excessive love of approbation apparent in his character, even when he was performing acts of the utmost enormity. The important message, whose effect was to deprive the eldest child of the English crown of her exalted situation, was delivered by her chamberlain, Hussey;[1] it purported to be "the king's high commandment delivered to him by the privy council on the last Sunday, at Greenwich."

When it is remembered that the princess was but seventeen at this crisis, the tact and courage of her reply will excite some surprise. She told Hussey, "that she not a little marvelled at his undertaking in his single person, unauthorized by commission of council, signed by the king, or by his majesty's private letters to her, such matter of high emprise, as *minishing* from her state and dignity, she not doubting withal that she was the king's true daughter, born in good and lawful matrimony; and unless she were advertised by letter from the king's own hand that his grace were so minded to diminish her state, name, and dignity (which she trusted he never would do), she should never believe the same."

Hussey withdrew, to indite a narrative of the scene to his employers of the privy council.[2] It is well worthy of

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. i., pp. 224, 225.

[2] Ibid., p. 231. Strype calls this person one Huse, describing him as "a *promoter* formerly employed by the king in his matter with the queen" —a sentence which looks as if it had been miscomprehended by the printer. He was certainly the princess's chamberlain at Beaulieu. He has been

remark, that in this despatch he invariably applied the titles of "grace" and "princess" to Mary, though addressing the very persons who had just employed him to deprive her of those distinctions.

In Mary's letter to the privy council, she sustained the high tone of a royal lady, whose rights of succession were invaded by an adverse fortune.

"My lords,[1] as touching my removal to Hatfield, I will obey his grace, as my duty is, or to any other place his grace may appoint me; but I protest before you, and all others present, that my conscience will in no wise suffer me to take *any other*[2] than myself for princess, or for the king's daughter born in lawful matrimony; and that I will never wittingly or willingly say, or do, aught, whereby any person might take occasion to think that I agree to the contrary. Nor say I this out of any ambition, or proud mind, as God is my judge. If I should do otherwise, I should slander the deed of our mother, the holy church, and the pope, who is the judge in this matter, and none other, and should also dishonour the king my father, the queen my mother, and falsely confess myself a bastard, which God defend I should do, since the pope hath not so declared it by his sentence definitive, to whose final judgment I submit myself."

Hussey's despatch to the council produced a letter, purporting to be the royal order, written by the comptroller of the king's household, requiring Mary to leave Beaulieu, and take up her abode at Hertford Castle; from a subsequent order in council, it appears that the king and his ministers were dubious whether the princely establishment formed for the infant Elizabeth was to be fixed at Hatfield, or Hertford Castle; wherever it were to be, it is evident that no home was to be allowed the fallen Mary, but the spot where she was to draw daily

called, by some historians, "one Edward Huse, a relative of Anne Boleyn," and represented as a cruel and insolent agent. He, however, signs his name in the document, John Huse. He was undoubtedly a peer of the realm, and warmly but secretly devoted to the cause of Mary, as will be presently shewn.

[1] Heylin, who is uncertain as to date, excepting that these letters were written before 1536; they belong to the crisis under discussion.

[2] This is an evident allusion to Elizabeth, and therefore proves it was written after she was invested with Mary's birthright.

comparisons between her lost dignities and those profusely lavished on the daughter of the rival queen. In this exigence Mary thus wrote to her father:—

THE LADY MARY TO THE KING.

"In most humble wise, I beseech your grace of your daily blessing. Pleaseth the same to be advertised that this morning my chamberlain came and shewed me that he had received a letter from sir William Paulet, comptroller of your household; the effect whereof was, that I should, with all diligence, remove to the castle of Hertford. Whereupon I desired to see that letter, which he shewed me, wherein was written that 'the lady Mary, the king's daughter, should remove to the place aforesaid' —leaving out in the same the name of princess. Which, when I heard, I could not a little marvel, trusting verily that your grace was not privy to the same letter, as concerning the leaving out of the name of princess —forasmuch as I doubt not that your grace doth take me for your lawful daughter, born in true matrimony. Wherefore, if I were to say to the contrary, I should in my conscience run into the displeasure of God, which I hope assuredly that your grace would not that I should do.

"And in all other things your grace shall have me always as humble and obedient daughter and handmaid as ever was child to the father, which my duty bindeth me to, as knoweth our Lord, who have your grace in his most holy tuition, with much honour and long life to his pleasure. From your manor of Beaulieu, October 2nd.

"By your most humble daughter,

"MARY, *Princess.*"

The king took decided measures to dissolve the household of his daughter at Beaulieu, by sending the duke of Norfolk, assisted by lord Marney, the earl of Oxford, and his almoner, bishop Fox, to deal with her, while the duke of Suffolk and others of the council were breaking up her mother's establishment at Bugden. In the midst of these troubles, Mary's cousin-german, James V., solicited her hand, but his suit was refused peremptorily, lest such marriage should interfere with the title of Anne Boleyn's issue.

The degradation of the princess Mary was rendered legal in the beginning of 1534, when the houses of parliament passed an act, settling the crown on the king's heirs by queen Anne, whether male or female. Mary's

household at Beaulieu,[1] a princely establishment, consisting of no less than one hundred and sixty individuals, was finally dismissed and dispersed; and the unfortunate princess was severed from all those to whose society she had been accustomed during her childhood; above all, she was torn from her venerable relative, Margaret, countess of Salisbury, in whose arms she had been encircled in the first days of her existence. This was a blow more bitter than the mere deprivation of rank or titles. Harder than all, when separated from this maternal friend, she was transferred to the nursery-palace of Hunsdon, to which the infant Elizabeth was removed from Hatfield, and established with a magnificent household, befitting the rank of which Mary had just been deprived. In this residence Mary was located more like a bondmaiden than a sister of the acknowledged heiress of the realm. Hunsdon had formerly belonged to the family of the Boleyns, and had been recently purchased or exchanged by the king; to this place, the former seat of her family, did Anne Boleyn send her infant with royal pomp; nor was she satisfied, unless the fallen princess drew hourly comparisons between her lot and that of the sister who had supplanted her. A fearful thing it was thus to tempt the heart of a fellow-creature; by aggravating grief into passionate anger, through the infliction of gratuitous injury. But the heart of Mary was as yet unscathed by the corrosion of hatred—every object of her strong affections was not then destroyed, though they were removed; and ample proof remains that, instead of being aggravated into detesting or injuring her rival sister, she amused her sorrows with

[1] From the date of an order of council, quoted by Strype (Dec. 2, 1533), in which it mentions the dissolution of Mary's household at Beaulieu, as a measure *still to be carried into effect*, it is evident Mary had succeeded in delaying her removal till after the new year had commenced.

the playful wiles of the infant, and regarded her with kindness. This result probably originated in the fact, that queen Anne Boleyn, choosing that (as far as she could command) the former attendants of Mary should wait on Elizabeth, had chosen lady Margaret Bryan as her governess; whatever others might do, it is certain that excellent lady did all in her power to soothe the wounded mind of her former charge, and promote her kindly feelings to her infant sister.

The insults heaped by Anne Boleyn, at this crisis, on the unfortunate Mary, weighed heavily on her conscience, when she was making up her accounts with eternity. What they were, rests between God and herself, for no specific detail of them exists. Perhaps the severe inquiry, made the summer after Mary's removal from Beaulieu, relative to her correspondence and communication with her friends, was among these repented malefactions.

In a mutilated letter[1] from Fitzwilliam, treasurer of the king's household, to Cromwell, is an account of a search made in the coffers of Mary, at Hunsdon, which were sealed up; various papers were seized, put into a bag, and sent to Cromwell, together with a purse of purple velvet, containing some writing—perhaps the very letter from her mother quoted above. Several persons were at the same time committed to the Tower, on the charge of holding private intercourse with the lady Mary, and styling her *princess*, after the prohibition

[1] This important passage, edited by the research and valuable acumen of sir Frederic Madden, from half-burnt documents, is taken from his work, Privy Purse Expenses, &c., pp. lxii. lxiii. Lord Hussey was put to death on suspicion of participation in one of the frequent risings of the people in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. His manor of Sleaford was granted or sold by archbishop Cranmer to Richard Goodrick, of London. The whole property of lord Hussey was torn from his heirs, and never restored. Anne, lady Hussey, was daughter to the earl of Kent. See Peerage of England, 1711, vol. iii., p. 325.

issued against it; among these was lady Hussey, and her examination, taken August 3rd, is still preserved. Various ensnaring interrogations were put to lady Hussey, as—"How often she had repaired to the lady Mary since she had lost the name of princess? Whether she was sent for, and on what occasion she went? Whether she knew that the lady Mary was justly declared by law to be no princess, and yet had so called her? What moved her so to do? Whether she had received any tokens or messages from the lady Mary; and what persons at that time visited her at Hunsdon?" The replies are short and unequivocal—the language of one who felt she had done nothing wrong, yet sensible of the danger incurred. She stated "she had visited the lady Mary only once since the king had discharged her from Beaulieu, and that was when lord Hussey came up to parliament at the last Whitsuntide, and the visit then was altogether accidental." She owned "she had inadvertently called the lady Mary twice by the name of princess, not from any wish to disobey the law, but mply from her having been so long accustomed to it.' She confessed having received a trifling present from the lady Mary. Among the persons who visited the disinherited princess at Hunsdon, she deposed, was lord Morley. He was the literary friend whose testimony to Mary's early attainments has been already quoted, and who, to the honour of literature, did not forsake the unfortunate, notwithstanding his daughter's intermarriage in the Boleyn family. Lady Morley, Mr. Shakerley and his wife, and Sir Edward Baynton, were likewise among Mary's visitors.

"The poor princess," says Heylin, "had at Hunsdon no comfort but in her books; she was assisted in her studies by Dr. Voisie, whom Henry VIII. rewarded, for the pains he took, with the bishopric of Exeter.

This passage leads to the supposition that Dr. Fetherstone (who had been employed in Mary's education since her infancy), had been dismissed with the rest of the attached friends who composed her household at her regretted home of Beaulieu.

The two melancholy years Mary spent at Hunsdon, under the surveillance of her stepmother, were passed in sorrow and suffering.

The few friends who dared visit her were subjected to the severest espionage, their words were malignantly scrutinized, and sedulously reported to the privy council. The papers of the princess were put under the royal seal, and if she was allowed to read, she certainly was not permitted to write, since in one of her letters, penned just after the execution of Anne Boleyn, she apologizes for "her evil writing, because she had not written a letter for two years." Her father muttered murderous threats against her, and his words were eagerly caught and re-echoed by those members of his council, whose whole study it was to flatter his wilful wishes, however wicked they might be. If the expressions of king Henry had not been appalling to the last degree, would the treasurer, Fitzwilliam, have dared to use the revolting terms he did, regarding his master's once idolized daughter? "If she will not be obedient to his grace, I would," quoth he, "that her head was from her shoulders, that I might toss it here with my foot," and so put his foot forward, spurning the rushes,[1]—a graphic exemplification added by two witnesses of his horrible speech, which it seems was not resented, but received as a dutiful compliment by the father of the young female whose bleeding head was thus kicked as a football in the lively imagination of the obedient satellite!

[1] State Papers. MS. Cotton., Otho, c. x., much burnt, but successfully edited by sir Frederick Madden.

Dark indeed were the anticipations throughout Europe regarding the future destiny, not only of the unfortunate daughter, but of the queen, her mother, during the year 1535. The king's envoys wrote home that all men viewed them as Englishmen, with either pity or horror. Mason, who was resident in Spain, declared that the people expected to hear every day of the execution of queen Katharine, and that the princess Mary was expected soon to follow her.[1] These rumours are vaguely stated in general history; only one author, and he a foreigner, attempts to relate the particular circumstances which instigated Henry VIII. to meditate the astounding crime of filiacide. Gregorio Leti affirms, that some fortune-teller had predicted the accession of the princess Mary to the crown after the death of her father. This report being circulated at court, was quickly brought to queen Anne Boleyn, and threw her into great agitation. She flew to the king, and with tears and sobs told him "how much afflicted she was at the thought that their child should be excluded from the throne for the sake of Mary, who was the offspring of a marriage so solemnly pronounced illegal." Henry, who was completely bewitched by her, embraced her with all the tenderness possible, and, to assuage her tears, "promised not only to disinherit Mary, but even to kill her, rather than such a result should happen." Fox, and every succeeding historian declare that Cranmer prevented the king from immolating his daughter—if so, this must have been the crisis.

To the princess, the matter of her life or death was, perhaps, of little moment, for grief had laid her on a bed of dolorous sickness. Her mother was on her deathbed, desiring with a yearning heart, but with words of

[1] Ellis's Letters, second series. Likewise Edmund Harvel, resident at Venice.

saintly meekness, to be permitted, if not to see her, merely to breathe the same air with her afflicted daughter; she promises solemnly that if Mary may be resident near her, she will not attempt to see her, if forbidden. She adds, that such measure was "impossible, since she lacked provision *therefor*," meaning, she had neither horse nor carriage to go out. Yet she begs the king may be always told that the thing she most desires is the company of her daughter, "for a little comfort and mirth she would take with me, should undoubtedly be a half health unto her."[1] Doleful would have been the mirth, and heart-rending the comfort, had such interview been permitted between the sick daughter and the dying mother, but it was no item in the list of Henry's tender mercies.

The emperor Charles V. remonstrated sternly on the treatment of his aunt and young kinswoman, and the whole ingenuity of the privy council was exerted to hammer out a justification of the ugly case. A copy of the despatch sent to Mason, much altered and interlined, remains in Cromwell's hand.[2] "Touching the bruit of the *misentreaty* of the queen and princess, such report and bruit is untrue;" then after setting forth king Henry's munificence to the mother, he by no means boasts of his generosity to the princess, but adds, "Our daughter, the lady Mary, we do order and entertain as we think expedient, for we think it not meet that any person should prescribe unto us how we should order our *own* daughter, we being her natural father." In another despatch, the rumour at the imperial court is indignantly denied—"that it was the king's intention to marry Mary to some person of base blood."

The death of Mary's tender and devoted mother

[1] Hearne's Sylloge, p. 107. [2] MS., Cott. Nero, b. vi., f. 85.

opened the year 1536 with a dismal aggravation of her bitter lot. The sad satisfaction of a last adieu between the dying queen and her only child, was cruelly forbidden. Mary was informed of the tidings of her mother's expected dissolution, and with agonizing tears and plaints implored permission to receive her last blessing, yet in vain, for Katharine of Arragon expired without seeing her daughter. Again, the Continent rung with reprobation of such proceedings. The English resident at Venice wrote to Thomas Starkey, a learned divine at Henry's court, February 5th, 1536,—"That queen Katharine's death had been divulged there, and was received with lamentations, for she was incredibly dear to all men, for her good fame, which is in great glory among all *exterior* nations." He concludes in Latin—"Great obloquy has her death occasioned, all dread lest the royal girl should briefly follow her mother; I assure you men speaketh here *tragice* of these matters which are not to be touched by letters." Happy would it have been for Mary, happy for her country, if her troublous pilgrimage had closed, even thus tragically, before she had been made the ostensible instrument of wrong and cruelty unutterable to the conscientious Protestants!

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Change in Mary's fortunes—Fall of queen Anne Boleyn—Her penitent message to Mary—Friendship between Mary and queen Jane—Mary's correspondence with Cromwell—Her supplicatory letters to her father—Visit of the Spanish ambassador—Her deep mourning for her mother—Letter to Edward Seymour—Mary's acknowledgment of her illegitimacy—Forbidden to call her sister princess—Letter to Cromwell on that head—Letter to her father—Kind mention of her sister therein—Her household fixed at Hunsdon—Her method of spending her time—Her learning and accomplishments—Her musical skill—Privy purse expenses—Her visit to the king and queen—High play at court—Various presents given to and received by her—Buys millinery at lady Gresham's shop—Mention of her sister Elizabeth—Mary's alms and gifts—Her illness—She is an importer of plants, &c.—Arrives at Hampton Court—Is sponsor to her infant brother, Edward—Her dress—Leads her sister Elizabeth—Mary chief mourner at queen Jane's funeral—Treaty of marriage—Presents to her brother and sister—Mary's troubles in 1538—Wooed by Philip of Bavaria—Their interview in Westminster Abbey garden—Conversation with him in Latin—Love token—Their engagement broken at Anne of Cleve's divorce—Mary's sojourn at Sion—Removed at the fall of queen Katharine Howard—Domesticated with prince Edward and her sister—Her diplomatic letter—Her visit to her father, &c.—Course of life, &c.—Present at the marriage of Henry VIII. and Katharine Parr—Improved prospects.

At the very time when all Europe anticipated the destruction of the princess Mary, a change took place in the current of events that influenced her fortunes. Her step-mother, queen Anne Boleyn, lost the male heir,

who was expected wholly to deprive Mary of all claims to primogeniture, even in the eyes of her most affectionate partisans. Scarcely had queen Anne uttered the well-known exclamation of triumph on the death of Katharine of Arragon, before indications were perceptible that she had herself lost Henry's capricious favour; her fall and condemnation followed with rapidity.[1] The day before her tragical death, Anne Boleyn, after placing lady Kingston in the royal seat as the representative of Mary, fell on her knees before her, and implored her to go to Hunsdon; and in the same attitude to ask, in her name, pardon of the princess, for all the wrongs she had heaped upon her, while in possession of a step-dame's authority. Lady Kingston certainly went to Hunsdon on this errand, for there is evidence of her presence there a few days after the execution of queen Anne. Although the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, in her passionate penitence, took upon herself the blame of the ill-treatment her step-daughter had experienced; yet it is an evident truth that she was not the sole instrument in the persecution, since two months after she had lost all power, the cruel system of restraint and deprivation continued to afflict Mary, at Hunsdon. But this was artfully relaxed, directly Anne Boleyn was put to death, in order that the princess might lay the whole blame of her sufferings on the unhappy queen. This was very probably the effect of Cromwell's scheming. As the sister of Jane Seymour was the wife of his son, his plan of family ambition was plainly to depress the daughters of the two former queens, in order to favour the chances of Jane Seymour's children, female or male, wearing the crown of England, and being at the same time cousins-german to his grand-

[1] For these particulars, see the Life of Queen Anne Boleyn, vol. iv.

son. This recollection should be always kept in mind, while his conduct to Anne Boleyn at the time of her degradation and death is considered. The letters of Kingston, shewing the close espionage Cromwell kept upon her, and the eager manner in which he pursued her divorce, are corroborating circumstances of his inimical feeling towards her.[1] On the other hand, he was the active agent in forcing the princess Mary to acquiesce in her own illegitimation; his game was a fine one, and very skilfully he played it, working at the same time on the broken spirits of the desolate young girl and the despotic temper of her father, and making both the tools of his ambitious finesse.

Meantime, some kind of friendly acquaintance had previously subsisted between the princess Mary and the new queen, Jane Seymour, but when this commenced is one of the obscure passages in the lives of both which no ray has as yet illuminated. Be that as it may, Mary was encouraged to commence the following correspondence, in the hopes that her new mother-in-law was favourably disposed to her reconciliation with her father. The event proved, that notwithstanding all fair seeming, there was no restoration to Henry's good graces, but by the utter abandonment of her claim to her place in the succession—a result which Mary had, under the worst influence of Anne Boleyn, hitherto successfully avoided. The first letter of this series was addressed to Cromwell, evidently at the very time when lady Kingston had arrived at Hunsdon to deliver the dying confession of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Mary, according to her own words at the conclusion, took advantage of lady Kingston's visit to obtain writing materials, of which

[1] See Heylin, who observes that Cromwell quite usurped the place of Cranmer while thrusting this matter forward.

she had been long deprived. The letter is dated only one week after the execution of Anne Boleyn.

MASTER SECRETARY (meaning Cromwell.)

"I would have been a suitor to you before this time, to have been a means for me to the king's grace, my father, to have obtained his grace's blessing and favour; but I perceived that nobody durst speak for me as *long as that woman lived*, which is now gone, (whom I pray God of his great mercy to forgive.) Wherefore, now she *is* gone, I am bolder to write to you as one which taketh you for one of my chief friends. And therefore I desire you for the love of God to be a suitor to me of the king's grace, to have his blessing and *licence*, (leave,) to write unto his grace which shall be a great comfort to me, as God knoweth, who have you evermore in his holy keeping. Moreover, I must desire you to accept mine evil writing; *for I have not done so much for this two years, or more, nor could have had the means to do it at this time, but by my lady Kingston's being here.* At Hundsdon, 26th of May.

"By your loving friend,

"MARY."[1]

An intimation followed this epistle, that the king permitted his daughter to write to him; and she accordingly penned a letter,[2] chiefly compounded of supplicating sentences. It must be remembered that it had become etiquette to offer the slavish homage of this kind to royalty, since the days of Henry V. The only fact contained in this letter, is comprised in these words:—

"Having received, this Thursday night, certain letters from Mr. Secretary (Cromwell) advising me to make my humble submission immediately to yourself, which I durst not do without your gracious *licence* (leave) before, and that I *should not* eftsoons, *offend your majesty by denial or refusal* of such articles or commandments as it might please your highness to address to me, for the perfect trial of mine heart and inward affections."

No notice was vouchsafed to this letter by Henry, and Mary soon after wrote a second, in which she ventured to congratulate him and Jane Seymour on their marriage.

[1] Hearne's Sylloge, No. 20.

[2] See Hearne's Sylloge, copied from the MS. Cottonian.

LADY MARY TO THE KING.[1]

"In as humble and lowly a manner as is possible for a child to use to her father and sovereign lord, I beseech your grace of your daily blessing, which is my chief desire in this world, and in the same humble wise, acknowledging all the offences that I have done to your grace, since I had first discretion to offend unto this hour, I pray your grace, for the honour of God, and for your fatherly pity, to forgive me them; for the which I am as sorry as any creature living; and next unto God, I do and will submit me in all things to your goodness and pleasure, to do with me whatsoever shall please your grace. Humbly beseeching your highness to consider that I am but a woman, and your child, who hath committed her soul only to God, and her body to be ordered in this world as it shall stand with your pleasure; whose order and direction (whatsoever it shall please your highness to limit and direct unto me) I shall most humbly and willingly stand content to follow, obey, and accomplish in all points.

"And so, in the lowest manner that I can, I beseech your grace to accept me, your humble daughter, *which* (who) doth not a little rejoice to hear the comfortable tidings (not only to me, but to all your grace's realm) concerning the marriage which is between your grace and the queen, (Jane Seymour,) now being your grace's wife and my mother-in-law. The hearing thereof caused nature to constrain me to be an humble suitor to your grace, to be so good and gracious lord and father to me, as to give me leave to wait upon the queen, and to do her grace such service as shall please her to command me, which my heart shall be as ready and obedient to fulfil (next unto your grace) as the most humble servant that she hath.

"Trusting to your grace's mercy to come into your presence, which ever hath and shall be the greatest comfort that I can have within this world, having also a full hope in your grace's natural pity, which you have always used as much, or more, than any prince christened, that your grace will shew the same upon me, your most humble and obedient daughter, which daily prayeth to God to have your grace in his holy keeping, with long life, and as much honour as ever had king; and to send your grace shortly a prince, whereof no creature living shall more rejoice, or heartlier pray for continually than I, as my duty bindeth me. —From Hunsdon, the first day of June, (1536.)

"By your grace's most humble and obedient daughter and handmaid,

"MARY."

This letter was written on occasion of Jane Seymour's public appearance as queen, May 29th; it was accompanied with another to Cromwell, dated the 30th of

[1] See Hearne's Sylloge, copied from the MS. Cottonian.

May, thanking him for having obtained leave of writing to her father, and praying him to continue his good offices, till it may please his grace to permit her approach to his presence; at the time his (Cromwell's) discretion may deem suitable; but this favour was not granted till after a compliance was extorted from the princess to sign the cruel articles which stigmatized her own birth and her mother's marriage with as many opprobrious terms as Henry and his satellites chose to dictate. On the 8th of June occurs another short letter from Mary, from which may be gathered, that her sire had declared he forgave her all *her* offences; these were truly the injuries with which *he* had loaded her; but he had not yet either written to her, or admitted her into his presence—favours she humbly sued for, in her letter written two days afterwards, as follows:

LADY MARY TO KING HENRY VIII.

"In as humble and lowly manner as is possible for me, I beseech your most gracious highness of your daily blessing; and albeit I have already, as I trust in God, upon mine humble suit and submission, requiring mercy and forgiveness for mine offences to your majesty, obtained the same with licence to write unto you, whereby I have also conceived great hope and confidence that your grace of your inestimable goodness will likewise forgive me my said offences, and withdraw your displeasure conceived upon the same; yet shall my joy never return perfectly to me, *ne* my hope be satisfied, until such time as it may please your grace sensibly to express your gracious forgiveness to me, or such towardness thereof, and of the reconciliation of your favour by your most gracious letters, or some token or message as I may conceive a perfect trust that I shall not only receive my most hearty and fervent desire therein, but for a confirmation thereof penetrate an access to your majesty, which shall, of all worldly things, be to me most joyous and comfortable, for that in the same I shall have the fruition of your most noble presence most heartily (as my duty requireth) desired.

"I do most heartily beseech your grace to pardon me though I presume thus to molest your gracious ears with my suits and rude writing; for nature hath had its operation in the same. Eftsoons, therefore, most humbly prostrate before your noble feet, your most obedient subject and humble child, that hath not only repented her offences hitherto, but also desired simply from henceforth and wholly (next to Almighty God) to

put my state, continuance, and living in your gracious mercy; and likewise to accept the condition thereof at your disposition and appointment, whatsoever it shall be, desiring your majesty to have pity on me in the granting of mine humble suits and desires, who shall continually pray to Almighty God (as I am most bounden) to preserve your grace, with the queen, and shortly to send you a prince, which shall be gladder tidings to me than I can express in writing. From Hunsdon, the 10th of June.

"Your majesty's most humble and obedient servant, daughter, and handmaid,

"MARY."

Neither letter had elicited an answer from the king; the last was enclosed in a letter from Cromwell, which contains this remarkable sentence—"That she took him for her chief friend, next to God and the *queen*." So few days had elapsed since Jane Seymour had become queen, that this expression assuredly implies that some friendly communication must have passed between the princess Mary and her, previously to the death of Anne Boleyn. Cromwell continued to urge more unconditional submission, and even sent her a copy of the sort of letter that was to be efficacious with the king. The poor princess, ill in body, and harassed in mind, wrote thus to Cromwell, three days afterwards:—

"Nevertheless, because you have exhorted me to write to his grace again, and I cannot devise what I should write more, but your own *last copy*, without adding or *minishing*; therefore do I send you, by my servant, the same word for word; and it is unsealed, because I cannot endure to write another copy, for the pain in my head and my teeth hath troubled me so sore this two or three days, and doth yet so continue, that I have very small rest day or night."

Mary was at this time in deep mourning for her beloved mother. The imperial ambassador visited her during the month of June, 1536, and expressed surprise at the "*heaviness* (mournfulness) of her apparel;" his errand was to advise her to obey her father unconditionally. She thanked him for his good counsel, and told him she had written to her father. Here a provoking

hiatus occurs in the manuscript.[1] Eustachio, who had attended her mother's death-bed, probably delivered some message from the dying queen relative to the expediency of Mary's submission; but she had still a struggle before she could bring herself to compliance. The ambassador, to whom she had probably forwarded letters in Latin or Spanish, expressed his surprise at her deep learning, and asked her if she was unaided in the composition, which the princess assured him was the case.

The visit of the Spanish ambassador was followed by one from the brother of the new queen, Jane, Edward Seymour, lately created lord Beauchamp, and appointed lord chamberlain for life. He required her to send in a list of the clothing she needed;[2] and added the welcome present of a riding-horse, which benefits Mary thus acknowledged:—[3]

LADY MARY TO MY LORD ——.

"My lord,

"In my heartiest manner I commend me unto you as she *which* (who) cannot express in writing the great joy and comfort that I have received by your letters, as by the report of my servant, (this bearer,) concerning the king my sovereign father's goodness towards me, which I doubt not but I have obtained much the better by your continual suit and means; wherefore, I think myself bound to pray for you during my life, and that I will both do, and will continue, with the grace of God.

"Sir, as touching mine apparel, I have made no *bill*, (list.) For the

[1] MS. Cott., C. x., folio 253, ably edited by sir F. Madden. Privy Purse's Expenses, lxxv.

[2] The observation of the Spanish ambassador, on her heavy mourning, fixes most satisfactorily the chronology of this letter. New clothing was requisite when she laid aside her black.

[3] The letter has no address; but that Mary had written to him is indisputably proved in a letter to Wriothesley soon after, in which she expressly tells him he was the fourth man she had ever written to, the others being the king, Cromwell, and once to my lord *Bechame*. Besides, the benefactions awarded to Mary were peculiarly in the dispensation of the lord chamberlain. The original is in Hearne's Sylloge, copied from the Cottonian MSS., but by no means arranged according to historical chronology, which it has been the office of the author of this Life to rectify according to internal evidence.

king's highness' favour is so good clothing unto me, that I can desire no more; and so I have written to his grace, resting wholly in him, and willing to wear whatsoever his grace shall appoint me.

"My lord, I do thank you with all my heart for the horse that you sent me with this bearer, wherein you have done me a great pleasure; for I had never a one to ride upon sometimes for my health, and besides that, my servant sheweth me that he is such a one that I may of good right accept, not only the mind of the giver, but also the gift. And thus I commit you to God, to whom I do and shall daily pray to be with you in all your business, and to reward you for so exceeding great pains and labours that you take in my suits.—From Hunsdon, the first day of July.

"Your assured loving friend during my life,
"MARY."

Notwithstanding these signs of restoration to his paternal favour, the king had not condescended to notice the letters of the princess, till July 8th, when she either copied or composed the following epistle:—

LADY MARY TO THE KING.

"My bounden duty most humbly remembered, with like desire of your daily blessing, and semblable thanks upon my knees to your majesty, both for your great mercy lately extended unto me, and for the certain arguments of a perfect reconciliation, which of your most abundant goodness I have since perceived. Whereas, upon mine inward and hearty suit and desire that it would please your highness to grant me licence some time to send my servant to know your grace's health and prosperity, (which I beseech our Lord long to preserve, being the thing that is in this world my only comfort,) to my great joy and satisfaction I obtained the same. I have now (to use the benefit of that especial grace) sent this bearer, mine old servant Randal Dod, in lieu of a token, to present unto your majesty these my rude letters, (written with the hand of her whom your highness shall ever find true, faithful, and obedient to you and yours, as far as your majesty and your laws have and shall limit me, without alteration, until the hour of my death;) and so to bring me again relation of your prosperous estate. Most humbly beseeching your highness, in case I be over hasty in sending so soon, to pardon me, and to think that I would a thousand fold more gladly be there, in the room of a poor chamberer, to have the fruition of your presence, than in the course of nature planted in this your most noble realm."

If this last sentence has any meaning, it is, that Mary would rather be a domestic servant near her father, during his life, than heiress to his realm after his death; she concludes—

"And thus I beseech our Lord to preserve your grace in health, with my very natural mother the queen, (Jane,) and to send you shortly issue, which I shall as gladly and willingly serve with my hands under their feet, as ever did poor subject their most gracious sovereign. From Hunsdon, the 8th of July, (1536.)

"Your grace's most humble and obedient daughter and bondmaiden,
"MARY."

Henry VIII. knew that his daughter Mary was regarded in secret with deep affection by a great majority of his subjects, who acknowledged in their hearts (notwithstanding all acts of parliament) that she was, in her present position, heiress to the crown; and he remained in a furious state of irritation, till he had obtained an acknowledgment, under her own hand, of her illegitimacy. Since the death of Anne Boleyn, an act of parliament had passed, which not only illegitimated the infant Elizabeth, equally with Mary, but changed the constitution of the succession to more than eastern despotism, by enabling the king, in default of heirs by queen Jane Seymour, to leave his dominions, like personal property, money, plate, or furniture, to whomsoever he chose to bequeath them. It has been surmised that the king, by placing his daughters on the same footing with his natural son Henry, duke of Richmond,[1] meant to use this privilege in his behalf. Fortunately for himself and the kingdom, this youth was removed by sudden death, within a little time after passing this iniquitous act.

[1] The traditions of the ancient family of Throckmorton, contained in the MS. already described, give no very attractive picture of this youth's disposition. The celebrated sir Nicholas Throckmorton has left this remembrance, embodied in the verse of his nephew, of his introduction to life as Richmond's page—a post far enough from an enviable one:—

"A brother fourth, and far from hope of land,
By parents' hest I served as a page
To Richmond's duke, and waited still at hand,
For fear of blows that happened in his rage.
In France with him I lived most carelessly,
And learned the tongue, though nothing readily."
Throckmorton MSS.

Mary promised unconditional submission to all the king required, consistent with what she considered the laws of God; and the king sent down a deputation of his privy council[1] to apply the cruel test of her obedience, the principal articles of which were to acknowledge her mother's marriage incestuous and illegal, her own birth illegitimate, and his own supremacy over the church absolute. It will scarcely excite wonder that Mary demurred at signing these bitter requisitions. She did not think them consistent with her principles, and the council departed without their errand, although at the head of them the king observed he had, as a favour to her, sent his daughter's cousin, the duke of Norfolk.[2] As soon as they had departed, Mary wrote to Cromwell a letter expressive of uneasiness of mind, which drew from him the following insolent reply:—

"Madam,

"I have received your letter, whereby it appeareth you be in great discomfort, and do desire that I should find the means to speak with you. How great soever your discomfort is, it can be no greater than mine, who hath upon (the receipt) of your letters, spoken so much of your repentance for your wilful obstinacy against the king's highness, and of your humble submission in all things, without exception or qualification, to obey his pleasure and laws, and knowing how *diversly* (differently) *and contrarily you proceeded at the late being of his majesty's council with you*, I am as much ashamed of what I have said, as afraid of what I have done, insomuch as what the sequel thereof shall be, God knoweth.

"Thus, with your folly you undo yourself, and all who have wished you good, and I will say unto you, as I have said elsewhere, that it were a great pity ye be not made an example in punishment, if ye will make yourself an example of contempt of God, your natural father, and his laws, by your own only fantasy, contrary to the judgments and determination of all men, that ye must confess to know and love God as much as you do, except ye will shew yourself altogether presumptuous.

[1] The visit of the council to Hunsdon must have occurred some time between the 8th and the 21st of July, 1536.

[2] Heylin's Reformation. He had been husband of Anne Plantagenet, Mary's great-aunt.

"Wherefore, madam, to be plain with you, as God is my witness, I think you the most obstinate and obdurate woman, all things considered, that ever was, and one that is so persevering, deserveth the extremity of mischief.

"I dare not open my lips to name you, unless I may have some ground that it may appear you were *mis-taken*, (meaning, evidently, misunderstood,) or at least repentant for your ingratitude and miserable unkindness, and ready to do all things that ye be bound unto, by your duty and allegiance, (if nature were excluded from you,) in degree with every other common subject.

"And, therefore, I have sent you a certain book of articles whereunto if you will set your hand and subscribe your name, you shall undoubtedly please God, the same being conformable to his truth, as you must conceive in your heart, if you do not dissemble. Upon the receipt whereof, again from you, with a letter declaring that you think in heart what you have subscribed with hand, I shall, eftsoons, venture to speak for your reconciliation.

"But if you will not with speed leave off all your sinister councils, which have brought you to the point of utter undoing, without remedy, I take my leave of you for ever, and desire that you will never write, or make means to me hereafter. For I shall never think otherwise of you than as the most ungrateful person to your *dear* and *benign father*.

"I advise you to nothing; but I beseech God never to help me if I know it not to be your bounden duty, by God's laws and man's laws, that I must needs judge that person who shall refuse it not meet to live in a Christian congregation; to the witness whereof, I take Christ, (whose mercy I refuse,) if I write anything but what I have professed in my heart, and know to be true."

The overbearing style of this epistle effected the end for which Cromwell had laboured so long, and terrified Mary into signing the articles she had previously rejected. The young princess has been universally accused of meanness, because she yielded to these threats and reproaches, and signed the articles mentioned in this letter; but those who blame her can scarcely have dispassionately examined the whole circumstances of the case. While her mother lived, she was utterly inflexible; neither bribes nor the deadliest menaces could shake her firmness into the slightest acknowledgment which compromised that beloved mother's honour. As to her own individual interest, it either remained the same as in her mother's lifetime, or approximated nearer to the

crown, since the degradation of her sister Elizabeth, and the death of Anne Boleyn's son; therefore it is vain to attribute her renunciation of her rights to any cause, excepting a yearning desire to be once more enfolded in a parental embrace. *She* was gone whose noble mind would have been pained by her daughter's voluntary degradation; and Mary had no one left but herself who could be injured by her compliance. Henry had been used to caress his daughter fondly when domesticated with her; there is no testimony that he ever used an angry word to her, personally; she loved him tenderly, and with natural self-deception attributed all the evil wrought against her mother and herself, to the machinations of Anne Boleyn. She thought, if she were restored to the society of the king, instead of lingering her life away in the nursery prison at Hunsdon, she should regain her former interest in his heart—and she signed the prescribed articles, which are as follows:—[1]

LADY MARY'S SUBMISSION.

"The confession of me, the lady Mary, made upon certain points and articles under written, in the which, as I do now plainly and with all mine heart confess and declare mine inward sentance, belief, and judgment, with a due conformity of obedience to the laws of the realm, so minding for ever to persist and continue in this determination, without change, alteration, or variance, I do most humbly beseech the king's highness, my father, whom I have obstinately and inobediently offended in the denial of the same heretofore, to forgive mine offences therein, and to take me to his most gracious mercy.

"First, I confess and knowledge the king's majesty to be my sovereign lord and king in the imperial crown of this realm of England, and to submit myself to his highness, and to all and singular laws and statutes of this realm as becometh a true and a faithful subject to do, which I shall obey, keep, observe, advance, and maintain, according to my bounden duty, with all the power, force, and qualities that God hath indued me during my life.

(Signed) "MARY."

"Item, I do recognise, accept, take, repute, and knowledge the king's highness to be supreme head in earth, under Christ, of the church

[1] Hearne's Sylloge. From the original.

of England, and do utterly refuse the bishop of Rome's pretended authority, power, and jurisdiction, within this realm heretofore usurped, according to the laws and statutes made in that behalf, and of all the king's true subjects humbly received, admitted, obeyed, kept, and observed; and also do utterly renounce and forsake all manner of remedy, interest, and advantage which I may by any means claim by the bishop of Rome's laws, process, jurisdiction, or sentence, at this present time, or in any wise hereafter, by any manner, title, colour, mean, or case that is, shall, or can be devised for that purpose.

(Signed) "MARY.

"Item, I do freely, frankly, and for the discharge of my duty towards God, the king's highness, and his laws, without other respect, recognise and acknowledge that the marriage heretofore had between his majesty and my mother, the late princess dowager, was by God's law and man's law incestuous and unlawful.

(Signed) "MARY."[1]

Wriothesley was the person who brought the rejected articles for Mary's reconsideration; he had authority to promise, in case of compliance, that her household should be re-established, with every consideration to her respectability and comfort. The privy councillor, likewise, brought express orders that Mary should no longer call Elizabeth princess, but sister; an injunction which Mary in her next letter alluded to with something like archness, but at the same time with sisterly kindness to the motherless infant. Surely there is something of touching simplicity in the sentence where she says, "And now you think it meet I shall never call her by any other name but *sister*."

"Good Mr. Secretary, how much am I bound to you, which have not only travailed, when I was almost drowned in folly, to recover me before I sunk, and was utterly past recovery, and so to present me to the face of grace and mercy, but desisteth not since, with your good and wholesome counsels, so to arm me from any relapse, that I cannot, unless I were too wilful and obstinate (whereof there is now no spark in me), fall again into any danger.

"But leaving the recital of your goodness apart—which I cannot recount—I answer the particulars of your credence sent by my friend, Mr. Wriothesley. First, concerning the *princess* (Elizabeth), (so I think

[1] Hearne quotes all these articles as subscribed by Mary; Collier and Heylin affirm she did not sign the two last.

I must call her yet, for I would be loth to offend), I offered, at her entry to that name and honour, to call her sister, but it was refused, unless I would also add the other title unto it, which I denied then, not more obstinately than I am sorry for it now, for that I did therein offend my most gracious father and his just laws. And now you think it meet, *I shall never call her by any other name than sister.*

"Touching the nomination of such women as I would have about me, surely, Mr. Secretary, what men or women soever the king's highness shall appoint to wait upon me, without exception shall be to me right heartily welcome. Albeit, to express my mind to you, whom I think worthy to be accepted for their faithful service done to the king's majesty and to me, since they have come into my company, I promise you, on my faith, Margaret Baynton and Susanna Clarencieux,[1] have, in every condition, used themselves as faithfully, painfully, and diligently as ever did women in such a case; as sorry when I was not so comformable as became me, and as glad when I inclined to duty, as could be devised. One other there is that was some time my maid, whom for her virtue I love, and could be glad to have in my company, that is Mary Brown, and here be all that I will recommend; and yet my estimation of this shall be measured at the king's highness, my most merciful father's pleasure and appointment, as reason is.

"For mine opinion, touching pilgrimages, purgatory, relics, and such like, I assure you I have none at all, but such as I shall receive from him who hath mine whole heart in his keeping, that is, the king's most gracious highness, my most benign father, who shall imprint in the same, touching these matters and all other, what his inestimable virtue, high wisdom, and excellent learning shall think convenient and limit unto me. To whose presence, I pray God, I may come once ere I die, for every day is a year till I have a fruition of it.

"Beseeching you, good Mr. Secretary, to continue mine humble suit for the same, and for all other things whatsoever they be, to repute my heart so firmly knit to his pleasure, that I can by no means vary from the direction and appointment of the same. And thus most heartily, fare you well.—From Hunsdon, this Friday, at ten o'clock of the night,

"Your assured loving friend,

"MARY."[2]

The continued discussions as to the right of the daughters of Henry VIII. to the title of princess, lead to the conviction that at this era that title was but bestowed on the heiress presumptive to the crown of Eng-

[1] Her name was Susan Teonge. She was daughter to the Clarencieux herald. She lived with Mary till death parted them.

[2] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii. (p. 224, Records.) Likewise in Hearne's Sylloge.

land, or, at the very utmost, to the eldest daughter of the sovereign, though it is doubtful whether she ever possessed it during the existence of brothers. Elizabeth of York was called "my lady princess" before the birth of her brothers, and perhaps retained the title after they were born, but her sisters were only called lady Cecily, lady Anne, &c., instead of the princess Cecily, &c., as they would have been in modern times. It seems doubtful if any of the daughters of Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., or Henry IV., were ever termed *princess* by their contemporaries. But the rank of the younger daughters of the English crown was designated by the elegant address of "grace," which was the epithet used in speaking to and of the king and queen.

At the same time that Mary wrote the letter to Cromwell, just quoted, she addressed the following one to her father:—

LADY MARY TO THE KING.

"My bounden duty most humbly remembered to your most excellent majesty. Whereas I am unable and insufficient to render and express to your highness those most hearty and humble thanks for your gracious mercy and fatherly piety (surmounting mine offences at this time) extended towards me. I shall lie prostrate at your noble feet humbly, and with the very bottom of my heart beseech your grace to repute that in me (which in my poor heart remaining in your most noble hand, I have conceived and professed towards your grace) whiles the breath shall remain in my body. That is, that as I am in such merciful sort recovered, being almost lost in mine own folly, that your majesty may as well accept me, justly your bounden slave by redemption, as your most humble and obedient child and subject.

"My sister Elizabeth is in good health (thanks to our Lord), and such a child toward, as I doubt not, but your highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming (as knoweth Almighty God), who send your grace, with the queen my good mother, health, with the accomplishment of your desires.—From Hunsdon, the 21st day of July,

"Your highness's most humble daughter and faithful subject,

"MARY."

This letter, dated the 21st of July, 1536, may be considered as the concluding one of the curious historical series connected with Mary's forced renunci-

ation of her birthright. The opening phrases are couched in the species of formula prescribed to Mary from the commencement of the correspondence, in which the most servile terms of verbal prostration are studied, as offerings at the throne of the despot. But the letter ends in a manner that will startle many a preconceived idea of the disposition of Mary in the minds of readers who are willing to be guided by facts, not invective. Noble, indeed, it was of Mary thus to answer the agonized cry for forgiveness from the dying Anne Boleyn, by venturing a word in season in behalf of her forlorn little one. Even this generous trait has been inveighed against, as an act of mean flattery to the parental pride of Henry; and, had it happened during the prosperity of Elizabeth, so it might have been considered; but, mark how a plain matter of chronology places a good deed in its true light! So far from feeling any pride as the father of Elizabeth, Henry had just disowned her as a princess of his line, and horrid doubts had been murmured, that she was the child of lord Rochford,[1] and not even to be ranked as the king's illegitimate daughter. Who can, then, deny that it was a bold step of sisterly affection, on the part of Mary, to mention the early promise of the little Elizabeth, as she does in this letter, in terms calculated to awaken paternal interest in the bosom of her father?

Nothing now prevented the settlement of Mary's household; it was effected on a scale of the lowest parsimony, when compared to the extravagant outlay of her annual expenditure as an infant, and when she kept her court at Ludlow Castle; yet she expressed herself cheerfully and gratefully to Wriothesley, in the following letter, in which she informed him that he was the fourth

[1] See letter of a Portuguese gentleman, who was resident in London at the time, printed in Excerpta Historia, by sir Harris Nicolas, p. 264. He mentions, as a public report, that the privy council had come to this decision.

man to whom she had ever written. It will be observed, she mentions with great interest a faithful servant of her mother:—

"Mr. Wriothesley,

"I have received your letters by this bearer, which compel me to do that thing that I never did to any man except the king's highness, my lord privy seal, and once to my lord *Bechame* (Beauchamp, Edward Seymour); that is to say, write to you, to give you thanks for your great goodness and gentleness besides all other times now shewed to me, as well as sending this messenger for my quietness as in entertaining my servant, Randal Dod. Furthermore there is another, who, as I hear say, also is much beholden to you, that is Anthony Roke, for although he be not my servant *he was my mother's*, and is an honest man, as I think; I do love him well, and would do him good. Sir, besides all these things, I think myself much beholden to you for remembering my cook, whom (I think plainly) I have obtained much sooner by your good means. For as I take you to be my second suitor,[1] as God knoweth, who help you in all your business.—From Hunsdon, this Thursday at nine of the clock (morning),

"Your friend to my power, during my life,

"MARY."

Mary, at the conclusion of these painful trials, settled in some degree of peace and comfort, holding a joint household with her little sister at Hunsdon. The persons nominated to attend her at this time continued in her service the principal part of her life: these were, four gentlewomen, four gentlemen, two chamberers, a physician, a chaplain, five yeomen, four grooms of the chamber, one footman, four grooms of the stable, a laundress, and a wood hewer. Her mother, queen Katharine, had at the hour of her death but three maids, as appears by her last letter to her husband: two of these were anxious to enter Mary's service—one of them, Elizabeth Harvey, applied to the council for permission, but was refused by the king; the other, Elizabeth Darell, "to whom the queen had left 300 marks, had said

[1] This expression may be mistaken by those who are not familiar with ancient phraseology: it merely means that she takes him to be her friendly advocate with the king, next in influence to Cromwell or queen Jane.

she saw no hope of lady Mary yielding to the king's requisitions, and therefore petitioned for a situation in the service of queen Jane Seymour." In the midst of all her degradations Mary was regarded with the utmost sympathy by her country; poets offered her their homage, and celebrated the beauty of her person at a time when no possible benefit could accrue to any one by flattering her. John Heywood, one of the earliest dramatists of England, wrote the following stanzas in her praise, which occur in a poem of considerable length, entitled—"A Description of a most noble Lady *ad*-viewed by John Heywood:"—

"Give place, ye ladies! all begone—
Give place in bower and hall,
For why?—behold here cometh one
Who doth surpass ye all.

"The virtue of her looks
Excels the precious stone;
Ye need none other books
To read or look upon.

"If the world were sought full far
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty shineth like a star
Within the frosty night.

"Her colour comes and goes
With such a goodly grace,
More ruddy than the rose
Within her lovely face.

"Nature hath lost the mould
When she her form did take,
Or else I doubt that nature could
So fair a creature make.[1]

"In life a Dian chaste;
In truth Penelope;
In word and deed steadfast—
What need I more to say?"

[1] Dryden has a celebrated line—

"When Nature formed her she the die destroyed."

Byron helped himself to the same idea in his poem on the death of Sheridan. It here appears in the words of an elder writer.

Mary was her own mistress, and had the command of her own time after the establishment of her household, though, doubtless, she looked up to the excellent lady Margaret Bryan as her guide and protectress, who continued in the office of governess to her little sister Elizabeth; with whom Mary kept house jointly for three years to a certainty. The manner in which Mary passed her time there, and her course of daily studies, nearly coincided with the rules laid down for her by Vives, her mother's learned friend. She commenced the day with the perusal of the Scriptures, she then spent some hours in the study of languages, and devoted a third portion to the acquirement of knowledge of an extraordinary kind, considering her sex and station. Crispin, lord of Miherve, who was resident in England in the year 1536, and was author of a chronicle of current events, in French verse, has declared therein, that the princess Mary studied astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, and the mathematics; and read the orators, the historians, and the poets of Greece and Rome, in their native languages. She used to read over with her chaplain the daily service; she finished the day by working with her needle, and playing on the lute, the virginals, or the regals—three instruments on which she excelled. Latin she wrote and spoke with ease; it was the medium of communication of all the learned of the day, not only on scientific subjects, but as a universal language, in which the ecclesiastics and the leading characters of all nations were able to confer. She likewise spoke and wrote in French and Spanish; she was well acquainted with Italian, but did not venture to converse in it. In music she particularly excelled, for the rapidity of her touch on the manichord and lute.[1] Mr. Paston was paid as her teacher on the virginals, and Philip Van Wilder, of the king's privy chamber, as her instructor

[1] Michele, Italian MS. in the Lansdowne collection, 840 A, f. 156.

on the lute; the expense of such instruction appears to have been as high as 40*s*. per month.

In the autumn of 1536, notwithstanding the disinheriting statutes lately passed, overtures were renewed for the marriage of Mary with Henry, duke of Orleans —hints being perpetually thrown out by her father, of the possibility of her restoration to her place in the succession. Mary had, perhaps, a pre-occupied heart; for one of the letters of Beccatelli to his friend, Reginald Pole, December 1536, speaks of the reports current from England, "that it was the general opinion that the princess Mary would one day marry him, because of the love she had borne him from her infancy."

Lord Morley dedicated one of his translations from Erasmus to her; and, speaking of the change that had recently taken place in her station, he exclaims—"O noble and virtuous king's daughter! How is it that those of our time be so blinded! I can think no other, but that the end of the world hasteth apace." He calls her —"the second Mary of this world for virtue, grace, and goodness; and beseeches her to help correct his work, where he has by any means erred in the translation."

Notwithstanding the concessions made by the princess, no trace can be found of her admission to her father's presence before the Christmas of 1537. From this time the diary of her privy purse expenses commences, forming a species of journal of her life, in most instances to her credit, excepting items of high play at cards, and a general propensity to betting and gambling, which will excite surprise. In this examination of the private life of a princess so exceedingly detested by her country, whose memory is loaded with the reproaches to which every sovereign who is a party in the enactment of cruel laws, is liable; it is natural for a biographer (who is an active searcher after facts) to keep a vigilant scrutiny

on these records in quest of the evil traits, with which even the private character of the unfortunate Mary has been branded. The search has been vain: these records speak only of charity, affection to her little sister, kindness to her dependents, feminine accomplishments, delicate health, generosity to her god-children, many of whom were orphans dependent on her alms, fondness for birds—very little hunting and hawking is mentioned, and no bear-baiting. Her time seems, indeed, passed most blamelessly, if the gaming propensities above mentioned may be considered rather faults of the court when she visited it, than faults of hers. It is certain Henry VIII. was one of the most inveterate gamblers that ever wore a crown.[1] No doubt the royal example was followed by his courtiers, for very high play at the Christmas festival must have taken place at the court of queen Jane Seymour, if the losings of the princess Mary are calculated according to the relative value of money.

The visit of the princess Mary at the royal palace of Richmond commenced December the 9th, 1536.[2] How the long estranged father and daughter met, no pen has chronicled, but it is evident she regained, when once admitted to his presence, a large share of his former affections, tokens of which were shewn by presents and new-year's gifts. The king presented her with a bordering, for a dress, of goldsmith's work, perhaps some rich ornament belonging to her mother: it was not new, for

[1] This was the first of his bad qualities, which made its appearance early in his reign, when his high play with his French hostages excited the uneasiness of Katharine of Arragon, his losses amounting to several thousand crowns, every day he played at tennis. On the representation of the queen, that the losses were always on his side, he for a time abated this bad habit. It evidently returned after this good woman had lost her influence, for his loss of the lead and bells of abbey churches at dice, with the companion of his orgies, sir Francis Bryan, is matter of notoriety in history.

[2] Privy Purse Expenses of the princess Mary, edited by sir F. Madden, is the authority for this information, from p. 1 to 12.

she paid to a goldsmith £4. 3*s*. 4*d*. for lengthening the borders, adding in her own hand, "that the king's grace had given it to her;" likewise she noted payment to the goldsmith "for coming to Greenwich to take her orders." The court moved from Richmond to Greenwich before Christmas-day. Mary lost at cards six angels, or £2. 5*s*., directly she arrived at Richmond; in six days, another supply of six angels was needed; soon after, a third of 20*s*., besides 30*s*. lent her by Lady Carew when her pocket was again emptied "at the cards." In the course of this week, the entry of a quarter's wages for one of her footmen occurs of 10*s*., which offers a fair criterion to estimate the extravagance of her card-losings, by comparing the present value of a footman's wages for a quarter of a year with every 10*s*. thus dissipated. As some atonement for this idle outlay, £1. 3*s*. was paid to "the woman who keepeth Mary Price, my lady Mary's god-daughter, and 15*s*. in alms, and 3*s*. 9*d*. to a poor woman of her grace living at Hatfield, and 7*s*. 6*d*. to John of Hatfield.

Cromwell presented the princess with a new year's gift of some value, for the present given to his servant who brought it amounted to three angels; he likewise sent her a "gift of sweet waters and *fumes*," for which his servant is given a gratuity of 7*s*. 6*d*. Among the other characters of historical interest who sent their offerings to Mary, on her return to court, occur the names, of lady Rochford (then one of queen Jane Seymour's bed-chamber ladies), of her father, lord Morley, Mary's old literary friend, of lord Beauchamp (the queen's brother) and his wife; likewise lady Salisbury.

To queen Jane's maids the princess presented each a ducat, amounting in all to 40*s*. The queen's page had 45*s*. for bringing the new year's gift of his royal mistress. Besides other presents, she gave the princess £50. The princess made many minor gifts at the new year to

those whom etiquette would not permit the offering of money. For instance, she bought of the lady mayoress of London six bonnets, for new year's gifts, at £1 each, and likewise paid her 10*s.* for two frontlets, a plain proof that the lady mayoress, in 1537, kept a haberdasher's or milliner's shop. The lord mayor that year was sir Richard Gresham, a near relative of the Boleyns, a circumstance which makes this little mercantile transaction between the princess Mary and her sister's industrious kinswoman a curious incident. Yet ample proof is afforded by the privy purse accounts, that the princess Mary, though formally forbidden to do so by Wriothesley and Cromwell, persisted in giving to her little sister Elizabeth the title of grace; this was, perhaps, owing to the adhesiveness of her disposition, which could not endure to alter anything to which she had accustomed herself. To an item of £1. 2*s.* 6*d.*, given "to Mr. Bingham," the princess has added, in her own hand, the explanation, "chaplain to my lady Elizabeth's grace," thus disobeying, wilfully and deliberately, the orders of council which degraded her young sister from royal rank; afterwards, wherever the name of Elizabeth occurs in her sister's account-journal, she is always mentioned with this distinction.

The princess Mary paid 5*s.* for mending a clock given her by Lady Rochford, and 20*d.* to Heywood's servant for bringing her regals (a sort of portable finger organ) from London to Greenwich. She had still further dealings with lady Gresham, the lady mayoress; "for divers and sundry things of her had," 42*s.* were paid in January. In the course of these accounts, attempts were made to charge the princess with various pottles of sack, charges which she pertinaciously resisted, and the intrusive pottles are carefully scored out by her hand.[1]

[1] Privy Purse Expenses, edited by sir F. Madden, p. 12.

The princess seems to have taken a progress after the festival of the new year, to visit her former mansion of Beaulieu, or Newhall, in Essex, probably to take repossession of this favourite residence; she, however, returned to the court at Greenwich, and remained there the rest of January and part of February. She paid in that month 5*s.* for making a window in her bedchamber there, and 10*s.* for the hire of a room to keep her robes in. The end of February, she removed to the palace of Westminster, and the French gardener there presented her with apples. She gave generous donations to the poor prisoners, in various prisons in London, a favourite charity of hers, and greatly needed, for the horrors and deprivations in prisons of all kinds rendered benevolence thus bestowed a very good work, and as such, it was always considered from the first institution of Christianity.

The situation in which Mary was placed at court on these occasional visits was a very trying one. She was a young woman, whose person was much admired, surrounded by parties, hostile to her both on a religious and political account, and she was wholly bereft of female protection. Her tender mother and her venerable relative (lady Salisbury) had both been torn from her—and who could supply their places in her esteem and veneration? A perplexed and thorny path laid before her, yet, at a time of life when temptation most abounds, she trod it free from the reproach of her most inveterate political adversaries. The writings of her contemporaries abound with praises of her virtuous conduct. "She was," says the Italian history of Pollino, "distinguished, when a youug virgin, for the purity of her life, and her spotless manners; when she came to her father's court, she gave surprise to all those who composed it, so completely was decorum out of fashion there. As to the king, he affected to disbelieve in the reality of female virtue, and therefore laid a plot to prove his daughter. This scheme he carried

into effect, but remained astonished at the strength and stability of her principles."[1] Such assertions as this, it is very hard to credit: it may be possible to find husbands willing to be as cruel as Henry if they had the power; but, thanks be to God, who has planted so holy and blessed a love as that of a father for his daughter in the heart of man, it is not possible to find a parallel case in the annals of the present or the past. And if a father could be believed capable of contriving a snare for the honour of his daughter, it ought to be remembered that family honour is especially compromised by the misconduct of the females who belong to it; and Henry VIII. has never been represented as deficient in pride. This singular assertion being, nevertheless, related by a contemporary, it became the duty of a biographer to translate it.

The princess was resident at the palace of St. James, in the month of March, and gave a reward to the king's watermen for rowing her from the court to lady Beauchamp,[2] and back again; she had recently stood godmother to one of that lady's children.

The fondness of the princess for standing godmother was excessive. She was sponsor to fifteen children during the year 1537, in all grades of life, from the heir of England down to the children of cottagers. Her god-children were often brought to pay their duty, and she frequently made them presents. She stood godmother to a child of Lord William Howard, to one of Lord Dudley (who was afterwards the duke of Northum-

[1] Pollino, Istoria della Eccles., p. 396.

[2] Privy Purse, p. 16; likewise see p. 46, where the little god-daughter is sent to the princess to pay her respects; lady Beauchamp was, however, then called lady Hertford. Her husband was known in history by various successive titles, as sir Edward Seymour, lord Beauchamp, earl of Hertford, duke of Somerset, and Protector, as he climbed the ladder of ambition, from whence he experienced so fatal a fall. The above-mentioned lady seems to have been the haughty Anne Stanhope, by whom he had six or seven daughters. His ill-treated wife, Katharine Foliot, left him only the son Edward, whom he cruelly disinherited in favour of his other son Edward by Anne Stanhope.

berland put to death by her sentence); her god-child was, probably, lady Sidney. The princess, as before said, was sponsor to one of Edward Seymour's numerous daughters, three of whom were afterwards her maids of honour, and the most learned ladies in the realm. Lady Mary Seymour, the god-daughter of the princess, in partnership with her sisters, lady Jane and lady Katharine, wrote a centenary of Latin sonnets on the death of the accomplished queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I.

Whilst the princess Mary abode at court, the yeomen of the king's guard presented her with a leek on St. David's day, and were rewarded with 15*s*. In the succeeding summer, she was afflicted with one of her chronic fits of illness, and the king's physicians attended her in June and July. She sent queen Jane, from Beaulieu, presents of quails and cucumbers; there is an item in her accounts, "given in reward for *cucumbs*, and the same given to the queen at divers times."

It appears Mary practised the good custom of importing curious plants from Spain, and these *cucumbs* were perhaps among the number. Mary had returned to her home at Hunsdon in the month of September. Indications exist that her sister Elizabeth was domesticated with her, as notations occur in her expenses of presents to her sister's personal attendants. Mary stood sponsor to a poor infant, "the child of one Welshe, beside Hunsdon, on the 7th of October." She gave a benefaction to this little one, and bountiful alms to her poor pensioners (apparently as farewell gifts) the same day, and came to Hampton Court to be present at the accouchement of her royal friend queen Jane. It is likely she brought her little sister with her, since both were present at the christening of prince Edward, to whom the princess Mary stood sponsor, in manner already detailed.[1] She

[1] See Life of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.

was dressed on this occasion in a kirtle of cloth of silver, ornamented with pearls. She gave to the queen's nurse and midwife the large sum of 30*l.*, and to poor people in alms, the day the prince was born, 40*s.* She presented a gold cup, as a christening gift, to her brother; but as it is not charged in her expenses, it was probably one of those that had been profusely bestowed on her in her infancy. At the conclusion of the baptismal ceremony, Mary took possession of her little sister, Elizabeth, and led her by the hand from Hampton Court Chapel to her lodgings in the palace.

Ten days after, the calamitous death of queen Jane turned all the courtly festivals for the birth of the heir apparent into mourning. The king retired to Windsor, and left his daughter to bear the principal part in the funeral ceremonials about the corpse of the deceased queen. These were performed with all the magnificence of the catholic church. Whilst the deceased queen laid in state in Hampton Court Chapel, the princess Mary appeared as chief mourner at dirges and masses, accompanied by her ladies and those of the royal household. She knelt at the head of the coffin habited in black; a white handkerchief was tied over her head, and hung down. All the ladies, similarly habited, knelt about the queen's coffin in "lamentable wise." The princess caught cold at these lugubrious vigils, performed in November nights; and the king sent his surgeon, Nicolas Simpson, to draw one of her teeth, for which service she paid him the enormous fee of six angels.[1]

On the day of the funeral, the corpse of Jane Seymour was removed from Hampton Court to Windsor in stately procession. Very fatiguing must have been that day to the princess Mary, since she followed the car on

[1] See her Privy Purse Expenses. Strype has quoted the particulars of the princess Mary's attendance on her stepmother's funeral and obsequies, from a contemporary herald's journal. See his Memorials, vol. ii., part 1, pp. 11, 12.

which the body was placed, mounted on horseback. Her steed was covered with black velvet trappings; she was attended, on her right hand, by her kinsman, lord Montague, who was so soon to fall a victim to her father's cruelty, and on the left, by lord Clifford. Behind her, followed her favourite cousin, lady Margaret Douglas, who is called by the herald, lady Margaret Howard, a proof that her wedlock with lord Thomas Howard[1] was believed by the contemporary herald, who has described this scene. Lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Mary Tudor and Suffolk, likewise had her place near her cousin, the princess Mary. They were followed by the countesses of Rutland and Oxford,—both ladies of royal descent, — and by the countesses of Sussex, Bath, and Southampton.

As the funeral passed on the road between Hampton and Windsor, the princess Mary distributed 30*s.* in alms to poor persons begging by the way-side.[2] She officiated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the day after, as chief mourner at the interment of queen Jane; and she paid for thirteen masses for the repose of her soul. She gave a sovereign apiece to the women of the deceased queen's chamber, and many gifts to the officers of her household.

Mary remained at Windsor Castle with her father till Christmas. King Henry was supposed to be bemoaning the death of queen Jane; he was really deeply occupied in matrimonial negotiations[3] for himself, but ostensibly for his daughter. Meantime Mary stood godmother to two more infants, one being the child of her apothecary, the other that of her physician, according to an entry in her accounts. "Item, given to John, potticarry, at the christening of his child, my lady's grace

[1] That unfortunate lover (or husband) of lady Margaret, was just dead in the Tower, where she herself had been a prisoner, and had been recently released, perhaps to bear a part in this very ceremony.

[2] Privy Purse Expenses, p. 42.

[3] See Life of Anne of Cleves, vol. iv.

being godmother, 40*s*. Item, given at the christening of Dr. Michael's child, a salt, silver gilt, my lady's grace being godmother to the same, price (of the salt) £2. 6*s*. 8*d*." She usually added her own name to that of the godchildren, as, "Edward Maria,"[1] or "Anne Maria."

Christmas was kept at Richmond Palace.[2] A payment was made by the princess Mary, in December, of 5*s*., to Perkins, of Richmond, for the *ferriage* on the Thames of her and her servants coming there from Windsor. Mary amused herself this winter by embroidering a cushion as a new-year's gift to Wriothesley, and a box wrought with needlework in silver for her sister, "my lady Elizabeth's grace," as she is designated in the diary of expenses. Mary likewise prepared a cap, which cost £2. 5*s*. for her infant brother and godson; and withal made his nurse, mother Jackson, a present of a bonnet and frontlet which cost 20*s*.

The princess remained at Richmond till February, and during this time lost money at cards to lady Hertford and lady Margaret Gray. She gave considerable sums in alms, and honestly paid William Allen, of Richmond, the value of two of his sheep killed by her greyhounds. She paid for the board and teaching of her poor god-children, and several items are charged for necessaries provided for "Jane the Fool," a functionary who is first named in the accounts of the autumn of 1537. Jane the Fool was sometimes exalted on horseback, as her mistress paid for the food of a horse kept for her use. Payments for shoes and stockings, linen, damask gowns, and charges for shaving "Jane's fool's head" frequently occur in the diary of expenses. The princess concluded her long visit at Richmond Palace

[1] Fuller's Church History.

[2] Privy Purse Expenses, pp. 42—45. From this journal it is evident the court was at Richmond during Christmas, though Hall says it was at Greenwich.

after Candlemas Day, when she went to Hanworth. She was forced to employ persons for making the road passable thither; she paid these pioneers 7*s.*, and gave besides 4*s.* 4*d.* alms on the road to Hanworth.

Among many other odd gifts she was presented with orange pies by my lady Derby. Oranges seem to have been in general domestic use since the reign of Edward I.; at this time they were bought for the use of the princess at the rate of 10*d.* per hundred. Lady Hertford's servant brought the princess quince pies; she was sent cockles and oysters, and received presents of strawberries as early as April and May, 1538—a proof that the art of forcing fruit by artificial means was practised in England at that period.[1] Many items occur of bottles of rose-water, a preparation in that century considered as an acceptable gift to royalty. Mary paid, this summer, repeated visits to her infant brother at Hampton Court; gifts to his nurse, servants, and minstrels, form heavy articles in her expenses. She appears to have watched over his infancy with the care of a mother.

Lady Margaret Douglas was in attendance on the princess at this time, for she was repaid 20*s.* for articles purchased for her use. The same year the princess received into her household and protection the lady Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald, a beautiful girl, who has excited no small interest in the literary world as the fair Geraldine, celebrated by the accomplished earl of Surrey. She was the near kinswoman of the princess, since her mother, lady Elizabeth Gray, was daughter of Thomas, marquis of Dorset, eldest son of queen Elizabeth Woodville. Her father, the Earl of Kildare, with the five gallant Geraldines, his uncles, had all perished in the

[1] Privy Purse Expenses, pp. 67, 69. The last are presented by a friar. The cherries given the princess do not make their appearance till June, therefore it was no extraordinary warmth of the year 1538.

preceding year by the hands of the executioner. Lady Kildare was left a widow dependent on the alms of her tyrant kinsman. Whether it was the princess Mary's desire to receive her destitute young cousin, or whether she was sent to her at Hunsdon by the king's pleasure, is not precisely defined; but it is certain that a firm friendship ever after existed between the princess Mary and the impoverished orphan of the Geraldines.[1]

More than one treaty of marriage had been negotiated by Henry for his daughter since the disinheriting act of parliament had passed; the king always setting forth that by the same act it remained in his power to restore her to her place in the succession, if agreeable to his will. He had been so long used to amuse himself with these negotiations that they evidently formed part of his pastime. Yet Mary's early desire of leading a single life was seldom threatened with contradiction by any prospect of these marriage treaties being brought to a successful conclusion. Thus passed away the suit of the prince of Portugal, made the same year.

The year 1538 was one of great trouble and convulsion in England; the serious insurrections of the catholics, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, which had occasionally agitated the north, since the autumn of 1536, were renewed nearer the court, and several nobles connected with the royal family were suspected of collusion. The most dreadful executions took place; one unfortunate female, lady Bulmer, was burnt alive for high treason and sorcery, and her husband butchered under the same pretence in Smithfield. The land reeked with judicial bloodshed, and the representatives of some of the most noble families in England perished on the scaffold. Among the requisitions of the northern insurgents there was always a clause for the restoration of the princess Mary to her royal rank—a circumstance re-

[1] Nott's Life of Surrey.

plete with the greatest danger to herself; and very warily must she have guided her course, to have passed through the awful year of 1538, without exciting greater jealousy than she did from her father and his government. Her establishment was for a time certainly broken up, for a chasm of more than a year appears in the book of her privy purse expenses. She had in the preceding autumn excited the anger of her father and Cromwell, by affording hospitality to some desolate strangers—probably some of the dispossessed religious from the overthrown monasteries, many of whom wandered about in the most piteous state of destitution. The princess promised Cromwell by letter not to offend in this way again, and adds, "she fears the worst has been made of the matter to the king."[1]

The Christmas of 1538 found Cromwell and the duke of Saxony (the head of the protestant league in Germany) busy negotiating the union of the strictly catholic Mary with the young duke of Cleves, brother to the duchess of Saxony. Burgartius, the vice-chamberlain of Saxony, was likewise employed in the proposal: this dignitary it appears had applied for a portrait of Mary, but was answered by Cromwell, "that no instance can be quoted of a king's daughter of such high degree having her picture sent abroad for approval; but Burgartius, the duke's vice-chamberlain, (*whoself* having seen the lady Mary,) can testify of her proportion, countenance, and beauty. And although," he adds, "she be the king's natural daughter only, yet, nevertheless, she is endowed and adorned, (as all the world knoweth) as well of such grace of beauty and excellent proportion of person, as of most excellent learning, honourable behaviour, and of all honest virtues and good qualities, that it is not to be doubted (when all the rest, as portion, &c., should be agreed) that no man

[1] Hearne's Sylloge.

would stick or stay concerning her beauty and goodness; but be more than contented, as he (vice-chamberlain Burgartius) knoweth well, who saw her visage."[1] Thus Cromwell continued to insist, that the face and accomplishments of Mary quite counterbalanced the defects of her title and fortune; but this marriage treaty proved as futile as the preceding ones, and only served to introduce the unfortunate wedlock of Anne of Cleves and Henry VIII.

The beloved friends of Mary's youth, the countess of Salisbury and her family, were, in the commencement of the year 1539, attainted without trial, and overwhelmed in one sweeping ruin. In the spring of the same year, lord Montague, the elder brother of Reginald Pole, was beheaded on slight pretences; and the elegant marquis of Exeter, Henry VIII.'s first cousin and former favourite, shared Montague's doom. The countess of Salisbury was immured in the Tower, and at the same time bereft of all property, even of the power of purchasing herself a warm garment to shelter her aged limbs. Mary's other friend, the wretched widow Gertrude, marchioness of Exeter, involved in her husband's sentence, laid in the Tower, expecting daily execution, her captivity was shared by her little son Edward, the hapless heir of Courtenay, who was too young even to permit the pretence of having offended. As this utter desolation of these noble and semi-royal families was entirely attributed, by their tyrannical oppressor, to their relationship and friendship for Reginald Pole, whose chief crime was his firm support of the claims of Katharine of Arragon, it may be easily supposed how much the princess was agonized by their calamities. At this juncture, so replete with peril to herself, Mary was dwelling at Hertford Castle with her little sister Elizabeth; it appears she had had no establishment of her

[1] MS. Cott. Vitellius, C., fol. 287—296.

own, since the jealousy had occurred respecting the hospitality she had afforded the distressed strangers at her dwelling.

A tradition is actually prevalent at Hertford Castle, that a *queen* Mary was captive there for nearly two years, and a little room in one of the turrets is shewn as the place where she used to read and study. Mary queen of Scots is the person whom common report has identified with this traditionary imprisonment; but it is scarcely needful to observe, that she was never so far south, by many score miles, as Hertford town or castle. Local reports of this kind may usually be traced to some forgotten historical reality, and satisfactorily explained, if rational allowance is made for the confusion occasioned by similar names and station. Thus it may be observed, that our biography loses the princess Mary of England at Hertford Castle in 1538, and finds her there again at the end of 1539, under a sort of palace restraint, and when it is remembered, that she was afterwards *queen* Mary, little doubt can exist, that her durance has been attributed by the Hertford traditions to her fair and popular namesake of Scotland.

The low state of Mary's finances, this year, obliged her to make the following representation to Cromwell by letter:[1]—"It hath pleased the king's majesty, my most gracious father, of his great goodness, to send me every quarter of this year £40, as you best know who were the means of it, as (I thank you) you be for all my other suits; and seeing this quarter of Christmas must needs be more chargeable than the rest, specially considering *the house I am in*, I would desire you, if your wisdom thought it most convenient to be a suitor to the king's said highness, somewhat to increase the sum." She adds, "she is ashamed to be a beggar, but the occasion is

[1] See Hearne's Sylloge.

such she cannot choose." The king, in consequence of this application, sent her £100 by Mr. Heneage that month.

In a preceding letter she wrote to Cromwell she said:—

"My lord, your servant hath brought me the well-favoured horse that you have given me, with a very goodly saddle, for the which I do thank you with all my heart, for he seemeth to be indeed as good as I heard reported of him, which was, that he had all qualities belonging to a good horse. Wherefore I trust, in time to come, the riding on him shall do me very much good concerning my health."

She usually wrote in very affectionate terms to Cromwell, and took a rating from him now and then without much indignation; she had, when he was Wolsey's factotum and universal man of business, been used, from her infancy, to receive all her supplies from his hands, and to regard him as a person in practical authority.

Towards the close of the year 1539, the privy-councillor Wriothesley came to Hertford Castle, for the purpose of informing Mary "that it was her father's pleasure she should instantly receive as a suitor duke Philip of Bavaria," who was at that time in England, announcing the approach of his kinswoman, Anne of Cleves, the betrothed wife of Henry VIII.[1] Wriothesley speaks of his admission to the princess Mary in the following letter, as if she were very sedulously guarded, if not under restraint:—

T. Wriothesley to Cromwell.

"Pleaseth your lordship to understand that arriving here at Hertford Castle this afternoon, about two of the clock, *upon knowledge given of my coming, and desire to speak with my lady Mary's grace, I had immediately access to the same*, to whom, after the delivery of the king's majesty's token, with his grace's most hearty commendations, I opened the cause and purpose of my coming in as good a sort as my poor wit had conceived the same; whereunto she made me answer, 'that, albeit, the matter were towards her of great importance, and besides, of such sort

[1] Hearne's Sylloge. Sir Frederick Madden's comments on this letter are conclusive regarding the time of its composition.

and nature as the king's majesty not offended, she would wish and desire never to enter that *kind of religion*, but to continue still a maid during her life; yet remembering how, by the laws of God and nature, she was bound to be in this, and all other things, obedient to the king's highness, and how, by her own bond and obligation, she had heretofore, of her free will, according to her said bond and duty, obliged herself to the same, though she might by frailty be induced in this so weighty a thing to cast many doubts, and to take great stay with herself, yet wholly and entirely, without qualification, she committed herself to his majesty, as her most benign and merciful father and most sovereign lord, trusting and most assuredly knowing that his goodness and wisdom would so provide in all things for her, as should much exceed her simple capacity, and redound to his grace's honour and her own quiet.' Which thing she will this night write with her grace's own hand, to be sent by me to-morrow on my return. I assure your lordship here can be no more desired than with all humility and obedience is offered, and because I must tarry all night for these letters, I thought meet to signify how far I had proceeded, to the intent the king's majesty knowing the same, may further in all things determine as to his grace's high wisdom shall be thought meet and expedient."

The expression that Mary used to Wriothesley, "that the king's majesty not offended, she would wish and desire never to enter that kind of *religion*, but to continue still a maid," has occasioned some difference of opinion between two historians; "one taking it that she declined religious vows," another, "that she termed matrimony a species of religion." But if this letter really refers to the courtship of duke Philip of Bavaria, it is a plain representation that she would prefer remaining single, to marrying and owning as her lord, one who was a supporter of the protestant religion; and her words can bear no other meaning. Mary might venture this remonstrance to her father, who had committed such enormities in persecuting the tenets of the very prince, to whom he was now disposing of her hand.

A few days after the date of Wriothesley's letter, the French ambassador, Marillac, in a letter, dated December 27th, 1539, says—"I have heard from the same source, touching the marriage of the eldest daughter of the king, the lady Mary, with this duke of the house of

Bavaria. Three or four days ago, in the most secret manner which could be, he went to salute and visit her in a house of the abbot of Westminster, in the gardens of the Abbey, one mile from this city, where the said lady had been brought privately; and after having kissed her, which is considered here as a declaration of marriage, or of near kindred, and, considering also that, since the death of the late marquis,[1] no lord, however great he may be in this kingdom, has presumed to do so, this seems to imply much. The said duke had a long discourse with her, partly in German, with an interpreter, and partly in Latin, of which she is not ignorant; and, in conclusion, he declared to the king his resolution to take her to wife, provided that his person be agreeable to the said lady."

The day after Anne of Cleves made her public entry king Henry invested Mary's German wooer with the order of the Garter,[2] an honour which he well deserved; on account of his gallant defence of Vienna against the Turks, in 1529, when he won the cognomen of Bellicosus, or the Warlike. He was the first protestant prince invested with the order of the Garter, but neither his renown in arms, nor his eloquent wooing in high Dutch and Latin, could atone, in the eyes of Mary, for his Lutheranism or for his league against the emperor her relative. Philip the Warlike had many opportunities of seeing Mary during the festivities which celebrated the ill-omened marriage of Anne of Cleves and Henry VIII. He departed from the court of England, January 27, with the intention of returning and claiming Mary as his bride, to whom he presented at his departure the love-token of a diamond cross. The important preliminaries of *dote* (or portion) and jointure were at that time already settled. Poor, indeed, they were, for the brave Bavarian was but a younger brother, and, being an opponent of the catholics,

[1] Probably her unfortunate cousin Courtenay, marquis of Exeter.
[2] Marillac's Despatches.

received Mary, of course, as a person of stigmatized birth. Henry VIII. named as her portion less than 7000*l.*, and duke Philip could offer her a jointure of but 800*l.* or 900*l.* per annum.

The insults and injuries that were inflicted on the unoffending Anne of Cleves by Henry VIII. broke the troth between Mary of England and Philip the Warlike. By her father's orders, Mary returned the diamond cross to the lord chancellor, who duly transmitted it to Philip. And Mary, perhaps, whispered, like Portia—

"A gentle riddance."

Yet the brave German appears to have been sincerely attached to her, for he remained single, and renewed his suit six years afterwards, and being repulsed, died a bachelor,[1] as became a true knight and lover. Well had it been for Mary if her hand had been given to the brave and true-hearted German Philip, instead of his cruel Spanish namesake!

The interrupted accounts of the princess commence again with the new year of 1540. Mary received many new-year's gifts, and was very liberal in her distribution of presents,[2] especially to her sister Elizabeth, to whom she gave a yellow satin kirtle, made with five yards of satin at 7*s.* 6*d.* the yard; the princess Mary, in her own hand, has marked against the item, "for a kirtle for my lady Elizabeth's grace." Seven yards of yellow damask, at the same price, is presented by Mary to the nurse of her brother Edward, for a kirtle. Mrs. Cavendish, the woman of the princess Elizabeth, and Ralf, her chaplain, are given new-year's gifts of 10*s.* each; and Mary twice supplied her sister's pocket with money to "play withal," the sums being 10*s.* and 20*s.* The new-year's gift she presented to her brother Edward was a

[1] Philip of Bavaria died at Heidelburg, in 1548; he was born in 1503, and was therefore a very suitable age for the princess Mary.

[2] Privy Purse Expenses of the princess Mary.

crimson satin coat, embroidered with gold "by the king's broiderers," and further ornamented with pansies formed of pearls; the sleeves of tinsel, with four gold aglets, or hooks and eyes. A very inconvenient garment, stiff and cumbersome it must have been for an infant little more than two years old; but young children were habited in garments modelled into miniature resemblances of costumes worn by grown persons, a practice which certainly continued, till late in the last century, with far more ridiculous effect.[1]

The princess spent some weeks at her father's court, and many items of high play, and even wagers lost by her, mark the manner in which she passed her time. She lost a frontlet in a wager with her cousin, lady Margaret Douglas, for which she paid 4*l*. These frontlets were the ornamented edges of coifs or caps, similar to, or modifications of, the costume familiar to the eye in the head-dress of Anne Boleyn; some were edged with gold lace—and this, by the price, appears to have been of that class—and others with pearls and diamonds. The princess Mary not only pledged caps, but lost breakfasts at bowls, which were among the games played by ladies on the greensward. To counterbalance these items, she paid this quarter for the education of a child, and binding him apprentice.

In the summer of 1540, Mary's privy purse expenses suddenly ceased, and she was laid on a bed of sickness at her brother's residence at Tittenhanger. The last items recorded are her payments to the king's surgeon of a sovereign for coming from London to bleed her,

[1] Marie Antoinette was the first person who broke the absurd fashion of dressing infant boys as droll miniatures of their fathers. She attired the unfortunate dauphin in a simple blue jacket and trousers, for which she was reviled, as if little bag-wigs and tiny cocked hats, and all the absurd paraphernalia of full dress, had been points of moral obligation. There are noblemen yet in existence, who can remember, at six years old, joining the juvenile parties given by George III. and queen Charlotte, dressed after the models of their father's court costumes, with powdered side curls, single breasted coats, knee buckles and shoe buckles.

and fifteen shillings to her old apothecary John, for *stuff*; likewise alms to the poor of forty shillings, and a gift of pocket money to her sister Elizabeth. The diary of her expenses ceased a few weeks before the marriage of her father with Katharine Howard, and was not resumed for more than two years.

The disturbed state of England at this period gives reason to suppose that Mary's household was broken up, and that she, though passive and unoffending, was placed where her person could be in more security than in her own dwellings. Among other indications of change in her establishment, her young favourite, the fair Geraldine was taken from her service and transferred to that of the newly-married queen at Hampton Court. It was here that Surrey first admired her, as may be ascertained by his interesting biographical sonnet, which traces with singular clearness her origin, and the events of her young life:—

"From Tuscany came my lady's worthy race;[1]
Fair Florence was sometime *her* (their) ancient seat;
The western isle,[2] whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl;[3] her dame, of princes' blood.[4]
From tender years in Britain she did rest
With king's child,[5] where she tasted costly food.
Hunsdon[6] did first present her to mine eye.
Bright is her hue and Geraldine[7] she hight
Hampton[8] me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of *kind*, her virtue from above,
Happy is he that can obtain her love!"

[1] The Fitzgeralds trace their origin from the Geraldi of Florence.
[2] Ireland. [3] Earl of Kildare.
[4] Her mother was lady Elizabeth Gray, grand-daughter to queen Elizabeth Woodville, and of course of the princely blood of Luxemburgh.
[5] With the princess Mary, after her father's execution in 1537.
[6] Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald lived there with the princess, where Surrey says he first saw her.
[7] This is no romantic name of Surrey's invention, but simply the designation of the Fitzgeralds in all the chronicles of England and Ireland of that day.
[8] Surrey had seen her at Hunsdon. It seems he was not struck with her charms till he beheld her at the court of his cousin, queen Katharine

Dreadful events took place in England, in the years 1540 and 1541, events which must have produced a fearful effect on the mind of the princess Mary, and prepared the way for most of the vengeful persecutions which disgraced her reign. This woful epoch saw the destruction of all her early friends. Her old schoolmaster, Dr. Fetherstone, suffered the horrid death of treason, in company with Abel, her mother's chaplain, and another zealous catholic. They were dragged to Smithfield with fiendish impartiality on the same hurdles that conveyed the pious protestant martyr, Dr. Barnes, and two of his fellow-sufferers, to the flaming pile. Scarcely could the princess have recovered the shock of this butchery, when the frightful execution of her beloved friend and venerable relative, the countess of Salisbury, took place. She was hacked to pieces on a scaffold, in a manner that must have curdled Mary's blood with horror, and stiffened her heart to stone. The connexion of these victims with Mary has never been clearly pointed out, nor the consequent effect of their horrid deaths on her mind properly defined, nor her feelings analyzed, which were naturally excited against those who were in power at the time of their destruction. Her murdered friends were persons of unblemished lives and unswerving integrity, against whom no crime was imputed, excepting their fidelity to the cause of her mother, and their disapproval of Henry VIII.'s spiritual supremacy.

When the explosion regarding the conduct of Katha-

Howard. His love was of the Petrarchian character. The fair Geraldine evidently considered the passion of the earl a mere compliment; for at the breaking up of the unfortunate Katharine's household, she married, at the age of sixteen, old sir Antony Browne, who, notwithstanding his plebeian surname, was the representative of Neville, marquis Montague. The fair Geraldine, after a most respectable wedlock of six years, lost her ancient husband, and retired once more to her early protectress, the princess Mary, with whom we shall meet her again. The only discrepancy in this memorial is, that Geraldine was considered but sixty-one when she died, in 1589; but it was no uncommon case, in the absence of registers, for a beautiful woman to be reckoned some years younger than she really was.

rine Howard took place, it will be found, by the State Papers, that Mary was resident at Sion[1] with her cousin Margaret Douglas, and the young duchess of Richmond, widow of Henry VIII.'s natural son. The princess and her companions were removed from Sion to make way for the wretched queen and her guards. They were escorted to the nursery palace of prince Edward by sir John Dudley, and some of Katharine Howard's servants were appointed to attend on them. The derelictions of Henry VIII.'s young queen restored Mary to the hopes of remaining second in the succession,—for so she was usually regarded, notwithstanding the acts of parliament still in force against her title. This improved prospect brought on an earnest negotiation for her hand, which was demanded by Francis I., for his second son Charles, duke of Orleans.[2]

This treaty was conducted at Chabliz, in Burgundy, and the most important dispatches regarding it are dated April 22, 1542.[3] The privy councillor Paget, a man of low origin, but deep in all the intrigues of Henry VIII.'s cabinet, was the ambassador from England. He was, it seems, a person who made his way by his facetious conversation, for his dispatches are a diplomatic comedy, and he gives the dialogue with the high-admiral of France respecting the princess and the duke of Orleans in a droll, quaint style, calling the princess "Our daughter"—viz., "daughter of England," while Bonnivet calls the duke of Orleans, "our son."

On the matter of *dote*, or dower, these two worthies were by no means likely to come to terms; and when Paget unfolded to the admiral that Henry VIII. only

[1] Vol. i., p. 692.

[2] Henry, who formerly bore this title, was at this time dauphin, by the death of his brother Francis, while the third son of France had now succeeded to the title of Orleans. Henry was at this time the husband of Catherine de Medicis.

[3] Burnet's Reformation, vol. i., p. 174. Likewise the same events are treated of, State Papers, vol. i., pp. 732—740.

offered 200,000 crowns with Mary, while Francis I. required a portion of a million, "the French diplomatist," said Paget, "heaved twenty sighs, and cast up his eyes as many times, besides crossing himself (for I marked him when he was not aware of it), then sending forth one great sigh" he spoke his mind pathetically on the smallness of the lady Mary's *dote*. Paget declared "it was a fair offer, since the duke of Orleans was but a second son. Had king Louis XII. any more than three hundred thousand crowns with the princess Mary her aunt, though a sovereign prince?—and as for the king of Scots, he got only one hundred thousand with Margaret."

Next day the duke of Longueville, governor to the French prince, took Paget by the hand, and led him to the apartments of his royal charge, where he was treated with an exceeding great feast and good cheer. About two o'clock (this was certainly after dinner) the admiral sent for Paget, and every man avoided out of the chamber. "Monsieur l'Ambassador," quoth he, "let us devise some means of joining the lady Mary and our prince together? We ask your daughter," quoth he; "for her you shall have our son,—a *genty* prince," quoth he, and set him out to sale. "We ask you a *dote* with her, and after the sum you will give, she shall have an assignment (of jointure) in our country."

"By my faith," continued he, "the *dote* you have offered is as nothing, and if the duke of Orleans were independent as Louis XII. and the king of Scots, he would rather take the lady Mary in her kirtle, than with the mean portion of 200,000 crowns."

The treaty ended futilely, like all the preceding ones. It had the effect, however, of paving the way for the formal recognition in parliament of Mary's rights in succession.

It may be gathered from a letter, hitherto unedited, at the State Paper Office, written throughout in Mary's

hand, that she was made the medium of pacification between her father and the emperor Charles V. From this curious epistle it is evident she was residing with her brother Edward and her sister Elizabeth, at Havering Bower. In all probability the princesses occupied together the neighbouring palace of Pergo. It will be observed that she mentions her sister as present with her at the audience she gave to the Spanish ambassadors.

LETTER OF THE LADY MARY.[1]

"My lord, after my most hearty commendations to you, these shall be to advertise you that this day, before dinner, the emperor's ambassadors came to Havering, where ..... (here a provoking hiatus occurs from injury to the paper, but the lost words have reference to the little prince her brother, and she goes on to say,) 'and after they had done their duty to him, they came to my sister and me, and shewed me how they had taken their leave of the king's highness, my father, and by his licence came for the same purpose, declaring unto me what great amity they trusted should increase between the king and the emperor, and how glad he would be to do me good; upon occasion whereof, as much as I could, I spoke unto them the whole effect of your last letter, whereunto they answered that they were sorry to enter into such communications with me, seeing they came but to take leave of me, and that the one of them, now going to the emperor's court, might, instead of thanks, tell complaints, and that it grieved them the more considering my modesty in so long time I had shewed ..... They took it to be great wisdom in me, that, seeing the matter of so long success, and the jeopardy that slowness causeth in such business, I would help myself, for they said that the help of God was won as well with diligence as with prayer. Moreover, desiring me to give them leave to speak, they said 'that if they had time to understand the least part of the good will, that the emperor hath shewed and beareth to the king's grace, my father, and to me, also, because I am the daughter unto—(here the words are gone, and whether the ambassadors mean Henry VIII. or Katharine of Arragon, is uncertain)—to whom he oweth the love and obedience of a son, they could somewhat blame me for the unkindness laid to their master's charge, but they attributed all, to the negligence and little care, that I had to be informed in that matter, and they took my diligence, now, for virtue; and because that in coming to particularize the fault and coldness that I put in them I might lay to persons to whom I owe reverence, and ministers to whom I owe good will, which they would not because the emperor's desire is that I should be always in the good will and obedience of the most noble king my father, as I am now.' Leaving

[1] State Paper MSS.

to dispute on their parts, they said 'that the will which their master beareth me was, and is, and ever shall be, entire, as shall be seen by the effect that he shall ever offer, and shall always continue, both in this and the friendship, which he hath ever borne to the king, (as they said before,) as well in the matter before said as in all things that a good and a just friendship and alliance ought.' They said, 'that was the thing they most desired in this world, and would think it great felicity and good gain to be ministers and intercessors; that this good and pure friendship may always continue for the desire that they have to serve both parties, and the good will they bear me.' This was our whole communication, as far as I remember, before dinner; and after dinner, when they came to take leave, I gave them as gentle words as my wit would serve me, according to your counsel, and they varied in nothing from the effect above said; and so I write this letter, for I could not be satisfied till I had fulfilled your desire in sending you word of all those things, as knoweth God, who keep you for ever more.—From Portgrove,[1] this Tuesday, at nine of the clock at night.

"Your assured loving friend during my life,

"MARYE."

The very guarded language Mary uses in this letter injures its perspicuity, but its object is evidently to impress cautiously, on the minds of her father and his ministers, the importance of her position as a bond of union between the English government and her kinsman, the emperor Charles V. This curious epistle affords the first instance of a daughter of the royal family of England taking any part as a diplomatist.

Mary came at Christmas, 1542, direct from young Edward's residence to her father at Westminster, as may be gathered from the re-commencement of her privy purse journal. To the care of mistress Finch was given her funds and likewise her jewels. The new year's gifts sent to the princess, for 1543, are noticed in the renewed accounts; some of them possess biographical interest, others mark improvements in inventions, the state of female costume and occupations, at that era. The princess Elizabeth sent her sister a little chain, and a pair of hose made of silk and gold. The lady Mar-

[1] This must mean Pergo, a palace for the female royalty of England, which was close to Havering Bower.

garet Douglas a gown of carnation satin, of the Venice fashion. The duchess of Suffolk, (Katharine Willoughby,) a pair of worked sleeves and *pullers-out*[1] for an Italian gown. Lady Calthorp, two pair of sleeves, whereof one pair was worked with silver, and the other with gold and *parchment lace:* this article occurs more than once, and was the first indication of Brussels lace.[2] Three Venetians sent the princess a fair *steel* glass. If this had been a mirror of polished steel, they would not have called it glass; but as Venice was the birthplace of looking-glasses, the accountant has supposed the quicksilver was polished steel put under glass. Another article occurs of the same kind directly after:—"My young lady of Norfolk, two pair of worked sleeves, half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, and a *steel* glass." Lady Anne Gray presented two artificial flowers; and her aunt, lady Kildare, mother of the fair Geraldine, a comb-case set with pearls. The fair Geraldine herself, under the designation of Lady Browne, of London,[3] sent a new year's gift to her patroness; its nature this year is not mentioned, but next year it was a fuming box, of silver. Sir Antony Browne, the ancient bridegroom of this young lady, drew the princess for his Valentine, 1543, and received from her a gift of a brooch set with four rock rubies round an agate, enamelled black, with the story of Abraham. There is a previous instance of the princess being drawn as a Valentine by George Montjoy, one of the gentlemen of her household, who received, in consequence, a present of

[1] These were the supporters to the ugly points worn on the shoulders of robes at that time, rivals in deformity to the stuffed sleeves recently the fashion.

[2] Among the stores of old families are still to be seen rolls of parchment, with Brussels lace flowers and figures, worked in point-stitch with the needle: they were thus prepared previously to being transferred to trimmings or lace.

[3] There is another lady Browne, probably sir Antony's mother, who sent presents to Mary, both before and after lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald's marriage.

money. The high collars with little ruffs, often seen in the portraits of this time, are described as being set on capes, and are called partletts. Partletts were often presented as new year's gifts. Likewise worked chemises, probably similar to the modern chemissette, are sent to the princess from many of her female friends; they are, however, registered by an old English word which looks homely enough everywhere excepting in Shakspeare's enchanting spring lyric,—but who objects to "ladies' smocks all silvery white?"

Several domestic animals are mentioned: Boxley, a yeoman of the king's chamber, was given by the princess, 15*s.* for bringing her a present of a little spaniel. Previously, Sir Brian Tuke had sent her "a couple of little fair hounds;" a woman of London had 5*s.* for bringing her a "*brid* (bird) in a cage;" and the woodman of Hampton Court took charge of a white lark the princess had left there, and he received 3*d.* for bringing it to her at Westminster, in April, 1543.

Mary was present at her father's marriage with Katharine Parr; this fact, and the circumstances connected therewith, have already been narrated in the biography of that queen. She accompanied her father and his bride on a summer progress to Woodstock, Grafton, and Dunstable; but being seized with a violent return of her chronic illness, she was carried in the queen's litter to her mother's former abiding place, the Honour of Ampthill. From thence, after several removes, she was finally carried to Ashridge, where her brother and sister were sojourning, and with them she spent the autumn. Many of her attendants were at this time suffering under the influence of a sickly season, and were as ill as their mistress; for her slender income was taxed for lodging, nursing, and medicine for them at a distance from the bustle of the royal residences. Her faithful old servant, Randal Dod, was very sick, and one of her

women, called Bess Cressy, was long chargeable during illness. Jane the Fool was indisposed in health, and on recovery was taken with a fit of industry, since a solitary article appears in the accounts of the princess Mary of 1*d.* expended for needles for "Jane the Fole." A chair was worked for king Henry in the autumn by Mary and her maidens, as a new year's gift for the king; it was of such ample dimensions, that the materials cost twenty pounds. When king Henry and his bride returned to Westminster, the princess Mary joined them there at Christmas. She must have been greatly distressed for money, owing to her bounty to her sick servants, and the expenses of her own long affliction, for she sold a pair of gilt-silver pots[1] for £37. 19*s.* 4*d.*, and a fur of budge for £19. 15*s.*[2] Soon after she received a very seasonable token of her stepmother's kindness, in the substantial form of a gift of £40. The income of Mary was so small and precarious, that every one of her numerous benefactions must have been attended with some degree of self-sacrifice.

Her early dignity as the sole offspring of the sovereign, and the great expenses lavished on her household and establishment in her infancy and girlhood, rendered the subsequent privations of a limited and precarious income more embarrassing. Those who sued for her bounty expected her to bestow as munificently as if she were the eldest princess of England; those who supplied her income apportioned it according to the law which had ranked her as an illegitimate and cast-off scion of the royal family. This harassing uncertainty of station, however, ceased with the close of 1543, and the ensuing year brought a favourable change in the prospects of the disinherited princess.

[1] Privy Purse Expenses, 96—152.

[2] This species of fur cannot be traced by our antiquaries; the great price proves that it was a precious material.

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Mary's restoration to royal rank—Court dress—Her popularity—Influence of Katharine Parr—Mary's translation of the paraphrase of St. John—Her privy purse expenses—Her horticultural importations—Her clocks—Portrait—Wagers—Her jewels—Gifts to her sister—Gift to lady Jane Gray—Death-bed charge of Henry VIII. to the princess Mary—Her letter to the duchess and to duke of Somerset—Lord Thomas Seymour asks her consent to his marriage with the queen—Her letter in reply—Mary's illness—Letter from the princess Elizabeth—Mary's disapproval of the protestant church of England—Controversy with Somerset—Mary's scriptural translation adopted by the church of England—Visit to St. James's Palace—Lord Thomas Seymour sends her a musical teacher—His letter and fall—Mary's long illness—Her death expected—Contest with Somerset on her recusancy—Somerset's fall—Hints of Mary's regency—Her retreat from political agitation—Marriage treaties—Disputes on religion renewed—Her expected elopement—Singular visit to court—Her servants ordered to control her—They prefer imprisonment—Mary's discussion with the chancellor, &c.—Intrigues to disinherit her—Lady Jane Gray's visit—That of bishop Ridley—Mary's Christmas visit to the king—Her last letter to him—His death—Mary disinherited by his will—She approaches London—The Dudley faction deceive her—Warned by Throckmorton—Her flight—Received at Sawston Hall—It is burnt in her sight—She promises to rebuild it—Passes through Bury—Reaches Kenninghall—Her dispatch to the council—Lady Jane Gray proclaimed queen—Mary retreats to Framlingham Castle—Assumes the royal title.

An auspicious change took place in the situation of Mary, a few months after the sixth marriage of her father. Although her restoration to her natural place in

the succession was not complete, a strange reservation being made, in favour of the daughters Henry VIII. might have by queen Katharine Parr, or by any succeeding wives, yet Mary was re-instated in royal rank by act of parliament,[1] passed Feb. 7th, 1544.

On the 17th of the same month, Mary assisted at a grand court held by the queen her step-mother, for the reception of the duke de Najera, a Spanish grandee of the highest rank, whose secretary has preserved minute particulars of the ceremonial. When the noble Spaniard had been presented to the queen, he essayed to perform his homage to the princess Mary by kissing her hand, but she prevented him, and very graciously offered him her lips, a proof that he was her relative, and privileged thus to salute her.[2] Mary danced at a court ball given on the same occasion: her dress was extremely splendid, being a kirtle, or close-fitting under-gown, made of cloth of gold, over which was worn an open robe of three-piled violet velvet; a coronal of large precious stones completed this brilliant costume. Her magnificence of attire, and her public appearance at the reception of a grandee, who was the accredited agent of Charles V., may be considered as the effects of her restoration to royal rank. The Spanish secretary of the duke de Najera wrote, that Mary was pleasing in person, and so popular in England, as to be almost adored. "Among other praises that I heard of her," adds he, "is, that she knows how to conceal her acquirements, and surely this is no small proof of wisdom."

Either the religious prejudices of Mary were not so invincible as have been supposed, or the influence of Katharine Parr was indeed extraordinary; for by the entreaty of that queen, she undertook the translation of the Latin paraphrase of St. John, by Erasmus. The

[1] Parliamentary History, vol. iii., p. 179.
[2] See Marillac's despatches, previously quoted at p. 226.

original, which comprehended all the Gospels, was a work very precious to those who wished for reformation in the Christian church, founded on a more intimate knowledge of Scripture; but, like Scripture itself, the luminous paraphrases by Erasmus were locked in a learned language from the approach of general readers. It was the erudition and industry of the princess Mary that rendered into English the whole of the important paraphrase of St. John; she meant to have laboured further in the good work, when a recurrence of her chronic illness laid her once more on a bed of sickness, and her chaplain, Dr. Francis Mallet, revised and prepared the manuscript she had completed, for the press. It was comprised in the same volume with the other paraphrases of Erasmus, which were rendered into English by several celebrated reformers. Those who mistake Henry VIII. for a patron of the reformation, instead of what he really was, (and still continues to be,) its impediment, its shame, and its sorrow, have supposed that Mary undertook this task to please and propitiate her father. But that such course was not the way to his good graces, is apparent from the anger which was excited in his mind against Katharine Parr, on account of the theological works patronized by her, anger which had nearly been fatal to that queen, soon after the publication of these paraphrases. Mary's translation, therefore, must have been undertaken wholly to please Katharine Parr, who, in her letter from Hanworth, Sept. 1544, entreated her to get her translation of St. John with all care and diligence, revised, and then with speed "to send this her most fair and useful work" to her, that she might with the rest (viz., the translations of Kay, Cox, Udall, Old, and Allen) commit it to the press, desiring withal to know of her, whether it should be published in her name, or anonymously. Katharine Parr added on this point, "that

in her opinion she would do a wrong to the work, if she should refuse to send it to posterity with the advantage of her name; because in her accurate translation she had gone through much pains for the public good, and would have undertaken more, had her health permitted. I see not why you should reject the praise which all deservedly would give you; yet I leave all to your own prudence, and will approve of that which seems best to you."[1]

Mary did not append her name to her translation, but she permitted Dr. Udal to say what he pleased concerning her labours in his preface, which was to the following effect:—"England," he said, "can never be able to render thanks sufficient, so it will never be able (as her deserts require) enough to praise the most noble, the most virtuous, and the most studious lady Mary's grace, for taking such pains and travail in translating this paraphrase of Erasmus on the Gospel of St. John."

Dr. Mallet, who superintended the progress of this work through the press, could not have been long in the service of the princess Mary, having been chaplain to the late unfortunate queen Katharine Howard. He was highly esteemed by queen Katharine Parr for his deep learning; his principles appear to have been mild and liberal, if he may be judged by his co-operation with some of the fathers of the reformation in a work of general Christian utility. The persecution and severe imprisonment he met with in the succeeding reign did not, perhaps, encourage him in this happy frame of mind, since his name occurs in Fox's list of persecutors, —a solitary instance among the personal friends of Mary, who are almost all excluded from that black catalogue.

The manuscript, which has been preserved, of the

[1] See preceding Life of queen Katharine Parr. The further particulars quoted here are drawn from Udal's preface to the Paraphrases, and Strype's Memorials.

princess Mary's privy purse expenditure, closes with the year 1544; it has afforded a curious insight into her real manner of spending her time, her tastes, and pursuits. Among other remarkable points, it shews how small a portion of her means was bestowed on any of the prevalent devotional observances of the times. If she had been inclined to spend her income on attentions to the dead, instead of active charity to the living, she might have done so with impunity, as the masses for the soul of her friend, queen Jane Seymour, indubitably prove that such rites still formed part of the then established church. But no other expenditure of the kind occurs, and, with the exception of a yearly trifle offered at Candlemas, the expenses of Mary might have passed for those of a protestant princess. Many items occur in the course of this diary, which bespeak her love of flowers, rare seeds, and roots; she was a horticulturist and an importer of foreign plants, for her father gave £10 in reward to a person, because he had brought safely to England many trees from Spain, commissioned by "his daughter the lady Mary's grace."[1] She had a decided taste for clocks, like her illustrious relative, Charles V.,[2] for they form a prominent article in her yearly expenditure; sometimes she had as many as four repaired and regulated at once; she sometimes gave and received presents of clocks. Gloves were sent her from Spain as presents; she gave a gentleman, in the suite of the lord admiral, thirty shillings, for bringing her, from a duchess in Spain, a coffer containing twelve pair of Spanish gloves. Gloves of this kind bore a great price as late

[1] Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII., edited by sir Harris Nicolas.

[2] It is well known that he diverted himself with clock-work in his retirement at St. Just, after his abdication, and that there his mighty mind convinced itself of the futility of religious persecution, by observing the difficulty of making two of his clocks strike simultaneously. He reasoned that if unresisting and unthinking matter was so hard to regulate, how could men be tortured into exact unison of thought? But this noble lesson he learned too late for the good of mankind.

as the middle of the last century, and were probably some of the relics of Moorish industry; they were made of exquisite leather, and embroidered with silk, gold, silver, and even with gems, and highly perfumed. The wicked suspicions of that age of crime often supposed that the perfumes of Spanish gloves were poisoned.

Painting was not one of the arts encouraged by Mary while princess, owing to her slender finances, but she paid John Hayes handsomely for drawing her work-patterns, and gave "one John £4, who drew her likeness" on a table; that is, it was a portrait painted on wood.

There is a good portrait, by Holbein, in the collection at Hampton-court, representing a princess about the age of twenty-four, supposed, rather too hastily, to be Elizabeth. The outline of the face is wholly different from the pear-shaped form of Elizabeth's visage, instead of which, it is short and round, and though sufficiently regular to excuse the praises of Mary's person, which formed the constant theme of her contemporaries in her youth, shews a slight indication of the squareness on the upper lip, which was afterwards so violently caricatured in the prints executed in the reign of her successor. If other tokens were wanting to identify it, the costume is sufficient, which had materially changed before Elizabeth had attained the age of the person represented. The colour of the hair has occasioned the mistake, which is of a red cast of auburn, when it is probable that Mary had the dark hair as well as the dark eyes of her Spanish mother. But most of the portraits of that era are embellished with red, or sandy hair; it is supposed that, out of compliment to the rufous complexion of Henry VIII., the locks of his dutiful courtiers were sprinkled with gold dust, or red powder, in order that those who had not been gifted by nature with the warm hue fashionable at court, might at least have the appear-

ance of possessing that enviable tint. Holbein's genuine works have a very deceptive quality, leading the beholder into much false criticism on his stiffness and hardness. The laborious finish of the flesh and draperies induces those who look at his pictures to examine them as near as possible, and the closer they are surveyed the flatter they appear; but let the spectator walk into the middle of the room, and the picture assumes a marvellous effect of roundness, and *vraisemblance*. Thus it is with the famous group of Henry VIII. and family, which is one of the treasures of Hampton-court; on a close inspection it seems as flat as a map, and as highly finished as an enamelled teacup; but as the spectator retreats from it, and looks at it from the centre of the room, the pillars move into panoramic perspective, the recess deepens, the glorious roof glows with lozenges of ruby and gold, the canopy juts out, and the royal group beneath assume life-like semblance. Thus it is with the young portrait of Mary,—if it is viewed from the window-seat to the right, its effect is full of nature and reality. The face is delicate and pleasing; the complexion pale and pure; the fragile figure shews the ravages of recent illness; the expression of the features is mild and reflective; and the whole design gives the idea of a lady student engaged in peaceful meditation. A book, with vellum leaves, is on a stand to the right, and the princess holds another, velvet bound, and clasped with gold, in her hands; fluted curtains partially open from the back-ground; these accessories Holbein has finished with Flemish patience. The book on the stand appears as if the studious princess had recently been writing therein. Her dress is in form, colour, and texture, exactly resembling that of queen Anne Boleyn, at the Louvre; it is square at the bust, taper in the waist, girded with a cordeliere of gems, and made of rose-coloured damask. The head-dress is of the round hood form. "Mary," according

to the Italian of Pollino,[1] "was small, fragile, and of a singularly beautiful complexion, but of a very different tint from that of her father; when a girl, she was much celebrated for her beauty, but the troubles she underwent in her father's reign faded her charms prematurely, though she was very far from ugly. Her face was short, her forehead very large, her eyes dark and lustrous, and remarkably touching when she fixed them on any one." The portrait engraved by Honbraken, with an axe, a fasces, and a mourning Cupid, entitled queen Katharine Howard, is indubitably the princess Mary, about the age of thirty. It is nearly a fac-simile in features, dress, and attitude, with her portrait in the family group at Hampton Court, only at a more advanced age.

The tone of the privy purse journal of the princess altered considerably when Katharine Parr presided over the English court. All cardplaying and betting vanish from the pages of this document; but in the preceding year Mary had lost the monstrous sum of £10 in a bet with Dr. Bill. A divine so called was distinguished among the fathers of the protestant church of England in the reign of Edward VI., but whether he is the same to whom the princess Mary lost her wager is a curious question. Such an incident is as much at variance with all preconceived ideas of the gloom and unbending sternness of Mary's routine of life, as it would have been of the primitive simplicity of that of Dr. Bill. If one could see a grand inquisitor playing at dice or betting at a horse-race with Calvin or John Knox, the sight would scarcely be more startling and anomalous than the plain item in the account book of Mary, noting cash thus won and lost. Strange, indeed, are the revelations when a sudden flash of light affords a transitory view into the realities of life, just at the commencement of the great religious warfare, which has raged since this period; the mind is tantalized with an earnest wish to know more of the private life and daily

[1] Page 396.

mode of conduct of those, who are only known to the world as persecutors on one side, or as martyrs, or theological champions on the other. Vain is the wish; the struggles of rival creeds for supremacy take the place of all other information, either personal or statistical; individual character, arts, science, and even the historian's absorbing theme—arms, are alike a blank in the annals of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary; yet all were undergoing changes as striking as those of religion. In this dearth of general information, assiduous examination of the documents which time and accident have spared, becomes a more imperative duty.

The remaining leaves of the book containing the accounts of the princess Mary, are filled up with the list of her jewels. Many interesting marginal notices, in her own hand, are added to it. The jewels were placed in the care of Mary Finch, and at the bottom of every page is the signature of the princess; and on each side of it four long scratches, to prevent any more writing being added. Among these jewels was a "book of gold with the king's face, and that of her grace's mother, (Katharine of Arragon.)" This is retained in Mary's possession; but the next article, a round tablet, black enamelled, with the king's picture and that of queen Jane, was given by Mary as a present to Mrs. Ryder, at her marriage with judge Brown. "A pomander of gold, having a *dial* in it," was given "to the lady Elizabeth's grace." This must have been a watch. Another item occurs of a plain tablet of gold, with a *dial* in it, given to lady Kingston. Among Mary's valuables were miniature paintings, set in brooches and tablets, evidently meant to be worn on the person; their subjects were mostly from Scripture history, but one given to the princess Elizabeth had on it the history of Pyramus and Thisbe. The king presented his daughter with a considerable number of jewels, the 1st of January, 1543; and six months before his death (the 20th of July) he pre-

sented her with so many, that it may be supposed they were her mother's jewels. Among them occurs another miniature of Katharine of Arragon, set with one of the king, opening like a book of gold.[1] Against one gold necklace, set with pearls, Mary has written, "given to my cousin Jane Gray," little thinking when she gave her young kinswoman a share of her ornaments, that the fair neck would be mangled by her order, round which these pearls were clasped. Many rich presents were distributed by Mary among her female relations; the names of lady Frances (mother to lady Jane Gray), lady Eleanor Clifford, and lady Margaret Douglas, (married to Matthew Stewart, earl of Lennox,) frequently occur, familiarly named as "my cousin" Frances, Eleanor, or *Marget*.

Mary had been suffering with severe illness in the early part of 1546, and was in the spring at the court of her stepmother. A letter is extant from her brother prince Edward,[2] dated from Hunsdon, May 20, 1546, in which he congratulates her affectionately on her recovery, affirming that God had given her the wisdom of Esther, and that he looked up to her virtues with admiration. He desires her to give his love to lady Tyrwhit, lady Lane, and to lady Herbert; these were ladies of queen Katharine's household, and the last her sister—circumstances which prove that Mary was then resident at court.

Mary retained her father's favour to the close of his existence, though just as he was on the verge of the grave, her name was strangely implicated in the mysterious offences, for which the accomplished Surrey was hurried to the block. General history repeats perpetually that Surrey's principal crime was an intention of aspir-

[1] Many beautiful historical miniatures set in this mode were seen among the Strawberry-hill collection, though they chiefly belonged to the 17th century.

[2] Quoted in Strype's Memorials.

ing to the hand of the princess Mary; his own family history, however, proves that this was impossible, for his hand was already given to a wife whom he tenderly loved, and who survived him many years.[1]

Henry VIII. in his will confirmed Mary in her reversionary rights of succession, and bequeathed to her the sum of £10,000 towards her marriage portion, if she married with the consent of the council of regency. While she continued unmarried, she was to enjoy an income of £3000 per annum, which it appears arose from the rents of her manors of Newhall, or Beaulieu, Hunsdon, and Kenninghall. This last was part of the illegal plunder of the noble house of Howard, which she honestly returned, on her accession, to its rightful owner.

The silence of all English writers regarding any communication between Henry VIII. and his eldest daughter, when he was on his deathbed, obliges us to have recourse to the testimony of continental historians, and to translate the following passage from the Italian of Pollino:— "One day, when the king felt convinced that his death was approaching, he ordered his daughter Mary to be sent for. He addressed her with great tenderness and affection, and said—'I know well, my daughter, that fortune has been most adverse to you, that I have caused you infinite sorrow, and that I have not given you in marriage, as I desired to do; this was, however, according to the will of God, or to the unhappy state of my affairs, or to your own ill luck; but I pray you take it all in good part, and promise me to remain as a kind and loving mother to your brother, whom I shall leave a little helpless child.'"[2]

It is very probable that Mary actually made her fa-

[1] See Howard Memorials, by Henry Howard, esq., of Corby Castle.

[2] Pollino, p. 191. This writer must have had access to the muniments of history in those reigns, since we find in his pages repeated information derived from sources (as Privy Council journals, State Paper letters, &c.) which were unknown to the contemporary English historians, and have only been recently opened to the public.

ther such promise, because in all the stormy movements of the succeeding reign, though it will be presently shewn that snares and temptations were not wanting to induce her to seize the reins of government, she never gave, either secretly or openly, the least encouragement to any rebellion against the successive regents, who governed in her brother's name. Happy if she could preserve her own home from molestation—which was not always the case.

Her brother's first employment on his accession, was to write her, from the Tower, a Latin letter of condolence on their father's death, replete with as much personal affection to herself as the stiffness of a scholastic composition would permit.

The princess lived in retirement at her country-seats in the ensuing spring. The great changes which took place in religion immediately after the decease of Henry VIII., had as yet produced no collision between her and the protector Somerset; the following letters bespeak her on terms of great familiarity and friendship both with him and his wife:—

THE PRINCESS MARY TO MY LADY OF SOMERSET.

"My good Gossip, (1547, April.)

"After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her grace's maids. As you know, by his application, he hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing without any recompence hitherto, which forced me to trouble you with his suit before, whereof (I thank you) I had a very good answer, and desire you now to renew the same to my lord your husband, for I consider it impossible for him to remember such matters, having such a heap of business as he hath. Wherefore I heartily require you to go forward in this suit till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to abide long in the city.

"And thus, my good Nann, I trouble you with myself, and all mine; thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Wherefore once again, I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my mother's ward-

robe and beds, from the time of the king my father's coronation; whose only desire is to be one of the knights of Windsor, if all the rooms be not filled; and if they be, to have the next reversion in obtaining, whereof (in mine opinion) you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God, who send you good health and us shortly, meet to his pleasure.—From St. John's, this Sunday, in the afternoon, being the 24th of April.

"Your loving friend during my life,
"MARY."

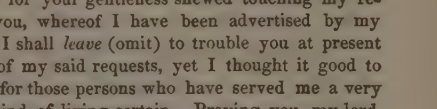
Mary's requests for provision for her mother's aged servants were duly remembered by her "good Nann;" for some months later, a letter of thanks in her hand occurs to the Protector:—

THE PRINCESS MARY TO THE PROTECTOR.

"My lord,

"I heartily thank you for your gentleness shewed touching my requests late made unto you, whereof I have been advertised by my comptroller; and though I shall *leave* (omit) to trouble you at present with the whole number of my said requests, yet I thought it good to signify to you my desire for those persons who have served me a very long time, and have no kind of living certain. Praying you, my lord, according to your gentle promise, that they may have pensions, as my other servants have, during their lives; for their years be so far passed that I fear they shall not enjoy them long.

"Thus, with my hearty commendations, as well to yourself as to my gossip, your wife, I bid you both farewell. Praying Almighty God to send you both as much health and comfort of soul and body, as I would wish myself.—From Beaulieu, the 28th of Dec."



In June, lord Thomas Seymour wrote to her, requesting her sanction to his marriage with her friend and mother-in-law, Katharine Parr; her letter has already been given.[1] It is sensibly written, though somewhat prudishly worded, disowning all knowledge in wooing matters; and she evidently insinuates, that a six months' widowhood was rather too short for the widow

[1] See preceding life of Katharine Parr.

of a king of England; though perhaps Mary knew as well as the parties themselves, that they were already married. The princess dated her letter from Wanstead;[1] soon after she notified to Katharine Parr, that she was about to try the air of Norfolk for the restoration of her infirm health, and from that time she sojourned frequently at her manor of Kenninghall. She required the attendance of her chamber-woman, Jane, during an attack of illness that seized her in the autumn. This damsel had given her hand to William Russel, a servant in the household of her sister, on which occasion Mary received the following familiar letter[2] from the princess Elizabeth:—

FROM THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO THE PRINCESS MARY.

"To my well-beloved sister, Mary.

"Good sister, as to hear of your sickness is unpleasant to me, so it is nothing fearful, for that I understand it is your old guest, that is wont oft to visit you; whose coming, though it be oft, yet it is never welcome; but notwithstanding, it is comfortable for that *jacula prævisa minus feriunt.*

"As I do understand your need of Jane Russell's service, so I am sorry that it is by my man's occasion *letted*, (hindered;) which, if I had known afore, I would have caused his will to give place to need of your service, for as it is her duty to obey his commandment, so it is his part to attend your pleasure; and as I confess it were meeter for him to go to her, since she attends upon you, so indeed he required the same, but for divers of his fellows had business abroad that made his tarrying at home.

"Good sister, though I have good cause to thank you for your oft sending to me, yet I have more occasion to thank you for your oft gentle writing; and you may well see by my writing so oft, how pleasant it is to me.

"And thus I end to trouble you, desiring God to send you as well to do as you can think or wish, or I desire or pray.—From Ashridge, scribbled this 27th of October.

"Your loving sister,

"ELIZABETH."

The will of Henry VIII. was as replete with seeds of strife for his subjects as the capricious acts of his life had been. The monarch who had, on the suppression

[1] Ellis's First Series of English Letters.

[2] After the attainder of sir Giles Heron, in the time of Henry VIII., his manor house at Wanstead remained royal property.

of the monasteries, desecrated so many altars, and scattered the funds of so many mortuary chapels and endowed chantries, in utter disregard of the intentions of the founders, whose very tombs were often violated, left, by his will, £600 per annum for masses to be said for his soul!! He had likewise enjoined his executors to bring up his son in the catholic faith; by this he probably meant, the cruel church of the six articles which he had founded. This will was a serious impediment to the protestant church of England, for the establishment of which, Somerset and Cranmer took decided steps directly Henry expired. Before the parliament met in November, bishop Gardiner, the chief supporter of Henry's anti-papal catholic church was deprived of his see, and imprisoned in the Fleet. Sometime in the same autumn, a controversy by letter took place between the princess Mary and Somerset,[1] which appears to have been commenced by her earnest entreaties for the performance of her father's will, especially that part which related to the education of her brother.

Somerset's answer to the princess is alone preserved; it contains assertions regarding the protestant principles and intentions of Henry VIII., wholly contradicted by facts. Far wiser would it have been for the protestant protector to have boldly founded his opposition on the obvious truth, and argued on the inconsistency of Henry's testament and his deeds; but Somerset, like most politicians, sacrificed the majesty of truth to expediency, which conduct, of course, involved him in a labyrinth of disputation and self-contradiction.

In the course of the correspondence that ensued between Somerset and bishop Gardiner on the same subject, a remarkable fact appears, which is, that the

[1] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii., pp. 14—37. For the will of Henry VIII. see Heylin's Reformation, p. 302, where it is printed at length. The original document is well worth perusal, as bearing striking evidence of the recurrence of the religious tenets which had been impressed in youth on the royal testator's mind.

paraphrases of Erasmus, among which the translation by the princess Mary held so conspicuous a place, was reprinted by the founders of our protestant church, and was provided in all churches throughout England as a companion to the Bible, being considered next in efficacy to the sacred volume itself, for the promotion of the reformed faith. It likewise appears that Gardiner's attacks on this very work was the ultimate cause of his imprisonment.[1] Mary's connexion with this publication forms a singular incident in the history of this controversy, and indeed in her own career. Thus strangely did Mary's opposition to the protestant church of England take place, at the very moment that church was taking for one of its bulwarks the work of her own pen.

The princess was invited to court by an affectionate letter from the young king her brother, who was, before religious controversy occasioned variance, exceedingly fond of her. The royal family passed the Christmas succeeding their father's death, in each other's society, on the most affectionate terms. From that time, however, the visits of Mary to court were few, and as she could not agree with the tenets of the protestants, she held herself as much in retirement as possible. The country was, the succeeding summer, in a state of insurgency from east to west, from north to south, chiefly on account of the utter misery into which the tyranny of the latter years of Henry VIII.'s government had thrown it. It ought to be noted, that not one of these insurgents implicated Mary's name in their proceedings; though, if she had given them the slightest encouragement, there cannot be a doubt they would joyfully have done so. Mary certainly limited her religious zeal whilst she was a subject, to the narrow circle of her own chapel and household, for which she claimed only toleration; this she was the less likely afterwards to practise, since

[1] Burnet, vol. ii., pp. 26—35.

no example was afforded her that it formed a principle of any creed established in Christendom.[1]

Notwithstanding all Mary's caution, the protector addressed to her some communication, accusing her servants of encouraging the rebels in Devonshire; she answered him by a letter,[2] in which, after proving that her servants were not near the scene of action, she concludes with these words:—

"My lord, it troubleth me to hear such reports, especially where there is no cause given; trusting my household shall *try* (prove) themselves true subjects to the king's majesty, and honest, quiet persons, or else I would be loth to keep them. And whereas, you charge me that my proceedings in matters of religion should give no small courage to many of these men, to require and do as they do; that thing appeareth most evidently to be untrue, for all the rising about this part (i. e. Norfolk) is touching no point of religion. But even as ye ungently, and without desert, charge me, so I, omitting so fully to answer it as the case doth require, do and will pray God that your new alterations and unlawful liberties be not rather the occasion of these assemblies than my doings, who am (God I take to witness) disquieted therewith. And as for Devonshire, no *indifferent* (impartial) person can lay the doings to my charge; for I have neither land nor acquaintance in that country, as knoweth Almighty God; whom I humbly beseech to send you all as much plenty of his grace as I would wish to myself. So, with my hearty commendations, I bid you farewell.—From my house at Kenninghall, the 20th of July.

"Your friend, to my power,

"MARY."

[1] It is a lamentable trait in human nature, that there was not a sect established at the Reformation, that did not avow, as part of their religious duty, the horrible necessity of destroying some of their fellow-creatures, (mostly by burning alive,) on account of what they severally termed heretical tenets. The quakers were absolutely the first Christian community since the middle ages, who disavowed all destructiveness in their religious precepts. How furiously these friends to their species were persecuted, the annals of New England can tell; and Great Britain, though more sparing of their blood, was equally wasteful of their lives, for they were penned, by Cromwell and Charles II., by hundreds, in gaols—such gaols as were provided then, rife with malignant fevers and every horror. James II. declared to Bertie, one of his court, that he had released 1200 quakers, confined in different gaols at his accession. Original letters of Bertie, Retrospective Review, Second Series.

[2] Burnet, vol. iii., Hist. of Ref., Records 3, p. 195. This letter is supposed to be answered by Somerset in a letter preserved by Burnet, but the subjects do not agree.

Mary came to London in the autumn of 1548, and paid a visit to her brother at his private residence of St. James's Palace. Here she must have occupied a regular suite of reception rooms, for she had a great concourse of her friends to visit her, and made most especial good cheer for their entertainment. The comforts and luxuries of the table were not, it is evident, forbidden at court, but the sound of musical instruments was wholly banished from the royal residences; nor did the first lady in the realm venture to indulge her favourite taste, by touching virginals, lute, or regals, while sojourning under the roof of the young sovereign of England. The widower of Katharine Parr, Lord Thomas Seymour, was among the guests of Mary. This is apparent in a letter he addressed to her, in which he returned thanks for her hospitality; at the same time he required her testimony (as related in the preceding biography) respecting the rich jewels her father had given to the late queen Katharine Parr. He, in the conclusion, alluded to Mary's total deprivation of music while she abode at St. James's, and insinuated that she must wholly have lost her practice. In order to obviate such a misfortune, he offered the services of his man, Walter Earle, who was well skilled on her favourite instrument, the virginals, to give her lessons. The inquisitors of the Star-chamber, who soon after carefully sifted all the proceedings of the unfortunate Seymour, found that he had had a long consultation with his man, Walter Earle, the night before that person set out on his errand to Mary. They shrewdly suspected that Walter was directed to intersperse with his musical lessons some words calculated to raise the ambitious widower in the good graces of the princess.

Great jealousy was excited in the mind of the protector, that his brother, if he failed in his matrimonial projects regarding Elizabeth, or Lady Jane Gray, meant

to offer his hand to the princess Mary. Nor were these suspicions wholly unfounded.

THE LORD ADMIRAL (SEYMOUR) TO THE LADY MARY.

"After my humble commendations to your grace, with most hearty thanks for the great good cheer I (amongst others) had with you, at your grace's late being here. It may hereof please you to understand, that had it not been, that the little time of your late abode, did rather require to be absented from *suits*, (not troubled with applications,) than to be at any time *impeached* (impeded) of the entertainment, of so many of your grace's friends, which then came to visit you, I had, even then, by mouth, desired knowledge of the thing which now I am suitor for by writing.[1]

* * * * *

I have sent your grace this bearer to wait on you this Christmas, and to renew and bring to your remembrance such lessons as I think you have forgotten; because, at my late being at St. James's, I never saw a *pair* of virginals stirring in all the whole house; wishing I had some other thing that might be more pleasant and acceptable to your grace, whom for this present I commit to the good governance of God.—From Seymour Place, this 17th of December."

But one little month intervened between the penning of this letter and the impeachment of the hapless writer, and in still less time he was hurried without trial to the block, by virtue of a warrant signed by the hand of his fraternal foe. He employed his last moments in writing to the royal sisters Mary and Elizabeth, one of whom regarded him with feelings of friendship, the other with those of love.

Mary's health was so very infirm in the spring of 1540, that her death was generally expected; she herself felt convinced that her end was near. Had she died at this time how deeply venerated would her name have been to all posterity—how fondly would her learning, her charities, her spotless purity of life, her inflexible honesty of word and deed, and her fidelity to her friends, have been quoted and remembered by her country! Even her constancy to the ancient church would have been

[1] Here is omitted the passage regarding Mary's knowledge of the disputed jewels which has been already quoted in the preceding biography of Katharine Parr; the whole is in Haynes's Burleigh Papers, p. 73.

forgiven, as she was as yet innocent of the greatest offence a human being can commit against God and man—persecution for religion's sake. If she had never reigned, the envenomed hatred between protestants and catholics would have been less, and many horrid years of persecution and counter-persecution would have been spared.

She wrote a meditation on her severe illness in 1549, and sent it to her kinswoman, lady Capel, with these words:—

"Good cousin Capel,—I pray you, as often as you be disposed to read this writing, to remember me and pray for me, your loving friend, MARIE."

This cousin, whose relationship the princess claims so frankly, was daughter to the lady Manners, descended from Anne, duchess of Exeter, sister to Edward IV., by her second husband, St. Leger, and of course a descendant of the royal line of York.[1]

The sickness Mary alluded to, laid long and heavily on her at Kenninghall, and it seems to have been greatly aggravated by the arduous letters, she had almost daily to write to the protector, respecting her required conformity with the recently established church of England. In the course of this correspondence she frequently alluded to her sinking health. The point of contest was, her refusal to deliver up her chaplain, Dr. Hopton, her officer, Sir Francis Inglefield, and her comptroller, Rochester, for the examination of the privy council, regarding her domestic worship. In her letter, she rather appeals to the former friendship between her and Somerset, than uses harsh language; she speaks of her health in these words:—

[1] Parke's Royal Authors, and Strype. The present ducal house of Rutland, and its branches of the name of Manners, derive descent from the legitimate line of York through this source.

"I intend, with God's grace, to trouble you little with any worldly suits, but to bestow the short time I *think* (expect) to live in quietness, praying for the king's majesty and all of you.

"Moreover, your desire seems that I should send my comptroller (Rochester) and Dr. Hopton (chaplain) to you. It is not unknown to you that the chief charge of my house resteth only on the *travails* of my said comptroller, who hath not been absent from my house three whole days since the setting up of the same, unless it were for my letters patents; so that if it were not for his continual diligence, I think my little *portion* (income) would not have stretched so far. My chaplain, by occasion of sickness, hath been long absent, and is not yet able to ride; therefore, as I cannot *forbear* (spare) my comptroller, and my priest is not able to journey, I desire you, my lord, if you have anything to declare to me, *except matters of religion*, to send me some trusty person with whom I shall be contented to talk; but assuring you that if any servant of mine, man, woman, or chaplain, should move me contrary to my conscience, I would not give ear to them, nor suffer the like to be used in my house. And thus, my lord, with my hearty commendations, I wish unto you, and the rest (of the council) as well to do as myself.—From my house at Kenninghall, 22nd of June, 1549.

"Your assured friend to my power,

"MARY."

The dispute gathered strength as it proceeded, and in a letter written a few days after, she says, "her poor sick priest, Hopton, has set out in obedience to their orders, though the weather was cold and stormy, and he likely to fail by the way."

This controversial correspondence with Somerset was suddenly interrupted by his deposition from the protectorship. The faction which had deposed him (the leaders of which were Dudley, Cranmer, and Northampton) addressed an extraordinary memorial to Mary, giving their own version of the transaction, written with natural partiality to their own cause and conduct. From this singular document we abstract the following particulars:—

TO MY LADY MARY'S GRACE AND MY LADY ELIZABETH'S GRACE.

"It may please your *grace*,[1] with our most humble and hearty com-

[1] A duplicate of this state paper was certainly sent to both sisters, as it is superscribed to both, but is only pertinent to Mary, as the contents will

mendations, to understand that whereas some trouble hath chanced between us of the king's majesty's council and the duke of Somerset, and because the same may be diversely reported, we have thought it our parts to signify to your *grace* briefly how the matter hath grown, and by what means it hath now come to this extremity."

Many sentences then occur, accusing Somerset indefinitely of pride, ambition, and impracticability in business, and at last with flying into violent courses because he suspected a cabal against him. As addressed to the princess Mary, the following narrative of the only misdemeanour that could be alleged against the hapless Somerset is very curious:—

"We," resume his accusers, "had not dined together above twice, but immediately he took the Tower, and raised all the country about Hampton Court, *bruiting* and crying out that certain lords had determined to destroy the king's majesty, (whom we pray to God on our knees to make as old a king as any of his progenitors!) And when he had thus gathered the people together at Hampton Court, he brought his majesty into the base-court there, and to the gate, causing him (good prince) to say to the people crowded round the gate, 'I pray you be good to us and our uncle!'"

The scene of this stirring historical drama, we consider, is that antique quadrangle in Hampton Court which opens on the river, the bridge, and offices; this we think agrees with the term *base-court*. It is little injured by the hand of innovation; and here imagination can picture the royal boy, with his noble-looking uncle, supplicating through the grate, the motley crowd assembled from the banks of the river and the adjacent hamlets, "to be good" to them. But this did not form the whole of the protector's harangue, which chiefly turned on a political intrigue he suspected his rivals meant to agitate with the princess Mary. The document proceeds—

"When he, Somerset, began his oration to the people, and among his other untrue and idle sayings, declared 'That we wanted to remove him from his office, because we were minded to have your grace (princess

shew. It is printed at length in Mr. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i., p. 248. Our readers are only offered the passages relative to Mary; the whole we earnestly recommend to the perusal of those really desirous of historical truth.

Mary) to be regent of the realm; dilating on what danger it would prove to his majesty to have your grace, who are *next in succession and title*, to be in that place, and that therein was meant a great treason—which, as God knoweth, we never intended—and consider all laws touching the government provide to the contrary; neither have any of us all at any time, by word or writing, opened any such matter to your grace, as your honour knoweth."

This singular communication bears every appearance of a snare laid for Mary by Dudley. It opened to her a prospect which she had never previously contemplated, of governing England, as princess regent, by the aid of his faction and the deposition of Somerset. Had she given way for one instant to the temptation of ambitious vanity, and encouraged Dudley by replying, "That as *next in succession and title*, her appointment as regent was by no means an unreasonable step," she had been lost, for the same party afterwards conspired to invalidate her title and right of succession to the throne. She knew them well, and gave no encouragement to the subtle hint. The whole transaction has, till very recently, slept in the dim twilight of the State Paper Office. Most wisely does Mr. Tytler observe, "that historical truth is progressive, of slow attainment, and to be found, if anywhere, in the original letters of the times." To this may we add, that history separated from the companionship of her sister biography, is an inexplicable riddle; for in the individual characters of rulers and princes, in their passions, interests, and good or bad principles, can alone be traced the springs of the outward and visible actions, which history records.

Dudley's despatch, after detailing many curious particulars relative to Edward VI. and Somerset, irrelevant here, concludes with the following strong canvass to enlist Mary on their side:—"We trust your grace, in our just and faithful quarrel, will stand with *us*, and thus shall we pray to Almighty God for the preservation of your grace's health."

It may be inferred, from Mary's kindness, on her accession to Somerset's down-trodden and persecuted family, after his enemies had wreaked their final vengeance on him, that she by no means approved of his ruin and execution; and it is certain, from the immediate renewal of aggravated severities against her for the practice of her domestic worship, that "her grace did not stand" with his enemies according to their earnest request. Indeed, Mary's utter retreat from all political agitation in her brother's stormy minority was a respectable trait in her character, and coincides entirely with Pollino's narrative regarding her father's death-bed charge. Whenever she was at issue with the ministers of Edward VI., her dissension was wholly personal, and never of a public nature. It was passive and defensive, and limited to repelling their interference with her domestic altar and worship; and when she had resisted their attacks, she neither meddled with their intrigues, fomented their factions, nor encouraged their enemies.

When the Dudley regency arrested her chaplains for officiating in her chapel, she appealed to the emperor on the subject;[1] and his ambassador, April 19th, 1550, demanded of the privy council "that the lady Mary might have her mass, which was denied," says her royal brother, in his journal. The denial was in ambiguous terms, since the imperial ambassador understood that "permission had been granted." Yet molestation to the princess continued during the whole year, and towards the autumn assumed a serious aspect. Meantime, the duke of Brunswick became a suitor for the hand of the princess, but was informed by her brother "that

[1] Several of her letters to Charles V. are extant in the Burleigh papers (Haynes's collection). They are inconsequential, being merely complimentary, and are not worth translating. Her confidential letters were in the Escurial. Great numbers of them were destroyed in the beginning of the present century, by being used as waste paper, together with letters of the sisters and aunts of Charles V.

Don Louis, the infant of Portugal, was engaged in a marriage-treaty for her, and when that was determined he should be answered." The duke of Brunswick was the second illustrious wooer Mary had had from among the champions of the protestant faith, and the marquis of Brandenburgh soon after offered her his hand. There seems, during the reign of Edward, to have been as many overtures for her marriage as when her father was alive. She gave her consent to the alliance with Don Louis of Portugal, but the match was never concluded.[1]

The emperor threatened England with war, if the lady Mary was not exempted from all penal law against nonconformity, which was at this time severe ;[2] and when the young king positively refused to permit mass to be said in her chapel, the emperor Charles sent ships, (commanded by one of his Flemings, named Scipperus,) to hover off the east coast, to receive Mary on board, and carry her to the protection of his sister, the queen of Hungary.[3] King Edward ordered sir John Gates to watch that his recusant sister was not stolen away from Newhall (which is situated near the mouth of the Blackwater, in Essex) to Antwerp. This measure was expected, because it was said at court that more than one of her gentlemen had been to the coast, and examined the best places for her embarkation. Thus it appears her favourite seat of Newhall was regarded with jealousy by the court.

[1] Strype's Notes to Hayward's Edward VI. W. Kennet, vol. ii., p. 315.

[2] The first of these acts of parliament, enforcing conformity with the protestant church of England, under cruel penal laws, was just carried into effect. Joan Bocher was under sentence of the fiery death, she afterwards suffered. Several Dutchmen, condemned to the flames, bore fagots to St. Paul's, and one was burnt to death. Sir Antony Browne, a faithful and honest servant of the crown, and several more, were imprisoned in the Tower for catholicism. It must be remembered that the great bulk of the English catholics who had complied with the measures of Henry VIII. were not in communion with the pope, and therefore it would be an historical absurdity to call them papists, because they would not use the Common Prayer.

[3] King Edward's Journal. Burnet, vol. ii., part 2, pp. 9—16.

The privy council endeavoured to entice Mary from the forbidden ground of Newhall by amiable representations, that the air of Essex was bad for her health, and the cause of a fit of illness which attacked her in the November of 1550; in answer, she wrote the following letter, which is pleasantly worded, and gives much personal information regarding her health and residences. It was probably addressed to the lord privy seal, Bedford, with whom she was always on friendly terms.

"My lord,—I most heartily thank you for your gentle and kind letters. And whereas, it should seem to you and others, my friends, that the soil and air of this house might be the reason of my sickness, for recovery whereof you think it good I should remove from the same. My lord, the truth is, neither the house or the air is herein to be suspected, but the time of the year, being the fall of the leaf; at which time, I have seldom escaped the same disease these many years—and the rather, to prove the air is not the evil, I have not at present (thanks be to God) any of my household sick. Notwithstanding, I had made my provisions at Wanstead and St. John's[1] this two months past, where I intended to have been all this winter; but by reason of one departed at Wanstead of the plague, who was buried in the churchyard very near to my gate, I was driven from that house; and then my disease coming on me so sore, (hearing also that the air at St. John's was not clear,) I durst not venture to take so far a journey, the *stay* (delay) whereof was a grief to me, because the chief intent of the same was to see the king's majesty.

"So having no house of my own near hand, I thought it not meet to make more provision in any other, but determined to rest here[2] till Christmas was past, and caused mine officers to provide accordingly. Moreover, for the better amendment of my health, you so gently offer me the choice of any of the king's majesty's houses, or any other man's house, being meet to be had, you would give order for the same. My lord, your gentleness in this, or in any other of my causes, doth appear so unfeignedly, that I have just occasion to think you my very friend; and not being otherwise able to recompense you, I shall pray for you.

"Hereafter, if I shall espy any house meet for my purpose, I shall make bold to require your favour therein; for I mean, if strength and health will suffer me, to change the air and house here for the cleansing of the same, and borrow my lord chancellor's house for ten or twelve

[1] St. John's is always alluded to as the town house of the princess. It seems to have been St. John's, Clerkenwell, where the Hospitallers had been dispossessed of a magnificent mansion by Henry VIII.

[2] Beaulieu, now Newhall, near Chelmsford.

days, who very gently hath offered me the same. And thus with my most hearty commendations, I wish you well to do, as myself.—From *Beaulieu*, (Newhall,) the 23 of November.

"Your assured friend to my power,

"MARY."

This letter was so represented, that it produced the observation from the young king in his journal, "that the lady Mary refused to come to him." Throughout the winter the controversy continued regarding the ritual used in her chapel, which, at last, became so serious, that she resolved to appeal to her brother in person. The offence given by Mary was, that she did not have her service celebrated with closed doors, but permitted her neighbours to come in crowds to share in her worship.

All ecclesiastics agree in the opinion, that no Christian congregation can thrust members of the same faith from the door of their place of worship while divine service is celebrating, if there is room within for their presence. Yet in the frightful system of antagonism which has only abated within the last hundred years, the struggle of each party, as it rose to power, was to suppress the resort of the people to rival places of worship. Mary could no more lock herself into her chapel as a catholic, than we as protestants could bar the door of a church in sermon time. She was accused of usurping the parish churches near her residences, occupying them with her chaplains, and causing mass to be celebrated therein; but that this is a false statement, bishop Ridley himself implied, for in his subsequent discussion with her on the subject of preaching to her, she referred him to the parish church at Hunsdon as the proper place for his ministry.[1]

Early in the following spring she was resident at Wanstead, close to London. A contemporary thus de-

[1] Strype, vol. ii., part 2, p. 334

scribes her manner of going to court:—"She mounted her horse, and, attended by a noble cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen, rode through Fleet-street to Westminster." Her intention was to make a personal appeal to her brother, on the interruption his ministers were then offering to her domestic worship. Every one of her numerous retinue wore a black rosary and cross hanging at the girdle, a display which naturally gave rise to irritation, and caused infinite offence to the protestant court of the young king.[1]

"At the great gate of the palace she alighted, and Mr. Wingfield, comptroller of the king's household, and many lords attended her there; and so she was brought through the hall unto the chamber of presence, and so she tarried there two hours, and ate a goodly banquet."

Succeeding years have drawn the veil from the two hours' conference which was Mary's concern at court, rather than the goodly banquet. "The lady Mary, my sister," says young Edward, in his journal, "came to me at Westminster, where, after salutations, she was called with my council into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her mass *against my will*,[2] in the hope of her reconciliation, and how (now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters,) except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it." He told her, moreover, "she was to obey as a subject, not rule as a sovereign." She answered, "that her soul was God's, and her faith she would not change, nor dissemble her opinion with contrary words." She likewise offered "to lay her head on the block in testimony of the same." To which it appears the young king answered with some tender and gracious words. They are, how-

[1] March 18. This Cottonian chronicler (edited by sir F. Madden, Privy Purse Expenses, p. cx.), dates Mary's visit to court a day earlier than her brother does in his journal. Strype's edition of the same, adds the incident of the black rosaries.

[2] The king scored these words through in the journal, as if to expunge them.

ever, recorded by his sister, and not by himself. It is singular, that the same historians, who have loaded young Edward with undeserved praise, have here accused him of designs on his sister's life. The truth is, no one talked of cutting off her head but herself; and there exists her own evidence, that her brother received her ardent proposal of martyrdom with gentle and soothing expressions.[1] Some alarm was evidently felt for the princess by the populace, whose idol she then was; but she seems to have parted on friendly terms with the king, whatever resentment she bore to the council, since she obtained leave to visit her favourite seat of Beaulieu, (Newhall,) in Essex. The chronicler before quoted continues, that, after the goodly banquet, the same afternoon "she took horse and rode back to St. John's, and there she lay all night, and on the morrow her grace rode to Newhall, in Essex, and there bides with grace and honour,—thanks to God and the king her brother."

The king, it may be perceived by his journal, was personally aggrieved at the reluctance his sister Mary manifested at visiting his court; yet, had there existed no religious differences, the ceremonial imposed upon every one who approached the Tudor sovereigns must have been difficult for an invalid to support. "When one of the king's sisters eats with him," says the Florentine ambassador, Ubaldini, "she may not sit on a chair but a mere bench, and so far distant from the head of the table and the king that the canopy does not overhang her. The ceremonies observed before sitting down to table are truly laughable. I have seen, for example, the princess Elizabeth drop on one knee five times before her brother ere she took her place." The king was answered on the knee every time he addressed any one, even of the highest rank.

[1] See her letter, which is subsequently quoted.

Laughable it was that the representatives of Owen Tudor should exact from their court almost oriental prostration, when it is evident, from the minute descriptions of Froissart, that the mightiest of the majestic Plantagenets, Edward III., required no such servility; but the law had been so altered by the slavish parliaments of Henry VIII., that the national high spirit of the English was crushed in the dust.

The very next day to Mary's visit, the emperor's ambassador declared "that if his master's kinswoman was any further molested in her religious rites he should quit the country preparatory to a declaration of war." The ministers, and even the bishops of the young king, assured him that war with the Low Countries would be utter ruin to England, and that he must wink at his sister's mass for awhile,—whereat he wept;[1] and the enforced toleration did not last long. For Francis Mallet, the head chaplain to the princess's household, was seized, and confined rigidly in the Tower, and a person placed in his cell night and day to watch what he said and did. This was the more to be deplored, since Mallet had shewn, by aiding Mary in the translation of Erasmus, a tendency to liberality of principles; and when such a person meets persecution, the mischief done to the general cause of Christianity is great, since all the tendencies to kindliness and mutual forbearance are changed into polemic fury. Mallet was esteemed by queen Katharine Parr, and was a retiring character, but a man of great learning and sincerity. He had been long in the service of the princess Mary, and it was to him she addressed the following words, at the end of a prayer she composed:—"Good Francis, pray that I may have grace to obtain the petitions contained in this prayer above written. Your assured loving mistress, during life,—MARIE."[2] When this old and tried friend

[1] Edward's Journal, as quoted in Lingard and Madden.
[2] Sir F. Madden's Privy Purse Expenses, p. cxxxvi.

was dragged from under her roof to prison, Mary wrote earnest letters of remonstrance to her brother and his council, but in vain. She continued, however, to have her religious service celebrated by her remaining chaplains, although, in the following August, another attempt was made to prevent it. She was then at Copt Hall, Waltham, Essex, when the king and council sent for the comptroller of her household, Mr. Robert Rochester, with Mr. Walgrave and sir Francis Inglefield, her two other principal officers, and, after using many menaces and persuasions, charged them to return to their mistress, and inform her and her remaining chaplains, that mass should not be continued; in short, these officers were charged to control the princess in her own house, by altogether putting a stop to her religious service;[1] and if, in consequence, she discharged them from her service, they were to stay nevertheless, and enforce the king's orders. Most unwillingly, and with heavy hearts, did Mary's officers depart on this errand. How they sped in their attempts to control their mistress their own words will best testify:—"We arrived at Copped Hall, August 15, late in the evening; but as the following day was Sunday, and her grace was to receive the sacrament, we abstained from delivering the letters before noon, lest she should be disquieted." After dinner, they presented the letters delivered to them at Hampton Court, on the 14th, and when the princess had read them, they prayed her to be contented to hear the commission, they had received of the council. To which her grace made answer, "that she knew right well that their commission agreed with the letters before her, therefore they need not rehearse it." They implored her to permit them to obey the council, and at last she consented to hear their message, but was marvellously offended when she heard it, and

[1] Privy Council Book. Likewise Ellis's Letters, First Series.

forbade them "to declare the same to her chaplains and household; if they did, they must no longer consider her as their mistress,—moreover, she would leave the house directly." As during this interview they all observed "that her colour often altered, and she seemed passioned and unquiet, they forbore to trouble her farther, fearing that the troubling her might bring on an attack of her old disease;" they, therefore, begged her "to consider the matter within herself, and pause upon her answer to the council till the next Wednesday, when they would wait upon her grace again to hear further her pleasure;" adding, that they did this hoping "to find her more conformable."

On Wednesday they found her anything but conformable, for she would not permit them to declare their charge from the council to her chaplains and family, saying, "her household were enjoying the completest peace and quiet, and if they chose to disturb her and them, and any ill should arise, they, the said Rochester, Inglefield, and Walgrave, must answer for the blame of it."[1] On this they preferred returning to the council without performing their commission, contenting themselves with bringing to Windsor for his majesty "letters from the lady Mary's grace, as followeth:"—

"My duty most humbly remembered to your majesty.

"It may please you to be advertised, that I have by my servants received your most honourable letter, the contents whereof do not a little trouble me; and so much the more, for that any of my servants should move or trouble me, in matters touching my soul, which I think the meanest subject in your realm, could evil bear at their servants' hand, having for my part utterly refused heretofore to talk with them in such matters, and of all other persons least regarded them therein.

"To them I have declared what I think, as she, which trusteth your majesty would have suffered me, your poor humble sister and bedeswoman, to have used the accustomed mass, which the king your father

[1] See the original MS. Harleian, 352, fol. 186. It is printed with some acute comments, in sir Henry Ellis's first collection of English Letters. The narrative of the unfortunate officers is drawn from a MS. belonging to the collection of sir T. Phillipps, at Middle Hill.

and mine, with all his predecessors, evermore used, wherein also I have been brought up from my youth; and thereunto my conscience doth not only bind me (which will by no means suffer me to think one thing and do *another*), but also the promise made to the emperor, by your majesty's council, was an assurance to me, that in so doing I should not break the laws, although they seem now to qualify and deny the thing.

"And at my last waiting on your highness, I was so bold as to declare my mind and conscience, and desired your highness, rather than constrain it, *to take my life;* whereunto your majesty made me a *very gentle answer.*

"And now I beseech your highness to give me leave to write, what I think touching your majesty's letters. Indeed, they may be signed with your own hand, and nevertheless, in my opinion, not your majesty's in effect; because it is well known, that heretofore, I have declared in the presence of your highness that, though (our Lord be praised) your majesty hath far more knowledge, and greater gifts, than others of your years, yet it is not possible that your highness can at these years be a judge in matters of religion; and therefore I take it that the matter proceedeth from such as do wish those things to take place which be most agreeable to themselves, by whose doings, your majesty not offended, I mean not to rule my conscience.

"And thus, without molesting your highness any further, I humbly beseech the same ever, for God's sake, to bear with me as you have done; and not to think that by my doings or example any inconvenience might grow to your majesty or to your realm, for I use it not after any such sort—*putting* (having) no doubt but in time to come, whether I live or die, your majesty shall perceive, mine intent, is grounded upon a true love towards you; whose royal estate I beseech Almighty God long to continue, which is, and shall be, my prayer, according to my duty.

"And after pardon craved of your majesty for this rude and bold letter, if neither at my humble suit, nor for regard of the promise made to the emperor, you will suffer and bear with me as you have done till your majesty may be a judge herein yourself, and right understand their proceeding, (of which yet I despair not,) rather than to offend God and my conscience, I offer my body at your will, *and death shall be more welcome than life* with a troubled conscience.

"Most humbly beseeching your majesty to pardon my slowness in answering your letters, for my old disease would not suffer me to write any sooner. And thus I pray Almighty God to keep your majesty in all virtue, and honour, and long life at his pleasure.—From my poor house at Copped Hall, (Essex,) the 19 of August.

"Your majesty's most humble sister,

"MARY."

Edward VI. and his council took four days for the consideration of this letter; nor could they devise a more

rational scheme of reducing the recusant princess to conformity, than by continuing to excite her own servants to control her, "who, being accustomed to render her implicit obedience," were, as she shrewdly remarked, "the last persons likely to enforce it." And so it proved; for when Robert Rochester, her principal officer, was brought before the king and council, in order to receive a second code of instructions, on his return to his vocation in the household of the princess, he flatly refused to carry any more messages, vowing he had had enough of his first commission; they might send him to prison if they liked, but as to face his mistress on any such errands he would *not*.[1] Sir Francis Inglefield and Mr. Walgrave were precisely in the same mind, refusing to intermeddle with the religious rites in the household of their lady, saying it was against their consciences. In this dilemma the council found they must carry their own messages themselves; accordingly, a deputation of their body set off, for the purpose of reducing the princess to obedience: the persons composing it were the lord chancellor Rich, sir Anthony Wingfield, comptroller of the king's household, and Mr. Petre; they likewise brought a gentleman, who meant to favour Mary with his service in the place of the impracticable Robert Rochester, who was forthwith conveyed prisoner, first to the Fleet, and then to the Tower.

The proceedings of the privy councillors at Copt Hall cannot be better narrated than in the words of the lord chancellor[2] himself, who, in a very tragic tone, thus

[1] Privy Council Book, reign of Edward VI.

[2] Privy Council Book, and Ellis's Letters, first series. This lord chancellor Rich, on account of ill health, resigned the seals a few months afterwards. (See Edward's Journal.) He was the same person who climbed into favour by the persecution of sir Thomas More, and whose perjured testimony was the only shadow of witness against him. He is the man who is accused by Fox of throwing off his gown, and aiding Wriothesley in working the rack that tortured poor Anne Askew, in order to wring from her evidence to destroy queen Katharine Parr. Yet, in 1551, he

relates a scene, which, contrasted with the sad and tearful events of those times of terror, positively ends with a tinge of comedy:—

"I, the lord chancellor, delivered his majesty's letters to the lady Mary, who received them on her knees, saying, that she would kiss the letter because the king had signed it, and not for the matter contained therein, which was merely the doings of his council. Reading it to herself, she said these words in our hearing:—

"'Ah, good Mr. Cecil took much pains here!'"

When they began to exhort her on the business they came on, she prayed them to be brief; "for," said she, "I am ill at ease in health, and I shall, mayhap, make you a short answer, having written my mind to his majesty with mine own hand."

Nevertheless they proceeded in their exhortation, and offered to shew her the names of all the council, who had resolved, she should not have the private mass in her house. "She cared not," she said, "for the rehearsal of their names, for she knew they were all of one mind therein. And," added she, "rather than use any other service than that ordained during the life of my father, I will lay my head on a block; but," she continued, "I am unworthy to suffer death in so good a cause. And though his majesty, good sweet king, have more knowledge than any other of his years, yet it is not possible for him at present to be a judge of all things; for instance, if ships were to be sent to sea, I am sure you would not think him able to decide what were fit to be done, and much less can he, at his age, judge in questions of divinity. Howbeit, if my chaplains do say no mass, I can hear none, no more can my poor ser-

voluntarily went to harass Mary into conformity with the very religion, for the profession of which he almost tore the tender frame of Anne Askew to pieces. Who will believe that this inconsistent persecutor had any real religion? He evidently had none, excepting a worldly idolatry for the will of the reigning sovereign.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

vants; as to my priests, they know what they have to do, if they refuse to say mass for fear of imprisonment; they may act therein as they will, but none of your new service shall be said in any house of mine, and if any be said in it, I will not tarry in it an hour."

They then told her how the king had commanded her comptroller, Mr. Robert Rochester, to enforce his council's orders, and how ill and inefficiently he and his colleagues had done the errand, and of their flat disobedience when commanded to return with a second message.

As might be expected, this information gave the princess Mary extreme satisfaction: friendless and oppressed she might be, but it was evident she was still absolute mistress in her own domicile; and her servants preferred gainsaying a king and his council, to the task of contradicting her under her own roof. With true woman's wit she rejoined—

"It was not the wisest of all councils that sent her own servants to control her in her own house; for of all persons she was least likely to obey those who had been always used to obey her implicitly. As for their punishment, the lords must use them as they thought fit;"[1] "but if they refused to do your message," added she, "they were the honester men I wis."

Then the chancellor opened at length regarding the message of Charles V. in her behalf to the privy-council, to which she replied:—

"I have the emperor's letter in his own hand-writing, testifying that an actual promise was made by the council, that the mass should be permitted me, nor can

[1] They were kept in prison during the remainder of the reign of Edward VI. (at least, Mr. Walgrave's family annals [see Burke's Peerage] affirm that he was found in prison by Mary at her accession). Mary remembered the fidelity with which they suffered in her cause, and bountifully rewarded them for all they had endured. Mr. Walgrave is the direct ancestor of the present earl Waldegrave.

you marvel that I credit the emperor's writing more than your words; and though you esteem the emperor so little, yet should ye shew me more favour than ye do, even for my father's sake, who made the most of ye what ye be now, almost out of nothing." This observation must have been peculiarly cutting to those in her presence, since Henry VIII. had really raised them from the lowest rank of English gentry; and they were remarkable for no talent, excepting the art of skilful compliance with every persecuting whim of the sovereign that happened to be reigning, whether directed against protestants or catholics.

"As for the emperor," continued the princess, "were he dead, I would do just as I do now; notwithstanding, to be plain with you, his ambassador shall know how I am used." After this, resumes lord chancellor Rich, she was told that the king had appointed a person to supply the place of her impracticable comptroller, Rochester, who was sent to prison for refusing to carry the messages of the council.

"I shall appoint mine own officers," quoth she, "for my years are sufficient for the purpose; and if ye leave your new comptroller within my gates, out of them I go forthwith, for we twain will not abide in the same house. And," added she, "I am sickly, yet will I not die willingly; but if I chance to die, I will protest openly that ye of the council be the cause of my death."

And having said this, she on her knees delivered a ring as a token to the king, saying, "that she would die his true subject and sister, and obey him in all things, except matters of religion; but this," she added, "will never be told his majesty." And having said this, she departed into her bedchamber.

Then the lord chancellor called the chaplains of her household before him, and commanded and threatened them if they said aught but the service contained in

the Common Prayer Book. The chaplains after *some take* promised to obey. When departing, the lord chancellor and his company went down into the court-yard, and waited a few minutes, while search was made for one of the chaplains, who had got out of the way of the exhortation; just then, the princess who, perhaps was willing to divert their attention, opened a little window close by them, and though they offered "to return to the house to hear what she had to say, she would needs," says my lord chancellor, "speak out of the window."

"I pray you," quoth she, "ask the lords of the council, that my comptroller (Rochester) may shortly return; for since his departing, I take the accounts myself, and lo, have I learned how many loaves of bread be made of a bushel of wheat! I wis, my father and mother never brought me up to brewing and baking! And to be plain with you, I am a-weary of mine office. If my lords will send mine officer home again, they shall do me a pleasure, otherwise if they will send him to prison; beshrew me, if he go not to it merrily, and with a good will! And I pray God to send you well in your souls, and in your bodies too, for some of you have but weak ones."

It cannot excite surprise that the deputation waited not to hear any more of this address, to which the princess certainly gave a comic turn, that few will expect from her. Thus she remained victor in the whole discussion, for it is not mentioned that the absentee chaplain was found; therefore, when the unwelcome visitors departed, this chaplain, doubtless, came out of his hiding-place, and performed the forbidden service as usual in the chapel.

These events took place just before the arrest and condemnation of the duke of Somerset to the scaffold; he had previously lost every shadow of power. Among other accusations, he was charged with having pro-

claimed to the people, "that the Dudley faction had sown strife between the king and the princess Mary." In the succeeding April,[1] the united attacks of the small-pox and measles left a blight on the constitution of the young king, which too truly prognosticated his early death. Projects in consequence began to be formed for excluding Mary from the throne. The long fits of illness which afflicted her gave probability to the reports the Dudley faction raised, representing her, according to the Italian of Pollino, "as a poor, miserable invalid, fit for nothing but to be shut up in her palace;" nevertheless, many of the principal lords of the kingdom were anxious for their daughters to serve her and be her companions, to whom she replied:—

"Do not marvel that I am obliged to decline receiving them, for my fortunes are such that I could neither benefit their prospects in life, or give them pleasure; and though you kindly offer them, I could not receive services without rewarding them."[2]

The visits of the princess Mary to her brother in the last year of his life had become few and far between, and when they took place, were conducted according to the solemnest etiquette. One of these visits took place in June, 1552. She previously spent some days in London at her palace of St. John's, Clerkenwell, from whence she rode with a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, June 11th, to the Tower-wharf; there she took her barge, and was rowed to Greenwich Palace: her interview with the king was to take leave of him, previously to his progress to Guildford. The mad ambition of John Dudley, who had been lately created duke of Northumberland, destined the English crown for his

[1] April 2, 1552. "I fell sick of the small pox and measles. April 15. The parliament broke up, because *I* was sick and unable to go abroad. *I* signed some bills, and sent the lord chancellor &c. to dissolve them." Edward's Journal. Burnet, vol. ii., part 2, p. 45.

[2] Pollino, p. 75.

youngest son, lord Guildford Dudley, by means of marriage with one of the ladies of the blood-royal, descended from the protestant branch of Suffolk. At first, lady Margaret Clifford, (the grandchild of the sister of Henry VIII. by descent from her youngest daughter) was the mate chosen by the king for Northumberland's favourite boy.[1] Subsequently, the faction became more daring or more desperate, as the king's illness took the form of consumption, and Guildford Dudley was matched three degrees nearer the throne, with the fair and learned lady Jane Gray, eldest daughter of Frances, duchess of Suffolk, who was heiress to the sister of Henry VIII., and Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

A few months before this union, the princess Mary received lady Jane Gray as her guest, at Newhall, during the progress the king made, alluded to above, in July 1552. An anecdote connected with this visit proves, that the religious rites of catholicism were, notwithstanding all opposition, still celebrated in Mary's domestic chapel. For lady Wharton, passing through the chapel at Newhall, in company with lady Jane Gray, at a time when service was not proceeding, curtseyed to the host, which was in its usual place on the altar.

Lady Jane asked, "if the lady Mary was present in the chapel?"

Lady Wharton said, "No."

"Why, then, do you curtsey?" asked lady Jane Gray.

"I curtsey to Him that made me," replied lady Wharton.

[1] The jealousy of Dudley was low enough to make the opinion of a female servant a matter of state discussion. A woman belonging to the unfortunate duchess of Somerset (then a wretched widow, unjustly detained in the Tower) was charged with having said, when this projected marriage was mentioned, "Have at the crown, by your leave!" and accompanied the words with a stout gesture. The anger of Dudley shews that this surmise was detection. It is all the memorial that such a match was ever intended. From MS. Harleian, edited by sir F. Madden, Privy Purse Expenses, p. cxiv.

"Nay," said lady Jane Gray; "but did not the baker make him?"

Lady Wharton[1] reported this dialogue to the princess Mary, who never after loved lady Jane as she had done before. The princess had previously presented lady Jane Gray with a rich dress, and her observations on the sinfulness of wearing it, mentioning Mary "as one who left God's word," probably found their way to the princess's ear, as well as into the narrative that recorded them.

It is possible that these incidents induced Edward VI. to nominate lady Jane Gray as his successor—a choice so replete with calamity to her.

The ensuing September was spent by the princess Mary at Hunsdon; and to this place, on the 8th of that month, the eloquent and zealous Ridley, then bishop of London, went from his seat of Hadham, close by, to pay her a pastoral visit. He was courteously entertained by sir Thomas Wharton, and the other officers of the princess, till about eleven o'clock, when she came forth into her presence-chamber. He saluted her grace, and said he was come to pay his duty to her. She received the bishop courteously, and conversed with him right pleasantly for a quarter of an hour. She told him "she remembered him when he was chaplain to her father; that she recollected a sermon he preached before the king, on occasion of the marriage of my lady Clinton[2] to sir Antony Browne." The princess then invited him

[1] Lady Wharton is called, in the usual indefinite versions of this anecdote, lady Anne Wharton, and is supposed to have been a young companion of lady Jane, the difference between Anne, lady Wharton, and lady Anne, not being in those days properly distinguished. She was, however, a lady of the princess's household, wife to sir Thomas Wharton, who, as one of Mary's officers, offered soon after the stirrup-cup to bishop Ridley. The dates and place are from Biographia Britannica. The second anecdote is recorded by Aylmer, James's tutor.

[2] This was the fair Geraldine. It proves the princess Mary was at her wedding. These incidents are from Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, and were drawn from Dr. Ridley's Life of Bishop Ridley.

to dinner. After dinner he told her he came to do his duty by her as her diocesan, and to preach before her next Sunday; she blushed when she answered, (for emotion, it has been before noticed, always brought a lively colour to her cheeks,) and bade him "make the answer to that himself." Upon which he became more urgent, and she answered—

"That the parish church would be open to him, if he had a mind to preach in it; but that neither she nor any of her household would be present."

He said—"he hoped she would not refuse to hear God's word."

She replied—"She did not know what they called God's word now, but she was sure it was not the same as in her father's time."

"God's word," replied Ridley, "was the same at all times, but hath been better understood and practised in some ages than in other."

She answered—"He durst not have avowed his present faith in her father's lifetime;" and asked—"If he were of the council?"

He said he was not.

When he retired, she said "she thanked him for coming to see her, but not at all for his intention of preaching before her." Before he left Hunsdon, sir Thomas Wharton, steward of the household, according to the custom of the times, took him to the cellar[1] or to buttery-hatch, and presented him the usual stirrup-cup. After Ridley had taken it, he said—"He had done amiss, to drink under a roof where God's word was rejected; for he ought to have shaken the dust off his feet, for a testimony against the house, and departed instantly." With these words he went his way,

[1] This custom was in vogue in the middle ages, as a trait of old English hospitality; persons of the highest quality were taken into the cellar, to taste draught wine or ale fresh from the cask, as Cavendish says the duke of Buckingham did in Wolsey's cellar.

leaving all that heard him in the utmost consternation at his manner. Heylin, in his version of the story, affirms that "they declared their hair stood on end at his denunciations."

The sincerity of both these opponents was unquestionable: Mary, pure in life, and unswerving in principle, was ready to lay her head on the block, to testify her love for the faith in which she had been reared; Ridley was ardent in piety, and as poor, (though bishop of London,) as the apostles, to whom he compared himself—so bountiful was he in charitable distribution. In a milder age, such persons would have respected each other's virtues, and tolerated difference of belief; but the main spring of all the horrors of that dismal era was the fact, that if the word toleration was in use, it only served, on both sides, to nominate a crime; nor was it till after as much catholic blood had been shed by Elizabeth as would have fairly extinguished the hideous fires of the Marian persecution, that one glorious light of the church of England discovered the great Christian truth, that odious comparisons, bitter sarcasms, and other fruits of polemic argument, excite combative anger rather than feelings of Christian benevolence or veneration. It was holy George Herbert, the mild beams of whose tolerant faith were only diffused over *one* rural parish, who thus addressed his countrymen, just preparing, after a short breathing time, to rush into another religious civil war:—

> "Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
> Error a crime, and truth discourtesy;
> Why should I blame another man's mistakes
> More than his sickness or his poverty?
> In love I may—but anger is not love,
> Nor reason neither, therefore gently move."[1]

As the young king's health declined, the homage offered

[1] George Herbert's "Temple and other Poems," published in 1635. See his beautiful biography, written by a man of similar mind, Isaac Walton.

to the princess Mary increased; and when she paid one of her state visits to him at Westminster, on occasion of the new year of 1553, her cortège was crowded with the principal nobility. She retired, however, to her favourite seat of Newhall, where, in May, she received false intelligence that the king was better, and addressed to him, in consequence, the following letter of congratulation:—

THE PRINCESS MARY TO EDWARD VI.[1]

"My duty most humbly presented to your majesty. It may please the same to be advertised, that as hearing of your highness's late rheum and cough was as much grief as ever was any worldly thing, even so the hope which I have conceived since I received your majesty's last token by my servant, hath not been a little to my comfort, praying Almighty God, according to my most bounden duty, to give your majesty perfect health and strength, with long continuance in prosperity to reign, beseeching your highness to pardon my bold and rude writing; and if in the same I do trouble your majesty at this present, (which I hope I do not,) that my humble duty and *nature*, (natural feeling,) which enforced me thereunto, may excuse my default. Thus most humbly taking my leave of your majesty, I do, and shall, daily pray for the prosperous preservation of your royal estate, as of all others I am most bound. From Beaulieu, (Newhall,) the 16th of May, scribbled with a rude hand. (No yearly date.)

"Your majesty's most humble sister,
"MARY."

This was the last communication that passed between the princess Mary and her dying brother: his real situation was sedulously concealed from both his sisters, who, in distrust of the prevalent court faction, kept at some distance from the metropolis. At the end of May, a splendid bridal festival was held at Durham House, Strand, while the king was extremely ill; his accomplished kinswoman, lady Jane Gray, was married to lord Guildford Dudley, and her sister, lady Katharine Gray, to the heir of the earl of Pembroke.

King Edward expired at Greenwich Palace, little more than a month afterwards, disinheriting, by an illegal will, not only the sister whose religion he hated, but

[1] Strype, vol. ii., part 2, p. 110.

his protestant sister Elizabeth, in order to bestow the crown on lady Jane Gray, who was younger than Elizabeth, under pretence that she was a married woman; thus virtually excluding women from the English succession, and making the boy Guildford Dudley the real sovereign. It is a point that will admit strong historical controversy, whether in this transaction Edward was Northumberland's dupe or his victim.[1] The dominant faction, by means of doubling the guards round the royal apartments, contrived to keep Edward's death a secret from the public for two days, for the purpose of inveigling the rightful heiress of the crown into their power. Accordingly the council wrote to Mary a deceitful letter, saying, "that her brother, who was very ill, prayed her to come to him, as he earnestly desired the comfort of her presence, and likewise wished her to see all well ordered about him." Mary, who had watched over his infancy, appears to have been melted by this appeal; she returned a tender message expressive of her pleasure, that he should have thought she could be of any comfort to him.[2] She set out immediately from Hunsdon, and got as far as Hoddesden, when a mysterious messenger met her, sent, some historians say, by the earl of Arundel, some by sir Nicholas Throckmorton: she learned, however, that her sisterly affection had been imposed on, that the king was dead, and that she was destined to imprisonment in the

[1] A contemporary, sir John Hayward, declares, that in his decline he suffered agonies of regret for the deaths of both his uncles, the Seymours. The unfeeling expressions in his egotistical journal by no means agree with this sensibility, and his personal evidence was murderous against both. All this might have been done under strong coercion. The MS. of the Throckmorton family confirms Hayward's assertions—viz., that the young king abhorred Northumberland, on account of his uncles' deaths; and as sir Nicholas Throckmorton was a close attendant on Edward's person, (the only one who was not Northumberland's spy,) the tradition he left deserves great attention.

[2] Heylin's Reformation, p. 154. Collier, on the same subject, quotes nearly the same words.

Tower.[1] The private memorials of the Throckmorton family describe how this was effected.

When king Edward expired, sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was present at his death, came in great grief to Throckmorton House, in the City, where his three brothers were assembled, to whom he revealed the king's death, and the intended proclamation of Northumberland's daughter-in-law as queen. The brothers agreeing in a strong detestation of the house of Dudley, resolved that the princess Mary should be given timely warning, and therefore called into consultation her goldsmith, who undertook to carry the important message; he set out accordingly to meet her, and was undoubtedly the man who intercepted her at Hoddesden, and revealed the real state of affairs:[2] this information threw Mary into the greatest perplexity. She asked her goldsmith, "How he knew for a certainty that the king was dead?" He answered, "Sir Nicholas knew it verily." This authority was exceedingly mistrusted by Mary, for as sir Nicholas Throckmorton[3] had assumed the phraseology of the most violent Calvinists at the court of Edward VI., she could not believe that his intentions were friendly to her cause. She dreaded that a trap was laid to seduce her into an overt act of treason, by proclaiming herself the sovereign of England while her brother was living: after musing some time, she said to

[1] Burnet (vol. ii.) furnishes most of these particulars, especially the point of lady Jane Gray's eligibility for the crown, on account of being a married woman.

[2] Cole's MS., vol. xl., British Museum, fully confirms the fact that Mary's goldsmith gave her the warning, and the whole of the facts quoted above.

[3] In Jardine's State Trials, the above statement is corroborated by the affirmation that Mary received this timely warning through Throckmorton; and in Mr. Tytler's acute examination of all the windings of Cecil's duplicity, it appears, from a document at the State Paper Office, that Cecil adroitly shifted the proclamation of queen Jane on Throckmorton's back, saying, in his paper of apologies, "I refused to make the proclamation, and turned the labour on Mr. Throckmorton, whose conscience I saw was troubled therewith."

her informant, the goldsmith, "If Robert had been at Greenwich, I would have hazarded all things, and gaged my life on the leap."[1] She meant the elder brother of sir Nicholas, sir Robert Throckmorton, for whom she had always the greatest esteem.

She would not, however, despise the warning, though she did not fully confide in it, but diverged from the London road towards Suffolk with all her train. These events must have occurred on the afternoon of the 7th of July.

The fugitive heiress of England bent her flight in the direction of Cambridgeshire, as the nearest way to her seat of Kenninghall, through Bury St. Edmunds. As the soft shades of a July night fell round her hasty course, over those desolate plains which are intersected by the eastern road, (once so familiar to the pilgrims bound to the Lady shrine of Walsingham, and since as much traversed by the frequenters of Newmarket,) the ladies and cavaliers of her faithful retinue began to discuss the unexpected death of the young king. They were all catholics of the ancient ritual, and, of course, viewed the changes of the eventful times wholly according to their prejudices. They recalled with awe that the only heir male of the line of Henry VIII. had expired on the very anniversary of the lawless execution of sir Thomas More.[2] It was in vain that king Henry had overthrown all existing impediments, and set at nought the lives of thousands in his wilfulness; for his frantic desire of continuing his name and sceptre, by heirs male, was now as much blighted, as if the divorce of Katharine of Arragon, and the awful bloodshed which stained his latter years, had never taken place. Wearied

[1] Thus far is drawn from sir Charles Throckmorton's MS., the rest from Godwin, Martin, Hayward, Burnet, Holingshed, and, above all, Tytler's invaluable work from the State Paper Office.

[2] Heylin's Reformation, p. 154. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, the son-in-law and daughter of Margaret Roper, soon after occur in the list of queen Mary's household, and this incident makes it probable they were in her service at this trying crisis.

and worn, the whole party arrived at the gate of Sawston Hall, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and craved the hospitality of Mr. Huddleston, its owner. That gentleman, like his descendant, who watched the royal oak at Boscobel so well, was a zealous Roman Catholic. He knew, though she did not, how inimical his neighbours of the town of Cambridge were to the cause of the lineal heiress. Huddleston was, nevertheless, too true a gentleman to refuse shelter to the way-wearied princess and her harassed retinue, though there can be little doubt but that he must have foreseen the perilous consequences which threatened himself, and his Lares and Penates.

Mary lodged that night under the hospitable roof which was never more to shelter a human being. She was astir with her ladies and retinue before sunrise, but commenced not the arduous journey before her till she had offered up her devotions according to the rites of her religion.[1]

Very early in the morning she set out on her journey to Kenninghall; when she and her party gained the rise called the Gogmagog-hills, she drew her bridle-rein, and paused to look back on Sawston Hall. At that moment it burst into flames, for a party from Cambridge, adverse to her cause, had heard of her arrival, and had mustered early in the morning to attack the house that harboured her; if they had not amused themselves with plundering and burning Sawston Hall, they might have seized Mary, so close were they on her traces.

[1] See Fox's Martyrology, who mentions, in his biography of Dr. Edwin Sandys, that popish books, used in celebrating mass, when queen Mary lodged near Cambridge, at Mr. Huddleston's, during her flight into Suffolk, were captured at the destruction of the said person's house. In this passage does Fox fully confirm some of the leading facts of the above narrative, which is drawn from the local history of Sawston, and the traditions of the Huddleston family. Thus, from the narrative of the protestant martyrologist, and the history of an ancient catholic family, the movements of queen Mary, during the important forty-eight hours which occurred between the noon of July 7th and that of July 9th, when she dates from Kenninghall, are satisfactorily identified.

She gazed on the flaming pile undauntedly. "Let it blaze," she said, "I will build Huddleston a better."

She kept her word—the present Sawston Hall was built by her order, and at her expense.

Mary was received loyally at Bury St. Edmunds, yet she made no further stay there but for the noon refreshment. The news of the death of Edward VI. had not yet reached that town, and Mary's retinue accounted for their hurried journey by asserting that one of the household at Hunsdon had died suddenly, suspected of the plague; therefore the fear of communicating that disease prevented them from tarrying in populous neighbourhoods, and caused their retreat into the depths of the country.[1]

The same night Mary crossed the river, which separates Suffolk from its sister county, and arrived safely at her seat of Kenninghall, in Norfolk. There was little rest for her either in mind or body. By that time the news of the death of the king her brother was generally known, and it was necessary for her to take immediate steps to assert her title to the throne.

She instantly penned a temperate remonstrance to the privy council, mentioning her brother's death with feeling, and further declaring she was aware of their inimical projects; but she concluded with the offer of amnesty and favour, if they relinquished the same, and proclaimed her in London as their sovereign. This despatch was dated Kenninghall, July 9th.[2] The council proclaimed Lady Jane Gray queen, on the 10th of the same month. Their reply to Mary was peculiarly aggravating; they branded her in gross terms with illegitimacy, and advised her to submit to her sovereign lady, queen Jane. Mary immediately took prompt measures for maintaining her right; and certainly dis-

[1] Bishop Goodwin's Life of Mary.

[2] See document and answer, in Holingshed. Some historians say lady Jane was proclaimed on the 9th.

played in the course she pursued an admirable union of courage and prudence. She had neither money, soldiers. nor advisers; sir Thomas Wharton, the steward of her household,[1] and her ladies, were her only assistants in the first bold step she took; but had she been surrounded by the experienced veterans in arms and council that rallied round her sister Elizabeth at Tilbury, more sagacious measures could scarcely have been adopted; and had Elizabeth been the heroine of the enterprise instead of Mary, it would have been lauded to the skies as one of the grandest efforts of female courage and ability the world had ever known. And so it was; whether it be praised or not.

Sir Henry Jerningham and sir Henry Bedingfeld brought their Norfolk tenantry to her aid before she left Kenninghall, which she did on the representation that the country was too open, and the house not strong enough to stand a siege. She resolved to fix her head-quarters within an easy ride of the eastern coast, whence she could on emergency embark for the opposite shores of Holland, and seek the protection of her kinsman the emperor Charles V.

With this intention she left Kenninghall July 11th, and mounting on horseback, attended by her faithful knights and ladies, she never drew bridle till she reached the town of Framlingham, deep embosomed in the Suffolk woodlands, and situated about twenty miles from Kenninghall. The treble circle of moats which girdle the hill-side, town, and fortress of Framlingham, were then full and efficient, and the whole defences in complete repair. Mary arrived there after nightfall, at the head of a little cavalry force destined to form the nucleus of a mighty army. The picturesque train of knights in warlike harness, and their men-at-arms, guard-

[1] Bishop Goodwin's Life of Mary. White Kennet, vol. ii. p. 330.

ing equestrian maids of honour, with the heiress of the English crown at their head, wended their way by torchlight, up the woodland eminence on which the Saxon town of Framlingham is builded. Thus they passed the beautiful church, where the bones of the noble poet Surrey have since found rest,[1] and ascended the mighty causeway, over two deep moats, and paused, at length, beneath the embattled gateway, surmounted then, as now, by the arms of Howard.

Directly Mary stood within the magnificent area formed by the circling towers of Framlingham Castle, she felt herself a sovereign; she immediately defied her enemies by displaying her standard over the gate-tower, and assumed the title of queen regnant of England and Ireland.

[1] It has been a disputed point whether the body of Surrey was ever transferred from its ignoble place of sepulture in Aldgate church, where it was interred after his execution, since the vault of Framlingham church, beneath the tomb reared to his memory by his grandson, was found clean swept and empty. In a recent examination, however, the bones of a man were found enclosed in the tomb itself, directly beneath the fine portrait statue of Surrey, which reclines above the slab. The tomb is a large square structure, capable of containing several coffins.

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Queen Mary raises her standard at Framlingham—Her Suffolk partisans—Her residence at Framlingham Castle—Revolution in her favour—Her triumphant progress to London—Reception—Arrival at the Tower—Releases prisoners—Assists at her brother's requiem—Religious contests—Lady Jane Gray's letter to queen Mary—Queen's conduct to the princess Elizabeth—To the earl of Devonshire—Her engagement to Philip of Spain—Warned by cardinal Pole's friend against marriage—Bell named in her honour—Her wish to resign church supremacy—Letter of Charles V.—Queen rewards her friends—Restores the duke of Norfolk—Permits the earl of Sussex to wear two nightcaps—Queen's musical establishment—Interview with lady Shrewsbury—Preparations for coronation—Procession through the city—Coronation—Dialogue with the player Heywood—Queen opens Parliament—Remits taxes—Repeals her brother's religious laws—And her father's criminal laws—Her legitimacy confirmed—Lady Jane Gray tried and condemned—Queen suspends her sentence—Queen's dialogue with Gardiner—She pardons Dr. Sandys—Parliamentary objections to her marriage—Discontents regarding Elizabeth—Queen parts with her affectionately—Queen dissolves parliament—She sceptres her acts of parliament—Count Egmont arrives to negotiate the queen's marriage—Articles made public—Extensive rebellions in consequence—Wyatt's insurrection—He demands custody of the queen's person—She prepares to defend the metropolis.

THE royal standard of England had not floated many hours over the towers of Framlingham Castle before the chivalry of Suffolk mustered gallantly round queen Mary. Sir John Sulyard, the knight of Wetherden, was the first who arrived to her assistance, and to him

was given the honourable post of guarding her person.[1] The rest of sir Henry Bedingfeld's vassals[2] came in completely armed, to the amount of 140 men, and Mary appointed their zealous master knight-marshal of her hourly-increasing host. The young grandson of the imprisoned duke of Norfolk, Lord Thomas Howard,[3] then seventeen, appeared as one of the queen's defenders, and there is no question but that the adherents of his house crowded round the banner of the disinherited heir of the murdered Surrey. Meantime, Sir Henry Jerningham undertook a most dangerous commission at Yarmouth, the success of which finally turned the scale in Mary's favour.

One of the reasons that prompted Mary to raise her standard in Suffolk was the detestation in which the usurper Northumberland was held, on account of the tremendous cruelties he had perpetrated when Kett's rebellion, for the restoration of the ancient ritual, was crushed in blood in the eastern counties.[4]

Sir William Drury, knight of the shire for Suffolk, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, high sheriff, soon joined the queen's muster at Framlingham, likewise Sir John Shelton and Sir John Tyrrel, both very zealous catholics;

[1] Green's History of Framlingham, p. 77; likewise bishop Goodwin's History of Mary.

[2] He had possessions at Ridlington, near Framlingham, as well as in Norfolk.

[3] Lingard.

[4] To this fact Fox bears evidence, though it is in direct contradiction to his preceding words; for if the protestant interest were prevalent in Suffolk, why should the Dudley faction have been so abhorred for the suppression of this rebellion? Suffolk was then a catholic county, though the cruelties perpetrated in the latter part of Mary's reign, by the ferocious bishop of Norwich, who burnt a great many poor harmless persons, threw the scale of public opinion in favour of the protestant interest, and Suffolk has remained essentially a protestant county ever since. But oh, how hideous was the prevalent spirit of the age, when the great mass of the people, who are generally sincere, though not refined, in their religious feelings, shrank from one ritual to another, according as their abhorrence of the butcher or the burner prevailed!—How thankful may we be for our present religious government, since in those times the spirit of persecution reigned triumphantly over every creed.

according to Fox, they were afterwards bitter persecutors of the protestants. An extraordinary misapprehension exists that Mary's recognition as queen was chiefly enforced by the protestants of Suffolk, yet the leaders of her Framlingham force were not only catholics, but most of their descendants are so at this day. Her army soon amounted to 13,000 men, all voluntarily serving without pay, though the queen prudently directed that if any soldier seemed in need of aught, his captain was to supply his wants as if by way of gift, and charge the expense to her. In an incredibly short time a populous camp rose around the ancient walls of the castle, within whose mighty circle the queen herself sojourned.

Framlingham Castle was founded in the Saxon heptarchy by king Redwald, and remained a royal demesne till Henry I. granted it to Earl Bigod, to whom the present structure is attributed. Subsequently it was given by Edward I. to his second son, Thomas of Brotherton, and from him it descended to the Howards, the dukes of which race made it their principal residence. The site of the castle is a high mound, from which springs the source of the river Orr. This stream supplied the three moats, which are in the summer season gaily enamelled with golden irises. On the edge of the mound is reared a magnificent circle of walls and towers, enclosing an area of more than an acre. These walls remain to this day nearly entire; they are forty feet in height, and more than eight feet in thickness, and are studded with thirteen square towers. Within the area surrounded by these bulwarks once stood the baronial residence occupied by queen Mary; the fragments existing are small, yet the traces of the state apartments are, as it were, curiously mapped on the mighty walls which once sustained them. After crossing a walled causeway over the

double moat,[1] and passing through the gate-tower, the spectator enters the spacious area. To the right, nearly opposite, are seen several chimneys, whose summits are hollow pillars of wreathed brickwork, very elaborately wrought. The chimney of the state bedchamber, on the second floor, still remains; on one side of it is a recess about the size of a dressing room, with an arched window looking towards the east: this is declared by tradition to have been Mary's chamber, but it is evidently the oriel, or private oratory pertaining to her state chamber, which, of course, was the room to which the chimney belonged.

At the time Mary took refuge in the castle, everything was in the same order as when the old duke of Norfolk surrendered it into the hands of his ungrateful master, Henry VIII. When he found the Seymours[2] bent on the downfall of his house, he requested that the king would be pleased to bestow his possessions on the royal children, "because," as he said, "it was stately gear." At the same time, the experienced statesman calculated shrewdly on its restoration, a result he actually lived to see. Framlingham appears to have been retained in the hands of Edward VI.; but its governor, Thomas Sheming, evidently adhered to the ancient ritual, and was conse-

[1] For most of the topographical information relating to the spot, the author is indebted to the excellent History of Framlingham, by Mr. Green, who likewise courteously aided the writer in the examination of the castle, giving such valuable explanation of the scene as alone can be afforded by one who has carefully studied the localities.

[2] The Seymours had marked this noble property as their prey, and were much disappointed at its disposal. The disgusting rapacity with which the duke of Somerset, and his younger brother, Henry, divided the wearing apparel of the gallant Surrey, who was sacrificed to their faction, raises a feeling of loathing, stronger even than the other iniquities connected with his death. The shirts and stockings of the victim were not deemed beneath the consideration of these new nobles, as Surrey contemptuously called them. Certainly, whatever new nobles might do, no real gentlemen would have worn his old caps, doublets, and stockings, nor are there such instances to be found excepting in that age.

quently willing to surrender it to Mary, as queen. A catholic priest, named sir Rowland, still officiated in the private chapel, where a lamp perpetually burnt. The chapel was hung with tapestry, representing the life of Christ. The size of the gable of the chapel, and the form of its crockets, may be plainly traced on the wall, and likewise a few small windows belonging to a gallery leading from the state chamber, occupied by Mary, to the chapel. The tapestry which hung the state apartments, was transferred from Framlingham to Audley End, by lord Howard of Walden; and even in the succeeding century was so good and rich, that William III. sent it to one of his palaces in Holland,[1] where it is perhaps at this day.

The local traditions of Suffolk affirm that queen Mary came to Framlingham on the 10th or 11th of July, and remained there till the 31st, and many circumstances prove their correctness. None of her Kenninghall despatches and state papers are dated later than the 9th of July; and as she was certainly proclaimed queen at Norwich on the 12th of the same month,[2] she naturally retreated to a place of security before that hazardous step was taken. From the steeple of the church of Framlingham the sea-port of Aldborough may be seen. The castle stands at a much greater elevation, and its highest watch-tower, when entire, commanded a view of the German Ocean, and all that passed near the coast. Mary meant to retreat, in case of danger, by

[1] Green's Framlingham.

[2] See Speed, a contemporary. All local authorities declare that Mary was not proclaimed queen till she went to Framlingham Castle; but as she was indubitably proclaimed as such at Norwich, on the 12th of July, the author is convinced the 11th was the true date of her removal from Kenninghall, and not the 16th, as stated, on the excellent authority of Mr. Tytler. In fact, the struggle was nearly decided on the 19th, and there was not time for the events to have happened, between the 16th and the 19th, which settled Mary on the throne; or for the news to have reached London, and to have the effect there of causing her proclamation; therefore the author prefers her native topographical records.

the nearest road, to the sea; and to this day a lane, about a mile and a half from the castle, leading to the coast, is called "Bloody Queen Mary's Lane," because it is reported she used to walk there,—that is, like a prudent general, she surveyed the roads by which her retreat was to be made, if needed.

The crisis of extreme danger occurred about five days after Mary had retired to Framlingham, when six ships of war were seen to sail past the Suffolk coast, making for Yarmouth Roads. Now there were stout hearts and strong hands at Framlingham, but no other artillery or instruments of war, than those carried by the cavaliers at their belts or saddle-bows, while the infantry had to depend on push of pike or blow of axe or brown-bill. The ships were despatched by the privy council to carry cannon and warlike stores for the siege of Mary's castle, and likewise to intercept her if she attempted to retreat to the emperor's dominions. Sir Henry Jerningham was at Yarmouth, when the fleet, under pretence of stress of weather, came close to the harbour, and he boldly went out in a boat to hail them. "Upon which," says Speed, "these sea-soldiers demanded, 'what he wanted?' 'Your captains,' replied the intrepid knight, who are rebels to their lawful queen, Mary.' 'If they are,' replied the men of war, 'we will throw them into the sea, for we are her true subjects.' Upon which the captains surrendered themselves, and sir Henry and the Yarmouth burgesses took possession of the ships."

Another favourable incident to Mary's cause occurred simultaneously with the surrender of the fleet. She had, among her numerous letters written on the 9th of July, before she left Kenninghall, sent one[1] claiming the allegiance of sir Edward Hastings, who had been commissioned by the adverse party to raise four thousand

[1] This document, printed by Strype, in his Notes to bishop Goodwin's History, is dated July 9th.

men for queen Jane, in Middlesex and Buckinghamshire. Sir Edward was brother to the earl of Huntingdon, (who was closely allied by a marriage or contract with a daughter of Northumberland,) but they were at the same time, great-nephews to cardinal Pole, being grandsons to the murdered lord Montague, whose heiress had married the late earl of Huntingdon.[1] When sir Edward Hastings had raised the large force in the name of Jane he proclaimed Mary as his rightful queen, and thus placed at her disposal a great body of militia close to London. The defection of the fleet at Yarmouth could scarcely have reached lady Jane Gray's privy council, when this revolt, so near to them, struck terror through their hearts. The first indication of the good will of the metropolis towards Mary's right of succession was on the morning of the 16th of July, when a placard was found posted on Queenhithe Church, importing that she had been proclaimed queen of England, France, and Ireland, in every town and city therein excepting London. The same day, the earl of Sussex and the earl of Bath seceded from the council, and took their way to Framlingham, at the head of their armed vassals.

The queen had, directly on her arrival, formed a privy council at Framlingham Castle, who were soon in active correspondence with the municipal authorities at Harwich, Thetford, Norwich, and Ipswich. So early as July 16th, Mr. Smith, the clerk of the Framlingham council, reported a despatch from Mr. Brande, "that sir Edward Hastings and 10,000 of the militia of Oxford, Bucks, Berkshire, and Middlesex, had mustered on July 15th, at Drayton, lord Paget's seat, with intention of marching to seize the palace of Westminster and all it contained, in behalf of the queen's right and title."

[1] See Mill's Catalogue of Honour, Burke, and every genealogical work.

The mayor and corporation of Thetford begged for aid from the queen's head quarters at Framlingham, but were answered by Mary's orders, "that the pride of the enemy they would see in short time abated, therefore they of Thetford will be out of all doubt of their conceived fear." The same day "all the ships in the harbour of Harwich declared for the queen, having deposed sir Richard Broke and other captains from their command." The queen commanded stores of ammunition to be instantly forwarded to Framlingham from these ships, and commissioned captain John Basing to resume the command of his vessel. "The day after, John Hughes, the comptroller of the customs at Yarmouth, and John Grice, captain of a ship of war called the Greyhound, submitted *themselfs* to the queen's mercy, and were sworn in her service." She ordered all the ordnance and shot from the Greyhound to be brought to Framlingham, that could be possibly spared from its own defence. The same day, she sent orders for certain chests, containing church plate and money, at Norwich, to be opened in presence of the mayor, and the treasure convoyed to her at Framlingham, by Austin Steward, at whose house the chests had remained; likewise she demanded a number of bakers to be sent from Norwich, and 300 quarters of malt were brewed at Orford. Three brass pieces of ordnance, which were at Aldborough ready mounted, the queen required to be sent from thence, on the 18th of July; on the same day, a proclamation of defiance to Northumberland was issued forth from Framlingham Castle, offering £1000 in land to any noble, £500 to any gentleman, and £100 to any yeoman who brought him in prisoner to the queen.[1]

Five hundred men were appointed to guard the queen within the walls of the fortress,[2] and no person, whether

[1] Privy Council Journal, at Framlingham Castle. Haynes, pp. 155—160.
[2] Journal, Privy Council. Haynes, p. 159.

coming to submit themselves or otherwise, were permitted to approach her without order from the council. She commanded all prisoners in the gaols in Suffolk and Norfolk to be freed, (a very doubtful policy in an unsettled time;) it is, however, pretty certain they had been crowded with persons, who had committed no other crime, than expressing themselves favourably to her title, while Edward VI. was declining. She had the temerity to order, as early as the 22nd of July, sir Edward Hastings to dismiss his militia, and come to her with lord Windsor. She seems to have had from the first an extraordinary dislike to standing armies; perhaps, they did not suit her rigid notions of state economy.

Northumberland, though at the head of an army at Cambridge, had employed himself rather in polemic than military warfare. He had requested Dr. Edwin Sandys,[1] the vice-chancellor of the university, and a very zealous protestant, to preach a sermon against Mary's title and her religion. Whilst the sermon was proceeding, a yeoman of the guard held up to public scorn a catholic missal and a grayle,[2] which had been captured the preceding night at Mr. Huddleston's house, where Mary had slept and heard mass, during her late rapid journey into Suffolk. The next day the news arrived of the revolution in London; and Northumberland, struck with terror, made a clumsy attempt to imitate his colleagues, by personally proclaiming queen Mary in Cambridge market-place, tossing up his cap, while the tears ran down his cheeks. Dr. Sandys, who stood by him, was a man of indomitable courage, mental and physical; he

[1] Afterwards made archbishop of York by Elizabeth.

[2] Fox's Martyrs, p. 763, book iii. The word *grayle* is an old English corruption of the word *graduale*, and means a liturgical book, containing those passages of the psalms and holy writ, sung between the chanting of the epistle and gospel. The desk at which the clerks were stationed, who chanted this part of the service, being raised by steps, it was called a *graduale*, and in process of time, the books from which the chants were sung were known by the same name.

could scarcely conceal his scorn when the duke said to him, "That queen Mary was a merciful woman, and that doubtless all would receive the benefit of her general pardon." Dr. Sandys bade him not flatter himself, for if the queen were ever so inclined to pardon, those who ruled her would destroy him, whoever else were spared. Then occurred a disgusting scene of treachery:—sir John Gates, one of Northumberland's most guilty agents, arrested his master when he was personally helpless, with his boots half on and half off. This was a true specimen of the dishonourable spirit of the era. In a few hours Northumberland was again set at liberty; at last, all this anarchy was settled by the entry into Cambridge of the earl of Arundel with a body of the queen's troops. He arrested Northumberland, Gates, and Dr. Sandys, and sent them to the Tower.

Several of Northumberland's party, after the arrest of their chief, hastened on to Framlingham, in order to excuse themselves to queen Mary, under the plea that they were but obeying the orders of the privy council. Among these visitors were the marquess of Northampton and lord Robert Dudley. Bishop Ridley likewise presented himself at Framlingham, but was evilly received, and sent back, Fox declares, "on a halting horse:" he was really arrested, and with Northampton sent to the Tower, from the queen's camp, on the 26th of July, on account of a sermon he had recently preached against her title, at St. Paul's Cross.

The camp broke up at Framlingham the last day of July, when queen Mary commenced her triumphant march to the metropolis, from whence her sister Elizabeth set out, the same day, to meet her, at the head of a numerous cavalcade of nobility and gentry, amounting to a thousand persons. Among these were, in all probability, the privy council, who, it appears, met their sovereign at Ingatestone. The queen's approach to her

capital was gradual, and in the manner of a peaceful royal progress, receiving the homage of her faithful or penitent subjects at her various resting-places on the road. She arrived the first day at Ipswich, where she gave audience to Cecil, who had been dispatched by the council with tidings, after the departure of Arundel and Paget; here he made such fluent excuses for all his turnings and tricks, and what he called "pardonable lies,"[1] that the queen told his sister-in-law, Mrs. Bacon, that "she really believed he was a very honest man." It is worthy of notice, that this learned and accomplished lady, who was a protestant of note, belonged to the queen's bedchamber then and afterwards, and had access to her in confidential conversation. The queen, however, still required further explanation of some of Cecil's double dealings in the late usurpation. She moved next day to her favourite seat of Newhall, where Cecil presented her with a list of excuses, lately given entire to the world,[2] which will remain an example of the shamelessness of a climbing statesman to all futurity. The queen next proceeded to the seat of sir William Petre, at Ingatestone, where the council, who had lately defied and denied her, were presented to her, for the purpose of kissing her hand. Cecil kissed the royal hand

[1] He had previously forsaken Somerset, his benefactor, in the hour of adversity. His intercessor with the queen was his sister-in-law, wife of Nicholas Bacon, mother of the celebrated lord Bacon, and daughter to sir John Cheke, the protestant tutor of Edward VI.: she was lady Cecil's sister.

[2] This account of Mary's progress on her accession is gleaned from this most curious paper, edited by Mr. Tytler, in his late invaluable work on the state papers of Edward VI. and Mary. It was written in the year 1573, at the request of Cecil, when he was prime minister to queen Elizabeth, and seems to be meant as the recollections of his secretary, Roger Alford, of those times, in which they were both agents; and if the memorial of Cecil's conduct appears so disgusting to the lovers of truth, thus compounded under his own eye, how would it have appeared if written by any one else? We have no concern with Cecil at present, excepting as he has interwoven himself with the progress of Mary, of which there is no other record; but those who wish to form a true estimate of him, must carefully peruse Mr. Tytler's second volume, first edition, pp. 169—447.

"before any other of the council men"—so far had his apology satisfied the queen, through the intercession of Mrs. Bacon—but his favour went no farther; and notwithstanding his sedulous compliances with catholicism, Mary never would listen to his ardent aspirations for office.

The queen arrived at her seat of Wanstead, on the 3rd of August, where she disbanded her army, excepting a body of horse[1]—a bold measure, considering all that had recently been transacted in the metropolis; nevertheless, it was only a proper observance of the ancient laws and privileges of London.

Lord Arundel had previously arrived at the Tower, on the 27th of July, with Northumberland, and the other prisoners brought from Cambridge; he received orders to arrest the duke of Suffolk and his unhappy daughter, lady Jane Gray, and lodge them in prison rooms in the Tower. Frances, duchess of Suffolk, directly her husband was taken from her, hastened to meet the queen, and throwing herself at her feet, she lifted up her voice piteously in lamentation; she told the queen "that Suffolk was very ill, and would die if shut up in the Tower."[2] Mary was softened by her plaints, and granted the liberation of her husband—a wonderful instance of mercy, as bishop Goodwin observes. Thus unharmed in body or estate, Suffolk paid the penalty of but three days' imprisonment for his conspiracy with Northumberland. No pleadings are recorded of the duchess Frances for her hapless daughter, lady Jane Gray, who might have been liberated on her parole with far less danger than her wrong-headed father. It was notorious that the duchess Frances was a very active agent in the evanescent regality of her daughter Jane; she had

[1] Goodwin. Martin's Chronicle.

[2] Holingshed. Goodwin, p. 333. The plea of illness is mentioned in the narrative of Baoardo, published at Venice, 1558.

urged her unfortunate marriage, and had carried her train as queen. She must, nevertheless, have fabricated some tale of coercion, since she was always treated with great distinction by her cousin, queen Mary, in the worst of times.[1]

The ladies who had accompanied the princess Elizabeth from London were introduced formally to queen Mary, at Wanstead, who kissed every one of them. Such is the tradition in a family whose ancestress attended that antique royal drawing-room.

The queen was, on the 3rd of August, escorted from Wanstead by great numbers of nobles and ladies, who came to grace her entrance into her capital. A foreigner who was an eye-witness, thus describes her appearance on this triumphant occasion:[2]—"Then came the ladies, married and single, in the midst of whom rode madame Mary, queen of England, mounted on a small white ambling nag, the housings of which were fringed with gold. The queen was dressed in violet velvet; she seemed about forty years of age, and was rather fresh-coloured."

The old city portal of Aldgate, at which the queen made her entrance into the metropolis, was hung with gay streamers from top to bottom; over the gateway was a stage with seats, on which were placed the charity children of the Spital, singing sweet choruses of welcome to the victorious queen; the street of Leadenhall, and all down to the Tower, through the Minories, was clean swept and spread with gravel, and was lined with all the crafts in London in their proper dresses, holding banners and streamers. The lord mayor, with the

[1] Fox complains that she took precedence of the princess Elizabeth at court.

[2] Perlin. Antiquarian Repertory, vol. i., p. 228. Mary was but thirty-seven.

mace, was ready to welcome her; and the earl of Arundel, with the sword of state. A thousand gentlemen, in velvet coats and richly embroidered cloaks, preceded queen Mary.

Next the queen rode her sister Elizabeth; then the duchess of Norfolk and the marchioness of Exeter followed, and other noble dames, according to their connexion with the crown, and precedence. The aldermen brought up the rear, and the city guard with bows and javelins. The guard which accompanied Mary, being 3000 horsemen, in uniforms of green and white, red and white, and blue and white, were dismissed by the queen with thanks, and all departed before she passed the city gate.[1] Mary acted according to the intrepidity of her character, in trusting her person wholly to the care of the civic guard; thus implicitly relying on the fidelity of a city, where a rival had reigned but a few hours before.

She bent her way direct to the Tower, then under the care of sir Thomas Cheyney, warden of the Cinque Ports. Here she meant to sojourn, according to the ancient custom of her predecessors, till the funeral of the late sovereign.

When Mary entered the precincts of the Tower, a touching sight presented itself to her. Kneeling on the green before St. Peter's church, were the state prisoners, male and female, catholic and protestant, who had been detained lawlessly in the fortress during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

There was Edward Courtenay, the heir to the earl of Devonshire, now in the pride of manly beauty, who had grown up a prisoner from his tenth year, without education; there was another early friend of the queen, the

[1] Strype, vol. iii., p. 27.

wretched duchess of Somerset; there was the aged duke of Norfolk, still under sentence of death; and the deprived bishops of Durham and Winchester, the mild Cuthbert Tunstal and the haughty Stephen Gardiner, which last addressed a congratulation and supplication to the queen in the name of all. Mary burst into tears as she recognised them, and extending her hands to them, she exclaimed, "Ye are my prisoners!"

She raised them one by one, kissed them, and gave them all their liberty. The bishops were instantly restored to their sees; Gardiner was sworn into the queen's privy council (according to the evidence of its journal) so early as the 5th of August. The duke of Norfolk and earl of Devonshire were immediately restored to their rank and estates. As the duke had never been attainted, he took his place with so little delay, that he sat as high steward at the trial of the duke of Northumberland. Gertrude, marchioness of Exeter, mother of Courtenay, was made lady of the bedchamber, with so high a degree of favour, that she shared the bed of her royal kinswoman. The duchess of Somerset was liberated and comforted by the preferment of her family—her son, an infant minor, being restored to his rights,[1] and her daughters, lady Jane, lady Margaret, and lady Mary Seymour (which last was one of the queen's numerous god-children), were appointed maids of honour. They were considered the most learned and accomplished ladies in Europe, excepting the queen herself, and her hapless rival in sovereignty, lady Jane Gray. The heirs

[1] Not to the dukedom of Somerset, for this was a royal title, to which Somerset had ambitiously helped himself. He had caused his fairest daughter, lady Jane Seymour, to be elaborately educated, in hopes of matching her with Edward VI. (which intention the young king greatly resented). She died unmarried; so did her sisters, lady Katharine and lady Margaret. Lady Mary, the queen's god-child, married sir Henry Peyton. After the fall of their father, these ladies had been cantoned on their relations, being allowed, from the wreck of Somerset's fortune, miserable annuities. Strype, vol. ii., p. 8.

of the three unfortunate gentlemen, who had suffered with the protector Somerset, were reinstated in their property; and as Somerset's adherents were zealous protestants, these actions of Mary, which indubitably sprang from her own free will, being at this juncture uncontrolled by council or husband, ought to be appreciated by those who are willing to test her character by facts.

The queen remained in privacy, sojourning at the royal apartments of the Tower till after the funeral of her brother, which was performed with great magnificence. Many historical controversies exist regarding the religious rites of that funeral; but it appears that Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, performed the ceremony for his regretted young sovereign at Westminster Abbey, according to the ritual of the church of England. At the same time the queen and her ladies assisted at a solemn dirge and requiem for the repose of his soul in her private chapel in the Tower. This arrangement, in which each party shewed their respect for the memory of the deceased, according to their different modes of belief, was far too rational a method, to suit the furious spirits of that dreadful era, and the religious war recommenced in the Tower chapel. A chaplain of the court, one Walker, approached with the censer to cense the queen, when Dr. Weston thrust him on one side, exclaiming,

"Shamest thou not to do this office, being a priest having a wife? I tell thee the queen will not be censed by such as thou!"[1]

The queen, directly she arrived in London, published a pacific manifesto, exhorting each party to refrain from reviling by the epithets of idolater and heretic. Two proclamations of the kind had been published within a

[1] Strype, from Bale, vol. iii., p. 31.

short time. The first promised liberty of conscience unconditionally; in the last a clause was introduced, which declared religion was to be settled by "common consent," meaning by act of parliament. Mr. Dobbs presented a petition from the reformers of Ipswich, claiming protection for their religion on the faith of the queen's first proclamation; but Mr. Dobbs was set in the pillory for his pains—a strange way of answering a petitioner. That, and several other deeds of the kind, emanated from the violent zeal of the privy council, which governed in London in the queen's name.[1] The most nefarious of these actions was the imprisonment of Judge Hales, which brought great obloquy on Mary, though all she had to do with it was righting the wrong when it became known to her. Judge Hales had positively refused to have any concern in the disinheriting of Mary. He had boldly declared to Northumberland and his faction that it was against English law. With equal conscientiousness, he had, at the assizes held at the usual time in the last days of July, given a charge from the bench to the people of Kent, advising them to observe the laws made in King Edward's time, which were certainly in force while unrepealed. For thus doing his duty, he was committed to the Fleet prison by the officious privy council. Hales, despairing that justice would ever again visit his country, attempted his own life; but ineffectually. The queen's attention was drawn to Hales' unmerited sufferings; and she sent for him to the palace, "spoke many words of comfort to him," and ordered him to be set at liberty honour-

[1] Toone, the professed English chronologist, dates these outrages before the 3rd of August. They were transacted by the council in London, at a time when Mary had not received the homage of all the privy councillors. They seem the fruits of that officious zeal often assumed by persons desirous of wiping out the stains of their own recent misconduct. Neither the name of Hales nor Dobbs occurs in the journal of the council who were acting under the immediate directions of Mary.

ably.[1] He seemed composed and happy; but his mind had received an irremediable wound, for he destroyed himself soon after.

The violent party spirit that distinguished this council of interregnum, which governed the metropolis from Mary's proclamation to her arrival at the Tower, is extremely well portrayed by Mr. Edward Underhill, an accomplished Worcestershire gentleman, who, for his zeal in the Calvinistic religion, was called the Hot Gospeller.[2] He belonged to the band of gentlemen pensioners. He had penned a satirical ballad against "papists;" and for this squib was summoned before the council in authority, whilst the queen was in Suffolk. After much browbeating, Edward Underhill was committed to Newgate. He was an elegant lutanist, and was recommended by his friends to play much on the lute while in prison, and eschew polemics. He probably took this advice; and being withal a man of family, had no difficulty in obtaining access to the ear of the queen, since he was released from Newgate a few days after her arrival in London; and finally, she restored him not only to his place in the band of gentlemen pensioners, but, as he notices with great satisfaction, to his salary, without deduction of the time of his arrest. Mary shewed some judgment in acting thus; for this brave man, though he scorned to disavow his principles, was ever in time of danger an intrepid defender of her person.

[1] Martin's Chronicle, and Holingshed, though indefinite in dates, both expressly relate the queen's personal conduct, in rectifying the intolerable wrong done to judge Hales.

[2] Lady Jane Gray was preparing to stand godmother to his child (born in the Tower during her short sway), when her authority ceased. Strype has published rich fragments of Underhill's MS., the whole of which would be a most precious document, if recoverable. Underhill, in the reign of Elizabeth, offered the loan of it to Fox, for his Martyrology, but it was returned to him without any use being made of it. The Hot Gospeller, though ardently attached to his religion, admits the *pour et contre*, with a naïve simplicity and individualizing detail, delightful to the inquirer into facts, but by no means pleasant to a partisan historian.

Several instances are to be found of the queen's interference to save persons from the cruelty of her privy council. Those who were of rank or consequence sufficient to find access to her were tolerably sure of her protection. This peculiarity gave a tone to her reign which renders its character singular in English history; for examples of political vengeance were made chiefly on persons whose station seemed too lowly for objects of state punishment, because, being poor and obscure, they were not able to carry their complaints to the foot of the throne. Thus the council sent orders to the town of Bedford "for the punishment of a woman (after due examination of her qualities) by the cucking-stool, she having been arrested for railing and speaking unseemly words of the queen's majesty." These awards of personal punishment without regular trial, emanated from a certain junta of the privy council, whose business it was to sit in the Star chamber in Westminster Palace, and apportion the inflictions which seemed good in their eyes, as vengeance on personal affronts offered to the reigning monarch. Much of the extortions of the reign of Henry VII., and the bloodshed of that of Henry VIII., may be attributed to the operations of this illegal and inquisitorial tribunal.[1] But when it condescended to doom an old scold of a distant provincial town to the cucking-stool, it might have been thought that derision would have disarmed its terrors for ever. Such would have

[1] Yet its functions may be traced to an earlier day. It was certainly in activity in the reign of Henry VI., since Owen Tudor was evidently summoned before some such tribunal; then, again, the well-known incident of Edward IV. putting to death, illegally, the vintner, for the joke of saying "that he would make his son heir to the crown," ostensibly meaning the sign of his house, but with a side sneer at the recent coronation of the king: this exploit was in the true spirit of the Star chamber. The proceedings of Louis XI., on the other side of the Channel, with his two or three low-born privy councillors, and his pet executioner, seem to have offered an exaggerated example to the government of Edward IV. and Richard III., whose vice-constable, sir James Tyrrel, was the instrument of the murders and tortures devised in this secret conclave of the crown.

been the case, had the periodical press of the present day been in operation at the time. In the latter part of Mary's reign, when she was utterly incapacitated by mortal sufferings, from interference with their proceedings, her cruel ministers inflicted more tragic punishments on old women who "railed against the queen's majesty."

Mary remained at the Tower till after the 12th of August. This is apparent from the following minute from the privy council book:—

"The council delivered to the lord mayor and recorder these words, from the queen's own mouth,[1] yesterday, at the Tower, being the 12th of August, on occasion of a riot at St. Paul's Cross, about preaching:—'Albeit her grace's conscience is *staid* (fixed) in matters of religion, yet she meaneth graciously, not to compel and constrain other men's consciences, otherwise than God shall (as she trusteth) put into their hearts a persuasion of the *truth that she is in*, through the opening of his word by godly, virtuous, and learned preachers; and she forbad the lord mayor to suffer, in any ward, open reading of the Scriptures in the churches, or preaching by the curates, unless licensed by her.'"

Such was the first blow aimed at the protestant church of England. Mary was empowered to inflict it, as head of the very church whose ministers she silenced by force of her supremacy. It is an instance of the manner in which that tremendous power worked, and explains the mystery why the great body of the English nation,—albeit, not composed of the most flexible of elements,—changed their ritual with magic celerity, according to the differing opinions of four successive sovereigns; but the truth was, in that evil century, each sovereign was empowered, unfettered by parliament or convocation, to change the entire ministration of the clergy throughout

[1] Privy Council Journal of queen Mary. Haynes's Burleigh Papers, p. 172.

the realm by the simple act of private will. Thus the religious tuition of the parish churches in London, the Sunday before the 12th of August, was according to the protestant church established by Edward VI., and the next Sunday according to the anti-papal catholic church of Henry VIII. While queen Mary continued head of the church in England, a reconciliation with the see of Rome was an impossibility.

The trial of Northumberland and his coadjutors took place August 18th. Eleven were condemned to die, but three only executed,—the smallest number ever known either before or since, of the partisans of a usurpation. Holingshed affirms there was great difficulty in inducing Mary to consent to the death of Northumberland, because of the former friendly intercourse, there had been between them, of which friendliness many instances may be proved from her privy-purse expenses when princess. Northumberland, with his two dependents, Gates and Palmer, were nevertheless put to death on the 22nd of August. Northumberland professed himself a catholic at his death, and spoke very earnestly against the protestant religion, which could receive no injury from lips false as his. An affecting incident occurred on the evening of his death. The Lancaster herald, who had been an old retainer of the duke, begged an audience of queen Mary, and, "respectful to the dead," implored her to grant him the head of his master, that it might be decently interred. The queen told him, "in God's name to take the whole body as well, and give his lord proper burial."[1] Mary was, at the time of his execu-

[1] Peerage of England, (published 1709,) vol. ii., p. 406. John Cock was the name of this faithful man. The same authority declares that Northumberland was buried at St. Peter's, in the Tower, by the side of his victim, the duke of Somerset. The conduct and character of Northumberland appear the more hideous when it is known that, if he possessed any private sense of religion, he leant to the ancient ritual; for his profession on the scaffold is only in unison with a profligate speech he made to sir Antony Browne, who was remonstrating with him on some incon-

tion, resident at Richmond Palace; here most of the acts of the privy council are dated during the rest of August and part of September.

The imperial ambassadors urged the queen to bring lady Jane Gray to trial at the same time with her father-in-law, Northumberland; since she could never reign in security while that lady lived, for the first faction when strong enough would set up her claims again. Mary replied, "she could not find it in her heart or conscience to put her unfortunate kinswoman to death, who had not been an accomplice of Northumberland, but merely an unresisting instrument in his hands. If there was any crime in being his daughter-in-law, even of that her cousin Jane was not guilty, for she had been legally contracted to another, and therefore her marriage with lord Guildford Dudley was not valid; as for the danger existing from her pretensions, it was but imaginary, and every requisite precaution should be taken before she was set at liberty."[1] These friendly intentions of Mary towards lady Jane coincide with a letter of explanation sent by that lady from the Tower, which contains an extraordinary narrative of her brief royalty.[2]

Lady Jane commenced this narrative with the declaration that she was willing to extenuate her fault, if such great faults may be extenuated, by a full and ingenuous confession; she described her consternation and confusion when her father and mother, her mother-in-law, the duchess of Northumberland, and the duke, announced to her the death of Edward VI.; and doing her homage

sistent measure, when he declared that, "He certainly thought best of the old religion; but seeing a new one begun, run dog, run devil, he would go forward." Peerage of England, vol. ii., p. 261.

[1] Renaud's Despatches, edited by Griffet. Renaud is by no means willing to praise Mary for conduct which must raise her in the estimation of every feeling heart, but rather is telling tales of her weakness and contradiction to politic advice; therefore the fact may be depended on without dread of heeding a mere flattering story.

[2] Pollino, Istoria del' Ecclesia d'Inghilterra, p. 73.

as queen, informed her, that by virtue of his will she was left heiress to the crown. She fell to the ground, and swooned, as one dead, overcome with grief at tidings she too truly felt to be fatally disastrous to her; and with tears and shuddering remained the passive victim of their ambition. She declared to her royal cousin, to whom her domestic griefs seem told almost familiarly, "that when she was brought to the Tower as queen, the marquess of Winchester, lord treasurer, brought her the crown,[1] to try on her head, to see how it would fit her, and that he brought it of his own accord, unsent for by her, or any one in her name; and when she scrupled to put it on, the marquess said, 'she need not do so, for he would have another made to crown her husband withal.'" To this exaltation of her husband Jane firmly objected, which drew on her scenes of coarse violence from him and his mother, the duchess of Northumberland. They appear to have used personal ill treatment to her, for she says, with indignant emphasis—"I was *maltreated* by my husband and his mother."

This curious narrative exists in the pages of three contemporary Italian writers, with slight variations, which prove they collected the same facts from different sources, all agreeing in essentials. One of our contemporary chroniclers relates an anecdote of the marquess of Winchester, the time-serving lord treasurer above named, who—with the shamelessness peculiar to the officials of that era—when preparing for the coronation of queen Mary, came to the unfortunate prisoner, lady Jane, and told her that several valuable jewels were missing from the state crown, and that she was accountable for them. On this pretence all the money and jewels of lady Jane and her husband were confiscated.

The accession of queen Mary had not altered her

[1] This appears to have been the state crown, kept, with other regalia, at the Tower, and not St. Edward's crown, then always given in charge of the dean and chapter of Westminster Abbey.

affection for the princess Elizabeth; whatever were their after jealousies, their first difference had yet to take place, for at the present time wherever Mary went, she led her sister by the hand,[1] and never dined in public without her. Mary likewise distinguished Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, with great attention; she endeavoured to form his manners, and appointed a nobleman to guide his conduct. He is said to have contracted habits of low profligacy at the Tower, which she was exceedingly desirous of seeing altered; but he was too late in life for any very rapid improvement, being turned of thirty. His noble person was not, however, deteriorated by the vices with which he is charged; for his portrait, by sir Antonio More, presents all the grand outline of our ancient royal race—the commanding Plantagenets. The expression of his face is penetrating and majestic, the features high and exquisitely moulded, the forehead lofty and noble, and decorated withal by a magnificent *chevelure* of light brown curls.[2] Courtenay inherited sufficient ambition to desire a marriage with the queen, and the English people ardently wished the match: it has been said that Mary loved him, and was refused by him—an assertion directly contrary to all existing documents. If she ever loved her cousin Courtenay, she must have relinquished him within a very few days of her accession, since in the middle of August she had a private interview with Commendone, the pope's envoy, in which she told him, "that she had concluded her league with the emperor, and had entirely resolved on her marriage with his heir, prince Philip."[3] Commendone had privately entered the kingdom from Flanders, and did not obtain his first audience without difficulty. Mary assured him of her inviolable attachment to the

[1] Fox. Memoir of Elizabeth. Mackintosh's History of England.
[2] An engraving from this portrait is to be seen in Horace Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.
[3] Tytler's Reign of Mary, vol. ii., pp. 238, 239.

religion in which she had been educated, and of her desire to restore the pope's supremacy in her kingdom; but she entreated him to act with caution, and to conceal his identity. She gave him a letter to pope Julius III., declaring her wish that her kingdom might be reconciled to Rome; and entreating that cardinal Pole might be instantly sent to her.

Public opinion had already named this attached kinsman as one of the three suitors for the hand of the queen; but if the pope was willing to dispense with the vows of a prince of the church, it was not probable that the rigid principles of either the queen, or Reginald Pole, would suffer them to accept such dispensation. The counsel Pole gave to Mary was, to remain single, counsel which was seconded by another of her friends of tried sincerity, his intimate associate, friar Peyto. This churchman was by birth a gentleman of Devonshire: his bold sermon at Greenwich, in defence of Mary's mother, had startled Henry VIII. in his pitch of pride. Peyto had survived Cromwell's proposal of putting him in a sack, and throwing him into the Thames; and, unaided by any power, save his calm contempt of life, had proved victor in the contest, and lived to be a cardinal. He had resided with Reginald Pole since he had retired from England, and tendered his advice to Mary with the same uncompromising integrity which had led him to thunder the principles of moral justice in the ears of her terrific father. "Do not marry," he wrote to the queen, "or you will be the slave of a young husband; besides, at your age, the chance of bringing heirs to the crown is doubtful, and, moreover, would be dangerous to your life." Unvarnished truths were these, yet it is a respectable point in Mary's character, that she testified no displeasure either to her kinsman or his plain-spoken friend, when counsel was offered so little soothing to female vanity.

Violent struggles took place throughout the month of August between the partisans of the rival rituals, for possession of churches and pulpits, which were frequently decided by the prevalence of personal strength. For the ostensible purpose of putting an end to scenes disgraceful to religion in general, the queen issued another proclamation, forbidding any person to preach without her licence, "till further order by common consent was taken;" meaning by act of parliament. Thus were all preachers silenced who promulgated doctrine contrary to the royal will.

One of the earliest compliments paid to the queen, on her accession, was the baptism of the great bell at Christ church (which had been re-cast), by the name of Mary. The learned Jewel, whose office it was to write the congratulatory letter from Oxford on the queen's accession, was reading it to Dr. Tresham, a zealous catholic, for his approbation, when the newly hung bell set out, in an earnest call to the first mass that had been celebrated in Oxford, since the establishment of the protestant church of England. Dr. Tresham broke into an ecstacy—"Oh sweet Mary!" he exclaimed, "how musically, how melodiously doth she sound!" "That bell then rung," adds Fuller, impressively, "the knell of gospel truth in the city of Oxford, afterwards filled with protestant tears."

However ample her power, as head of the English church, might be, it was the wish of queen Mary to resign it, and restore supremacy to the pope; but bishop Gardiner, her lord chancellor, was opposed to her intentions. So far from wishing any re-union of England with the see of Rome, he was extremely earnest that queen Mary should retain her title and authority as head of the English church.[1] Her answer to him was a remarkable one:—

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary. Despatches of Renaud, ambassador of Charles V.

"Women," she said, "I have read in Scripture, are forbidden to speak in the church. Is it then fitting that *your* church should have a dumb head?"[1]

The witty equivoque of queen Mary's reply may lead readers to an erroneous appreciation of this dignity as at present exercised by a queen regnant. But, indeed, defined and constitutional as it has been rendered since the revolution of 1688, it presents in our times, neither the difficulties nor the anomalies it did when Henry VIII. bequeathed[2] it, with the regal office, to his children. The power Henry assumed could be likened to nothing in history, excepting that with which the Mahometans invested the khaliffs of Bagdat. He prescribed articles of belief, he appointed bishops, and altered their temporalities at his pleasure,[3] he interpreted Scripture according to his exigencies. He actually sat in conclave with the bishops of his creed, and as visible head of the English church, examined and condemned to the flames those who dissented from his six articles, among others, the meek and faithful protestant, Lambert. Altogether he united with the crown of England a degree of spiritual despotism, which was the fruitful source of civil and religious warfare till the accession of the house of Brunswick.

Such was the practical exercise of the power queen Mary was eager to resign, and which the anti-papal catholics were equally desirous she should retain.

Thus at the accession of Mary, England was divided into three parties, each struggling to be recognised as

[1] Funeral Sermon of Mary, by bishop White. Likewise narrated in Dod's History of the Church, edited by the Rev. Mr. Tierney, who confirms the opposition of Gardiner to the re-union of England with the see of Rome.

[2] Literally, *bequeathed* them, for his parliament, in defiance of the constitution of England, had rendered all his dignities subject to his last will and testament.

[3] The bishops were, in the Anglo-Saxon church, elected by the chapters. They were confirmed in their temporalities by the reigning king of England.

the established church; all equally inimical to each other. These were, first in strength, the anti-papal catholic church, established by Henry VIII.; secondly, the protestant church of England, established by the regency of Edward VI.; and thirdly, the adherents of the ancient catholic church, who acknowledged no spiritual supremacy but that of the pope. Perhaps the latter were the weakest in numbers of the three; they had endured twenty years' severe persecution, yet were now strengthened by the regal dignity having fallen to one of their faith, who had shared in their sufferings. The principal calamities of queen Mary's life had been inflicted by the anti-papal catholics, who were at this era greatly superior in numbers and political power to either of the others. From their ranks had been drawn the vigorous ministry, that aided Henry VIII. in his long course of despotic cruelty, his rapacity, his bigamies, and his religious persecutions. The survivors of this junta, who were well versed in the art of government, by long usetude of wielding it, were now the ministers of queen Mary. It must have caused a bitter pang to her heart when she placed her government in the hands of those who, long before Cranmer emerged from private life, had been active agents in the divorce of her mother; but she had no other choice.

Cranmer had, during a large portion of his public life, officiated as the primate of Henry VIII.'s anti-papal catholic church. In the course of this primacy, he had made some abortive efforts to oppose in parliament, the penal enforcement of the six articles, which Henry VIII. and the majority of his bishops, had appointed as the English creed, and to which many faithful protestants fell victims.

Directly after the burial of his terrific master, Cranmer aided the protector Somerset in establishing a church of England, more practically humane, in which

protestant principles were, for the *first time*, recognised; and this is, in truth, the earliest period at which protestants can historically be deemed responsible for any action performed by an English government. Then commenced that hatred between the leaders of the anti-papal church of Henry VIII. and the leaders of the church of England, such as can only be engendered in the bosoms of those who, from late associates, have become political-polemic opponents. The protestant bishops inflicted on their enemies but the minor persecution of imprisonment, which lasted the chief part of Edward VI.'s reign. This was endured by Gardiner with philosophy, by Bonner with irritation, amounting to mania. The failure of the protestants in establishing the regality of the next protestant heir to the throne, lady Jane Gray, made the scale of political power preponderate once more in favour of the anti-papal catholics, whose leader, bishop Gardiner, changed a prison room in the Tower for the seat of lord chancellor, with astonishing celerity.[1] Till Gardiner received the seals, Cranmer was not only at liberty, but officiating in his high functions as archbishop of Canterbury. On the 27th of August, he, in obedience to an order from the queen's council, delivered a schedule of his effects, and received a command to confine himself to his house at Lambeth.[2]

In one opinion alone did all these antagonists agree—which was in the detestation of the queen's engagement with the prince of Spain. They were heartily joined in it by cardinal Pole, whose dislike to the Spanish match

[1] Bishop Goodwin, p. 333.

[2] Biographia Britannica. Much indignation had been excited among the protestants, by rumours that Cranmer was once more about to join the ranks of their enemies, (i. e. the anti-papal catholic church,) which induced him to publish an explanation of his present creed, which being construed into an attack on the government, he was by the queen's council sent to the Tower, on the 13th September, and was kept in captivity till his horrid martyrdom, three years afterwards.

was so well known to the emperor Charles, that he intercepted him in his journey to England, and detained him in a German convent till after the marriage had taken place.

One class in England alone was desirous of the match: these were the political economists, chiefly belonging to the moneyed and mercantile interests. They were alarmed at the marriage of Mary queen of Scotland with the heir of France, and earnestly wished the balance of power to be restored by the wedlock of Mary queen of England with the heir of the Low Countries.

Charles V. had resolved on this marriage, despite of his son's reluctance, who at twenty-six entreated that his father would give him a wife younger than himself, instead of one eleven years older.[1] But union with England was too favourable a step towards the emperor's scheme of universal dominion, to be given up for notions of mere domestic happiness; therefore he made a final tender of the hand of the unwilling Philip, in a letter written to queen Mary, on the 20th of September; in which he says—"that if his own age and health had rendered him a suitable spouse he should have had the greatest satisfaction in wedding her himself; but as he could not make such proposal, he had nothing more dear to offer to his beloved kinswoman than his son Don Philip."[2] When it is remembered that this great emperor had been formerly solemnly betrothed to Mary, and was now a widower, an apology for not marrying her himself was far from superfluous; yet it must be owned, that the style in which he proposes his son as his substitute, bears an amusing resemblance to the solemn gallantry of his illustrious subject, the knight of La Mancha. The emperor entreated that Mary would not, at present, communicate her engagement to her ministers. The reason of this request was, that some

[1] Strype's Mems. [2] Mackintosh's Hist. of England, vol. ii., p. 296.

among them wished her to marry his nephew, the archduke, whose possessions were not considered formidable to English liberty, and because he knew they were all opposed to prince Philip.

The queen, meantime, bestowed some attention on forming her household, and rewarding the personal friends who had remained faithful to her in her long adversity. She found the three gentlemen, who had incurred the displeasure of the council rather than gainsay her commands, captives in various prisons. It has been stated that they had been previously liberated by Edward VI., but the total absence of their names from the queen's proceedings, during her struggle for the throne, brings conviction that the above statement is true. Robert Rochester[1] she made comptroller of the royal household and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster; she carried her gratitude so far as to make him knight of the Garter, and one of her privy council. His nephew, Edward Walgrave,[2] she honoured with knighthood, and gave the profitable office of master of the great wardrobe. Sir Francis Inglefield, their fellow-sufferer, was given a place at court, and was appointed a privy councillor.[3] The queen's gratitude took a very odd form in the case of the earl of Sussex: he was a valetudinarian, who had a great fear of uncovering his head; and considering that the colds he dreaded respected no person, he petitioned queen Mary for leave to wear his nightcap in her royal presence. The queen, in her abundant grace, not only gave him leave to wear one, but two nightcaps, if he pleased. His patent for this privilege is, perhaps, unique in royal annals:—

[1] He was son of sir John Rochester, of Tarling, Kent.

[2] He is the direct ancestor of the present earl Waldegrave. He was uncompromising in his adherence to the Roman-catholic religion, and died a prisoner in the Tower, early in the reign of Elizabeth. As his offence is not defined, he was probably a Star-chamber prisoner.

[3] After the death of his royal mistress he emigrated into Spain, on account of his religion. Aungier's Hist. of Sion.

"Know ye, that we do give to our well beloved and trusty cousin and councillor. Henry, earl of Sussex, viscount Fitzwater, and lord of Egremond and Burnell, licence and pardon to wear his cap, coif, or *nightcap*, or any two of them at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons within this our realm, or any other place in our dominions wheresoever, during his life; and these our letters shall be his sufficient warrant in his behalf."

The queen's seal, with the Garter about it, is affixed to this singular grant.

She reinstated the old duke of Norfolk in his rank, and restored the bulk of his immense possessions, confiscated by the crown without legal attainder. Indeed, as the offence given by the duke and his murdered son, was a mere quibble regarding heraldic bearings, such as an English sovereign, a century before, would have scorned to consider as a crime, the duke was restored on mere petition to the queen; in which he says, pathetically,—"Sovereign lady, the offence wherewith your said subject and supplicant was charged was only for bearing arms which he and his ancestors had heretofore of long continuance borne, as well as in the presence of the late king as in presence of divers of his noble progenitors, kings of England." The grandson of the injured noble, Thomas, heir to the earl of Surrey, was distinguished by queen Mary with great favour, and received the appointment of her page of honour, a post his youth and beauty well qualified him to fill."[1]

The queen now indulged the musical taste for which she was so noted, and which the extraordinary manifestation of melody in her forehead proves to have been a ruling passion. She established the musicians of her chapel royal with more than usual care; the names of our best English composers are to be found among them.

[1] His portrait-statue at Framlingham church, kneeling at the feet of his father's recumbent statue, proves him to have closely resembled his relative, queen Anne Boleyn. His dark eyes and dark curls, and the beautiful outline of his face, rendered him more like her than was her daughter.

A letter extant from Grace lady Shrewsbury,[1] to her husband, (who was absent, guarding against an inbreak from the Scotch border,) gives some insight regarding the manners of Mary in the early days of her sovereignty, and describes her as in high enjoyment of her taste for sacred music.

September, 1553. — "Yesternight the queen's majesty came from evensong, which was sung in her chapel by all her singing men of the same, with playing of organs, in the solemnest manner. Her highness called me unto her, and asked me, 'when you rode to the north?' And when I told her grace that you were there, she held up her hands, and besought God to send you good health, and that she might soon see you again. I perceive her grace to be a little doubtful of the quietness of the northern counties. Her highness was so much my good lady, that she told me that whatsoever I wished I should come to her for, since she would be my husband till your lordship came home."

The whole attention of queen Mary and her court was now fixed on the approaching coronation. Deep were the cogitations of heralds and royal chamberlains; they were at a loss regarding precedents, since neither Saxons nor Normans had owned a sovereign regina. Britain had been occasionally governed by female monarchs, and the venerable common law of the land not only recognised their right of succession, but the law itself is traced to a female reign.[2] Yet these fair civilizers had existed in an antiquity so dim, that no clear ideas could remain of their coronations, nor was it very certain that they were crowned. The Norman nobility and their descendants, through evident distaste to female authority, had

[1] Wife to Francis, earl of Shrewsbury. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 228.

[2] See Introduction to Lives of the Queens, regarding the Martian laws established by a female regent, from which Alfred's laws were derived.

refused to recognise their rightful reginas, Matilda the empress, Eleanora of Brittany, and Elizabeth of York, as sovereign ladies. The effects of ferocity, which interminable wars had rendered national, had destroyed the promising heirs male from every branch of the great stem of Plantagenet; and it was now matter of curiosity to note, how completely the throne was surrounded by female claimants. If the life of queen Mary failed, nature and an act of parliament made her sister Elizabeth her successor, on whose failure the young queen of Scotland had undoubted rights to unite the island crowns,—for the sceptre of North, as well as that of South Britain, was then swayed by a queen Mary. If the young queen of Scotland died without heirs, then a procession of female claimants, long as that of Banquo's kings, appeared. There was lady Margaret Douglas, who had, however, two infant sons, but neither she nor her offspring had ever been recognised as claimants. Then Frances duchess of Suffolk, and her daughters, lady Jane Gray, lady Katharine Gray, and their younger sister, the deformed lady Mary; then the sister of Frances Brandon, Elinor lady Clifford, and her two daughters, were the representatives of the royal line. Thus our combative forefathers, if they meant to preserve the succession in the royal family, had no alternative but to submit to the domination of a female: this they did with the worst grace in the world; and if they did not term their sovereign, as the Hungarians did theirs, "King Mary," they insisted on her being encumbered with spurs and girded with swords, and other implements of the destructiveness in which their minds delighted. For the result of all the cogitations on her coronation was, that their regina was to be inaugurated in "all particulars like unto the king of England." There was, however, one thing needed, without which a coronation, like most other pomps, must remain a dead

letter—there was not one penny in the royal purse, and queen Mary was forced to borrow £20,000 from her loyal London citizens before she could be crowned. When this supply was obtained, the coronation "was all the care,"[1] and was finally appointed for the 1st of October: previous to that day the queen was to pass in grand procession through the city, which it was the citizens' province, by old custom, to adorn for the occasion. Three days before the coronation the queen removed from St. James's to Whitehall, and took her barge at the stairs, accompanied by her sister, the princess Elizabeth, and other ladies, and proceeded to the Tower: this was by no means a private transit, but attended with all the gaiety of a city procession by water, the lord mayor and companies meeting her in their barges with streamers, trumpets, waits, shawlms, and regals. At the Tower, the queen was received with discharges of ordnance, which continued some time after her entry. The next day, September 29th, she made fifteen knights of the Bath, who did not receive the accolade from her royal hand; they were knighted in her presence by her lord steward, Henry, earl of Arundel.[2] The most noted among these knights were her cousin Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, and the young earl of Surrey. About three o'clock next day, the queen set forth from the Tower in grand procession through the streets of the city of London, a ceremony which custom imperatively required the sovereign to perform, as a prologue to the coronation; it has now been commuted for a royal dinner at Guildhall, which, it may be observed, always precedes the coronation.

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. iii.

[2] Mr. Planche's erudite Regal Records is the chief authority for this coronation. He has there edited the particulars from official MSS., never before printed, in the College of Arms, and the Society of Antiquarians. Some particulars of this ceremony are drawn from the Italian, being narrated in Baoardo's History of Mary—that Venetian had obtained minute information, though his work was printed in 1558.

Queen Mary's city procession was splendid; she was remarkable for the great number of her own sex who ever surrounded her. It must be owned some personal courage was required to be lady of honour to queen Mary, for in the dangerous struggles for the crown she was always accompanied by her female attendants. This was, however, one of her halcyon days, and the procession was distinguished by seventy ladies riding after the queen on horseback, clad in crimson velvet. Five hundred gentlemen, noblemen, and ambassadors, preceded her, the lowest in degree leading the way. Each of the ambassadors was accompanied by a great officer of the crown; the French ambassador, Noailles, by lord Paget, and Renaud, the emperor's resident (who took precedence of Noailles), by lord Cobham. The chief sewer, the earl of Sussex, bore the queen's hat and cloak between two squires of honour, with robes of estate rolled and worn baldrick-wise over the shoulder and round the waist, wearing the caps of estate of the dukedoms of Normandy and Guienne. The lord mayor, on the left of Garter king-at-arms, carried the sceptre.

The queen headed the lady procession, seated in a most splendid litter, supported between six white horses, covered with housings of cloth of silver. She was dressed in a gown of blue velvet, furred with ermine; on her head was a caul of gold network, beset with pearls and precious stones; the value thereof was inestimable, and the weight so great, says Stow, "that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand." It was evident that she was afflicted with one of her constitutional headaches, which generally attacked her if unusually agitated, and the pain was not ameliorated by the weight of her inestimable circlet. Elizabeth followed, in an open chariot richly covered with crimson velvet, and by her was seated Henry VIII.'s surviving widow,

Anne of Cleves: they were dressed in robes and kirtles of cloth of silver, with large hanging sleeves. This car was followed by sir Edward Hastings, (who, in reward for his services, had been made master of the horse,) leading queen Mary's own palfrey. To him succeeded a long train of alternate chariots and equestrian damsels; the ladies of the highest rank rode four together in chariots. The ladies of the bedchamber, and those who held office at court, rode on horseback, dressed in kirtles of gold or silver cloth and robes of crimson velvet, their horses trapped with the same. Among the ten ladies who bore office in the palace, the names of the queen's confidante, Mrs. Clarencieux, and Mary Finch, keeper of the jewels, appear; they were her old and faithful servants. Then rode the queen's chamberers, in crimson satin, their horses decked with the like; they were nine in number, and were guarded by Mrs. Baynham, the mother of the maids. Some of these ladies were married women; among them might be recognised the virtuous and learned daughters of sir John Cheke, one of whom was the wife of Nicholas Bacon, and sister to lady Cecil. Mrs. Bacon's intercessions with queen Mary in behalf of Cecil prove she had some influence. Among the other distinguished ladies who attended this coronation, was Mrs. Basset,[1] daughter of the illustrious Margaret Roper, and grand-daughter of sir Thomas More. The royal henchmen, clad in the Tudor colours of white and green, the royal guard and their captain, sir Henry Jerningham, and the gentlemen-at-arms, brought up the procession.

Pageantry, in the old accustomed style, greeted the queen in her progress through the city; in Fenchurch-street she listened to orations from four great giants; in

[1] See Planche's Regal Records, where her name appears in the list of chamberers, and Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, p. 150, vol. ii., for the fact that this lady and her husband were both in Mary's service. Mrs. Basset translated Eusebius from the Greek into the English.

Gracechurch-street, to a solo on the trumpet, from a great angel in green, perched on a triumphal arch prepared by the Florentine merchants; and when this angel lifted its gigantic arm with the trumpet to its mouth, the mob gave a shout of astonishment. The conduits at Cornhill and Cheapside ran with wine; and at the latter, the aldermen presented the queen with a benevolence of 1000 marks in a crimson purse. At St. Paul's School, the queen's favourite poet and player, Heywood, sat under a vine, and delivered an oration. By the time the procession, which had started at three from the Tower, had proceeded as far as St. Paul's, the shades of an autumn evening must have been closing around, and the violence of the wind somewhat injured a sight which had been only seen once before exhibited in London; this was the gymnastics of Peter the Dutchman on the weathercock of Old St. Paul's. The ball and cross of the cathedral were decorated with flags, and meant to be illuminated, but the wind blew out the torches as fast as they were lighted. It does not appear that Peter flew down on a rope, as he did at the coronation of Edward VI., but played many antics at that fearful height, for which he was paid 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* by the lord mayor.

The queen was escorted by the lord mayor through Temple-bar to the palace of Whitehall, where she took leave of him, "giving him great thanks for his pains, and the city for their cost."

The seat of English royalty had been transferred from the ancient palace of Westminster to Whitehall, after a great fire in the royal apartments in the time of Henry VIII. It was a grand structure, now existing only in name; its water-gate, still bearing the name of Whitehall-stairs, marks its locality. St. James's Palace was chosen by queen Mary as her private residence; but Whitehall was the scene of all grand state ceremonies and receptions, as St. James's is at present—the mo-

narchs of England having been gradually burnt out of every palace built on a scale suitable to their dignity.

On the coronation morning, October 1st, the queen and her train took their barges, and landed at the private stairs of the old palace of Westminster leading direct to the parliament chamber, which was richly hung with tapestry, and the queen was conducted to the royal privy chamber, where she was robed, and reposed with her ladies till the hour of the procession. Blue cloth was laid from the marble chair in Westminster Hall to the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, and to the stage royal from the choir to the high altar, which was covered with cloth of gold. The choir of Westminster Abbey was hung with rich arras, and well strewn with rushes; a raised boarded pathway for the procession led to the royal stage, which was surmounted by a platform of seven steps, covered with the striped cloth of gold called baudikins, and on them the royal chair was set, covered with the same gold cloth; the chair having pillars at the back, with a turreted canopy, and two lions of gold.

The procession began from Westminster Hall to the Abbey before eleven o'clock. The queen's royal majesty, dressed in her crimson parliament robes, walked under the usual canopy, borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports. She was supported by the bishop of Durham, on her right hand, and the earl of Shrewsbury, on the left. The ungraceful custom of the royal train being borne by a crowd of ladies is a modern innovation; the train of the first queen regnant was borne by the duchess of Norfolk, attended by Sir John Gage, the vice-chamberlain. Directly after the queen walked the princess Elizabeth, the lady Anne of Cleves following her, as expressly declared by Noailles; and here it deserves notice that the queen's sister, in every part of these important ceremonies, received all the honours, and took all precedence due to her rank. Moreover, it has been very seldom, that either heir or heiress presumptive

to the throne occupied a place in a coronation, of such distinction.

The queen was met in Westminster Hall by Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and ten other bishops, with their mitres, and crosses, and copes of gold cloth, and the officers of the queen's chapel singing. The bishops censed her and sprinkled holy water, and then fell into their places in the procession. That day, Gardiner performed all the offices of the coronation usually pertaining to the archbishop of Canterbury,[1] who was unhappily, as well as the archbishop of York, in prison. It may be noted, that the times have ever proved most disastrous for England when any convulsions of church or state have prevented an archbishop of Canterbury from officiating at a coronation.

Before eleven o'clock, the queen was conducted by her two supporters to St. Edward's chair, prepared on the royal stage; and having reposed for a while, was then led by them to the four sides of the stage, in the view of the whole assembly, where the bishop of Winchester, standing by her side, declared to the people her free election in the following words, which were fuller and more comprehensive than any similar address:—

"Sirs,—Here present is Mary, rightful and undoubted inheritrix, by the laws of God and man, to the crown and royal dignity of this realm of England, France, and Ireland; and you shall understand that this day is appointed, by all the peers of this land, for the consecration, unction, and coronation of the said most excellent princess Mary. Will you serve at this time, and give your wills and assent to the same consecration, unction, and coronation?" Whereunto the people answered all in one voice, "Yea, yea, yea! God save queen Mary!"

The queen was then conducted to a rich chair by the

[1] His prison was not guarded on the coronation day, and Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, could have left the Tower with the utmost impunity, if they had chosen to escape. See Memoir of Dr. Edwin Sandys, Fox's Martyrology.

gentlemen ushers before the high altar, and made her offerings. A cushion of velvet was put before the altar, on which she laid prostrate while certain oraisons were said over her. The sermon followed, preached by the bishop of Chichester, who was esteemed a most florid preacher; the subject being the obedience due to kings. Gardiner then declared the coronation oaths; and the queen being led to the high altar, promised and swore upon the host to observe and keep them. Again the queen prostrated herself before the high altar, and remained in this attitude while the bishop, kneeling, sung the hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost, commencing, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the choir and organ joining in the strain. After the Litany, the queen was led to her traverse on the left hand of the altar, and "there unarrayed and unclothed" by her ladies of the privy chamber. This preparation seems to have consisted of the removal of her royal mantle, and she returned in a corset of purple velvet. After her unction by the bishop of Winchester, Mrs. Walgrave laced up the apertures left on the shoulders of the corset, where she was anointed, and put her on a pair of linen gloves. The queen then retired to her traverse, and returned in a robe of white taffeta and a mantle of purple velvet furred with ermine. She offered up the sword she was *girt* withal, by the bishop of Winchester, and lord Arundel, who had borne it, redeemed it for a sum of money.

The duke of Norfolk, after she was seated in the altar chair, brought her three crowns; these were, St. Edward's crown, the imperial crown of the realm of England, and a third very rich crown, made purposely for her.[1] These crowns were set, one after the other, on her head by the bishop of Winchester, and betwixt putting on every one the trumpets did blow.

[1] It is difficult to surmise for what purpose the third crown was introduced, without it was to indicate the kingdom of Ireland, as the kings of England had, previously to Henry VIII., only assumed the title of lords of Ireland, that is, suzerain over the petty kings of that island.

During the singing of *Te Deum*, a ring was put on the queen's marrying finger by the bishop; then the various great officers who had carried the remaining regalia brought them to her: the bracelets of gold and precious stones by the master of the jewel house; the sceptre, by the earl of Arundel; St. Edward's staff, by the earl of Bath; the spurs, by the earl of Pembroke; the orb, by the marquis of Winchester; and the *regal* of gold by the bishop of Winchester. And the queen sat apparelled in her royal robes of velvet, a mantle with a train, a surcoat with a kirtle furred with wombs of miniver pure, a riband of Venice gold, a mantle-lace (cordon) of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels of the same, having the crown imperial on her head, her sceptre in her right hand, and the orb in her left, and a pair of sabatons on her feet, covered with crimson cloth of gold, garnished with riband of Venice gold, delivered to her by her master of the great wardrobe. Thus royally invested, she was brought to St. Edward's chair; and when seated, the bishop of Winchester kneeled down before her, and made his homage for himself and all the bishops:—

"I shall be faithful and true, and faith and truth bear to you, our sovereign lady and queen, and to your heirs, kings and queens of England, France, and Ireland; and I shall do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in the right of your church, as God shall help me and all saints." And then kissed every one of the bishops the queen's left cheek.

Then kneeled down the greatest temporal prince, the duke of Norfolk, and made his homage:—

"I become your liege man of life, and limb, and of all earthly worship and faith, and all truly shall bear unto you, to live and die with you against all manner of folk. God so help me and all hallows!"

Then he kissed the queen's left cheek. And the premier noble of every class, the marquis of Winchester, for himself; the earl of Arundel, for the earls; the viscount Hereford, and Lord Burgaveny,[1] for the barons,

[1] Abergavenny.

repeated the same homage for their fellows: who all kneeling, held up their hands meantime in manner of *lamenting* (supplication), and the queen's highness held their hands thus between hers, while they by turns kissed her left cheek; and when they had ascended (i. e. the steps of the throne) to that homage, they all with a loud voice together cried, "God save queen Mary!" Her whole house of lords then consisted of less than fifty individuals.[1]

The general pardon published at this coronation contained so many exceptions that it seemed more like a general accusation, and bore melancholy evidence to the convulsive state of the times. Bishop Gardiner commenced the office of the mass; and after the gospel was read, he sent the book to the queen, who kissed it. She came down from the throne to make the regal offering, an *oble* of bread laid upon the paten or cover of St. Edward's chalice, a cruet of wine, and a pound of gold. The fact of the queen's receiving the eucharist is not mentioned; but it is recorded, "that she bowed her head and the bishop said a prayer over her, and her grace was conveyed again to her seat royal, where she sat till *Agnus Dei;* then the pax was brought her to kiss by a bishop. Afterwards, being conducted, the bishop of Winchester took the crown from her head, and offered it. The other regalia was likewise offered on the altar, and received by the dean of Westminster. The queen was then unclad of her robes, and other royal apparel given her by her great chamberlain. Her dress, when she returned from the Abbey, was a robe of purple velvet, an open surcoat of the same, a mantle and train furred with miniver and powdered ermine, a mantle-lace of silk and gold, a riband of Venice gold, a crown set on her head, a rich canopy was borne over her head by the barons of the Cinque Ports; and so was conveyed in goodly order to Westminster Hall with all her train to dinner.

[1] See the list of those summoned, Parliamentary History, vol. iii.

The ceremony of the banquet was in all particulars the same as at the coronations of previous monarchs. To the grandson of the aged duke of Norfolk was deputed the duty of earl marshal; but the duke made the usual entry into the hall, ushering the first course, on horseback, accompanied by the earl of Derby, high steward of England.[1]

The queen recognised her sister in all respects as the next to herself in rank; for she sat at the royal table at her left hand. Anne of Cleves sat next to Elizabeth; both had their especial service. These "virgin princes," as Speed quaintly calls Mary and Elizabeth, were chaperoned by their father's surviving widow, whom they both treated with dutiful respect. The ambassadors of Cleves attended the coronation, notwithstanding the change of religion; they were part of that great mercantile alliance, in which the English and Flemish merchants were so closely knit.

The champion of England was Sir Edward Dymoke, whose portrait, preserved in the College of Arms, in the act of throwing down his gauntlet, gives, indeed, the beau-ideal of a knight worthy to do battle in vindication of the claims of his sovereign lady.[2] He pronounced his challenge, *viva voce*, right gallantly—the first in behalf of a queen regnant:—

"If there be any manner of man, of whatever estate, degree, or condition soever he be, that will say and maintain that our sovereign lady,

[1] Strype. The earl of Arundel was lord steward of the queen's household.

[2] See a spirited woodcut in Planche's Regal Records. Sir E. Dymock wrote a disdainful letter, Nov. 23, 1553, (Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i.,) reproaching sir William Cecil with making him sue out a warrant from the queen for his perquisites. "At the coronation of king Edward," he says, "I had all such delivered to me by your father, (Richard Cecil, groom and yeoman of the wardrobe,) without warrant. I had my cup of gold without warrant; I had my horse without warrant; and all my trappings of crimson satin without warrant; and by the old precedents of my claim, I ought to have them now. It is the queen's pleasure that I should have all things pertaining to my office, and so she willed me to declare to my lord treasurer, and rather than I would be driven to sue a warrant for such small things, I would lose them."

queen Mary the First, this day here present, is not the rightful and undoubted inheritrix to the imperial crown of this realm of England, and that of right she ought not to be crowned queen, *I* say he lieth like a false traitor, and that *I* am ready the same to maintain with him while *I* have breath in my body, either now at this time or any other whensoever it shall please the queen's highness to appoint, and therefore *I* cast him my gage."

And then he cast his gauntlet from him, "the which no man would take up." Yet if ever there was danger of a champion being called upon to prove his words, it was at the coronation of Mary the First. The gauntlet having laid the usual time, a herald took it up and presented it to sir Edward, who made the same challenge in three several places in the hall. The queen drank to the champion, and sent him the gold cup.

Then followed the proclamation of Garter king at arms, which in this reign is by no means a dead formula, but vital with historical interest, since it proves that Mary challenged the right to be considered Head of the church. As it is scarcely possible to doubt that she had just taken the ancient coronation oath, which binds the sovereign to maintain the church in all things as Edward the Confessor did, this proclamation is difficult to reconcile with such obligation. That oath, by the want of moral consistency of the English legislature, was imposed on every one of her successors, whether their principles were protestant or catholic, until the alteration made by parliament at the coronations of William III. and Mary II. Surely it is but moral justice to shew some mercy, when discussing the characters of sovereigns whose oath and practice were required to be irreconcilably adverse.[1]

Garter king at arms having made three several obeisances before the queen's majesty, at the upper end of the hall, proclaimed the style and title in Latin, French, and English—

[1] See a most valuable collection of instances of coronation oaths, in Mr. A. Taylor's Glories of Regality.

"Of the most high, puissant, and most excellent princess, Mary the First, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, of the church of England and Ireland supreme head. Largess, largess, largess!"

No observance appertaining to an English sovereign was omitted at this banquet; the feudal cups, the wafers, and ypocras, were all duly received by the maiden sovereign as by her ancestors. It was candlelight ere her majesty had dined; and after the tables[1] were taken up, and her hands laved, she arose and stood in the midst of the *haut place*, with the princess Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves, surrounded by all the nobility, according to their degrees. She then called to her the foreign ambassadors, and after conversing with them graciously for a short time, and thanking them for their attendance, she gave them leave to retire. The queen changed her dress in the privy chamber, and all the nobility divested themselves of their robes, and accompanied her, the princess, and the ladies to their barges, and whilst they made their short voyage to Whitehall Stairs. Nor did the fatigues of the day end here, for the evening concluded with feasting and royal cheer at Whitehall Palace.

Dramatic representations were among the entertainments at Mary's coronation festival; these were superintended by Heywood, the comic dramatist, whose attachment to the Roman ritual had caused him to take refuge in France. By an odd coincidence, he returned to his native country on the very same day that Bale, the sarcastic poet of the Reformers, retreated to Geneva. If we may be permitted to judge by the tone of their writings, pure Christianity and moral truth lost little by the absence of either ribald railer, for they were nearer allied in spirit than their polemic hatred would allow.

[1] Dining tables then stood on trestles, and were carried off after dinner.

There is something irresistibly absurd in the change of places of these persons, resembling the egress and regress of the figures in a toy barometer, on the sudden alterations of weather to which our island is subject.

The comedian Heywood, it has been shewn, had served queen Mary from her childhood, beginning his theatrical career as manager to one of those dramatic companies of infant performers which vexed the spirit of Shakspeare into much indignation, and caused him to compare them to "little eyasses."[1]

When Heywood, on his return from banishment, presented himself before his royal mistress,[2]—

"What wind has blown you hither?" asked queen Mary.

"Two special ones," replied the comedian; "one of them, to see your majesty."

"We thank you for that," said Mary; "but, I pray, for what purpose was the other?"

"That your majesty might see *me*."

A first-rate repartee for a player and dramatist, and her majesty appointed an early day for beholding him in his vocation. He was appointed manager of the performances of her theatrical servants; and she often sent for him to stand at the sideboard at supper, and amuse her with his jests, in which it is said the protestant reformation was not spared, though, according to Camden, the arrows of the wit glanced occasionally at his own church, even in these interviews with majesty.

Four days after her coronation, queen Mary performed the important office of opening her first parliament. She rode to Westminster Abbey in scarlet velvet robes, her peers spiritual and temporal attending her, likewise dressed in scarlet, with trumpets sounding before them.

[1] The young nestlings of hawks; these hawklings being untrained, and good for little in falconry. It appears, in Mary's Privy Purse Expenses, she often paid for seeing Heywood's juvenile actors.

[2] Camden's Remains.

In the abbey, the mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated according to the ancient custom. It did not pass over without manifestations of the sincere protestant principles of two of the bishops,—Taylor, of Lincoln, and Harley, of Hereford,—who, refusing to kneel at the mass, were thrust violently out of the abbey and the queen's presence. After mass, the queen, the lords, and the remaining bishops, adjourned to the usual parliament chamber in Westminster Palace. They went in grand state, the earl of Devonshire bearing the sword before the queen, and the earl of Westmorland the cap of maintenance. After Mary had seated herself on the throne, bishop Gardiner, as lord chancellor, made an oration, shewing the causes wherefore the virtuous and mighty princess Mary, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith and head of the church, had summoned her parliament. He concluded by signifying her pleasure that the commons should, at their accustomed place, choose a speaker.[1]

The queen had, by previous proclamation, remitted to her people two heavy property taxes, one on lands and the other on goods, called, in the financial language of the day, "two tenths" and "two fifteenths," granted by the last parliament of Edward VI. for the purpose of paying the debts of the crown. The queen, in this proclamation, acknowledged herself answerable for these debts, promised to use the utmost economy to pay them off from her own resources, although they had been chiefly incurred by the misrule of the duke of Northumberland. As she had no private purse of her own at her accession, and as she had restored the estates of several of the great nobility,[2] and had resolved not to touch any part of the church lands still retained by the crown, it

[1] Parliamentary History, vol. iii., p. 290.

[2] It is supposed, besides this relinquishment of taxes, she surrendered 60,000*l.* per annum to the rightful owners—a sum exceeding the revenues of the crown.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

must be owned she commenced her government in a state of poverty, deep enough to exonerate her from any charge of bribing her senate. Some historians have affirmed that the emperor furnished the funds for bribing this parliament;[1] if so, the recipient parties were strangely ungrateful, since the only measures in which they opposed the queen's wishes were relating to her marriage with his son prince Philip.

The first act of legislation was to restore the English laws to the state, regarding life and property, in which they stood in the twenty-fifth year of Edward III. Since the accession of the Tudor line, a hideous change had taken place. It is only common justice to queen Mary to describe the state in which she found the laws of England at her accession.[2] In the freer days of the Plantagenets, an open or overt act of violence or war against the sovereign was needful before a man could be attainted; in the third year of Henry VIII., a supposed knowledge of conspiracy was sufficient to incur all the penalties of treason. Very few of Henry VIII.'s numerous victims could have been put to death according to the ancient laws: towards the end of his life the English law was still more infamously infringed. Our Saxon chroniclers record that the Norman conqueror and his sons made cruel laws for the protection of game; they acted as conquerors, without the sanction of the national council, but Henry VIII. found a parliament to make it death for an Englishman to take a hawk's egg, in the twenty-fifth of his reign. In his thirty-first year, the measure of his cruelty swelled higher, and "conjuring, sorcery, witchcraft,[3] and digging up crosses," were made capital. In the thirty-third year

[1] See Rapin, Burnet, and most of the historians of the last century.

[2] See Holingshed, vol. i., p. 185.

[3] Witchcraft, when not accompanied by poisoning, was not capital till this reign. Many crosses had been buried by the common people when monasteries and chantries were desecrated.

was the act compounded to which Surrey fell the victim, under this mysterious title, "Prophesying upon arms, cognizances, names, and badges;" likewise "casting of slanderous bills,"—that is, libel, was punished with death. Conveying horses or mares into Scotland was capital. The act which punishes stealing in a dwelling to the amount of 40*s.* owes its origin to one of Henry VIII.'s statutes. It has been recently modified, as it had, since the decrease of the value of money, become even more cruel in the present era, than in the sixteenth century. The state of vagabondage into which the sudden withdrawal of the provision for the destitute afforded by the monasteries had thrown numbers of the lower classes, had been restrained with barbarous laws in the reigns of Henry and his son, instead of a proper poor-law. The iron sway of Henry VIII. crushed, not only the ancient nobility and the richly-endowed monks, but also the common people. A statistic writer of those times, who is by no means properly impressed with the horror of the fact, computes that more than 72,000 persons were executed on the gibbet in his reign.[1] It cannot excite surprise that the earliest specimens of parliamentary eloquence in the house of commons, were excited by the review of these atrocious laws, which by one consent they compared to those of Draco."[2] As many men as there were in parliament, so many bitter names and invectives were bestowed on these statutes.

The parliament next proceeded to annul all previous acts passed in the reign of Henry VIII. relating to the

[1] See Holingshed's Chronicle, vol. i., p. 186. The statistical part of this chronicle is the only portion possessing literary merit. It was written by a chaplain of lord Brooke, of the name of Harrison, who speaks as a contemporary.

[2] Parliamentary Hist., vol. iii., p. 186. Henry VIII.'s unconstitutional alterations of the law of treason had been repealed in the first parliament of Edward VI.; but this repeal was a mere form, as the illegal executions of the two Seymours and their friends proved it to be.

divorce of Katharine of Arragon, and the illegitimation of her daughter. It has been already shewn that, by virtue of that most unconstitutional act of parliament, which placed the disposal of the crown at Henry VIII.'s will, he restored his daughters to their places in the succession; at the same time he left the acts of parliament in force, which, by declaring his marriages with their mothers, nullities, branded both sisters equally with illegitimacy; for his evil passions had caused such inextricable confusion in his family, that it was impossible to do justice to Mary without injuring Elizabeth. It was indispensable for the public peace that the title of the reigning sovereign should be cleared from stigma; nor was it her crime, but her father's, that justice could not be done to her own birth, without inexorable circumstances casting a stain on that of her sister. Yet as far as the unfortunate case would permit, Elizabeth was guarded from reproach; for all mention of her name, or that of her mother, was carefully avoided[1]—a forbearance deserving commendation, when it is remembered, that per-

[1] Rapin, whose history was the text-book of readers in the last century, has roundly made the following assertion, vol. ii., p. 34: "*The princess Elizabeth, being thus again declared illegitimate by an act which restored Mary, found a great change in the behaviour of the queen,*" &c. As this assertion has been copied into many other histories, particularly school-books, it is requisite to quote the words of the act, from the parliamentary journals (see Parliamentary History, vol. iii., p. 292); where the fact may be tested, that the queen confined herself to the removal of her own stigma, without casting any reproach on her sister's birth. "King Henry VIII. being lawfully married to queen Katharine (of Arragon), by consent of both their parents, and the advice of the wisest men in the realm, and of the notablest men for learning in the realm, did continue in that state for twenty years, in which God blessed them with her majesty and other issue, and a course of great happiness; but then a very few malicious persons did endeavour to break that very happy agreement between them, and studied to possess the king with a scruple in his conscience about it, and to support that did get the seals of some universities against it, a few persons being corrupted with money for that end. They had also, by sinister ways and secret threatenings, procured the seals of the universities of these kingdoms. And finally, Thomas Cranmer did most ungodlily and against law, judge the divorce upon his own unadvised

sonal insult as well as political injury, had been inflicted on Mary by Anne Boleyn. Such conduct in a person less systematically calumniated than queen Mary, would have been attributed by history to good motives, especially as she had just allowed Elizabeth, at the recent coronation, the place and honours of the second person in the realm.

Whilst this parliament sat, a bill of attainder was passed on lady Jane Gray, her husband, and Cranmer, who had been the same month brought to trial at Guildhall, before the lord chief justice Morgan; they pleaded guilty, and received sentence of death. Lady Jane conducted herself with angelic meekness, she comforted her companions in misfortune, and excited an interest so tender in the multitude that she was followed back to the Tower by crowds, weeping and bewailing her fate. It was nevertheless generally understood, that the queen meant to pardon her; and she was soon after given every indulgence compatible with safe keeping; she was permitted to walk in the queen's garden, at the Tower, and even on Tower-hill.[1]

But the most important act of the same session was

understanding of the scriptures, upon the testimonies of the universities, and some most untrue conjectures, and that was afterwards confirmed by two acts of parliament, in which were contained the illegitimacy of her majesty; but that marriage not being prohibited by the law of God, (here they alluded to the text in Deuteronomy, xxv. 5, allowing marriage with a brother's widow, if childless.) could not be so broken, since what God has joined together no man could put asunder. All which they considering, together with the many miseries that had fallen on the kingdom since that time, which they did esteem plagues sent from God for it; therefore they did declare the sentence given by Cranmer to be unlawful and of no force from the beginning, and do also repeal all acts of parliament confirming it." This bill was sent down by the lords on the 26th, and passed by the commons, *nem. con.*, on the 28th of October. There is no bill, during the whole six parliaments of queen Mary, in which her sister Elizabeth's name is mentioned, or any reproach cast on Anne Boleyn; no one is stigmatized, excepting the hapless Cranmer, "and a very few malicious persons," who are not named.

[1] Biographia Brit.

that which repealed the laws passed in the reign of Edward VI. for the establishment of the protestant church of England, and made the anti-papal church of Henry VIII.'s six articles, the dominant religion of the country, confirming queen Mary in the office she so much deprecated, as supreme head of that church. Its functions she continued to exercise till January, 1555.[1] That this was a period of grief and alarm to the protestant church of England, our ecclesiastical histories[2] amply manifest, and to their voluminous pages the reader is referred, where may be traced the arguments of those illustrious protestants who undauntedly defended their principles in the convocation held for the settlement of religion, at Westminster, in the autumn of 1553, and the struggles, often personal and violent, between them and the members of the newly-restored church of Henry, for possession of places of worship. The queen actually held the then despotic authority of supreme head of the church, more than a year and a half; during which period, had her disposition been as bloody and implacable as commonly supposed, she had ample time and opportunity to have doomed some of her religious opponents to the flames; or, at least, to have inflicted personal punishment on some of her numerous libellers. But it is as certain that till Mary surrendered her great power as head of the church of Henry VIII., the cruelties of her reign did not commence. The only anecdote regarding her private conduct towards a protestant clergyman, preserved by Fox, it would be difficult to interpret into an act of malice. The arrest of Dr. Edwin Sandys has been mentioned—his offences against the queen combined an attack on her title, and insult to her worship; never-

[1] See Parliamentary History, Edward VI., vol. ii.

[2] These histories are numerous, and written by protestants of various persuasions. Strype, Fox, Heylin, Collier, and Burnet, have all written voluminous histories on the same subject.

theless, she lent a favourable ear to the intercession of one of the ladies of her bedchamber, for his pardon, in case the bishop of Winchester had no objection. The next time Gardiner came to the privy chamber, the queen said to him—

"Winchester, what think you about Dr. Sandys? is he not sufficiently punished?"

"As it pleases your majesty," answered Gardiner, who had previously promised that if the queen was disposed to mercy he would not oppose it.

The queen rejoined—"Then, truly, we would have him set at liberty."

She signed immediately the warrant for his liberation, and called on Gardiner to do the same.[1] This action, which redounds so much to her credit, it may be perceived, was only performed by permission of Gardiner. A curious instance of his power occurred about the same time. He thought proper to suppress the two folios containing the paraphrases of Erasmus, translated by Udal, Cox, and queen Mary. This work had been published by the fathers of the protestant church of England, and placed in all churches in company with the Bible, as the best exposition of the Gospels.[2] Thus one of queen Mary's acts, as Head of the church, was the destruction of her own learned labours. Surely her situation in this instance, as author, queen, and supreme dictator, of a church by no means consonant with her principles as a Roman catholic, was the most extraordinary in which a woman was ever placed. She did not, however, manifest any of the irritable egotism of an author, but at the requisition of her lord chancellor con-

[1] Fox's Martyrology, book iii., folio 76. Dr. Sandys soon after retired to Zurich, where he waited for better times. He died archbishop of York.

[2] See Burnet, vol. ii., and Encyclopædia Britannica (article, Mary). Gardiner's quarrel with Cranmer and the other fathers of the protestant church of England, originated in his opposition to these paraphrases.

demned her own work to the flames, in company with the translations of her protestant fellow-labourers—an ominous proof of Gardiner's influence, who swayed her in all things, excepting her marriage with Philip of Spain; to which he was, in common with the majority of her subjects, of whatever religion they might be, sedulously opposed.

Among the other difficulties which Mary had to encounter in her reign, it was not the least that the rights of queen regnant of England were matter of speculation and uncertainty; her people believed that their country would be transferred as a marriage dowry to prince Philip, and sink into a mere province, like Sicily, Naples, Arragon, and other adjuncts of the crown of Spain. The example of their queen's grandmother, the illustrious Isabel of Castile, had proved that a female regnant, though wedded to a sovereign, could sway an independent sceptre with great glory and national advantage. Yet this instance was not only distant, but solitary; for female reigns in the middle ages had been very calamitous, and the English people could not imagine a married woman otherwise than subject to her husband, politically as well as personally; especially if that husband was her equal in birth and rank. These ideas seem to have prompted Mary's hitherto compliant parliament to send up their speaker, with twenty of their number, to petition—"that the queen would not marry a stranger or foreigner." Mary attributed this movement to Gardiner, and vowed she would prove a "match for his cunning;" accordingly, she sent that night for the Spanish ambassador, and bade him follow her into her private oratory; there, in the presence of the consecrated host, she knelt before the altar, and after repeating the hymn Veni Creator, she called God to witness, that while she lived she would never wed any

other man than Philip of Spain;[1] thus virtually making a vow to marry but one husband in case of her survivorship. This event occurred the last day of October, and for some days during the succeeding month she was extremely ill. On the 17th of November, she sent for the house of commons, when their speaker read the above-mentioned petition, and instead of the answer being given, as expected, by her chancellor, she herself replied, saying, that "for their loyal wishes, and their desire that her issue might succeed her, she thanked them, but inasmuch as they essayed to limit her in the choice of a husband, she thanked them not; for the marriages of her predecessors had been free, nor would she surrender a privilege that concerned her more than it did her commons."

This interference of the house of commons is generally supposed to have been the reason of their dissolution, which occurred on the 6th of December, when the queen came in state to the house, and at the same time gave her royal assent to thirty-one acts,[2] not in the manner of modern times, when the clerk of the house names and holds up the act in presence of the sovereign on the throne, who sits passively, till the officer, supposing silence gives consent, exclaims, "La reine le veut"—"The queen (or king) wills it." The action of assent in the days of the first queen regnant was more graceful and significant, and throws a light on the ancient use of the sceptre, for the royal approval was implied by the queen extending her sceptre, and touching the act immediately before the proclamation of "La reine le

[1] Dr. Lingard, from Griffet's edition of the despatches of Renaud, the Spanish ambassador. All the ecclesiastical historians of the last century, as Burnet, &c., represent Gardiner as the partisan of the queen's marriage with Philip, and of the reunion of England with the Roman see, but the researches of Mr. Tytler and other documentary historians shew him in his true light as their opponent.

[2] Parl. Hist., p. 300.

Cambridge University Libraries

vent." Traits exist of this elegant ceremonial from the time of queen Mary down to the reign of queen Anne.[1] It is only mentioned in connexion with female sovereigns, but it was, there is no doubt, the etiquette of all English monarchs, previous to the era of George I., whose want of English might have led to some inconvenient results, for the ceremony called "sceptering the acts" seems to have expired with the last queen of the line of Stuart.

The queen had been informed, that since her legitimacy had been confirmed by parliament, the French ambassador, Noailles, had sought to awaken discontents in the mind of her sister Elizabeth, as if it were tantamount to her own degradation, and that Elizabeth was likewise jealous, because Margaret countess of Lennox, and Frances duchess of Suffolk, were sometimes given precedence before her at court. It is improbable that the queen should wish to give undue exaltation to the mother of lady Jane Gray; it is therefore likely that the precedence was in some particular instance given them, as matrons, before a young unmarried woman. No pains were spared by the malignity of partisans to create enmity between the royal sisters; but for a time these endeavours were fruitless, since Elizabeth, when questioned by the queen, cleared herself satisfactorily of receiving nocturnal visits from the intriguing Noailles. Mary took leave of Elizabeth with kindness, on her departure from court, to her seat at Ashridge, and gave her, as tokens of her affection, two sets of large pearls[2] and several jewelled rosaries magnificently mounted.

After the dissolution of parliament and the departure of her sister, the queen appears to have passed some

[1] See Parliamentary History, vol. iii., p. 332, and sir Henry Ellis's second series of English Historical Letters, vol. iv., letter of lord Tarbet to queen Anne. The parliamentary journals likewise mention "sceptering the acts."

[2] Lingard, vol. vii., p. 147, and List of queen Mary's Jewels, edited by sir F. Madden.

weeks in a state of solitude, owing to the severe attack of her constitutional malady. Early in January, count Egmont landed in Kent as ambassador from Spain, to conclude the marriage treaty between Mary and Philip. The first symptoms of a political storm about to burst were then perceptible, for the men of Kent rose partially in revolt, and Egmont was in some danger of being torn to pieces, being taken by the common people for the queen's bridegroom. However, he arrived safely at Westminster, and in a set speech opened his mission to the queen. Her reply had some spice of prudery in its composition. She said, "It became not a female to speak in public on so delicate a subject as her own marriage; the ambassador might confer with her ministers, who would utter her intentions; but," she continued, casting down her eyes on her coronation ring, which she always wore on her finger, "they must remember her realm was her first husband, and no consideration should make her violate the faith she pledged to her people at her inauguration."[1]

On the 14th of January the articles of the queen's marriage were communicated to the lord mayor and the city of London. According to this document, Mary and Philip were to bestow on each other the titular dignities of their several kingdoms; the dominions of each were to be governed separately, according to their ancient laws and privileges. None but natives of England were to hold offices in the queen's court and government, or even in the service of her husband. If the queen had a child it was to succeed to her dominions with the addition of the whole inheritance Philip derived from the dukes of Burgundy,—namely, Holland and the rich Flemish provinces, which in that case were for ever to be united to England;—a clause which, it is said, excited the greatest indignation in the mind of

[1] Griffet's edition of Renaud, p. xxx.

Don Carlos, the young heir of Philip. The queen was not to be carried out of her dominions without her especial request, nor her children without the consent of the nobility. Philip was not to engage England in his father's French wars; he was not to appropriate any of the revenue, ships, ammunition, or crown jewels of England.

If the queen died without children, all connexion between England and her husband was instantly to cease. If Philip died first, queen Mary was to enjoy a dower of 60,000 ducats per annum secured on lands in Spain and the Netherlands. No mention is made of any portion or *dote* brought by Mary to her spouse. One noxious article atoned to the ambitious Spaniard for the rigour of these parchment fetters, and this stipulated that Philip should *aid* Mary in governing[1] her kingdoms—a fact that deserves particular notice.

The week after these articles became public, three insurrections broke out in different parts of England. One was organized in the mid-counties by the vassals of the duke of Suffolk, for the restoration of lady Jane Gray; another by sir Peter Carew, in the west of England, with the intention of placing the earl of Devonshire and the princess Elizabeth on the throne.[2] As sir Peter Carew was desirous of establishing the protestant religion with a strong bias of Calvinism, it is surprising he was not likewise an upholder of lady Jane Gray's title. The third and most formidable of these revolts occurred in Kent, headed by sir Thomas Wyatt, a youth of twenty-three. He was a catholic,[3] but having ac-

[1] Rymer's Fœdera, and Dr. Lingard. Rapin wholly omits it.

[2] See Baoardo, p. 47; Stowe, 622; likewise De Thou and Heylin.

[3] Rapin says expressly, a *Roman* catholic. Burnet affirms the same; but they both confound so perpetually the Roman catholics with the members of the church of Henry VIII., under the bewildering term *papist*, (though the last was radically anti-papal,) that the truth is difficult to discover.

companied his father, the illustrious poet and friend of Anne Boleyn, on an embassy to Spain, where the elder sir Thomas Wyatt was in danger from the inquisition, he conceived, in his boyhood, such a detestation of the government, civil and religious, there, that his ostensible motive of revolt was to prevent like tyranny being established in England by the wedlock of the queen with Philip of Spain. Yet it is scarcely possible to imagine anything worse in Spain than had already taken place in England under Henry VIII., as the tortures and burning of Anne Askew, Friar Forest, and numerous other protestants and Roman catholics. As Wyatt was at the same time a catholic and a partisan of the princess Elizabeth, his conduct is exceedingly mysterious, without, indeed, he was an anti-papal catholic, and, discontented at the prospect of Mary's resignation of church supremacy, was desirous of placing Elizabeth (who professed the same religion) in her sister's place in church and state.

The queen was so completely deceived by the affected approbation of the duke of Suffolk to her marriage, that she actually meant to employ him against Wyatt, and sending for him to Sion,[1] found he had decamped with his brothers, lord Thomas and lord John Gray, and a strong party of horse they had raised. They took their way to Leicestershire, proclaiming lady Jane Gray queen in every town through which they passed,[2] to the infinite injury of that hapless young lady, still a prisoner in the Tower. The Gray revolt was quickly suppressed by the queen's kinsman, the earl of Huntingdon, in a skirmish near Coventry, when the duke and his brothers became fugitives, absconding for their lives. Carew's insurrection was likewise abor-

[1] Baoardo, p. 47. A letter in Lodge's Illustrations confirms the Italian.

[2] Stowe, p. 622. Likewise De Thou, Heylin, Rosso, and Baoardo, p. 47, printed 1547, but three years after.

tive, and he fled to France. This good news was brought to the queen on the 1st of February,[1] at the very moment when most alarming intelligence was communicated to her regarding Wyatt's progress in Kent. The queen had sent the aged duke of Norfolk, who had ever proved a most successful general, with her guards and some artillery, accompanied by five hundred of the London trained bands, commanded by captain Brett, who was secretly a partisan of Wyatt, and actually revolted to him at Rochester, with his company. This defection caused the loss of the queen's artillery and the utter dispersion of her forces, and gave such encouragement to the rebels, that Wyatt advanced to Deptford at the head of 15,000 men; from whence he dictated, as his only terms of pacification, that the queen and her council were to be surrendered to his custody.

The queen, with her wonted spirit, preferred to abide the results of open war, and prepared with intrepidity to repel the besiegers of her metropolis.

[1] Speed.

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Consternation caused by Wyatt's siege—The queen's intrepidity—She goes to Guildhall—Her speech—Her palace defences—Nocturnal alarm—Terror of the queen's ladies—The queen's presence of mind—Refusal to retreat to the Tower—Her message to the gentlemen-at-arms—Her dialogue with Courtenay—Witnesses the defeat of the rebels—She signs lady Jane Gray's death-warrant—Queen's letter to the princess Elizabeth—Sends for her to Whitehall—Commits her to the Tower, &c.—Plots, disturbances, and libels against the queen—Letter of her young kinsman Darnley—Mary receives prince Philip's ring of betrothal—His agents urge the deaths of Elizabeth and Courtenay—The queen's conduct—She is tempted to establish despotism—Her conduct to Roger Ascham—Throckmorton's trial and the queen's illness—She dissolves parliament—Her speech on her marriage—She sends a fleet for Philip—Her proceedings in council at Richmond—Her ideas of a married queen regnant—Insists on the title of king for Philip—Her preparations for his reception—News of his arrival at Southampton—The queen departs from Windsor to meet him—She arrives at Winchester—Landing of Philip—Message of the queen—His journey to Winchester—Solemn interviews with the queen—She converses with him in Spanish—Marriage-day—Queen's wedding-dress—Marriage at Winchester Cathedral—Marriage banquet and festivities—Philip proclaimed titular king of England—Squabbles of the queen's catholic and protestant attendants.

When the news arrived of the failure of the duke of Norfolk's expedition, the greatest consternation pervaded the court and city. The royal residences at Westminster possessed no means of defence, excepting the stoutness of their gates and the valour of the gentlemen-at-arms.

The queen's legal neighbours at Westminster Hall

liked the aspect of the times so little, that they pleaded their causes clad in suits of armour, which were, however, decorously hidden by the flowing forensic robes. They followed the example set by Dr. Weston, who officiated at Whitehall Chapel in the service for Candlemas day, early that morning, (Feb. 2,) before the queen, with armour braced on under his priestly vestments,[1]—a real specimen of a clerical militant. He was, indeed, a most truculent polemic, proving afterwards a dreadful persecutor of the protestants, and a slanderer of the catholics.

In the midst of the warlike preparations of the valiant, and the dismay of the timid, queen Mary remained calm and collected. She ordered her horse, and, attended by her ladies and privy councillors, rode to the city. She had no intention of taking refuge within the fortified circle of London wall, then entire and tolerably efficient; her purpose was merely to encourage the citizens by her words and example.

The lord mayor, sir Thomas White, the most trusty and valiant of tailors,[2] received his sovereign lady at Guildhall, clad in complete steel, over which warlike harness he wore the civic robe. He was attended by the aldermen, similarly accoutred. Such portentous equipments were true tokens of the exigence of the hour, for the rumour went that Wyatt, then at Southwark, was preparing to storm the city.

When the queen was placed in the chair of state, with her sceptre in her hand, she addressed the following

[1] Collated from Tytler, p. 280, supported by Holingshed, Speed, and Strype, Martin's Chronicles, and the Venetian Baoardo.

[2] In those ages of turbulence and peril, when the civic chief of London had sometimes to buckle on armour, and stand storm and siege, there is scarcely an instance of a lord-mayor (whatever might be his trade) acting otherwise than became a wise and valiant knight. More than one among them won their spurs fairly as bannerets, and obtained pure nobility by the truest source of honour—the sword defensive. In modern times, it has been the fashion to speak scornfully of the London citizens; and as men are just what the opinions of their fellow-creatures make them, they have in the last century aimed at little more than being rich, benevolent, and well-fed, yet they should remember that their forefathers were likewise wise and valiant. They were, moreover, generous patrons of learning, which the names of Whittington and Gresham will recall to memory: and this sir Thomas White endowed St. John's College, Oxford (formerly Bernard's), so munificently, that he is considered as its founder.

speech to the citizens, with clearness of utterance and no little grace of manner:—

"I am come in mine own person to tell you what you already see and know; I mean the traitorous and seditious assembling of the Kentish rebels against us and you. Their pretence (as they say) is to resist a marriage between us and the prince of Spain;—of all their plots and evil contrived articles you have been informed. Since then, our council have resorted to the rebels, demanding the cause of their continued emprize. By their answers the marriage is found to be the least of their quarrel, for swerving from their former demands, they now arrogantly require the governance of our person, the keeping of our town, and the placing of our councillors. What I am, loving subjects, ye right well know—your queen, to whom at my coronation ye promised allegiance and obedience! I was then wedded to the realm, and to the laws of the same, the spousal ring whereof I wear here on my finger, and it never has and never shall be left off. That I am the rightful and true inheritor of the English crown, I not only take all Christendom to witness, but also your acts of parliament confirming the same. My father (as ye all know) possessed the same regal estate; to him ye were always loving subjects; therefore I doubt not ye will shew yourselves so to me, his daughter, not suffering any rebel, especially so presumptuous a one as this Wyatt, to usurp the government of our person.

"And this I say on the word of a prince. I cannot tell how naturally a mother loveth her children, for I never had any; but if subjects may be loved as a mother doth her child, then assure yourselves that I, your sovereign lady and queen, do as earnestly love and favour you. I cannot but think that you love me in return; and thus, bound in concord, we shall be able, I doubt not, to give these rebels a speedy overthrow.

"Now, concerning my intended marriage, I am neither so desirous of wedding, nor so precisely wedded to my will, that I needs must have a husband. Hitherto I have lived a virgin; and I doubt not, with God's grace, to live so still. But if, as my ancestors have done, it might please God that I should leave you a successor to be your governor, I trust you would rejoice thereat; also, I know it would be to your comfort. Yet if I thought this marriage would endanger any of you, my loving subjects, or the royal estate of this English realm, I would never consent thereto, nor marry while I lived. On the word of a queen, I assure you, that if the marriage appear not before the high court of parliament, nobility and commons, for the singular benefit of the whole realm, then will I abstain not only from this, but from every other.

"Wherefore, good subjects, pluck up your hearts! Like true men, stand fast with your lawful sovereign against these rebels, and fear them not, for I do not, I assure you.

"I leave with you my lord Howard and my lord treasurer, (Winchester,) to assist my lord mayor in the safeguard of the city from spoil and sack, which is the only aim of the rebellious crew."[1]

At the conclusion of this harangue, the crowd, who filled the Guildhall and its court, shouted, "God save

[1] Holingshed. Fox and Speed have interpolated a clause, as if the Kentish rising were against the queen's religion, not to be found in Holingshed, and positively denied by Rapin.

queen Mary and the prince of Spain!" She then mounted her horse, and rode with her train across Cheapside to the water-stairs of the Three Cranes in the Vintry; here she left her equestrian cortège, and took her barge, which had been appointed there; she went as near as possible to London Bridge, where the attack of Wyatt was threatened, and then was rowed to Westminster. On her arrival she held a council, in which she appointed the earl of Pembroke general of the forces, mustering to defend the palaces of St. James and Whitehall.

An armed watch was set that night in Whitehall Palace. The Hot Gospeller, Mr. Edward Underhill, presented himself, to take his share of this duty, but was repulsed and driven away by his bitter adversary, Norreys, who was a Roman-catholic; upon which, as Underhill writes, "I took a link to light me home, and went away for a night or two."

Three days of suspense passed over; in which time Wyatt, finding the city defences by the river side too strong for him, retreated from Southwark, his people contenting themselves with plundering Winchester House, the palace of bishop Gardiner; when they made such havock in his library, that the destructives stood knee deep in the leaves of torn books.[2]

The storm of civil war, averted from the city, was soon transferred to the door of Mary's own residence. At two in the morning, the palace of Whitehall was wakened by an alarm brought by a deserter from the rebels, declaring that Wyatt had made a detour from the east of the metropolis on the Surrey bank of the Thames, which he had crossed at Kingston Bridge, and would be at Hyde Park Corner in two hours. The hurry and consternation that pervaded the palace that winter's morning may be imagined. Barricades were raised in the points most liable to attack; guards were stationed even at the queen's bedchamber windows and her withdrawing rooms. The palace echoed with the wailings of the queen's ladies.

[1] Narrative of Baoardo, 1558, printed by Luca Cortile.
[2] Stowe's Annals.

Her royal household had been replenished with a bevy of fair and courtly dames, of a different spirit from those few faithful ladies who belonged to her little circle, when she was the persecuted princess Mary, and who shared her flight to Framlingham. These ladies—Susan Clarencieux, Mary Finch, and Mary Brown, and the grand-daughter of Sir Thomas More—were with her still, in places of high trust, but they had been too well inured to the caprice of Mary's fortunes to behave according to Edward Underhill's account of their colleagues.

"The queen's ladies," he said, "made the greatest lamentations that night: they wept and wrung their hands, and from their savings may be judged the state of the interior of Whitehall. 'Alack, alack,' they said, 'some great mischief is toward! We shall all be destroyed this night! What a sight is this, to see the queen's bedchamber full of armed men—the like was never seen or heard of before!'"[1]

In this night of terror, every one lost their presence of mind but the queen. Her ministers and councillors crowded round her, imploring her to take refuge in the Tower. Bishop Gardiner even fell on his knees, to entreat her to enter a boat he had provided for that purpose at Whitehall Stairs. She answered, "that she would set no example of cowardice; and if Pembroke and Clinton proved true to their posts, she would not desert hers."[2]

In the midst of the confusion at St. James's, the Hot Gospeller, Mr. Edward Underhill, came again, dressed his armour, and was very thankfully admitted by the captain of the queen's guard, who could best appreciate his valour and fidelity to his standard.

The queen sent to Pembroke and Clinton information of the alarm in the palace. They returned the most earnest assurances of their fidelity. At four o'clock in the morning, their drums beat to arms, and they began to station their forces for the most effectual defence of the royal palaces of St. James and Whitehall; the rebels being uncertain in which queen Mary

[1] Ed. Underhill's Journal. Strype, vol. iii., p. 137.
[2] Renaud's Despatches. Holingshed, Speed, and Baoardo.

had sojourned that night. The queen had a very small force of infantry[1] but was better provided with cavalry, which was under the command of lord Clinton, the husband of her friend and kinswoman, the fair Geraldine. Bands of soldiers were posted at intervals, from Charing-cross to St. James's Palace, and on the hill opposite to the palace gateway, now so familiarly known by the name of St. James's-street, was planted a battery of cannon, guarded by a strong squadron of horse, headed by lord Clinton. This force extended from the spot where Crockford's club-house now stands, to Jermyn-street. The antique palace gateway and the hill still remain witnesses of the scene, but no building occupied at that time the vicinity of the palace, excepting a solitary conduit, standing where the centre of St. James's square is at present. The whole area before the gateway was called St. James's Fields;[2] and where passing thousands now swarm down the streets of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, sylvan lanes then extended, or park walls stretched on each side.

After Clinton and Pembroke had arranged their plan of action, the approach of the enemy was eagerly expected. Day broke on the 7th of February, slowly and sullenly, pouring with rain, a real London wintry morning. The difficulty of bringing up artillery through roads, (such as roads were in those days,) made still worse by the wet weather, had delayed Wyatt's entry till nine o'clock, when his forces, finding all access to the higher ground strongly guarded, divided into three: one part, under the command of captain Cobham, approached Westminster through the park, assaulting the back of St. James's Palace as they went; the second, led by Captain Knevet, attacked Whitehall; while the other, led by Sir Thomas Wyatt, made their way down the old St. James's-lane, which seems no other than the site of Piccadilly.

[1] Baoardo, her nearest contemporary, says, but 500 men (p. 49); and Rapin, who has never seen the work of the Venetian, proves the same fact.

[2] See the ancient plans and pictures in Strype's Stowe, folio, likewise Holingshed and Speed's description of the action. Lord Bacon (2nd vol.) mentions the solitary conduit, as connected with one of his acoustic experiments.

Wyatt had been promised by his friends in the city, that Ludgate should be opened to him, if he could make his way thither; therefore, without providing for a retreat, he bent all his energies on the point of forcing a passage to that main entrance of the city. Lord Clinton permitted a small number of his followers to pass, before he charged down St. James's-hill, and commenced the contest, by severing the leader from his unwieldy army. Nevertheless, without heeding the battle in his rear, Wyatt and his men pushed on to gain Ludgate.

Two fierce assaults were meantime made simultaneously by the leaders of his main army, Knevet and Cobham; one attacked the palace of Whitehall, the other, that of St. James. A division of the queen's guards, under the command of sir Henry Jerningham, made good the defence of the latter; but Whitehall was in the utmost danger, for the remainder of the guards, headed by Sir John Gage, (who, though a valiant cavalier, was an aged man,) gave way before the overwhelming force.

At that alarming crisis, queen Mary stood in the gallery over the Holbein gateway at Whitehall, which it should be remembered, intersected the way near the present banqueting-house, and commanded a view up the vista, now called Parliament-street. Here she saw her guards broken and utterly dispersed by Knevet. Sir John Gage was overthrown in the dirt, but he succeeded in rising again, and made good his retreat to Whitehall. The defeated guards rushed into the court-yard of the palace, and fled to hide themselves among the wood and scullery offices. The gentlemen-at-arms, who were guarding the hall against attack, all ran out to see the cause of the uproar; when the porter flung to the gates, and locked all out, friend and foe. The gentlemen-at-arms were by no means satisfied with the precaution of the palace-porter, and did not like their station with the gates locked behind them.[1]

Meantime, sir Robert Southwell came round from one of the back yards, and the battle-axe gentlemen begged he would represent to the queen, that it was a scandal to lock the palace gates on them; but if she

[1] Strype, from Ed. Underhill's MS.

would only trust to them, she should soon see her enemies fall before her face.

"My masters," said sir Robert, putting his morion from his head, "I desire ye all, as ye be gentlemen, to stay yourselves here, while I go up to the queen, and I doubt not, she will order the gates to be opened; as I am a gentleman, I promise you to be speedy." He entered the palace by some private door to which he had access, and made a quick return. "My masters;" said he, "the queen was content the gates should be opened; but her request is, that ye go not forth from her sight, for her sole trust for the defence of her person is in you."

The palace gates were then flung boldly open, and the battle-axe gentlemen marched up and down before the gallery where the queen stood. When they were mustered, she spoke to them, telling them that, as gentlemen in whom she trusted, she required them not to leave the spot.[1]

Wyatt was in the meantime forcing the passes down the Strand to Ludgate, which were guarded by bands of soldiers commanded by Courtenay earl of Devonshire and the earl of Worcester.

Courtenay scampered off at the first approach of Wyatt.[2] It was supposed that timidity, from his inexperience in arms, had caused him to shew the white feather; but he really was a secret coadjutor of Wyatt, and willing to clear the way for him, though his manner of doing it was not likely to render him very popular with the fierce people over whom he wished to reign. Wyatt and his force then approached Ludgate, and summoned the warder to surrender; but instead of his citizen partisan, who, he supposed, had the keeping of that important city entrance, lord William Howard appeared in the gallery over the portal, and replied, sternly—

"Avaunt, traitor, avaunt—you enter not here!"

[1] Strype, from Ed. Underhill's MS.

[2] Baoardo (p. 51) mentions Courtenay by name. Holingshed tells the circumstance, and describes the queen's personal heroism, but only calls Courtenay "a certain nobleman." His guarded yet circumstantial narrative is a curiosity. Renaud, Noailles, and Rosso, all agree in their account of Courtenay's behaviour.

There was no resource for Wyatt but to fight his way back to his main body. The queen's forces were between him and his army. Urged by despair, he renewed the contest with great fury near Charing Cross.

Meantime, Courtenay rushed into the presence of the queen, crying out that her battle was broke—that all was lost, and surrendered to Wyatt. The lion spirit of her race rose in the breast of Mary, and she replied, with infinite disdain,

"Such was the fond opinion of those who durst not go near enough to see the truth of the trial;" adding, "that she herself would immediately enter into the battle, and abide the upshot of her rightful quarrel, or die with the brave men then fighting for her. And so," continues old Holingshed, "she prepared herself accordingly."

Whitehall was at that moment assaulted in the rear by Cobham's forces, who had forced their way through the park from St. James's, while the contest still raged in the area of Charing Cross. The band of gentlemen-at-arms were very earnestly engaged in defence of the royal residence; part kept the rebels at bay in the rear of the palace, while the others defended the court-yard and gateway with their battle-axes. The queen actually came out of the palace among these faithful body-guards, and stood between two of them, within arquebuss-shot of the enemy,[1] while Pembroke made the final charge, which decided the fortune of the day.

The difficulty was, in this last struggle, to tell friends from foes. "The adversaries," says Holingshed, "could only be distinguished by the mire which had adhered to their garments in their dirty march from Brentford; and the war-cry that morning by the queen's troops was, 'Down with the draggletails!'"

Wyatt was forced down Fleet-street, whence there

[1] Baoardo, edited by Luca Cortile, p. 52. Rosso, p. 50. It is fully confirmed by old Holingshed. His praises of the queen's valour and presence of mind are excessive. The real writer of his narrative was George Ferrers, master of the revels to Edward VI. and Mary; he was afterwards a writer in the protestant interest, but an eye-witness and partaker in the dangers of this struggle. He acted as a sort of aid-de-camp, and passed many times with messages between Pembroke and the queen.

was no retreat. He sat down, fatigued and dispirited, on a fish-stall opposite to Bel Savage's inn, and was finally prevailed on to surrender by sir Maurice Berkley, an unarmed cavalier, who took him up behind him, and carried him to court as prisoner, whence he was conveyed to the Tower. The band of gentlemen-at-arms were soon after admitted to the queen's presence, who thanked them very graciously for their valiant defence of her person and palace. They were all of them gentlemen of family; and many of them possessors of great landed estates. This was, in the time of the Tudors, the most splendid band of royal guards in Europe.

The most dolorous consequence of this rebellion was, that the queen was beset on all sides with importunities for the execution of the hapless lady Jane Gray; against whom the fatal facts of her re-proclamation as queen by her father, and at Rochester by some of Wyatt's London allies, were urged vehemently. Poinet, the protestant bishop of Winchester, affirms that those lords of the council who had been the most instrumental at the death of Edward VI., in thrusting royalty upon poor lady Jane, and proclaiming Mary illegitimate, were now "the sorest forcers of men, yea, became earnest councillors for that innocent lady's death."[1] He plainly indicates these were the earl of Pembroke and the marquis of Winchester, prosperous men at the court of Elizabeth, when he wrote.

The day after the contest with Wyatt, queen Mary came to Temple Bar, and there, on the very ground saturated with the blood of her subjects, she was persuaded to sign the death-warrant of her hapless kinswoman, on the plea that such scenes would be frequent while she suffered the competitor for her throne to exist. The warrant specified that "Guildford Dudley and his wife" were to be executed on the 9th of February. It was evidently a measure impelled by the exigency of the moment, before queen Mary had lost the impression of the blood lately shed around her, and of the numerous executions which must, per force, follow the rebellion. Sudden as the order was, lady Jane Gray declared she was prepared for it. Dr. Feckenham, the queen's chaplain, who had had frequent conferences with the angelic

[1] Strype, vol. iii., part 1, p. 141, thus quotes Poinet.

victim since her imprisonment, was deputed to prepare her for this hurried death. Lady Jane was on friendly terms with him; but was naturally anxious to be spared the harassing discussion of their differing creeds. She, therefore, declined disputing with him, saying that her time was too short for controversy. Upon this, Feckenham flew to the queen and represented to her that, indeed, the time was fearfully short for preparation of any kind; and how could she expect lady Jane to die a catholic,[1] if she was thus hurried to the block without time for conviction? The queen immediately respited the execution for three days. Lady Jane smiled mournfully on her zealous friend, when he brought her news of this delay. She told him, he had mistaken her meaning; she wished not for delay of her sentence, but for quiet from polemic disputation. The meek angel added, "that she was prepared to receive patiently her death in any manner it would please the queen to appoint. True it was her flesh shuddered, as was natural to frail mortality; but her spirit would spring rejoicingly into the eternal light, when she hoped the mercy of God would receive it."

The memory of this beautiful message to queen Mary, far more touching than any anecdote our English church historians have recorded of lady Jane Gray, was preserved by Feckenham; who, though he succeeded not in turning the heavenly-minded prisoner from the protestant religion, won her friendship and gratitude. Her last words bore witness to the humanity and kindness she received from him.[2]

The executions of this lovely and innocent girl and her young husband must ever be considered frightful stains on the reign of a female sovereign. Since the wars of the roses, the excitable turbulence of the people would never permit any near connexions of the crown to rest in peace, without making their names the excuse for civil war. But if queen Mary considered herself

[1] Baoardo, p. 45.

[2] See the History of queen Mary I., by our protestant bishop Goodwin. (White Kennet.) Feckenham was the last abbot of Westminster. Both lady Jane and abbot Feckenham were martyrs for their respective faiths. He endured, in the reign of Elizabeth, a captivity of twenty-five years, and died at last a prisoner in the noxious castle of Wisbeach-in-the-Fens.

impelled to the sacrifice by inexorable necessity, she neither aggravated it by malicious observations nor hypocritical conduct.

Watch was kept night and day in armour at court, so great was the panic at this crisis. The city presented the most frightful scene, for military law was executed on fifty of the train-bands, who deserted the queen's standard under Brett. These deserters being all citizens, many were hung at their own doors, and left there. So that, according to an Italian eye-witness, "the queen could not go to the city without beholding the ugly sight of dangling corpses at every turn of the street." But let those who live in our blessed times of peacefulness, imagine, if they can, the agony of the harmless families within the houses—children, wife, mother, or sisters, who saw a dear, perhaps, an only protector, thus hanging before his own door-way. What tragedy has ever equalled such woe? Yet the numbers put to death in this insurrection, about sixty, were trifling, in comparison with the victims[1] of rebellions in the preceding and succeeding reigns, and few persons were sacrificed who were not guilty of a breach of trust. The prisoners taken in arms of Wyatt's army, amounting to five hundred, were led to the tilt-yard at Whitehall, with ropes about their necks; the queen appeared in the gallery above, and pronounced their pardon in person. The same day that lady Jane Gray was executed, the earl of Devonshire was sent to the Tower, "with a great company of guards," according to a letter written the same evening to the earl of Shrewsbury,[2] which adds—"The lady Elizabeth was sent for three days ago, but yet she is not come, whatsoever the *let* (hindrance) is." In fact, the confessions of sir Thomas Wyatt and some others, gave queen Mary

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 235.

[2] Many historians have supposed Wyatt's confessions extorted by torture, but there exists no document proving the use of torture in his case; neither in his speeches on his trial, carefully noted down by Holingshed, does he mention such a fact, though, if he had been tortured, would he have failed to mention it, when he said, in allusion to the services of his family, "My grandfather served most truly her grace's grandfather (Henry VII.), and *for his sake was on the rack in the Tower*"? See Holingshed, 4to., black letter, vol. ii., p. 1736.

notice of a competitor for her crown, still nearer to her than the candid and angelic Jane whose life she had just sacrificed—this was her sister, the princess Elizabeth. On the outbreak of the strife, the queen had sent for Elizabeth from Ashridge, by the following letter, written in her own hand:—

"Right dear and entirely beloved sister, we greet you well. And whereas, certain ill disposed persons, minding more the satisfaction of their malicious minds, than their duty of allegiance towards us, have of late, spread divers untrue rumours; and by that means, and other devilish practices, do travail to induce our good and loving subjects, to an unnatural rebellion against God and us, and the common tranquillity of our realm. We, tendering the surety of your person, which might chance to come to some peril if any sudden tumult should arise, either where you now be, or about Donnington, (whither we understand you are bound shortly to remove,) do therefore think expedient, you should put yourself in good readiness, with all convenient speed to make your repair hither to us, which we pray you will not fail to do, assuring you that you will be most heartily welcome to us. Of your mind herein, we pray you return answer by this messenger. And thus we pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Given under our signet, at our manor of St. James, the 26th day of January, the 1st year of our reign.

"Your loving sister,

"MARY THE QUEEN."

Elizabeth was very ill, and pleaded to the messenger, mentioned by the queen, that she was utterly unable to travel. Mary permitted her to remain a fortnight, waiting for convalescence. Accusations were, however, reiterated against her, not only by Wyatt, but by her own officer, sir James Croft, who had been made prisoner in an abortive attempt to raise an insurrection in Wales, simultaneously with those in Kent and Devonshire. The queen then sent imperatively for Elizabeth, yet shewed consideration for her by the person despatched to bring her to Whitehall. This was lord William Howard, who was not only her great uncle, (brother to Anne Boleyn's mother,) but the kindest friend she had in the world. The queen sent withal her own litter for her sister's accommodation, and her three physicians, to ascertain whether she could travel without danger.[1]

Before the princess Elizabeth arrived at Whitehall, the queen had heard so many charges against her that

[1] Mr. Tytler's recent discoveries in the State Paper Office have been followed in this narrative, in preference to Fox, whose account is contrary to documents.

she would not see her, but assigned her a secure corner of the palace to abide in. She had formerly given Elizabeth a ring as a token, and told her to send it if at any time there should be anger between them. Elizabeth sent it to her at this alarming crisis, but was answered, that she must clear herself from the serious imputations alleged against her, before they could meet.

It was fortunate for Elizabeth, that the queen meant conscientiously, to abide by the ancient constitutional law of England, restored in her first parliament, which required that an overt or open act of treason must be proved, before any English person could be attainted as a traitor. Courtenay was, as well as Elizabeth, in disgrace; he had been arrested a few days after the contest with Wyatt, and sent to the Tower. It is to queen Mary's credit that she urged the law of her country to the Spanish ambassador, when he informed her "that her marriage with the prince of Spain could not be concluded till Courtenay and Elizabeth were punished."[1]

The Spaniard thus quotes her words to his master, Charles V:—"The queen replied, 'that she and her council were labouring as much as possible to discover the truth as to the practices of Elizabeth and Courtenay; and that as to Courtenay, it was certain he was accused by many of the prisoners of consenting and assisting in the plot, and that the cipher with which he corresponded with sir Peter Carew, had been discovered cut on his guitar; that he had intrigued with the French, and that a match had been projected between him and Elizabeth, which was to be followed by the deposition and death of her the queen; yet the law of England condemns to death only those who have committed overt acts of treason; those who have merely implied consent by silence, are punished but by imprisonment, and sometimes by confiscation of goods.'" Renaud angrily observes, elsewhere, "that it was evident the queen wished to save Courtenay, and of course, Elizabeth, since she does not allow that her guilt was as manifest as his."[2] Correspondence, of a nature calculated to

[1] Tytler's Mary I., vol. ii., p. 320. [2] Ibid.

enrage any sovereign, was discovered, which deeply implicated Elizabeth. Notwithstanding all that has been urged against Mary, it is evident, from the letters of the Spanish ambassador, that she proved her sister's best friend, by remaining steadfast to her expressed determination that, "though she was convinced of the deep dissimulation of Elizabeth's character, who was, in this instance, what she had always shewn herself, yet proof, open proof, must be brought against her before any harsher measures than temporary imprisonment were adopted." In short, whatever adverse colours may be cast on a portion of her history, which really does her credit, the conclusion built on the irrefragable structure of results, is this,—Mary dealt infinitely more mercifully by her heiress, than Elizabeth did by hers. And how startling is the fact, that queen Mary would not proceed against her sister and her kinsman because the proof of their treason was contained in cipher letters,[1] easy to be forged, when correspondence in cipher brought Mary queen of Scots to the block, protesting, as she did, that the correspondence *was* forged.

At this crisis queen Mary gave way to anger; she had offered, if any nobleman would take the charge and responsibility of her sister, that she should not be subjected to imprisonment in the Tower; but no one would undertake the dangerous office. The queen then expedited the warrant, to commit Elizabeth to the Tower. The earl of Sussex and another nobleman were appointed to conduct the princess thither, but she persuaded them[2] (it does not seem for any particular object, except writing a letter to the queen) to outstay the time of tide at London Bridge. This act of disobedience incensed Mary; she rated the offending parties at the council board, "told them they were not travelling in the right

[1] Consisting of three, from Wyatt to Elizabeth, and one, more important, from Elizabeth herself to the king of France (Henry II.), who, through Noailles, his turbulent ambassador, was the prime mover of the rebellion. See Dr. Lingard, vol. vii., and Tytler's Edward VI. and Mary, vol. ii. State Papers. The letter, which would have involved Elizabeth in the penalties of treason, was in cipher characters.

[2] See the Life of Queen Elizabeth, in which these events will be detailed circumstantially.

path, that they dared not have done such a thing in her father's time," and finally, as the most awful feature of her wrath, "wished that he were alive for a month."[1]

Well she knew, that he was never troubled with scruples of conscience, concerning how the ancient laws of England regarded treasons, open or concealed; for if he supposed, that even an heraldic lion curled its tail contumaciously, that supposition brought instant death on its owner, despite of genius, virtue, youth, beauty, and faithful service.[2]

There was a seditious piece of trickery carried on in the city at this time, which, if it had happened in the days of Henry VIII., would have been followed by deluges of blood. In an old uninhabited house in Aldersgate Street, a supernatural voice was heard in the wall, which the people, who gathered in the street to the amount of seventeen thousand, affirmed was the voice of an angel, inveighing against the queen's marriage. When the crowd shouted "God save queen Mary!" it answered nothing. When they cried "God save the lady Elizabeth!" it answered, "So be it." If they asked "What is the mass?" it answered, "Idolatry." The council sent lord admiral Howard and lord Paget to quiet the spirit, which they did by ordering the wall to be pulled down, and soon unharboured a young woman, named Elizabeth Croft, who confessed that she was hired by one Drakes, to excite a mob. While queen Mary reigned alone, and possessed that share of health which permitted her sometimes to exercise her high functions, according to her own will, an amelioration, certainly, had taken place in the severity of punishment, for in the parallel case of mock prophecy, in the time of Henry VIII., Elizabeth Barton, though undeniably an epileptic, and consequently unconscious of imposture, was hung, with seven unfortunate companions. Queen Mary took no similar vengeance; the heroine of the "voice in the wall" was set in the pillory for her misdeeds, but with no attendant cruelty, or the minute city

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary I., vol. ii., p. 343.

[2] The gallant earl of Surrey was put to death for a supposed difference in the painting of the tail of the lion in his crest.

chroniclers[1] would have specified it. Thus did this grotesque incident pass on without the usual disgusting waste of human life. Another adventure still more absurd, proves the state of excitement which pervaded all natives of England, of whatever age and degree, concerning the queen's marriage. Three hundred children assembled in a meadow near London, divided in two parties to play at the game "of the queen against Wyatt;" these little creatures must have been violent partisans on both sides, for they fought so heartily that several were seriously wounded, and the urchin that played prince Philip, the queen's intended spouse, being taken prisoner and hanged by the rest, was nearly throttled in good earnest, before some people, alarmed at the proceedings of the small destructives, could break in and cut him down. Noailles, the French ambassador, who relates the story (and being a detected conspirator against the queen, maligns her on every occasion), affirms, that she wished the life of one at least to be sacrificed for the good of the public. The truth is, the queen requested "that a few salutary whippings might be dispensed, and that the most pugnacious of this band of infantry, might be shut up for some days," and that was all the notice she took of the matter.[2]

Conspiracies against queen Mary's life abounded at this unsettled time; even the students of natural philosophy (which, despite of the stormy atmosphere of the times, was proceeding with infinite rapidity) were willing to apply the instruments of science to the destruction of the queen. "I have heard," says lord Bacon, "there was a conspiracy to have killed queen Mary, as she walked in St. James's Park, by means of a burning-glass fixed on the leads of a neighbouring house. I was told so by a vain, though great dealer in secrets, who declared he had hindered the attempt." Of all things, the queen most resented the libellous attacks on her character, which abounded on all sides. She had annulled the cruel law, instituted by her father, which punished libels on the crown with death; but, to

[1] Holingshed. Stowe, p. 624.
[2] Tytler's Edward VI. and Mary I., vol. ii., p. 331.

her anguish and astonishment, the country was soon after completely inundated with them, both written and printed; one she shewed the Spanish ambassador,[1] which was thrown on her kitchen table. She could not suffer these anonymous accusations to be made unanswered; she said, with passionate sorrow, that "she had always lived a chaste and honest life, and she would *not* bear imputations to the contrary silently;" and, accordingly, had a proclamation made in every county, exhorting her loving subjects not to listen to the slanders that her enemies were actively distributing.[2] This only proved that the poisoned arrows gave pain, but did not abate the nuisance.

A remonstrance from the protestants, in verse, was found by the queen[3] on the desk of her oratory, when she knelt down to pray: this was couched in very different terms from the indecorous productions which had so deeply grieved her; for this poem was (excepting a verse or two, likening her to Jezabel,) affectionate, and complimentary. Its strains are much in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins. The commencing stanzas are—

"O lovely rose, most redolent
Of fading flowers most fresh,
In England pleasant is thy scent,
For now thou art peerless.

"This rose, which beareth such a smell,
Doth represent our queen.
O, listen, that I may you tell
Her colours fresh and green:

"The love of God within her heart
Shall beautify her grace;
The fear of God, on the other part,
Shall 'stablish her in place;

"The love of God shall aid her cause,
Unfeigned if it be,
To have respect unto his laws,
And hate idolatry."

[1] See the abstracts from Parliamentary History and Holingshed, which shew that Henry VIII., for the first time in England, caused an act to be made punishing libel with death.

[2] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 377.

[3] See Fox's Martyrology. He does not date the production, but it is evidently written while Mary was still head of the church, and not long after she had appointed Gardiner her prime minister.

* * * * *

"Your ministers that love God's word,
They feel the bitter rod,
Who are robbed of house and goods,
As if there were no God.

"And yet *you* do seem merciful
In midst of tyranny,
And holy—whereas you maintain
Most vile idolatry!

"For fear that you should hear the truth,
True preachers may not speak,
But on good prophets you make ruth,
And them unkindly treat.

"Him have you made lord chancellor,[1]
Who did your blood most stain,[2]
That he may suck the righteous blood
(As he was wont) again.

"Those whom our late good king[3] did love,
You do them most disdain;
These things do manifestly prove
Your colours be but vain.

"God's word you cannot well abide,
But as *your* prophets tell;
In this you may be well compared
To wicked Jezabel!

"Therefore my counsel pray you take,
And think thereof no scorn,
And you'll find it the best advice
Ye had since ye were born."

This homely poesy allows the queen's good qualities in the midst of the recapitulation of her protestant subjects' grievances. How she received it, is not known, but it is an amiably disposed canticle, in comparison with the foul and fierce libels, her enemies were pouring forth to her discomfort, at the same period.

Amidst all these troubles and contentions, Mary found time to examine with approbation the Latin translations of her little kinsman, lord Darnley, and to send him a present of a rich gold chain, as an encouragement, for some abstract he had made, either from sir Thomas More's Utopia, or in imitation of that celebrated work. A letter of thanks to the queen from this child is ex-

[1] Gardiner.
[2] By forwarding the divorce of Katharine of Arragon.
[3] Edward VI

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

tant;[1] which proves that she had frequently sent him valuable presents, and treated him kindly. Mary encouraged him to proceed in a learned education, in which he was early progressing, according to the unhealthy system of precocious study in vogue at that day, of which she herself, and her brother Edward VI. were noted instances. The little lord Darnley, in his letter, designates queen Mary "most triumphant and virtuous princess," in allusion to her late conquest of the rebels, his epistle being written on the 28th of March, 1554. In quaint but pretty language he expresses his wish that his tender years would permit him to fight in her defence. He was the eldest son of queen Mary's cousin-german and early companion, lady Margaret Douglas, at this time first lady in waiting, and wife to the Scottish exiled lord, Matthew Stuart, earl of Lennox. It is matter of curiosity to trace queen Mary's patronage of lord Darnley and his family during his early life, since he is involved in utter historical obscurity, till his important marriage with the heiress of the English crown, in 1565.

The queen had not only to contend with her discontented subjects, but with the machinations of most of the foreign envoys at her court. Besides the French, the Venetian ambassador was deeply involved in the plots for dethroning her. His treachery was first revealed to her by a person no less illustrious than Sebastian Cabot,[2] the first discoverer of North America, who spent his honoured age in England, the country he had so essentially served, and adopted for his own.[3] His

[1] MS. Cottonian Vesp., F. iii., f. 37. This letter has been quoted as a specimen of lord Darnley's mode of writing to Mary queen of Scots—a mistake, since it is dated 1554, when he was but nine years old, and even at that early age, he speaks of a long series of presents and benefactions bestowed by the queen, to whom it was addressed.

[2] Tytler, vol. ii., p. 304.

[3] His English biographer says it *was* his own, being born at Bristol, in 1467; but we think he is mistaken for his son Sebastian, as the venerable discoverer was certainly ninety-four, instead of seventy, when he died. For was it likely he discovered Newfoundland in his twentieth year, or was given the ostensible command of the first English discovery expedition at that early age, by so wary a prince as Henry VII.? He was at this time employed in commercial legislation of the greatest importance, by queen Mary. He

depositions before council shew that he was unwilling to see England convulsed by the intrigues of his countrymen, for he proved that the insurgents had been supplied with arms from a Venetian ship in the river.

Despite of the extreme repugnance manifested by all her subjects to her marriage with Philip of Spain, queen Mary accepted his ring of betrothal, brought by count Egmont, who had returned to England, on especial embassy, in March. This distinguished man, who afterwards died on the scaffold for vindicating the civil and religious liberty of his country, was, at the time of his sojourn in England, in the flower of his age, and was one of the most splendid soldiers, in person and renown, that Europe could produce.

The Tuesday after his arrival, the earl of Pembroke and lord admiral Howard came to escort him into the presence of their royal mistress and her council, accompanied by Renaud, the resident ambassador, who describes the scene:—"'The eucharist was in the apartment, before which the queen fell on her knees, and called God to witness that her sole object in this marriage was the good of her kingdom; and expressed herself with so much pathos and eloquence, that the bystanders melted into tears." The oaths confirming the marriage were then taken on the part of England and Spain; "after which," proceeds Renaud, "her majesty again dropped on her knees, and requested us to join our prayers with hers, that God would make the marriage fortunate. Count Egmont then presented queen Mary with the ring, which your majesty sent, which she shewed to all the company; and assuredly, sire, the jewel is a precious one, and well worth looking

held a pension of £166. 13s. 4d. of the crown, first granted by protector Somerset, who has the credit of drawing this great man from the ungrateful neglect into which he had fallen, during the last abhorrent years of Henry VIII. Cabot was employed by queen Mary in the establishment of the Russia trade, one of those great improvements in commerce which she performed, but lived not to see the advantage. The last public action of Cabot was to visit the ship she had fitted out under his direction, the first that ever sailed on commercial speculation to Russia. He examined it finally at Gravesend, and bestowed bountiful alms on poor sailors, and other poor, beseeching their earnest prayers for the success of the expedition. He died in 1556. Journal of Stephen Burroughes.

at. We took our *congée* after this, first enquiring whether her majesty had any commands for his highness prince Philip? She enjoined us to bear her most affectionate commendations to his good grace. She would that they should both live in mutual good offices together; but that as his highness had not yet written to her, she deferred writing to him till he first commenced the correspondence." This is not the only hint that Renaud throws out respecting the neglect of the Spanish prince; he likewise shews anxiety that the gentlewomen who were most confidential with the queen should not be forgotten. "Your majesty understands," he writes to the emperor, "that at the coming of his highness, some little presents of rings, or such small gear, must be made to the queen's ladies; particularly to three, who have always spoken a good word for the marriage—these were, mistress Clarencieux, Jane Russell, and mistress Shirley."

In proportion to the strong wilfulness with which Mary's mind was set on this marriage, was the amount of temptation, when she was artfully informed that the destruction of her sister and of her kinsman Courtenay could alone secure it. Her tempter was Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, who was perpetually urging on her attention that it would be impossible for prince Philip to approach England till his safety was guaranteed by the punishment of the rebels. To which the queen replied, with tears in her eyes,[1] "That she would rather never have been born, than that any outrage should happen to the prince." The spleen of the Spanish ambassador had been excited by the queen sending for him on Easter Sunday, March 27th, to inform him that, "as it was an immemorial custom for the kings of England to extend their mercy to prisoners on Good Friday, she had given liberty to eight, among others to Northampton (the brother of Katharine Parr), none of whom had been implicated in the recent rebellion." For a very good reason, certainly, since they were safe under the ward of locks and bolts in the Tower. The

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary. Renaud's Despatches, vol. ii., pp. 348, 350.

murmurings of the discontented Spaniard, and his threats "that, if her majesty continued such ill-advised clemency, his prince could never come to England," occasioned the queen to weep, but not to change her purpose, though he zealously presented her with Thucydides, in French (forgetting that the English queen could read the original Greek), to teach her how traitors ought to be cut off.[1]

In the next interview, which happened at the council-board, Renaud spake out plainly, and demanded by name the victims he required, before she could be blessed with the presence of her betrothed. His words are,[2] "that it was of the utmost consequence that the trials and *executions* of the criminals, especially of Courtenay and the lady Elizabeth, should take place before the arrival of his highness." The answer of queen Mary is a complete specimen of the art of dismissing the question direct by a general observation.

"She had," she said, "taken neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she felt for the security of his highness at his coming."

But this answer did not spare Mary from another urgent requisition for kindred blood. Bishop Gardiner remarked, "that as long as Elizabeth lived there was no hope of the kingdom being tranquillized, *and if every one went to work roundly, as he did*, things would go on better."

This savage speech gives authenticity to a passage which occurs in an old memoir of Elizabeth's early life, entitled England's Elizabeth, in which the following assertion occurs:—

"A warrant came down, under seal, for her execution, Gardiner being the inventor of that instrument. Master Bridges no sooner received it, but, mistrusting false play, presently made haste to the queen, who was no sooner informed but she denied the least knowledge of

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 346; likewise Burnet, as to Thucydides.

[2] Tytler, ibid., p. 365. It is to be hoped that, after this plain evidence of the cruel intentions of the Spanish court, the paradox will no longer be believed, that it was Philip who spared the life of Elizabeth, when these scenes shew that Mary was her sister's only protector.

it; she called Gardiner and others whom she suspected before her, blamed them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and took measures for her better security."[1]

If Bridges (the lieutenant of the Tower, who was the same man who shewed such tender respect to lady Jane Gray,) had not had full confidence in the attachment of Mary to her sister, he dared not have made such an appeal.

The measures Heywood describes as taken by queen Mary for the security of her sister's person were chiefly sending sir Henry Bedingfeld, with a strong guard to take the entire charge of her, till she could be removed to a distant country-palace. This appointment, he affirms, took place on the 1st of May. Here, again, is another historical mystery explained of Elizabeth's after amiable conduct to sir Henry Bedingfeld. That gentleman, though deeply devoted to her sister, was plainly the guardian of her life from the illegal attacks of Gardiner and the privy council.

The perpetual delays of the trials of Elizabeth and Courtenay had been, in a series of grumbling despatches to the emperor, attributed by his ambassador Renaud to Gardiner,[2] whom he accuses so perpetually, in consequence of being the friend of Elizabeth, that the reader of these documents is half inclined to believe he was such.

But the positive attack on Elizabeth's life, in which Gardiner planned the species of tragedy, afterwards successfully acted by Burleigh, in the case of Mary queen of Scots, removes all doubts regarding his enmity to her. The apparent ambiguity of his conduct arose from the fact that he was in reality Courtenay's friend; and Elizabeth and Courtenay were so inextricably implicated together in this rebellion, that one could not be publicly impeached without the other.

Some reason existed for Gardiner's protection of Courtenay. The family of this noble had been martyrs to

[1] By Thomas Heywood. It is written with the utmost enthusiasm in the cause of Elizabeth and of the protestant church of England, therefore undue partiality to Mary cannot be suspected. He is one of those authors who state the facts they have heard or witnessed, without altering or suppressing them on account of political antagonism.

[2] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., pp. 338, 339, 346.

catholicism; it is very doubtful if Courtenay, though politically tampering with the protestant party, had shewn the slightest personal bias to protestantism, and he had withal been for some time Gardiner's fellow-prisoner in the Tower. It is certain, from whatever causes, that Gardiner had always been the great promoter of Courtenay's marriage suit to the queen, and since the insurrection, he must have considered the *liaison* between Courtenay and Elizabeth as a fresh obstacle to these views. The cruel intentions of both Renaud and Gardiner against Elizabeth were plainly enough spoken at the council conference narrated by the former, and it is as plain that she had but one friend in the fearful conclave, and that was the sister whose deposition and death she had connived at, but whose intense constancy of disposition would not suffer her to destroy one, whom she had tenderly caressed and loved in infancy.

In one of these sittings of council was first started the idea of marrying Elizabeth to the brave, but landless soldier, Philibert Emanuel of Savoy, the dispossessed prince of Piedmont; thus removing her by wedlock, if not by death. This was, from the commencement to the end of Mary's reign, a favourite notion with Philip of Spain. Probably connected with it was the proposal of sending Elizabeth to the care of the queen of Hungary. But Mary no more approved of her sister's removal from England than of her destruction, as subsequent events proved.

Renaud notices a remark made by lord Paget, "that it was vain to think of remedying the disorders in the kingdom without the thorough re-establishment of religion, (meaning catholicism;) this, he added, would be difficult, if the opinion of the chancellor (Gardiner) were followed, who was anxious to carry through the matter by fire and blood."[1] In some other passages, Renaud himself blames the violence of Gardiner in matters of religion; and how savage must Gardiner have been, if he excited the reprobation and disgust of a man, whose inhumanity has been shewn to be glaring?

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 365.

As for the queen, whenever the ambassador blames her, it is for sparing persons whose destruction was advised by the Spanish government.

This council-conference was held the day before the queen's third parliament met in Westminster. Mary, or rather Gardiner, had intended to summon the parliament at Oxford, instead of the metropolis, as a punishment for the part the London-trained bands had taken in Wyatt's rebellion. This intention was overruled; the queen went in great state to Westminster Abbey, and was present with the lords and commons at the mass of the Holy Ghost.[1] She did not go to the Whitehall chamber and open the sessions; this was done by Gardiner, who in his speech observed, that the queen could not come without danger to her person, because of the furious storm of wind and rain then raging.[2] The queen must have had some other motive for absenting herself, since the parliament chamber was but a short distance from the Abbey. Gardiner introduced the subject of her marriage formally in his address, and laid before the senate her marriage articles, "from which it was apparent," he observed, "that instead of the prince of Spain making acquisition of England as promulgated by the rebels, England had made an acquisition of him, and all his father's kingdoms and provinces.[3]

Queen Mary told Renaud,[4] that while she attended the mass in Westminster Abbey at the opening of parliament, she saw the earl of Pembroke, who had returned from his country house, where he had been keeping Easter, and she spoke to him, and made much of him, bidding him welcome and his wife also, and she now trusts all things will go well."

The parliament was earnestly employed in passing laws, in order to secure the queen's separate and independent government of her dominions, without control from her husband. They took jealous alarm, that all

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 368.
[2] Parl. Journals, Parliamentary Hist., vol. iii., p. 303.
[3] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 368.
[4] Ib. Katharine Parr's sister was at this time dead, and Pembroke re-married.

power was vested in the name of kings in the statute-book, without any mention of queens-regnant; and their first care was, to provide a remedy for this deficiency, lest Philip of Spain, when invested with the titular dignity of king, might legally claim the obedience of the nation, because there was no precedent of queenly authority in the written laws of the land. The speaker brought in a bill, declaring,[1] "that whereas the queen had succeeded of right to the crown, but because all written laws had declared the prerogative to be in the king's person, some might pretend that it did not extend to queens, it was therefore declared to be law, that such prerogative did belong to the crown, whether it were worn by male or female; and whatsoever the law did appoint or limit for a king was of right due to a queen (regnant), who was declared to have as much right as her predecessors."

This motion gave rise to another alarm in the house of commons, which was, "that as the queen derived her title from the common or oral law of the land, acknowledged by the English people before acts of parliament or statute law existed, she might defy all written laws in which kings only were mentioned, and rule despotic queen of England." It appears, this odd idea was seriously discussed by Mr. Skinner, a patriotic member of the house of commons; nor was his caution so superfluous as it appears at first sight, for a tempter was already busy with queen Mary, dressing up this silly quibble in an attractive form for her consideration. There was a person[2] who had been Cromwell's servant, and much employed in the suppression of monasteries, a great partisan for lady Jane, and in arms for her title, and altogether a very busy and factious character. The queen had given him her pardon, with many other minor agents of Northumberland, yet he rose again in Wyatt's rebellion, and was put once more in the Fleet

[1] Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, vol. ii.

[2] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii., p. 258. The name of this unprincipled person is not mentioned. The incident is stated by Burnet to be drawn from the MS. of Dr. William Petyt. Recorder Fleetwood related the circumstance to Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, who immediately had the narrative transcribed.

prison. He had some personal acquaintance with one of the emperor's ambassadors, (most likely with Renaud, who was exceedingly busy with English affairs,) by whose intercession with the queen this political agitator was once more liberated. While detained in the Fleet, he had amused himself by concocting a precious plan for the establishment of despotic power in England. On his liberation, he carried his manuscript, which he entitled "A new Platform of Government, contrived for the queen's majesty," to his Spanish patron. In this treatise he argued, "that as the statute-law only named kings, queens-regnant were not bound by it, and therefore might claim unlimited authority, and were by right despotic sovereigns." From which quibble the author drew the inference, "that the queen could, without waiting for the co-operation of parliament, re-establish the supremacy of the pope, restore the monasteries, and punish her enemies, by the simple exertion of her own will." After reading this unprincipled production with great approbation, the Spanish ambassador carried it to queen Mary, and begged her to peruse it carefully, and keep its contents secret. As the queen read the treatise, she disliked it, judging it to be contrary to her coronation oath. She sent for Gardiner, and when he came she charged him, "as he would answer it at the general day of doom, that he would consider the book carefully, and bring her his opinion of it forthwith." The next day happened to be Maundy Thursday, and after queen Mary had made her maundy to her alms people, Gardiner waited on her in her closet, to deliver the opinion she requested on the manuscript, which he did in these words:—

"My good and gracious lady, I intend not to ask you to name the devisors of this new-invented *platform*, but this I will say, that it is pity so noble and virtuous a queen should be endangered with the snares of such subtle sycophants, for the book is naught, and most horribly to be thought on."

Upon which queen Mary thanked him, and threw the book behind the fire; moreover, she exhorted the Spanish ambassador "that neither he nor any of his

retinue should encourage her people in such projects."

In this interview one of the good points in the character of Mary's prime minister was perceptible, which was, attachment to the ancient laws of England, and he had sometimes dared to defend them at that dangerous period when Cromwell was tempting Henry VIII. to govern without law. Gardiner was likewise an honest and skilful financier, who managed Mary's scant revenue so well, that while he lived she was not in debt; yet he was a generous patron of learning, and if he could benefit a learned man in distress, even the cruelty and bigotry which deformed and envenomed his great talents remained in abeyance. Having thus, by stating the "for" and "against" in the disposition of this remarkable man, humbly followed the example prescribed by Shakespere in his noble dialogue between queen Katharine and her officer Griffiths, on the good and evil qualities of Wolsey, it remains to quote, in illustration of his conduct, a curious anecdote, concerning himself, queen Mary, and Roger Ascham, the celebrated tutor of the princess Elizabeth, Roger himself in one of his epistles being the authority. Queen Mary had promised him the continuation of his pension of £10 per annum, granted by her brother Edward VI. as a reward for his treatise written on archery, called the Toxophilite. "And now," said he, "I will open[1] a pretty subtlety in doing a good turn for myself, whereat, perchance, you will smile; I caused the form of the patent for my pension to be written out, but I ordered a blank place to be left for the sum, and I brought it so written to bishop Gardiner; he asked me, 'Why the amount of the sum, ten pounds, was not put in?' 'Sir,' said I, 'that is the fault of the naughty scrivener, who hath withal left the blank space so large, that the former sum t-e-n will not half fill it, and therefore, except it please your good lordship to put twenty pounds instead of ten, truly I shall be put to great charges in having the patent

[1] The anecdote is in one of his letters to queen Elizabeth, complaining of his being badly provided for. Edited by Dr. Whittaker, in his History of Richmondshire.

written out again, but the word *twenty* will not only fill up the space, but my empty purse too!' Bishop Gardiner laughed, and carried the patent to queen Mary, and told her what I said, and the queen, without any more speaking, before I had done her any service, out of her own bountiful goodness made my pension twenty pounds per annum. I had never done anything for her," added Ascham, "but taught her brother Edward to write, and though I differed from her in religion, she made me her Latin secretary." He adds many commendations on the learning and wisdom of Gardiner, which sprung from his exuberant gratitude for the complete success of his "pretty subtlety."

Whilst the sessions of parliament continued, the execution of the unfortunate Wyatt took place, and a few days afterwards the trial of sir Nicholas Throckmorton. This gentleman, who had given the queen that important warning which had saved her life and crown, had become malcontent, and had, to a certain degree, intrigued by message and letter with sir Thomas Wyatt. His trial was the first instance, since the accession of the Tudor line, in which a jury dared do their duty honestly and acquit a prisoner arraigned by the crown. The prisoner defended himself manfully; he would not be brow-beat by his partial judge, Bromley, who had been so long accustomed to administer polluted law, that he was obstinate in forcing the trial into the old iniquitous way which had destroyed thousands in the fearful days of Henry VIII., when condemnation followed arraignment with unerring certainty. Throckmorton had an answer for every one; he appealed to the recently restored laws of England; he quoted the queen's own eloquent charge to her judges,[1] when she inducted them into office, the memory of which would have been lost but for the pleadings of this courageous man. "What time," he said, "my lord chief justice, it pleased the queen's majesty to call you to this honourable office, I did learn of a great man of her highness's privy council that, among other good instructions, her majesty charged and enjoined you 'to administer law and justice in-

[1] Holingshed, b. iv., 4to ed., vol. ii., p. 1747.

differently, without respect to persons.' And notwithstanding *the old error among you, which did not admit any witness to speak, or any other matter to be heard, in favour of the prisoner*, when the crown was party against him, the queen told you '*her pleasure was, that whatsoever could be brought in favour of the accused should be admitted to be heard;*' and moreover, that you, specially, and likewise all other justices, should not '*sit in judgment otherwise for her highness than for her subject.*' This manner of indifferent proceeding being enjoined by the commandment of God, and likewise being commanded you by the queen's own mouth, therefore reject nothing that can be spoken in my defence, and in so doing you shall shew yourselves worthy ministers, and fit for so worthy a mistress." "You mistake the matter," replied judge Bromley, "the queen spake those words to master Morgan, chief justice of the common place (pleas)."

This exordium of Mary to her judges was no hypocritical grimace, no clap-trap at her accession; she honestly acted upon it; for the witness whose testimony acquitted Throckmorton that day, came out of her own household. At the moment when the prisoner's life hung on the proof of whether he was conscious or not of the precise time of Wyatt's rising, he called on sir Francis Inglefield,[1] who, with his colleague, sir Edward Walgrave, was sitting on the bench with the judges, and asked him to speak what he knew on that head. Inglefield immediately bore witness, like an honest man as he was.

"It is truth," said he, "that you were at my house, in company with your brothers, at that time, and to my knowledge ignorant of the whole matter."

The moment Throckmorton was acquitted, the base judge committed the honest jury to prison, who had done their duty like true Englishmen, who deserve everlasting praise as the practical restorers of the con-

[1] The reader is familiar with the names of both these gentlemen, as Mary's servants, in her long adversity, who endured imprisonment for her sake, during her religious troubles in her brother's reign. They were now privy councillors and officers of the royal household, and were basking in the full sunshine of royal favour.

stitution of their country, long undermined by the abuses that the queen had pointed out to her judges The facts developed in this remarkable trial indicate that the wishes and will of the queen were distinct from the officials who composed her government. These were men who had been bred in the despotic ways of her father. In truth, England had been, since the sickness and infirmity of Henry VIII., governed by a small tyrannical junta, composed for the time being of the prevalent faction in the privy council. The members of this junta oppressed the people, defied the laws, bullied or corrupted the judges, cajoled and really controlled the crown, till, the cup of their iniquities becoming full, in the next century they actually caused the reverse of the monarchy. A place in this noxious junta was the aim and end of every unprincipled man of abilities in public life, without the slightest scruple whether he had to profess the protestant or catholic ritual.[1] Such was the true well-spring of the miseries and atrocities which had tormented England since the death of sir Thomas More. This unconstitutional power had strengthened itself during the minority of Edward VI., and was by no means inclined to give ground before a queen-regnant of disputed title.

It was the trial of sir Nicholas Throckmorton which first brought the illegal proceedings of the privy council into popular notice, under the designation of the decrees of the Star-chamber, afterwards so infamous in English history. They had long been at work in the same way, but in the present instance, public attention had been peculiarly excited by Throckmorton's recitation of the queen's eloquent charge to her judges, and indignation was raised to a high pitch when the jury were, after unjust imprisonment, threatened by the Star-chamber, and mulcted with heavy fines, while the acquitted prisoner was as unjustly detained in the Tower. As the queen, at the intercession of his brother, set sir Nicholas Throckmorton free, soon after, uninjured in person or estate, he considered he had had

[1] Some of Mary and Elizabeth's privy councillors had twice professed catholic and twice professed protestant principles!

a fortunate escape.[1] It is said, that she finally remitted the fines of the worthy jury who had acquitted him. But it was alike degrading to a queen, who wished to rule constitutionally, and to Englishmen, whom the law had not declared guilty, to give and receive pardons of the kind.

The queen was extremely ill, sick almost to death, at the time of Throckmorton's trial. The public, and even Renaud, attributed her indisposition to Throckmorton's acquittal; but the decided part taken by the queen's confidential friend, Inglefield, in his favour, is a sure proof that the trial took a course not displeasing to her, however it might enrage her privy council.[2]

By the 5th of May, the queen was sufficiently recovered to dissolve parliament in person. She pronounced a speech from the throne, in presence of her assembled peers and commons, which excited so much enthusiasm, that she was five or six times interrupted by loud shouts of "Long live the queen!" and at the same time, many persons present turned away and wept. Such was the description given by Basset,[3] one of the royal attendants present, to Renaud; and the courtly reporter attributed these emotions to her majesty's eloquence. It is to be hoped, that those who wept were mourning over the deep degradation of the national character, since the house of peers, which had unanimously joined in establishing the protestant church of England four short years since, now, to the exultation of the Spanish ambassador, as unanimously agreed in enacting that the ancient penalties against heretics should be enforced, classing as heretics the members of the very church they had so recently planted. This house of peers consisted of about fifty laymen, who were, with the exception of five or six persons, the very same individuals who had altered religion in the preceding reign. It is true, that the spiritual peers who sat among them were catholic, instead of protestant bishops; yet, had

[1] Throckmorton Papers.

[2] It is scarcely to be doubted that Inglefield was the man who had reported the queen's charge to her judges to sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

[3] One of the gentlemen-in-waiting, husband to Sir Thomas More's grand-daughter.

the lay peers been honest or consistent, a very strong majority might have prevailed against the enactment of cruel penal laws for the persecution of a church they had lately founded; but they were not honest, for Renaud plumed himself on the emperor's success in bribing the most influential of their body.[1]

William Thomas was hung at Tyburn, on the 18th of May; he had been clerk to the privy council of Edward VI., and had been very urgent with the rebels to destroy the life of Mary, if she fell in their power. He was the last of the victims executed for participation in Wyatt's insurrection, for the queen had pardoned her kinsman, lord John Gray, likewise sir James Crofts, and admiral Winter, although the two last had been each the leader of a separate revolt; nor did she exercise this privilege of her high station without much murmuring from Renaud. This minister of mercilessness announced to his master the emperor, "that all the judges had pronounced that, if brought to trial, the proofs against Courtenay were such as to insure his condemnation to death, if the queen could be prevailed on to give him up to it; but besides her impracticability in his favour, her trusted servant, sir Robert Rochester, was the stanch friend of both Courtenay and Elizabeth, and wished for their union; and that the queen trusted lord William Howard implicitly with her ships, who made no scruple of avowing his friendship for Elizabeth, although Mary's partisans expected he would one day revolt, with the whole fleet."[2] The queen shewed greatness of mind in her implicit reliance in Rochester and Howard, malgré all these insinuations; she knew they had proved true as steel, in the hour of her distress; and it is most evident by the result, that she did not consider them as enemies, because they pleaded for her unfortunate relatives.

The day succeeding the execution of William Thomas, the princess Elizabeth was liberated from her confine-

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., pp. 369, 389. The journals of the house of lords are lost, but the above inference is justified by the comparison of the list of the house of lords summoned in the first year of Edward VI. and the first year of Mary I. See Parliamentary Hist., vol. iii., pp. 216, 289.

[2] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., pp. 375, 395.

ment in the Tower, and sent by water to Richmond Palace, and from thence to Woodstock, where she remained under some restraint. Part of the queen's household guards, under the command of Bedingfeld, had charge of her. About the same time, Courtenay was sent to Fotheringay Castle, likewise under guard, though not confined closely.

On the same important week arrived don Juan Figueroa, a Spanish grandee of the first class. He was designated, in a private letter of the earl of Shrewsbury,[1] "as the ancient ambassador with the long grey beard, who was here when the late king Edward died." His errand was to be ready in England for the reception of prince Philip. The emperor had deputed this nobleman to invest the prince, at his marriage, with the kingdom of Naples, in order to render him equal in dignity with his spouse.

The lord admiral Howard had sailed from Portsmouth, with the finest ships of the queen's navy, to join the united fleets of Spain and the Netherlands, that prince Philip might be escorted to his bride with the utmost maritime pomp. On the appointment of Howard to this command, the emperor's ambassador offered him a pension as a token of the prince's gratitude; he referred him to the queen, who gave leave for its acceptance, but it had not the least effect on the lord admiral's independence, for his national combativeness rose at the sight of the foreign fleets; and Renaud[2] sent a despatch full of complaints to the emperor, saying, "that the lord admiral Howard had spoken with great scorn of the Spanish ships, and irreverently compared them to mussel-shells." Moreover, he quarrelled with the Spanish admiral, and held him very cheap. He added, "that the English sailors elbowed and pushed the Spanish ones whenever they met on shore, with which rudeness the lord admiral was by no means displeased." And had it not been for the extreme forbearance of the Spanish admiral in preventing his men from going on shore during the month the combined fleets were waiting for queen Mary's spouse, the English would have picked a

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 238.
[2] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 414.

quarrel, and given their allies battle royal. To add to all these affronts, lord admiral Howard forced the prince of Spain's ships to do the maritime homage the English fleet always insisted on, as sovereigns of the narrow seas, by striking topsails in the Channel, though the prince was on board in person.[1]

Philip had continued until the middle of May at Valladolid, governing Spain as regent for his distracted grandmother, the queen-regnant, Joanna. Queen Mary had written to him a French letter, commencing with the words, "*Monsieur, mon bon et perpetual allié,*" in which she announced to him the consent of her parliament to their marriage. The letter is worded with great formality,[2] and assumes the character of England writing to Spain, rather than queen Mary to her betrothed husband; yet she could scarcely adopt a different tone, since the prince had sedulously avoided writing to her, as may be gathered from the reiterated complaints of Renaud on this subject,[3] even at so late a date as the 28th of April, 1554, six days after the despatch of queen Mary's letter. At the end of May, the bridegroom made a farewell visit to the royal maniac whose sceptre he swayed. To save time, his sister, the princess-dowager of Portugal, met him by the way; and at the same time he bade her adieu, and resigned into her hands the government of Spain.[4] He arrived at Corunna at the latter end of June, and, after waiting some time for a favourable wind, finally embarked for England on the 13th of July.[5]

Mary and her council meantime retired to Richmond Palace, and sat in earnest debate regarding the reception of don Philip, and the station he was to occupy in England. Unfortunately, Mary had no pre-

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii.; Renaud's letter, June 9th; and a quotation in Kempe's Loseley MSS.

[2] This letter is better known than any of Mary's correspondence, and being a mere piece of state ceremony, without a tinge of personal interest, is omitted here.

[3] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 380.

[4] Renaud's Despatches. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., pp. 401, 402.

[5] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii., p. 172.

cedent to guide her in distinguishing between her duties as queen-regnant, and the submission and obedience the marriage vow enforced from her as a wife. It is true, that she was the grand-daughter of Isabel of Castille, the greatest and best queen that ever swayed an independent sceptre; but then, on the other side, she was grand-daughter to the undoubted heiress of England, Elizabeth of York, who had afforded her the example of an utter surrender of all her rights, to the will of her husband. It is very evident that queen Mary considered that her duty, both as a married woman and a sedulous observer of the established customs of her country, was, as far as possible, to yield implicit obedience to her spouse.[1] All the crimes, all the detestation with which the memory of this unfortunate lady has been loaded, certainly arose not from intentional wickedness, but from this notion. The first question on which the queen and her council came to issue was, whether, in the regal titles, her name should precede that of her husband. On this point, Renaud became very earnest: "I told the chancellor," he wrote to the emperor, "that neither divine nor human law would suffer his highness to be named last."[2] The result was that the queen yielded precedence to the titular dignity of Philip. Her next desire was to obtain for him the distinction of a coronation as king; but on this point, Gardiner and her council were resolute. "She had,"

[1] The undefined rights of a queen regnant of England had been made matter of anxious discussion by Henry VIII., in reference to his daughter Mary. He caused to come before him the two chief justices, with Gardiner, bishop of Winchester; and Garter king of arms, to argue the question, whether men were by law or courtesy entitled to hold baronies and other honours, in right of their wives. In the course of the debate, the king asked "If the crown should descend to his daughter, whether her husband should use the style and title of king of England?" The chief justice answered, "Not by right, but by grace, because the crown of England is out of the law of courtesy, but if it were subject thereto, then it were clear."

This opinion certainly implied the power of the female sovereign to confer, by her special favour, the title of king on her husband. (From sir W. H. Nares's collections, folio MS. (p. 22), formerly in the hands of John Anstis, Garter king at arms, now in possession of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., of Middle Hill, through whose favour this extract is taken.)

[2] Renaud's Despatch, June 9th.

they said, "been crowned and received their oaths with all the ceremonies pertaining to the kings her ancestors, and what more could be needed?" Mary then expressed her wish that her wedded lord might be crowned with the diadem of the queens consort of England, but that was negatived.[1] She was forced to content herself by providing for him a collar and mantle of the garter, worth £2000, with which he was to be invested the moment he touched English ground. She spent the remainder of June at Guildford Palace, in order to be near the southern ports.

It was the middle of July before tidings were heard of the approach of the combined fleets, when the queen despatched Russell, lord privy seal, to receive Philip, who was expected at Southampton. Mary gave her envoy the following instructions, which afford an ominous instance of the future sway Philip was to bear, through her, in the government of England:—

"Instructions for my lord privy seal.

"First, to tell the *king* the whole state of the realm, with all things pertaining to the same, as much as ye know to be true. Second, to obey his commandment in all things. Thirdly, in all things he shall ask your advice to declare your opinion, as becometh a faithful councillor to do.

"MARY THE QUEEN."[2]

The day before the royal cortège departed for Winchester, the book containing the list of the queen's attendants was brought before the privy council, and carefully scanned by Gardiner and Arundel, when the following odd dialogue took place, whilst they were examining the list of the gentlemen-at-arms presented to them by the lieutenant, sir Humphrey Ratcliffe. When they came to the name of Edward Underhill, the Hot Gospeller, to whose journal this biography has been so much indebted,

"What doth he here?" said Arundel.

"Because he is an honest man; because he hath served queen Mary from the beginning, and fought so

[1] Martin's Chronicle.

[2] MS. Cott. Vesp., F. iii., f. 12. This document is entirely in Mary's hand. She styles her betrothed, *king*, by which she must mean, king of England, as the investiture of the kingdom of Naples had not taken place.

well for her at Wyatt's rebellion," answered sir Humphrey Radcliffe.

"Let him pass then," said Gardiner.

"He is an arch heretic; nevertheless," rejoined Arundel.[1]

The carriage which conveyed the queen's ladies on this bridal expedition, was a very droll vehicle, and redolent as it was with red paint, must have surpassed the splendour of a modern wild-beast show. It is graphically described in one of Mary's own royal orders, as follows:—

"We command you, on the sight hereof, to deliver to our well beloved Edmund Standon, clerk of our stable, one *waggon* of timber work, with wheels, axletrees, and benches; and fine red cloth to cover the said waggon, fringed with red silk, and lined with red buckram; the waggon to be painted outside with red; also collar, draughts, and harness of *red leather*. A hammercloth with our arms and badges of our colours; and all things pertaining to the said waggon; which is for the ladies and gentlewomen of our privy chamber."

The queen was at Windsor Castle when the tidings arrived, that don Philip and the combined fleets of England and Spain, amounting to one hundred and sixty sail, had made the port of Southampton, Friday, July 20th, after a favourable voyage from Corunna of but seven days.[2] The queen and her bridal retinue the next day set out for Winchester, where she had resolved her nuptials should be celebrated, not by the unfortunate Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, whose right it was to perform the ceremony; but by her prime minister, Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. She made her public entry into Winchester on Monday,[3] July 23rd, in the midst of a furious storm of rain and wind, and took up her abode in the episcopal palace, which had been prepared for her reception.

In the meantime, don Philip landed on the 20th of July. He was rowed on shore in a magnificent state barge, manned by twenty men, dressed in the queen's

[1] Strype's Memorials.

[2] Lingard, vol. vii., p. 172.

[3] The narrative of this marriage is from Ralph Brook, York Herald's Book of Precedents, printed from the MS. of sir Edward Dering, combined with the author's original translation from the Italian of Baoardo, printed at Venice, 1558.

liveries of green and white. The barge was lined with rich tapestry, and a seat was provided for the prince, covered with gold brocade. Mary had sent this vessel to meet her spouse, attended by twenty other barges, lined with striped cloth, which were to accommodate, with due regard to their several dignities, his Spanish officers of state. Among these, was more than one historical character; the duke of Alva (afterwards infamous for his cruelties to the protestants in the Netherlands) was the principal in rank, as Philip's major-domo.

When the prince ascended the stairs leading to the mole at Southampton, he found a deputation from the queen, and a great concourse of nobles and gentry waiting to receive him. He was immediately presented with the order of the garter, which was buckled below his knee, by the earl of Arundel, when he first set foot on English ground; he was likewise invested with a mantle of blue velvet, fringed with gold and pearl. The queen had sent by her master of horse, a beautiful genet for the prince's use, who immediately mounted it, and rode to the church of the Holy Rood, at Southampton, where he returned thanks for his safe voyage. From thence he was conducted to a very fine palace,[1] in which an apartment was prepared for him, with a canopy and chair of state of crimson velvet, gold and pearl. The room was hung with some of Henry VIII.'s best arras, figured with white and crimson, and gold flowers, and bordered with the titles of that monarch, in which the words "Defender of the Faith, and Head of the Church," seem to have made a remarkable impression on the minds of Philip's attendants.

The prince was dressed simply in black velvet; he wore a berret cap of the same, passamented with small gold chains; a little feather drooped on the right side. There are letters and descriptions extant, which wonderfully commend his beauty of face and figure; but his numerous original pictures do not bear out such assertions—his complexion being cane-coloured, his hair

[1] Supposed, by the learned historian of Winchester, to be Wolvesley Palace, belonging to that bishopric.

sandy and scanty—his eyes small, blue, and weak, with a gloomy expression of face, which is peculiarly odious in a person of very light complexion. A mighty volume of brain, although it sloped too much towards the top of the head, denoted, that this unpleasant-looking prince was a man of considerable abilities.

The following day being Friday, don Philip went to mass, accompanied by many English nobles, to whom he behaved courteously, and gave much satisfaction, excepting only, they remarked, that he never raised his berret-cap. The weather had set in with an incessant down-pouring of wet, such as an English July only is capable of. "It was a cruel rain," says the Italian narrator, "on the Saturday;" through which Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, came to welcome don Philip, accompanied by fifty gentlemen with rich gold chains about their necks, dressed in black velvet, passamented with gold, and a hundred other gentlemen in black cloth, barred with gold. The duchess of Alva landed in the evening, and was carried on shore in a chair of black velvet, borne by four of her gentlemen.

Don Philip despatched the next morning his grand chamberlain, don Ruy Gomez de Silva, with a magnificent offering of jewels, of the value of 50,000 ducats, as a present to his royal bride. That day being Sunday, after mass he dined in public, and was waited upon by his newly-appointed English officers of the household, to the great chagrin of his Spanish attendants, most of whom were, according to the marriage treaty, obliged to return with the Spanish fleet. Don Philip courted popularity; he told his new attendants in Latin, that he was come to live among them like an Englishman; and in proof thereof, drank some ale for the first time, which he gravely commended as the wine of the country.

In the midst of a "cruel wind and down-pouring rain" on the Monday morning, the royal bridegroom and his suite mounted their steeds, and set out in grand state and solemn cavalcade to Winchester, where the queen and her court were to meet them. The earl of Pembroke had arrived the same morning as their escort, with two hundred and fifty cavaliers, superbly mounted,

dressed in black velvet, and wearing heavy gold chains. A party of a hundred archers, with their bows, were mounted on horseback, dressed in yellow cloth, striped with red velvet, and wearing cordons of white and crimson silk, being the colours of the prince. Four thousand spectators, variously mounted, whom curiosity had brought together, closed the procession.

Don Philip was, as usual, dressed in black velvet; but, on account of the heavy rain, he wore over all a red felt cloak, and a large black hat. When the cavalcade had progressed about two miles from Southampton, the prince met a gentleman, riding post, who presented him with a small ring, as a token from the queen, and prayed him, in her name, to advance no further. Philip, who did not very well understand his language, and knew the violent resistance the English had made to his espousing their queen, apprehended immediately that she meant to warn him of some impending danger; and calling Alva and Egmont apart, drew up by the roadside, to consult them, in consternation; when an English lord, seeing there was some misapprehension, immediately said, in French, "Sire, our queen lovingly greets your highness, and has merely sent to say, that she hopes you will not commence your journey to Winchester in such dreadful weather."

When the prince rightly comprehended the queen's message, he gallantly resolved to persevere in his journey, and his line of march again moved forward on the Winchester road; but did not proceed far, before another cavalier was encountered, bearing a long white wand in his hand, who, addressing the prince, in Latin, informed him, that "he had the command of the county," and entreated his leave to perform his office. This being granted, the gentleman turned his horse, and raising his wand on high, and taking off his cap, preceded the cavalcade, the rain pouring on his bare head the whole way, though the prince repeatedly entreated him to be covered.[1] About a mile from Winchester, two

[1] Philip's progress to Winchester, so rich in curious costume, is furnished by the Italian eye-witness, Baoardo. The prince seems to have encountered the sheriff of Hampshire in this very reverential cavalier.

noblemen from the queen came to meet the prince, attended by six of the royal pages, attired in cloth of gold, and mounted on great Flemish coursers, trapped with the same.

Although Southampton is but ten miles from Winchester, the cavalcade moved with such Spanish gravity and deliberation, that it was between six and seven o'clock before don Philip arrived at the city gate. "Where," says the Italian narrator, "eight first-rate officials were stationed, clothed in scarlet gowns, who swore fidelity to the prince."

These worthies were no other than the mayor and aldermen of Winchester, who presented don Philip with the keys of the city, which he returned. "A great volley of artillery was shot off as he entered the city, and twelve persons from the queen, dressed in red, with gold on their breasts, (probably beefeaters,) conducted him to a palace, not very superbly ornamented." It was, indeed, the dean of Winchester's house, where Philip sojourned till after his marriage. There the prince altered his dress, and prepared for his interview with the queen. He wore hose and nether-stocks, of white and silver, and a superb black velvet robe, bordered with diamonds; thus attired he went direct to the cathedral, where Gardiner received him, in full pontificals, accompanied by many priests, singing *Te Deum;* and after prayers, conducted him through the cloisters, to the dean's house."

The queen's first interview with her affianced husband, took place that evening, about ten o'clock, when don Philip was conducted privately to the bishop's palace. Mary received him "right lovingly," and conversed with him familiarly in Spanish, for about half an hour, when he went back to the deanery.[1]

The queen held a grand court at three o'clock the next afternoon, when she gave don Philip a public audience. He came on foot from the deanery, attended by the lord high steward, the earl of Derby, and the earl of Pembroke, and some of his Spanish grandees, with their wives. He was dressed in black and silver,

[1] Ralph Brooke, York herald.

and adorned with the insignia of the garter. The royal minstrels met him, and played before him; and the people shouted, "God save your grace!" He was thus conducted in great state to the hall of the bishop's palace, where the queen advanced as far as the entrance, to receive him, and kissed him in presence of the whole multitude. She led him to the presence chamber, where they both stood under the canopy of state, and conversed together before all the courtiers. At even-song he withdrew from the presence chamber, and attended service at the cathedral, from whence he was conducted by torch-light to his residence at the deanery.[1]

The morrow, being the 25th of July, and the festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, had been appointed for the royal nuptials. A raised causeway, covered with red serge, leading to two thrones in the choir, had been prepared for the marriage procession. Queen Mary walked on foot from the episcopal palace, attended by her principal nobility and ladies—her train being borne by her cousin, Margaret Douglas, assisted by the chamberlain, sir John Gage. She met her bridegroom in the choir, and they took their seats in the chairs of state, an altar being erected between them. Gardiner came in great state, assisted by Bonner, bishop of London, and the bishops of Durham, Chichester, Lincoln, and Ely, with their crosiers borne before them.

Philip was attended to the altar by sixty Spanish grandees and cavaliers, among whom were Alva, Medina, Egmont, and Pescara. He was dressed in a robe of rich brocade, bordered with large pearls and diamonds; his trunk hose were of white satin, worked with silver. He wore a collar of beaten gold, full of inestimable diamonds, at which hung the jewel of the golden fleece; at his knee was the garter, studded with beautiful coloured gems.

The ceremony was preceded by a solemn oration, from Figueroa, regent of Naples, who declared—"that his imperial master, Charles V., having contracted a marriage between the queen of England and his chief jewel, being his son and heir, Philip, prince of Spain, in order to make the parties equal, had resigned his kingdom of

[1] Baoardo, collated with the York herald.

Naples, so that queen Mary married a king, and not a prince." Figueroa then asked, in a loud voice, "if there were any persons who knew any lawful impediment between the contracting parties; if so, they might then come forth, and be heard." The marriage, which was both in Latin and English, proceeded, till it came to the part of the ceremony where the bride is given. The question was then asked, and it seems to have been a puzzling one, not provided for—"Who was to give her?" When the marquis of Winchester, the earls of Derby, Bedford, and Pembroke, came forward, and gave her in the name of the whole realm. Upon which the people gave a great shout, and prayed God to send them joy. The wedding ring was laid on the book, to be hallowed. Some discussion had previously taken place in council, regarding this ring, which the queen decided, by declaring she would not have it adorned with gems, "for she chose to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold, like any other maiden." King Philip laid on the book three handfuls of fine gold coins, and some silver ones.[1] When the lady Margaret Douglas saw this, she opened the queen's purse, and her majesty was observed to smile on her, as she put the bridal gold within it.

Directly the hand of queen Mary was given to king Philip, the earl of Pembroke advanced, and carried a sword of state before the bridegroom, which he had hitherto kept out of sight. The royal pair returned hand in hand from the high altar. They seated themselves again in their chairs of state, where they remained till mass was concluded and their titles proclaimed in Latin and English; after which, sops and wine[2] were hallowed and served to them, of which they partook, and all their noble attendants. Don Philip then took

[1] The York herald only mentions the gold; the Italian narrator adds the silver, which was no doubt correct, as in the catholic ritual, to this day, the bridegroom presents the bride with gold and silver money. It is the York herald who has preserved the little by-scene between the queen and her cousin.

[2] The Italian says, biscuits and ipocras; he adds, that the bridegroom gave the queen the "kiss of peace" after the ceremony, "such being the custom of England;" but this salute was in all probability given to the bishop.

the queen's hand, and led her to the episcopal palace; both walked, when they returned from their marriage, under one canopy. The queen always took the right hand. The ceremonial in the cathedral lasted from eleven in the morning till three in the afternoon.

The queen was dressed at her marriage in the French style, in a robe richly brocaded on a gold ground, with a long train splendidly bordered with pearls and diamonds of great size. The large re-bras sleeves were turned up with clusters of gold set with pearls and diamonds. Her chaperon or coif was bordered with two rows of large diamonds. The close gown, or kirtle, worn beneath the robe was of white satin, wrought with silver. On her breast the queen wore that remarkable diamond of inestimable value, sent to her as a gift by king Philip whilst he was still in Spain, by the marquis de Los Naves. So far, the dress was in good taste, but the accession of scarlet shoes and brodequins, and a black velvet scarf, added to this costume by the royal bride, can scarcely be considered improvements. The chair on which queen Mary sat is still shewn at Winchester cathedral, and report says it was a present from Rome, and was blessed by the pope.

The hall of the episcopal palace in which the bridal banquet was spread, was hung with arras striped with gold and silk, it had a stately dais raised at the upper end, ascended by four steps. The seats for queen Mary and her spouse were placed on this, under one canopy, before which their dinner table was set. Below the dais were spread various tables, where the queen's ladies, the Spanish grandees, their wives, and the English nobility were feasted. Bishop Gardiner dined at the royal table, which was served with plate of solid gold; and a cupboard of nine stages full of gold vases and silver dishes was placed full in view, for ornament rather than use. In a gallery opposite, was placed a band of admirable musicians, who played a sweet concert till four heralds entered, attired in their regal mantles; and between the first and second courses pronounced a congratulatory Latin oration in the name of the realm, likewise an exordium in praise of holy matrimony. The

Winchester boys had written Latin epithalamiums which they recited, and were rewarded by the queen. After the banquet, king Philip returned thanks to the lords of the privy council and the other English nobility, and the queen spoke very graciously to the Spanish grandees and their noble ladies in their own language. The tables were taken up at six o'clock, and dancing commenced, but the whole gay scene concluded at nine o'clock, when the queen and king Philip retired from the ball.

While these grand state festivals were proceeding, private grudges and quarrels were going forward among her majesty's protestant and catholic attendants. The Hot Gospeller, Mr. Edward Underhill, whose lively journal gives the best idea of the interior of the palace during the reign of our first queen-regnant, was on duty in her presence chamber at Winchester, and performed his office of assisting in carrying up the dishes at the wedding banquet. He never chose to give up his post of guarding her person, though his adversary, Norreys, who was promoted to the place of queen's usher, again renewed his persecutions. A day or two after the royal marriage, Norreys came from his station at the door of the queen's private sitting room into the presence chamber, when the gentlemen-at-arms all made reverence to him, as his place required. He fixed his eyes on Edward Underhill, and asked him "What he did there?"

"Marry, sir!" replied the undaunted protestant, "what do you do here?"

"You are very short with me," observed Norreys.

"I will forbear," rejoined Underhill, "out of respect for the place you be in; if you were of the outer chamber, I would be shorter with you. You were the door-keeper when we waited at the queen's table. Your office is not to find fault with me for doing my duty. I am at this time appointed to serve her majesty by those who are in authority under her, who know me well."

"They shall know you better," returned his foe, "and the queen also."

Mr. Calvely, one of Underhill's comrades, brother to sir John Calvely of Cheshire, then interposed, saying—

"In good faith, Mr. Norreys, you do not well; this gentleman, our fellow, hath served queen Mary a long time; he has been ever ready to venture his life in her service, and at the last troubles was as forward as any one to guard her. He is now appointed at very great charges (as we all are) to serve her again. Methinks you do more than the part of a gentleman to seek to discharge him."

"Ye all hold together," growled Norreys.

"Else were we worse than beasts!" retorted Calvely.

And Master Norreys retreated, grumbling, to his post at the queen's door. If he ever carried his threats into execution of telling tales to her majesty of the valiant Hot Gospeller, it is certain that he never succeeded in injuring him.

The Spanish fleet sailed for the coast of Flanders the next day, having first landed eighty genets belonging to don Philip, of such perfect beauty that they could not be surpassed. A great number of Spaniards, to the amount of four thousand, who had intended to land in England with don Philip, were extremely disappointed at finding that their presence was forbidden in the island by the queen's marriage articles. Four or five hundred persons, among whom were a number of fools and buffoons belonging to the suites of the grandees of high rank immediately attending on don Philip, were permitted, however, to come on shore. This was the sole Spanish force that accompanied the queen's bridegroom.

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Queen Mary and her bridegroom visit Basing House—Leave Winchester for Windsor—Mary's interview with Elizabeth at Hampton Court—Opens parliament—Cardinal Pole received by the queen—They reconcile England with the pope—Queen's tournament and Christmas festivals—Her dreadful illness—Disappointment of offspring—Horrible persecutions—Continued illness of the queen—Scandals regarding king Philip—His departure from England—Queen's wretched state of health—Plots and disturbances—Mary pardons lord Bray at the suit of his lady—Mary visits her sister at Hatfield—Gives a fête and concert to Elizabeth at Richmond—Return of king Philip—Queen declares war with France—Philip again leaves England—Battle of St. Quintin—Dispute with king Philip regarding Elizabeth's marriage—Queen's letter to him—Philip sends to her his cousin the duchess of Lorraine—Queen Mary's jealousy and anger—She cuts to pieces the portrait of Philip—Declining health—Her personal appearance—Portraits—Loss of Calais—Her words concerning it—Intermittent fever—Her messages to Elizabeth—To cardinal Pole—Her death—Embalmed—Lies in state in St. James's chapel—Stately funeral—Requiem in Brussels cathedral—Will—Charities—Desires that her mother should be buried by her—Her motto.

Queen Mary and her spouse went to Basing House the morning after their marriage, and were splendidly entertained there by the lord treasurer Paulet, marquis of Winchester. They finally left Winchester within a week of her marriage, and went to Windsor Castle, where a grand festival of the Garter was held on Sunday, August 5th, in celebration of the admission of king Philip to the order. The following Tuesday was devoted to a species of hunting little practised in England: toils were

raised in Windsor Forest four miles in length, and a great number of deer slaughtered. The queen and her spouse removed to Richmond Palace, August the 9th, and stayed there till the 27th, when they embarked on the Thames, and rowed in great pomp to Southwark, where they landed at Gardiner's palace, and passing through Southwark Park to Suffolk Place, once the pleasant residence of Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, they sojourned there for the night.[1]

At noon, next day, they crossed London Bridge on horseback, attended by a stately retinue of English nobles and Spanish grandees. They were received in the city with the usual display of pageantry; among which the circumstance most noted was, that a figure representing Henry VIII. held a book, as if in act of presentation to the queen, on which was inscribed "Verbum Dei." The queen was offended, and the words were obliterated so hastily with a painting brush, that the fingers of the figure were wiped out with them.

Philip brought over a quantity of bullion sufficient to fill ninety-seven chests, each chest being a yard and a quarter long. This treasure was piled on twenty carts; it was displayed with some ostentation on this occasion, in progress to the Tower to be coined. The citizens were much pleased with this replenishment to the exhausted and depreciated currency.

The queen, after holding her court at Whitehall, dismissed for a time the crowds of English nobility and gentry, who had assembled from all parts of the country to celebrate her marriage. It was the death of the duke of Norfolk which interrupted the nuptial festivities, since Mary ordered a court mourning for him,[2] "because," adds Heylin, "she loved him entirely." On occasion of this mourning she retired to Hampton Court, where she remained for some time in profound retirement with her husband. Here an important change took place in the customs of English royalty which gave mortal offence to the people. "Formerly," murmured the populace, "the gates of the palace where

[1] Holingshed.

[2] Heylin's Reformation, p. 209.

the royal family resided were set open all day long, and our princes lived in public; but since the Spanish wedlock, Hampton Court gates are closed, and every man must give an account of his errand before entering."

It is a point of no little difficulty to ascertain the precise time when queen Mary was reconciled to her sister, since the whole tenour of the facts, and the chronological arrangement in which they are cast by general history, are totally at variance.

The difficulty seems to have arisen from Fox's assertion, that Elizabeth continued in hard durance, one twelvemonth longer than she really did. Recent discoveries indubitably prove that Mary permitted her sister to appear in state at the festivities of the ensuing Christmas of 1554. It is extremely improbable that such a step was taken previously to the private reconciliation of the royal sisters. We therefore venture to suggest that the following dialogue took place between queen Mary and the princess Elizabeth, at Hampton Court, in the autumn of 1554, instead of the spring of 1555, as usually asserted.

Queen Mary received the princess Elizabeth, who had been brought under a strong guard from Woodstock, in her bedchamber at Hampton Court, at ten o'clock at night. When the princess entered the queen's presence, she fell on her knees, and protested, with streaming eyes and in earnest language, her truth and loyalty to her sovereign majesty, let whosoever assert the contrary. Queen Mary replied, somewhat sharply—

"You will not confess your offence, I see, but rather stand stoutly on your truth. I pray God your truth may become manifest!"

"If it is not," said the princess, "I will look for neither favour nor pardon at your majesty's hands."

"Well, then," said the queen, "you stand so stiffly on your truth, belike you have been wrongfully punished?"

"I must not say so to your majesty," replied Elizabeth.

"But you will report so to others, it seemeth," rejoined Mary.

"No, an' please your majesty," replied the princess.

"I have borne, and must bear, the burden thereof; but I humbly beseech your grace's good opinion of me, as I am, and ever have been, your majesty's true subject."

The queen turned away with a half soliloquy in Spanish,—uttering, audibly, "God knoweth!"[1]

If the intercepted correspondence between Elizabeth and the French ambassador was at that moment in Mary's thoughts, she could scarcely say less. The story goes, that king Philip had interceded for Elizabeth; that he caused her to be sent for, that she might partake the marriage festivities, and that he was during this interview hidden behind the tapestry, to prevent his wife's harsh treatment of her sister. But those who know how eagerly the Spanish ambassador sought Elizabeth's life the preceding spring, will find some difficulty in believing that Philip was a better friend to her than the queen.[2]

The interview amicably terminated between the sisters, for the queen put on Elizabeth's finger a costly ring, as a pledge of amity; and Leti[3] adds, that she said impressively, "Whether you be guilty or innocent, I forgive you." The queen had given a ring at her accession, as a token to recall their love, if Elizabeth ever stood in danger. Elizabeth had sent it to her in the hour of her distress, at Whitehall. Mary had probably retained it till this instant.

The queen recommended sir Thomas Pope to her sister, as comptroller of her household. She mentioned him as a person of humanity, prudence, and altogether of such qualities as would render her home pleasant and happy; and the sequel proved that the queen really placed about her sister no gaoler, but a man of honour and good feelings. Whenever this celebrated interview took place, it is certain that, although most trying circumstances afterwards occurred, owing to Elizabeth's

[1] Fox, who implies that he had the incident from Elizabeth herself; likewise Heywood's Elizabeth.

[2] See the whole tenour of Renaud's Despatches, Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii.

[3] Gregorio Leti's life of queen Elizabeth, written from manuscripts in possession of Lord Aylesbury, reign of Charles II.

own imprudence in listening to fortunetellers,[1] and two or three dangerous plots were concocted among her servants, yet she never lost the privilege of access to her sister, or was again put under restraint.

The meeting of Mary's third parliament, Nov. 11, drew her from her autumnal retirement to her palace of Whitehall. Her procession to open it was an equestrian one of peculiar splendour. King Philip rode by her side, wearing his berret cap and black velvet doublet. A sword of state was borne before each, in token of their independent sovereignties. The queen was mounted on a trained courser, whose ample chest was decorated with rosettes and bands of gems, while a housing of cloth of gold descended below the saddle-step. The attitude of her equestrian portraits proves that she rode on the bench-side saddle, although Catherine de Medicis had already introduced the pommelled one now in use. She wore a small coif, a band of the most costly jewels passed over her head and clasped under the chin; the Spanish mantilla veil hung in broad lappets from the crown of her head to her waist. Her dress opened from the throat to the chest, with a very small ruff, called a partlet;[2] it shewed a carcanet of jewels round the throat, connected with a splendid owche and pear pearl, fastened on the chest. The sleeves slashed, and moderately full towards the elbow, were gathered at the wrist into ruffles and jewelled bracelets. The corsage of the dress, tight and tapering, was girt at the waist with a cordeliere of gems. The skirt of the robe was open from the waist, but closed at pleasure by aglets, or clasps, studded with jewels. Such was the riding dress of ladies of rank[3] before the monstrous farthingale was introduced, even on horseback.

[1] Tytler's State Papers, Edward and Mary, vol. ii. The curious letter and examination of Dr. Dee and other conjurers, for visiting Elizabeth, and casting her nativity and that of the queen and Philip, which will be dwelt on in her succeeding biography. Dee suffered confinement as a coadjutor of Parker and other conspirators, servants of Elizabeth.

[2] Called so, because it parted the little round face-ruff, which could be opened or closed at pleasure with aglets, or hooks and eyes.

[3] Mary is thus represented on her great seal. Mr. Planché has given an equestrian figure of her, in some respects similar; a picture of Marguerite of Savoy, daughter of Francis I., is still at Versailles, in costume alike in some particulars.

The queen was extremely urgent with her parliament to restore the lands which had been seized by her father from the church, and distributed among the partisans of his measures. Had the English parliaments been as firm in the defence of the protestant faith, and of the lives of their fellow-creatures, as they were of these ill-gotten goods, the annals of the first queen-regnant would have been clear of all stain of persecution. But the reckless facility with which they passed laws for burning their protestant fellow-subjects, forms a strong contrast to their earnestness, when a hint glanced against the mammon they really worshipped; many struck their hands on their swords, affirming, with oaths, "that they would never part with their abbey lands while they could wield a weapon." Which resolution being told the queen, she said, "she must content herself with setting them a good example, by devoting the lands she found in possession of the crown to the support of learning, and the relief of the most destitute poor." Her council represented, that if she gave these revenues away, she could not support the splendour of her crown. She replied—

"That she preferred the peace of her conscience to ten such crowns as England."[1]

Mary knew that cardinal Pole was on his way to England, with authority from pope Julius to reconcile the country to the see of Rome. He likewise brought a bull, confirming these worshippers of their own interest in possession of their spoils. She had sent her trusty knight, sir Edward Hastings, who was the cardinal's nephew, as his escort to England, accompanied by lord Paget. Sir William Cecil, (afterwards lord Burleigh,) attached himself as a volunteer agent on this mission of inviting the papal supremacy into this country.[2]

[1] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii., p. 296. The chronology of this event has been misstated. It must have occurred before the publication of pope Julius III.'s politic confirmation of the monastic grants to their holders, proclaimed by cardinal Pole, on his arrival, because the queen would not have contested the pope's behest, after it was made known.

[2] See the curious discoveries of Mr. Tytler, in his researches at the State Paper Office, Edward and Mary, occupying the latter part of the last volume.

Thus affording an additional instance to the many furnished by history, that leaders of persecutions have been almost invariably renegades. But the ardent aspirations of this man of many religions for office were utterly slighted by queen Mary, for which he bore her memory a burning grudge.

The queen bestowed on cardinal Pole every mark of honour, on his arrival in England. He came by water from Gravesend; and fixing the large silver cross, emblem of his legantine authority, in the prow of his state barge, its progress was surveyed with mixed emotions by the citizens, who lined the banks of the Thames as he was rowed to Whitehall. Bishop Gardiner received him at the water-gate, king Philip at the principal entrance, and the queen herself at the head of the stairs.

Festivities on a grand scale succeeded his arrival. A tournament was held—the last in England—which was attended by royal and noble foreigners. It was published in the queen's presence chamber,[1] to take place November 25, 1554. Her majesty distributed the prizes with her own hand; and king Philip was one of the combatants. The first prize Mary gave was for the best armour and the most gallant entry. King Philip was pronounced only second best in this case; and the queen bestowed her prize of a rich owche on Don Frederic de Toledo. The candidates for the sword prize are thus described:—"Sir George Howard (brother to the unfortunate queen Katharine Howard) fought very well; don Adrian Garcias better; and sir John Perrot best of all; and to him the queen gave in reward a ring set with a fine diamond.

Public report insisted that sir John Perrot was the queen's half brother. He was a knight of gigantic stature, and bore a strong resemblance to Henry VIII. He was a noted character in the reign of Elizabeth. At the pike in rank, Thomas Percy (afterwards restored by queen Mary, as seventh earl of Northumberland) acquitted himself right valiantly; don Carlo di Sanguine, with better fortune: but don Ruy Gomez best of

[1] Strawberry-hill MS., from Harleian collection.

all; and to him the queen's majesty gave a ring. The last course was a tourney with the foil. Lord William Howard, the high admiral, fought with high commendation; the marquis of Torre Mayore exceeded him; but king Philip surpassed all; to whom queen Mary gave, nothing loth, the prize of a diamond ring.

The queen was extremely ill on the day she had appointed to introduce the mission of cardinal Pole to parliament; and as she could not go, as usual, to Westminster, she was forced to take the privileges of an invalid, and convene her peers and commons in her great presence chamber, at the palace of Whitehall. Here she was carried to her throne, attended by all her ladies.[1] King Philip was seated under the same canopy, but at the queen's left hand. A seat of dignity was placed for the cardinal at the queen's right hand, but at a due distance from the royal canopy.

The lord chancellor Gardiner commenced the business of the day with this quaint address:—

"My lords of the upper house, and my *maisters* of the nether house here present, the right reverend father in God, my lord cardinal Pole, legate *a latere*, is come from the apostolic see of Rome as ambassador to the king and queen's majesties, upon one of the weightiest causes that ever happened in this realm. Which ambassade (their majesties' pleasure is) to be signified by his own mouth, you giving attentive and inclinable ears to his grace, who is now ready to declare the same."

Cardinal Pole then stood up, and, in a speech of considerable length and eloquence, recapitulated his own sufferings and exile; and with the ingenuity of a great barrister pleading a cause, uttered everything that could be urged in favour of the Roman-catholic side of the question. He mentioned the queen with emotion; declaring "the time was when, on her grace's part, there was nothing but despair; for numbers conspired against her, and policies devised to destroy her right; yet she, a virgin, helpless and unarmed, prevailed and had the victory; and her faith, like a lamp assaulted by adverse winds, through a dark and stormy night, yet kept alight, to the hopes of many, and now shed a bright radiance." In the course of the speech, the cardinal hinted that he

[1] Holingshed and Grafton.

had power from pope Julius III. to absolve the English, without previous restitution of the church lands distributed by Henry VIII.

The immediate consequence of this understanding was, that the houses of parliament, by general consent,[1] prepared a petition to the throne, praying for reconciliation with the see of Rome.

The next morning the queen, her ladies, king Philip, and the cardinal, took their places as before, when the peers and commons, led by Gardiner, again entered the presence chamber, and presented the petition of parliament to the royal pair. Philip and Mary rose, and doing reverence to the cardinal, delivered this petition to him; who received it with glad emotion at their hands. He addressed a few words of thanks to God, and then ordered his commission from the pope to be read aloud. This ended, the peers and commons fell on their knees, and the cardinal pronounced solemnly his absolution and benediction. The whole assembly then followed the queen and her spouse to St. Stephen's chapel, where *Te Deum* was sung, which ended the ceremony.

Queen Mary was struck with a relapse of illness during this solemnity, so agitating to her. She, however, trusted that her indisposition was owing to her situation, which promised (she persuaded herself) an heir to her crown.

Her health rallied sufficiently to permit her appearance at the Christmas festival, which was kept with more than usual splendour, on account of her marriage and the reconciliation to Rome.

Just at this time the queen expressed her willingness to pardon sir John Cheke, if Gardiner would permit her. His offence was not a small one, for he had writ-

[1] Parl. History, vol. iii., p. 322, from which, with George Ferrers for costume, this singular scene is taken. The proportion of the protestants to the catholics in England, in the reign of Edward VI., is thus mentioned in a confidential letter of lord Paget to the protector Somerset, July 7th, 1549:—"The use of the old religion is forbidden by law, and the use of the new is not yet printed in the stomachs of eleven or twelve parts of the realm, what countenance soever men make outwardly, to please them in whom they see the power resteth." Strype's Records, vol. xi., p. 110.

ten the letter from the council, which branded the queen with illegitimacy in the coarsest terms, and tauntingly advised her to offer her homage to queen Jane. It was the office of sir William Cecil to write all letters of council, but he shifted this on poor sir John Cheke, with a dexterity on which he afterwards greatly plumed himself.[1]

In one of sir John Cheke's application letters to Gardiner, from Padua, dated December, 1554,[2] he makes use of these words:—"I hear queen Mary's noble highness, pitying the extreme state of my case, hath referred unto your lordship to take order in my matters, after what sort your lordship listeth. Therefore, all now lieth in your hand, that either of this endless misery you may ease me, or else cast me into extreme beggary. I envy not others to whom the queen's grace was merciful, but I crave the same mercy in a like cause."

The festivities on Christmas eve were peculiarly splendid; here it was evident that the reconciliation was so complete between the queen and her sister Elizabeth, that this princess was not only permitted to join in them, but to take her place at the banquet, as the heir presumptive of the realm.[3] The great hall of the palace was lighted with a thousand lamps of various colours artificially disposed. Here queen Mary, her husband, and a splendid assembly of English, Flemish,

[1] See his curious narrative, published in Tytler's State Papers, 2nd vol., Edward and Mary.

[2] Nugæ Antiqua, by sir John Harrington.

[3] Both Miss Aiken and Mr. Pyne, with several preceding authors, suppose this Christmas festival to have taken place at Hampton Court; but the minute diary of Holingshed (furnished by George Ferrers, an eye-witness) of the occupations of the splendid court that surrounded Mary and Philip at this very time, proves that the scene *must* have been at Whitehall Palace, or the Whitehall presence chamber at Westminster Palace. This contemporary statement is confirmed by a MS., printed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry-hill, where it is evident the great passage-of-arms mentioned here was proclaimed at Westminster, in the queen's chamber, and that it took place, *not* at *Hampton*, but Westminster. This likewise proves, by analogy, that the celebrated interview of reconciliation between queen Mary and her sister, *must* have previously taken place, during the bridal retirement of the former, at Hampton Court, in the autumn of 1554. Is it not an absurdity to suppose, that Elizabeth appeared in public in her place, and was treated with distinction as second royal personage in England, *before* the reconciliation with the queen?

and Spanish nobles, supped. The princess Elizabeth sat at the same table with her sister, *next* the royal canopy, called by the chronicler the cloth of estate. Elizabeth likewise was present at the grand tourney that took place five days afterwards, according to the proclamation the queen had made on the arrival of the prince of Savoy.

The earl of Devonshire had been released from Fotheringay Castle, and was introduced at court, with the honours due to his rank, at these Christmas festivities. He expressed a wish to travel, that he might improve his mind, and was offered by the queen an honourable introduction to the emperor's court.[1] His flight from the battle of Charing Cross, conduct unheard of in the annals of his race, perhaps made his residence at the English court unpleasant to him; want of physical courage being deemed a greater disgrace than all the murders and treasons committed by his great-uncle, Richard III.

Queen Mary's court, at this season, was the resort of men whose undying names fill the history of that stirring century, whose renown, either for good or evil, is familiar in memory as household words. There met together, in the palace halls of St. James or Whitehall, the ministers or victims of Philip II.'s long career of vigorous tyranny, while they were yet in early manhood, just starting for their devious course of life. There appeared, in all the grace of manly beauty, Alva the Terrific, whose fine person disguised a disposition of demoniac cruelty, afterwards exercised on the unfortunate protestants of the Low Countries: by his side was the magnificent Fleming, Count Egmont, and his fellow patriot, count Horne, afterwards the resisters and victims of the cruelties and despotism with which Philip and Alva desolated the protestant cities of Flanders. There might be seen, then a youthful gallant, a contender in

[1] He left England in the spring of 1555. An affectionate letter is extant from him to queen Mary, giving her an account of his interview with the emperor in Flanders. It appears the Courtenays possessed a seat at Kew, for the mother of Courtenay dated her letters to her son from that place.

tournaments for ladies' smiles and royal prizes, the grandee Ruy Gomez, afterwards the celebrated prime minister of Spain; and, as if to complete the historic group, there arrived soon after Philibert Emanuel, duke of Savoy, the suitor of Elizabeth, and the future conqueror at St. Quintin. Last and greatest, came that illustrious prince of Orange, who wrested Holland from the grasp of Philip II. The queen sent her lord privy seal to welcome the princes of Savoy and Orange, at Gravesend; and they came through London bridge, to Whitehall, in the royal barges, and landed at Whitehall palace, January 9th, 1555,[1] where brilliant festivities were at that moment held.

All this splendour soon closed in the darkest gloom. The queen's health had been sinking since November set in; yet, inspired by her illusive hopes of offspring, she kept up her spirits with more than usual energy. She was carried to her throne in the house of lords, January 16th, for the purpose of dissolving parliament, when she went through the ceremony of sceptring[2] those demoniac acts passed by her third parliament, which let loose the fiends of persecution over her country. A singular act was likewise passed, declaring it treason to pray publicly for her death, which it seems was done in some meetings of protestants; but a clause was added, probably by her desire, that if penitence was expressed, the parties were only to be obnoxious to minor punishment, awarded by their judge.[3]

The two houses had joined in a petition to Philip, requesting, that if it should happen to the queen otherwise than well in her travail, he would take upon him the government of the realm, during the minority of her child, with its guardianship. Lord Paget had raised an objection to this measure, but the friends of Philip declared, he had protested on his honour, that he would resign the government when his child came of age. "Ay," replied Paget, "but should he not, who is to

[1] Holingshed, whose chronicle is drawn from the narrative of an eye witness, George Ferrers, master of the revels to Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth.

[2] Parl. Hist., vol. iii., p. 332. For her illness, see Holingshed.

[3] Parl. Hist., p. 331.

sue the bond?"—a witticism taken extremely ill by the king and queen. But the act was passed, notwithstanding lord Paget's opposition, and it certainly threw great power into the hands of Philip, during the queen's long illness.

Her hope of bringing offspring, was utterly delusive; the increase of her figure was but symptomatic of dropsy, attended by a complication of the most dreadful disorders which can afflict the female frame, under which every faculty of mind and body sunk, for many months. At this time commenced that horrible persecution of the protestants, which has stained her name to all futurity. But if eternal obloquy was incurred by the half-dead queen, what is the due of the parliaments which legalized the acts of cruelty committed in her name? Shall we call the house of lords *bigotted*, when its majority, which legalized this wickedness, were composed of the same individuals which had planted, very recently, the protestant church of England?[1] Surely not, for the term implies honest, though wrong-headed, attachment to *one* religion. Shall we suppose, that the land lay groaning under the iron sway of a standing army; or, that the Spanish bridegroom had introduced foreign forces? But reference to facts will prove, that even Philip's household servants were sent back, with his fleet; and a few valets, fools, and fiddlers, belonging to the grandees, his bridesmen, were all the forces permitted to land—no very formidable band to Englishmen. The queen had kept her word rigorously, in declaring, that no alteration should be made in religion, without universal consent. Three times in two years had she sent the house of commons back to their constituents; although they were most compliant in

[1] The house of lords, in the 16th century, was composed of fewer members than our present queen's privy council. A numerous legislative nobility, it may be inferred, from the history of the Tudors, is far more favourable to civil and religious liberty. Many of the haughty ancient nobility, who controlled the crown in the preceding age, were cut off by Henry VIII., and their places supplied by *parvenues*, the menial servants of the royal household, raised by caprice, whose fathers had been mace-bearers to lord-mayors, heralds, lower limbs of the law, &c., proper candidates for the lower house, if they won their way by ability, but awkward members of a house of peers, then amounting to but fifty laymen.

every measure relative to her religion. If she had bribed one parliament, why did she not keep it sitting during her short reign? If her parliaments had been honest as herself, her reign would have been the pride of her country, instead of its reproach; because, if they had done their duty, in guarding their fellow-creatures from bloody penal laws regarding religion, the queen, by her first regal act, in restoring the ancient free constitution of the great Plantagenets, had put it out of the power of her government to take furtive vengeance on *any* individual who opposed it. She had exerted all the energy of her great eloquence, to impress on the minds of her judges, that they were to sit as "indifferent umpires between herself and her people." She had no standing army, to awe parliaments—no rich civil list, to bribe them. By restoring the great estates of the Howard, the Percy, and many other victims of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.'s regency; by giving back the revenues of the plundered bishoprics, and the church lands, possessed by the crown, she reduced herself to poverty as complete as the most enthusiastic lover of freedom could desire. But her personal expenditure was extremely economical, and she successfully struggled with poverty, till her husband involved England in a French war.

The fact, of whether the torpid and half-dead queen was the instigator of a persecution, the memory of which curdles the blood with horror, at this distance of time, is a question of less moral import, at the present day, than a clear analyzation of the evil with which selfish interests had infected the legislative powers of our country. It was in vain that Mary almost abstained from creation of peers, and restored the ancient custom of annual parliaments;[1] the majority of the persons composing the houses of peers and commons were dishonest, indifferent to all religions, and willing to establish the most opposing rituals, so that they might retain their grasp on the accursed thing with which their very souls were corrupted—for corrupted they were, though not by the unfortunate queen. The church lands, with which

[1] Drake's Parliamentary History.

Henry VIII. had bribed his aristocracy, titled and untitled, into co-operation with his enormities, both personal and political, had induced national depravity.

The leaders of the Marian persecution, Gardiner and Bonner, were of the apostate class of persecutors. "Flesh bred in murder," they had belonged to the government of Henry VIII., which sent the zealous Roman-catholic and the pious protestant to the same stake. For the sake of worldly advantage, either of ambition or gain, Gardiner and Bonner had, for twenty years, promoted the burning or quartering of the advocates of papal supremacy; they now turned with the tide, and burnt with the same degree of conscientiousness the opposers of papal supremacy.

The persecution appears to have been greatly aggravated by the caprice of the private vengeance of these prelates, for a great legalist of our times, who paid unprejudiced attention to the facts, has thus summed up the case:—"Of fourteen bishoprics, the catholic prelates used their influence so successfully, as altogether to prevent bloodshed in nine, and to reduce it within limits in the remaining five. Bonner, 'whom all generations shall call bloody,' raged so furiously in the diocese of London, as to be charged with burning half the martyrs in the kingdom."[1]

Cardinal Pole, the queen's relative and familiar friend, declined all interference with these horrible executions: he considered his vocation was the reformation of manners; he used to blame Gardiner, for his reliance on the arm of flesh, and was known to rescue from Bonner's crowded piles of martyrs the inhabitants of his own district.[2] It is more probable that the queen's private opinion leant to her cousin, who had retained the religion she loved unchanged, than to Gardiner, who had been its persecutor; but Gardiner was armed with the legislative powers of the kingdom, unworthy as its time-serving legislators were to exercise them. Yet all ought not to be included in one sweeping censure: a noble minority of good men, disgusted at the detestable penal

[1] Hist. of England, by sir James Mackintosh, vol. ii., p. 328.
[2] Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, vol. ii.

laws which lighted the torturing fires for the protestants, seceded bodily from the house of commons, after vainly opposing them. This glorious band, for the honour of human nature, was composed of catholics as well as protestants; it was headed by the great legalist, serjeant Plowden,[1] a catholic so firm, as to refuse the chancellorship, when persuaded to take it by queen Elizabeth, because he would not change his religion. This secession is the first indication of a principle of merciful toleration to be found among any legislators in England. Few were the numbers of these good men,[2] and long it was before their principles gained ground. For truly the world had not made sufficient advance in Christian civilization at that time to recognise any virtue in religious toleration.

One of Mary's earliest cares had been to provide a series of orthodox masses for the soul of her father; and for this purpose she wished to appropriate certain rectorial tithes belonging to Kendal church, then in posses-

[1] When Francis Plowden published his History of Ireland, sir Philip Musgrave entered into some strictures on it. He was answered by the author, who quoted a letter of queen Elizabeth, offering the chancellorship to his ancestor, if he would abjure his religion. Fuller, our church historian, a man as honest as himself, is enthusiastic in the praise of this noble-minded lawyer, who is, perhaps, a still finer specimen of human nature than sir Thomas More himself, since he was so far in advance of his age, as to have understood that religious toleration was a virtue. Camden, another honest man, speaks with delight of Plowden. "How excellent a medley is made," says he, "when honesty and ability meet in a man of his profession!" He was treasurer of the Temple in 1572, when that magnificent hall was builded, he being a great advancer thereof. His monument is to be seen in the Temple church close by, at the north-east of the choir, lying along, with his hands in the attitude of supplication; he is represented in his coif and gown, and a little ruff about his neck. He died Feb. 6, 1584.

[2] They were thirty-seven in number. See Parliamentary History vol. iii., 333, where the names of all these intrepid members of parliament may be read. Good Christians they were, though different denominations of religion were found in their ranks. Some of their descendants are catholics to this day, as the Plowdens; some are protestants of our church, as the descendants of Rous, member for Dunwich. The humane seceders from parliament were punished for the desertion of their seats by fine, imprisonment, and other Star-chamber inflictions, and, (what does not appear so very unreasonable,) by *loss of their parliamentary wages*. The secession took place twice. Sir Edward Coke has preserved some particulars relating to it;—he was the last man who would have followed such an example.

sion of the crown. She consulted her ecclesiastic confidants on the matter; but they assured her that the pope would never permit the endowments of a parish to be appropriated to the assistance of so determined an enemy of the church as Henry VIII. She, in the hope that her father's soul was not wholly beyond the reach of intercession, presented the advowson to a college he had re-founded at Cambridge, saying, "that as his benefaction to this college was the best thing he had done for himself, the best thing she could do, to shew her duty, was to augment its revenues for his sake."[1] Among the popular accusations against Mary, is a very terrible one, no other than that she instigated an ecclesiastical council to exhume her father's bones, to be burnt for heresy. At the very time Mary is represented as encouraging such parricidal insults on her father's body, she was occupied in fond, vain solicitude, for the comfort of his soul; and was actually sparing endowments from her poverty, in hopes that his state might be ameliorated. Dr. Weston, whose name has been already mentioned, was the author of this scandal; and Fox himself owns, that his motive for promulgating it was, because cardinal Pole insisted on suspending him from his functions (in the queen's chapel), on account of his immoral life. Mary, of course, acquiesced in this decree, or at least did not interfere to prevent it.

Weston was one of the furious persecutors, of the Bonner and Gardiner class; a good Benedictine historian records with disgust a repartee of this bad man, in reply to one of the protestant martyrs, who said, in answer to his accusations of heterodoxy—

"We have the word."

"Ay," replied the persecutor: "but we have the sword."

The proto-martyrs of the protestant church of England were men of blameless lives and consistent conduct; their leader was prebend Rogers, of St. Paul's, who was burnt at Smithfield, February 4th, 1555. The same week were

[1] This fact is told nearly in the words of Dr. Southey: although he does not give his authorities, he is too famous a church antiquarian to be doubted.

burnt, Saunders, rector of Allhallows, at Coventry; Dr. Rowland Taylor,[1] at Hadleigh; and bishop Hooper, at Gloucester. All were offered their lives, as the price of apostasy; but all remained firm in their faith. The martyrdom of bishop Hooper was a peculiar instance of ingratitude in Mary's government; for his loyalty to her had been as firm as his adherence to his church. He wrote a narrative of his conduct, in which he says, with naive simplicity, "When queen Mary's fortunes were at the worst, I rode myself from place to place (as is well known), to win and stay the people for her party. And whereas when another was proclaimed (lady Jane Gray), I preferred our queen, notwithstanding the proclamations. I sent horses in both shires (Gloucester and Worcester), to serve her in great danger, as sir John Talbot, and William Lygon, esq., can testify."

At the end of the week of crime,[2] which saw the sufferings of these four good men, Alphonso di Castro, a Franciscan friar, confessor to king Philip, preached before the court a sermon, inveighing against the wickedness of burning them; he boldly declared the truth, that the English bishops learned not in scripture to burn any one for their conscience' sake. This truly christian sermon produced an order from court, whether from the queen, or her husband, is not known, to stop the burnings for upwards of five weeks, which raised hopes of future clemency, but in vain; for at the lowest computation, above two hundred human creatures perished, before the persecution and Mary's life ceased together. In February, 1555, Christian III., king of Denmark, wrote an excellent letter to queen Mary, claiming bishop Coverdale, the translator of the English Bible, as his subject. Thus, to the joy of all humane persons, was a good and learned man delivered from a dreadful death.

So much ridicule has been cast on the mistake made in the queen's situation, that no person has asked the obvious question of—Who governed England, during

[1] It is not generally known that bishop Jeremy Taylor, one of the greatest literary ornaments of our church, was grandson to this admirable man.

[2] Feb. 10th, 1555. See Fox's Martyrs, part ii., p. 145.

the time which embraced the commencement of the protestant persecution, and her violent illness? How violent that illness was, may be learned from the testimony of the Venetian ambassador, Michele.[1] "From the time of her first affliction,[2] she was a prey to the severest headaches, her head being frightfully swelled; she was likewise subject to perpetual attacks of hysteria, which other women exhale by tears and piercing cries." From this notice may be implied, that the wretched queen still retained sufficient command of herself to suppress all audible plaints, as unbecoming her royal station. Who can, however, believe, that a woman in this state of mortal suffering was capable of governing a kingdom, or that she was accountable for anything done in it? Fox, in his narrative of the sufferings of the protestant martyrs, whenever the queen is mentioned, really confirms the description of Michele; sometimes he reports she laid weeks without speaking, as one dead, and more than once the rumour went that she had died in childbed.

The females of her household and her medical attendants still kept up the delusive hope, that her accouchement was at hand. Prayers were put up for her safe delivery, in May, 1555; and circulars were written (similar to those prepared at the birth of queen Elizabeth and Edward VI.), in which blanks were left for dates, and for the sex of the royal offspring. The news was actually carried to Norwich and Flanders, that a prince was born, and some public rejoicings made in consequence. She continued in a deplorable state of health throughout the summer, and was advised to remove, for the air of the country. This removal is thus minutely described by Strype's MS. chronicler:—July 21, 1555, the queen removed from St. James's Palace in the fields; passing through Whitehall and the park, she took her barge at Whitehall stairs, to Lambeth,

[1] MS. Lansdowne, p. 840 A, folio 157, British Museum.

[2] Her illness commenced with redoubled violence at its usual time—the fall of the leaf. The busy and brilliant scenes which succeeded each other the same autumn, greatly aggravated it, so that she never regained her health.

LEWIS & CLARK LIBRARIES

my lord cardinal's house; there she mounted into her chariot, and rode through St. George's fields to Newington, and over Newington fields to Eltham Palace, where she arrived at five in the afternoon. Cardinal Pole, lord Pembroke, lord Montague, and many more of her court, following on horseback, and a vast conflux of people to see her grace, above ten thousand. This seems her first appearance since her illness.

Whilst Mary laid between life and death, only animated by a hope which every day became fainter, the conduct of her young husband was by no means edifying to her court. Fortunately the queen had chosen maids of honour, whose correctness of life was unimpeachable, who were not only ladies of approved virtue, but ready to do battle, if any audacious offender offered an incivility. Of this praiseworthy spirit, the beautiful lady Magdalen Dacre, who married, in the next reign, viscount Montague, afforded a signal instance.[1] One day, as she was at her toilette, king Philip, who had observed a small window which lighted her dressing-room, from a corridor at Hampton Court, contrived to open it far enough to put in his arm; when the fair maid of honour, justly indignant at a liberty she never encouraged, took up a staff which stood apropos in a corner, and gave the intruding arm so sound a rap, that Philip was glad to draw it back in a hurry, and to make a speedy retreat. He took no offence at this specimen of an English lady's spirit, but was ever afterwards observed to treat the heroine of the staff with remarkable deference. The fair Dacre was of so stately a presence, that she towered above all the ladies of the court in height; she was maid of honour afterwards to queen Elizabeth, but was accustomed to speak with infinite scorn of the immorality of her court, when compared to that of queen Mary. When Philip found that the ladies of his wife's household were too respectable to give the least encouragement to his advances, it is affirmed that he formed disreputable acquaintances with females of low condition; at least, such is the testimony of a contem-

[1] Life of Magdalen Dacre, viscountess of Montague, by R. Smith.

porary pamphlet, published for the purpose of inflaming the English against the Spanish influence in the privy council.

This singular pamphlet[1] is affirmed to be written by John Bradford, afterwards martyred for religion, but the tenour of it is such, that good proof ought to be afforded that Bradford really wrote it, before it is seriously attributed to him, so completely is it at dissonance with his venerated character. Whoever wrote it, the whole may be considered as a collection of the popular reports afloat concerning king Philip. The author accounts for his knowledge of the king's conduct as follows:—"Ye would say, what could this fellow hear and see? In truth I was chamberlain to one of the privy council, and with all diligence gave myself to write and read Spanish, which once attained, I kept secret from my master and fellow-servants, because I might be trusted in my master's closet or study, where I might read daily such writing as I saw daily brought into the council chamber; which thing I did as opportunity served. I saw certain letters sent from the emperor half a year before king Philip left England, wherein was contained these secrets—'That king Philip should make his excuses to queen Mary, that he would go to see his father in Flanders, promising to return immediately. The good, simple queen is so jealous of my son (I term it as the letters doth), we shall make her agree to all our requests before his return, or else keep him here exercised in our affairs.' No man," continues this paper, "can think evil of the queen, though she be somewhat moved when things are beaten into her head by her gentlewomen." This was the idea of her adopting her husband as heir of England,[2] to the exclusion of Elizabeth. "God is my witness, that my heart will not suffer me to declare the vile reports that I have heard the Spaniards speak against the queen; and yet her grace taketh them for her faithful friends." He goes on to draw a laughable picture of what the English

[1] Memorials, vol. ii. Original Papers, p. 344, from Fox's MSS. Fox did not use the document.

[2] By descent from the legitimate daughter of John of Gaunt.

court will be, if the Spaniards have entire rule in England:—"The court shall be kept more like a hostelry or tavern than a noble house; let them report that have been at Brussels, at the emperor's court, where is to be sold both wine and beer out of the emperor's cellar, as at any vintner's in the city. Yea, and the best of your lordships shall never be trusted to stay at home, but shall have to wait on king Philip abroad, and be glad to lie in a victualling house, where ye shall think to fare well if ye have half a lean roasted capon to dinner, and as much to supper, a pint of thin wine and water, or else half a loin of lean mutton, a pig's pettitoe, and half a dozen green salads; then will ye say, 'Would to God we had kept the crown for the right heir!' But peradventure, her grace the queen thinketh king Philip will keep her more company, and love her the better, if she will give him the crown."

A ribald rhyme is then quoted, alluding to one of Philip's supposed intrigues; it seems part of a ballad of no great edification, saying that the king liked

> "The baker's daughter, in her russet gown,
> Better than queen Mary, without her crown."

"The council of Spain," continues the author, "purposeth to establish other nations, and to appoint in England a viceroy, with an army of Spanish soldiers, and let the queen live at her beads, like a good ancient lady; for the king, he likes better Antwerp, where he may go mumming and masking, yea, even in the holy time of Lent, night after night. I will tell you a true tale, in which the Spaniards glory." He then proceeds to tell a long story, of the king and his noble attendants disguising themselves in women's apparel, and joining a company of merchants' fair wives at Antwerp, who were met together at the accouchement of one of their number, and that he shared in the gossip festival at the birth of the little Fleming, and assisted in the good woman's chamber. This "true tale" concluded with an apology, which, indeed, it needed:—"I would not have written this, had not the good bishop of Carlisle been checked in his sermon, for he desired king Philip to leave his loath-

some conduct, and keep to his own wife."[1] Not one word of virtuous sympathy is there in behalf of the suffering protestants, neither does it accuse Mary of the least participation in the cruelties then transacting; on the contrary, the author's tone is that of compliance with the prevailing religion.

This tract seems to have been published soon after king Philip's departure from England, which took place September, 1555, being occasioned by an event which filled all Europe with astonishment. This was the abdication of his father, the emperor Charles, who, tormented with the gout, and weary of the cares of sovereignty, summoned his son to receive the resignation of his hereditary sceptres. The queen had, in September, somewhat recovered, owing to the sagacity of an Irish physician, who ventured to pronounce a true opinion of her case, and apply proper remedies for her agonizing maladies.[2] Mary then moved in state, by water, from Hampton Court to Greenwich Palace, from whence king Philip embarked, to receive the Spanish sceptre.

For a few afternoons, the queen struggled to pay the attention to business she had formerly done, but her health gave way again in the attempt, and she was seen no more at council.[3] With her married life the independence of her reign ceased; from whatever cause, whether owing to her desperate state of health, or from her idea of wifely duty, Philip, whether absent or present, guided the English government. When he left England, the queen desired cardinal Pole to make minutes of the king's last injunctions for the privy council, and they are still preserved in his hand-writing.[4] In another privy council journal extant, the English government, consisting of Gardiner, Winchester, Arundel, Pembroke, Paget, and Petre, and the bishops of Ely and Rochester,[5] gave

[1] It is evident this tract was printed, since it begins with the words—"Though it be never so dangerous to me to set this little treatise abroad."

[2] Ware's Annals, p. 234.

[3] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii.

[4] This is an additional proof that king Philip governed England at his pleasure. See, likewise, the minute journal rendered to him by the privy council, printed from State Paper Office, by Mr. Tytler, Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 483, dated at this time, September, 1555.

[5] Burnet, Ref., vol. iii. Records, p. 256.

Philip, as king, minute accounts of their proceedings, ecclesiastical and domestic. He wrote his mind on the opposite column with no more recognition of his wife's authority than was observed by Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York, and he very coolly, in his own name, orders twelve ships of the English fleet to escort his abdicated father to Spain, without the ceremony of asking the leave of their royal mistress. These documents afford incontestable proof that Philip of Spain, not Mary of England, was the reigning sovereign, after their hands were united. If this had not been the case, how could the truthful Fuller, the protestant historian of the church, who lived too near the times of queen Mary to be deceived, thus speak of her?—"She had been a worthy princess, if as little cruelty had been done under her as *by* her. She hated to equivocate, and always was what she was, without dissembling her judgment or conduct for fear or flattery."

"In the time of queen Mary," says a minute of council, quoted by Strype, "after the king of Spain was her husband, nothing was done in England but with the privity and directions of the said king's ministers." Sir Thomas Smith, in an oration recommending single life to princes (by which he means queens-regnant), traces all the cruelty of Mary's reign to her marriage.

This view of the subject is borne out by the contemporary biographer of Fox, the martyrologist, who calls queen Mary "a woman every way excellent while she followed her own inclination." It is an historical mistake to suppose that Philip II. had no power in the government of England; there was none legally given him by parliament, but at the time of the queen's dreadful illness he possessed himself of it.

Although every generous feeling is naturally roused against the horrid cruelties perpetrated in her name, yet it is unjust and ungrateful to mention her maiden reign with unqualified abhorrence; for if the tyrannical laws instituted by her father had remained a few years more in force, the representative government of England would gradually have withered under the terrors of imprisonments and executions without impartial trial, and regal despotism would have been as successfully esta-

blished here as it was in France and Spain by the descendants of Henry VIII.'s associates, Francis I. and Charles V. This change arose from the queen's own ideas of rectitude,[1] for the majority of her councillors, judges, and aristocracy, had as strong a tendency to corrupt and slavish principles as the worst enemy to national freedom could wish.

Many wholesome laws were made or revived by her; among others, justices of the peace were enjoined to take the examination of felons in writing, at the same time binding witnesses over to prosecute: without these regulations, a moment's reflection will shew, that much malignant accusation might take place in a justice room, unless witnesses were bound to prove their words. All landholders and householders were made proportionably chargeable to the repair of roads. The gaols were in a respectable state; since Fox allows, that the persons imprisoned for conscience' sake were treated humanely in the prisons under royal authority, while the persecuting bishops made noisome confinement part of the tortures of the unhappy protestants.

Queen Mary is commended for the merciful provision she made for the poor; there is, however, no trace of poor-rates, levied from the community at large, like those established by her sister Elizabeth, at the close of the sixteenth century. But that the poor were relieved by Mary is evident, by the entire cessation of those insurrections, on account of utter destitution, which took place in her father's and brother's reigns, and now and then under the sway of Elizabeth. This is more singular, since corn was at famine price[2] throughout the chief part of Mary's reign, owing to a series of inclement years and wet harvests. It seems likely that part of the church lands she restored, were devoted to the relief of the destitute, since very few monasteries were re-founded.[3] In her reign was altered that mysterious law, called benefit of clergy. It had originated

[1] See her charge to her judges, quoted by sir Nicholas Throckmorton on his trial.

[2] See the calculation of the price of corn, throughout four centuries, in Toone's Chronological History.

[3] Westminster, the Observants at Greenwich, the Carthusians at Sheen, and Brigettines at Sion, with the hospital of the Savoy.

in the earliest dawn of civilization, when the church snatched from the tyranny of barbarous and ignorant chiefs all prisoners or victims who could read, and claiming them as her own, asserted the privilege of bringing them to trial. Thus were the learned judged by the learned, and the ignorant left to the mercies of those savage as themselves. This law tended wonderfully to the encouragement of learning, in times when not one out of two thousand laymen knew a letter in the book. Since the comparative cessation from civil war, after the accession of queen Mary's grandfather, general knowledge had surged forward in such mighty waves, that the law of benefit of clergy, with many others of high utility five centuries before, were left without an object, their actual purposes having ebbed away in the transitions of the times. The law of sanctuary was one of these. Mary wished, when she refounded the monastery of Westminster, for the privileges of its sanctuary to be abolished; but serjeant Plowden made a stand for them, on legal grounds.

Many customs and usages existed in the reign of our first queen regnant, which form amusing contrasts with the luxury and refinement witnessed under the sway of our present sovereign lady. Domestic cleanliness, in the reign of queen Mary, was by no means an English characteristic. When a room was out of order, the floor was neither swept nor washed, but received a fresh strewing of green rushes; just like the littering of a farm-yard, when it is newly spread with straw, for the accommodation of the cows or pigs, and the old surface remains a fermenting mass beneath. Thus, layer of rushes accumulated over layer, covering up bones, fragments from the wasteful dining table, and other abominations. On occasions of dancing, all this litter was disturbed, by a circle being swept in the midst of the hall; the stone floor was thus made clear of incumbrances, while the extra littering was heaped up all round. This custom explains an expression used by Shakspeare and the early dramatists and chroniclers, of "A hall! a hall!" when persons wished to dance. Such was the call by which domestics understood they were

to sweep the dancing ring in the hall. How noxious the vapours of the newly disturbed compost must have been to persons warm with dancing, may be supposed. The great philosopher of the sixteenth century, who evidently was not used to such dirty ways, in his native Holland, attributed the various plagues, which then desolated England, to these horrid habits. His description is as follows:—"As to the floors," says Erasmus, in his letter to Dr. Francis, "they are usually made of clay, covered with rushes, that grow in fens; these are so little disturbed, that the lower mass sometimes remains for twenty years together, and in it a collection of every kind of filth. Hence, upon a change of weather, a vapour is exhaled, most pernicious to the human body." He declares this to be the reason England was so frequently afflicted with pestilence. The nobles were not a whit cleanlier than the country gentry; but as they usually were possessed of several seats, they indulged in the luxury of removing from one to another, when the insects cherished by their dirty customs became inconvenient. These progresses they elegantly termed "going to sweeten." The most pitiful complaints were made by lord Paget to Edward VI.'s privy council, because, being in disgrace, he was confined to Beaudesert, which he assured them, "though pretty, was too small, and had withal become, by some months' residence, *horribly unsavoury*, and could not be sweetened, without the removal of his family."[1]

The dwellings of the lower and middle classes were made of timber and clay, or of wattled sticks and mud. The Spaniards who came over with king Philip at first expressed great scorn of these mud edifices, which they termed the national architecture; but when they beheld the good living of the inhabitants, "the English," said they, "live in houses made of dirt and sticks, but they fare therein as well as their monarch."[2]

Queen Mary having overcome the repugnance of the English to be governed by a sovereign lady, was disposed to place her own sex in stations of authority, of

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 169.
[2] Holingshed, vol. i., p. 187.

which there have been few examples before or since. She made lady Berkley a justice of the peace for Gloucestershire, and lady Rous she appointed of the quorum for Suffolk, "who did usually sit on the bench at assizes and sessions, among the other justices, *cincta gladio*—girt with the sword.[1] The houses of parliament had some customs, now obsolete. It was necessary for a peer to obtain leave from the sovereign, if he found it needful to absent himself when parliament was sitting.

Francis, earl of Shrewsbury, being sick in the autumn of 1555, the queen granted him licence of absence, and appointed the persons she chose, or rather her government, for his proxy. Sir William Petre thus wrote to the sick earl:—"This bearer, your servant, bringing to you the queen's majesty's licence to be absent from parliament, I thought it good also to signify unto your lordship, that her majesty is very sorry for your sickness, and trusts, that giving yourself well to the recovery of your health, you shall, by God's grace, shortly grow strong again. In your proxy, her majesty prays you to name the lord Montague and bishop of Ely jointly and severally." The earl thanked her majesty for appointing him such honourable representatives, and sent his proxy by his son. If a member of the lower house absented himself contumaciously, he lost his wages.

The English drama assumed some likeness to its present form under her patronage. The old mysteries and moralities had given way before the regular plays of Plautus and Terence, acted in Latin by the boys of Westminster or St. Paul's school, who were chiefly the acolytes, or assistants of the mass. Heywood, the queen's poet and dramatic writer, was frequently sent for in her long illness; and when she was able to listen to recitation, he repeated his verses or superintended performances for her amusement.

The queen remained at Greenwich the remainder of the year 1555, so very sick and weak, that it was daily expected she would surrender her life where she drew her first breath. The autumn was unhealthy, owing to incessant floods of rain; and the Thames rose so high,

[1] Harl. MS. 980, 1. In MS. notes of Mr. Attorney-general Noy.

that Westminster Hall was under water, and wherries rowed through it. Gardiner, the lord chancellor, died at the close of the same year.[1] Mary severely felt his loss as a financier; for his integrity and sagacity were remarkable in pecuniary affairs; he managed her income so well, that her expenditure did not exceed the ancient revenues of the crown as long as he lived.

Queen Mary permitted the duchess of Northumberland to retain a maintenance sufficient to support her rank, through the intercession of don Diego de Mondeça. There is reason to suppose the queen carried her generosity so far, as to repossess the duchess in the royal palace at Chelsea, since she was buried at Chelsea Church in 1555, and left in her will to her son-in-law, sir Henry Sidney, the green and gold hangings *in the gallery* in the Manor House (water side) Chelsea.

An alarming accident happened whilst the queen dwelt at Greenwich, owing to the forgetfulness of a gunner belonging to a ship passing down the Thames, who, intending to salute the palace, discharged a small cannon, or falcon, loaded with ball, which broke the windows of the queen's chamber, and the ball even penetrated into her room. The unlucky marksman was not punished for this unwelcome salute, as he pleaded accident.

[1] In Fox's Martyrology a popular error has been induced by a narrative, declaring that Gardiner was struck with death while waiting for the news of the dreadful executions of Latimer and Ridley. It is singular that this story likewise made the old duke of Norfolk impatient for his dinner on the same occasion, who had been in his grave more than a twelvemonth before. As Fox must have minutely known every particular in the Norfolk family, from having been chaplain and confidant to the duchess of Richmond, and appointed by her tutor to the orphans of her unfortunate brother (the earl of Surrey), the whole story is most likely an awkward interpolation of one of the martyrologist's early editors, for contemporaries never make those species of mistakes. The true date of Gardiner's death is marked by a letter, written at the very time, from London, to the earl of Shrewsbury (Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i.):—

"My lord of Winchester, whose soul God pardon, is departed, and his bowels were buried at St. Mary Overy's, in Southwark, but his body, as the saying is, shall be carried to Winchester Cathedral, to be buried there. What time he departed is not yet certainly known, but most men say he died on Tuesday, at night, being the 12th day of this instant, about two o'clock after midnight, at Westminster, and was brought in his barge to his house in Southwark." This was the palace of his see in Southwark.

Mary once more appeared in public at the commencement of the year 1556, pale as a corpse, and looking ten years older than when she was last seen.[1] She reviewed her band of gentlemen pensioners in Greenwich Park; after which a tumbler came forth from the crowd, and volunteered so many droll antics for the royal diversion, that he elicited a hearty laugh and a reward from the sick queen. A deep obscurity remains on her locality throughout the chief part of this year, which was marked with persecution, insurrection, and famine. The dreadful martyrdom of Cranmer took place in the spring. The utter paucity of all intelligence concerning the residence and movements of Mary, and her total absence from council, leads to the conclusion that she was again on a sick bed. She made no progresses in the summer: indeed, such movements were impossible in her desperate state of health; for when she attempted them in her father's reign, she was usually carried home ill in a litter. Her affectionate maid of honour, Jane Dormer, who married a Spanish grandee, the conde di Feria, and wrote her own memoirs, affirms that her royal mistress, when convalescent in the summer, retired to the palace at Croydon, which had been a dower residence of her mother, Katharine of Arragon. Here her sole amusement was walking, plainly dressed, with her ladies, and entering the cottages of the poor, and, unknown to them, relieving their wants. She likewise chose those of their children that seemed promising for the benefits of education. This account agrees with her extreme love of children, and the numerous god-children and infant protégées, on whom she lavished a great part of her narrow income in her youth.[2]

The invalid queen, in her moments of convalescence, soothed her cares and miseries at the embroidery frame. Many specimens of her needlework were extant in the reign of James I., and are thus celebrated by Taylor, the poet of the needle:—

> "Mary here the sceptre swayed;
> And though she were a queen of mighty power,

[1] Michele, the Venetian ambassador. Lansdowne MS.

[2] See almost every page of her Privy Purse Expenses, edited by sir F. Madden.

Her memory will never be decayed,
Which by her works are likewise in the Tower,
In Windsor Castle, and in Hampton Court:
In that most pompous room called Paradise,
Whoever pleaseth thither to resort
May see some works of hers of wondrous *price*, (value.)
Her greatness held it no disreputation
To hold the needle in her royal hand;
Which was a good example to our nation,
To banish idleness throughout her land.
And thus this queen in wisdom thought it fit;
The needle's work pleased her, and she graced it."

Where "the pompous room called Paradise, at Hampton Court," may be, must remain a mystery; but it was probably one of the ancient state apartments destroyed by William III., to make way for the quadrangle built and ornamented in the mode à la Louis Quatorze. It is easy to surmise that it was hung with tapestry representing the garden of Eden, with beasts, birds, and plants, depicted according to such artistical ideas as Mary and her maids of honour might possess, when delineating subjects of natural history in cross-stitch. Katharine of Arragon, the mother of queen Mary, commenced ornamenting the state apartments in the Tower. According to Taylor, Mary finished the splendid and elaborate tapestry begun by her mother; but all vestiges of the royal apartments of the Tower were swept away by the destructive warfare in the succeeding century. The very site has become matter of dispute; and with these antique palatial lodging-rooms vanished the united labours that queen Mary and her mother had bestowed on their hangings and furniture. It is possible that some remains of Mary's needlework may exist at Windsor Castle. It is known, from her privy purse expenses, that she worked an enormous arm-chair, as a new year's gift, for her father, Henry VIII.; and there is reason to suppose it is the specimen of Mary's needlework Taylor alludes to, as well known at Windsor.

A series of plots and insurrections took place, agitated by a younger brother of the Stafford family, who was a nephew of cardinal Pole, and had been malcontent before his uncle returned to England. The object was to seize the public treasure. The French ambassador was, as usual, concerned with this rising, which had several ramifications; in which two of the household of the

princess Elizabeth were again concerned, and when arrested, they accused their mistress of participation. The princess, however, had not the least difficulty in convincing her sister of her innocence, who sent her a ring, in token of her confidence. The officers of Elizabeth were executed. A new disturbance was raised in July, by an impostor, who personated the deceased earl of Devonshire, and who actually proclaimed himself and Elizabeth king and queen. This trying circumstance produced no division between the royal sisters; nor did the populace take the slightest interest in the attempts of any of the disturbers. Lord Bray, the son-in-law of the earl of Shrewsbury, was confined in the Tower, being accused of participation in Stafford's revolt. Lady Bray was admitted to the queen's presence, and pleaded the cause of her lord very earnestly and successfully.

Mrs. Clarencieux, the queen's old maid, came to lady Bray, with kind words from her majesty, and invited her to dine with her, and led her by the hand through the court to her chamber; and this was thought to be by the queen's special commandment. The queen, two days after, spoke of the devotion of the young wife with great praise; but added with emphasis, which it was thought alluded to her own case, that—

"God sent ofttimes to good women evil husbands."[1]

The stout Gospeller, Edward Underhill, escaped all persecution for his religion, though he had been in some danger whilst the queen's severe illness lasted. His enemies sometimes would tell him that warrants were out against him. To which the valiant protestant said, if they were, and he found them not duly signed by the council, (it should seem by this assertion that the sick queen's signature was not appended to these tyrannical instruments,) he should go farther than Peter, who only cut off the ear of Malchus, for he should cut off the head and ears into the bargain of any messenger who served such warrant. Some light is cast on the cruel inquisition that performed the enormities in Mary's reign, after her marriage, since Underhill considers himself

[1] Strype and Lodge's Illustrations. Shrewsbury Correspondence.

legally authorized in resisting to death any warrant which was not signed by five of the council. Now Burnet expressly says, neither Mary nor cardinal Pole were ever at these councils; and that, in the midst of the persecutions, seldom more than three sat in consultation.

Underhill took the precaution of walling up, with a good barrier of bricks, all his polemic library, in a niche of his bedchamber in Wood-street. He assures his reader they were all released from their concealment, as good as new, when the scene changed, at the accession of Elizabeth. Thus, this gallant gentleman of the pen and sword weathered all the political and religious storms of the reign of Mary, and lived prosperously till a good old age, under the sway of Elizabeth. In truth, being a county gentleman of family and fortune, he was in little danger; for the ugliest feature in the Marian persecution was, that the vengeance of the inquisitors was principally wreaked on the poor and lowly, whose tortures and sufferings were made terrific examples to their superiors, a mode of proceeding the direct reverse to all former policy in England. Those who were of rank sufficient to have access to the queen, were generally pardoned, if she could induce Gardiner to consent. In the cases of Edwin Sandys, sir John Cheke, and her sister Elizabeth, and afterwards lord Bray, she actively interfered for their preservation. The flight of the dowager of Suffolk to the continent seems to have originated as much from her stolen match with her man, Richard Barty, as on a religious account.[1]

[1] The manner in which the widows of mature years, connected with the royal family, had wedded men of obscure degree, is worthy of remark. The practice began with the daughter of Edward I., who married her husband's squire; then the widow of Henry V. married Owen Tudor; her sister-in-law, Jaquette, duchess of Bedford, took for her husband Richard Woodville, a soldier of fortune: the descendants of both these last unions intermarried, and reigned in England, in the persons of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The next sister of Elizabeth of York, Cecily, the widow of lord Welles, married one Kyme, of Lincolnshire, (perhaps of the same family as the husband of poor Anne Askew;) Frances Brandon, duchess of Suffolk, (mother of lady Jane Gray,) was disgraced by queen Elizabeth, when her wedlock with a Mr. Stokes was discovered. The haughty Anne Stanhope, duchess of Somerset, took for her spouse Mr. Newdigate, a lawyer; and Katharine, heiress of Willoughby and dowager duchess of Suffolk, (widow of Charles Brandon,)

In February, 1556-7, visits of friendly intercourse were exchanged between the queen and her sister Elizabeth, who spent some weeks at Somerset House. This palace seems to have been granted to the princess by her sister, as her town house. The trouble, and even persecution, with which Dudley had plagued Elizabeth regarding her claim to Durham House, (a much inferior domicile,) and her complaints of being bereft of any town house, are the chief topic of her correspondence at the close of Edward VI.'s life. A contemporary chronicle[1] shews Elizabeth living with great royalty at Somerset House, built by the protector Somerset, by which he had impoverished his family and lost his popularity. Queen Mary returned the frequent visits her sister had made her, during her spring abode at Somerset House, by a progress to Hatfield. Here the next morning, *after mass*, she was entertained by Elizabeth with a grand exhibition of bear-baiting, with which, says the chronicler, "their highnesses were right well content." To do Mary justice, this is the only instance recorded of her presence and satisfaction at any exhibition of cruelty. Neither letters, account book, nor any other evidence we have yet discovered, represent her as an encourager or rewarder of the cruel amusements in vogue at her era; and in this, with the exception of her mother, she stands alone among her family. She seldom hunted, even in her youth, and she never swore, either on paper or by utterance,—negative good qualities, which candour demands should be recorded to her credit, when so many evil ones have been alleged against her. The evening recreations of Hatfield, it may be considered, were more to the taste of the musical queen than the morning bear-baiting, for they consisted of concerts, at which her sister Elizabeth amused her by playing on the virginals, accompanied by a chorister boy, who possessed a divine voice.

endowed with herself and her hereditary barony, Richard Barty, afterwards the founder of a noble line. This lady is placed as a victim in the martyrologies; but documents do not agree with any such classification, as it is plain, by the marginal notes in the work which she published of Katharine Parr, that she approved of the celibacy of the clergy; and if these were her tenets in the reign of Elizabeth, the inference is reasonable, that love, not religion, was the cause of her quarrel with queen Mary.

[1] Printed by Strype; will be quoted in Elizabeth's Life.

Before the end of the summer, queen Mary returned the hospitalities at Hatfield by a *fête champêtre* and *al fresco* concert, at Richmond Palace, of peculiar elegance. The queen sent her barge for her sister, who was again resident in London, at Somerset House. Surely the decorations provided for the triumphal passage, up the Thames, of Elizabeth, then in the prime of her life and hopes, might have been exceeded by that princess in costliness, when in the zenith of her regal splendour, but never in taste; for Mary had caused her barge to be festooned, for her sister's voyage, with rich garlands of flowers, and covered with an awning of green silk, embroidered with branches of eglantine and golden blossoms. Under this canopy Elizabeth sat in state, attended by the comptroller of her household, sir Thomas Pope, and four of her ladies of honour. Six boats followed with the gentlemen of Elizabeth's retinue, who were dressed in russet damask and blue satin, with caps of silver cloth and green plumes. Queen Mary received her sister and her brilliant train in Richmond Palace Gardens, and entertained her with a sumptuous banquet, in a pavilion constructed in the labyrinth, in the form of a castle, made of cloth of gold and violet velvet, embroidered with silver fleur-de-lis, and her mother's device of the pomegranate in gold. A concert succeeded the banquet, at which the best minstrels in the kingdom gratified the high musical tastes of the royal sisters; but there is no mention made that either bulls, bears, badgers, or any other creatures, were baited for their diversion. In the evening, the queen's barge with its gay garlands was again launched on the silver Thames, for the homeward voyage of the heiress of England; and followed by the attendant boats, the beautiful water procession safely arrived that night at Somerset House.

The queen had reason soon after to express her high approbation of the dutiful conduct of Elizabeth, regarding her reception of the king of Sweden's proposal of marriage for his heir. Mary's conduct, if examined through the medium of documents, appears conscientious and unexceptionable, regarding all overtures for her sister's marriage. She sent for sir Thomas Pope, and

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

after declaring her approval of Elizabeth's reference to herself respecting the Swedish offer, requested him to learn her sister's real sentiments, as to whether her constant refusal of suitors proceeded from any objection to the married state in general.

King Philip returned for a short time, in March, 1557, for the purpose of forcing his queen into a war with France; it is certain she had received every possible provocation from Henry II., who had incited all the plots that had agitated England since her accession, yet she was very loth to involve her kingdom in the expenses of a war, which her finances were totally inadequate to support. She, however, took the opportunity of pardoning most of the rebels that had been engaged in the late insurrection, on condition of their joining the English quota of Philip's army, then mustering near Calais. Lord Bray was among the number, which likewise comprised the surviving sons of the duke of Northumberland, the queen having restored their property as well as their freedom.[1] She raised money to equip her army, by borrowing from the country gentlemen and citizens who had capital to spare, small sums at the enormous interest of twelve per cent. Philip left England in the summer, and the queen never saw him more. His friend, the prince of Savoy, won for him the battle of St. Quintin, in August; but this victory seemed an illustration of the Irish adage of "gaining a loss," since the principal result was, that the French got possession of Calais a few months afterwards.

The recent visit of Philip, and the martial excitement around her, had roused queen Mary for a short time from the deadly torpor of disease, and she became sufficiently convalescent to be occupied with a series of vexations. Not the least of these was the pertinacity with which Philip II. insisted on her forcing her sister Elizabeth to give her hand to his friend the prince of Savoy, who was at this time the hero of the day.

It must be owned, that if Mary wished to disinherit or banish her sister, it was strange that she encouraged

[1] Lodge's Illustrations (Talbot Papers), vol. i., p. 268.

her in her objections to every foreign match. When Philip urged arguments in behalf of his friend, queen Mary answered, that she had consented to the match while she thought Elizabeth would approve of it, but that as she found her exceedingly averse, in conscience she could not force her[1] into an unwilling marriage. The queen added, that she was certain that parliament would not suffer her sister to quit the kingdom—a clear acknowledgment of Elizabeth's position, as second person in the realm. This controversy produced an angry letter from Philip, in which he charged Mary, on her conscience, and as she regarded the future welfare of her religion, to bring this matter to bear. This produced a singular letter from queen Mary, written in French. It is worded in the self-denying and humble style, conventional in epistles of the era, but contains a distinct avowal of determination to act in regard to her sister's marriage only as her parliament should agree; a principle which governed her in every act of her regal life, although she has been made singly responsible for all the evil enacted by her parliaments, as if she had been an autocrat, who issued ukases expressive of her sole will.

QUEEN MARY TO KING PHILIP.[2]

"Monseigneur,

"I have received the letters from your highness by Francisco,[3] the 18th instant. Humbly thanking you for the same, especially as you are pleased to write that you took mine in good part, which were, indeed, I assure your highness, written with good intention; and, assuredly, yours were written with the same. Before I say anything else, I must entreat your highness (who wishes that I should examine my conscience, to ascertain if conformable to the truth or not) to appoint and name to me some persons, who shall appear to your highness convenient to communicate with me on this affair, (*Elizabeth's marriage,*) and I will listen to them sincerely, with a right good heart, whosoever they may be.

"Nevertheless, in my last letters to your highness, when I proposed that, should I confirm this marriage, it must be that consent is given here for it, and so shall I act. Without which (on my fidelity) whatever persons may be pleased, I doubt neither your highness or this kingdom will be well satisfied in the end.

"Once, your highness may remember, I listened to your highness's friars in regular procuration from your highness. But then they and

[1] Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii.

[2] The original is in Strype's Memorials, No. 56, printed with many evident mistakes in the French.

[3] The royal courier, mentioned as such in letters at the State Paper Office.

Alphonso[1] propounded questions so obscure (*irrelevant*) that, to my simple understanding, there was no comprehending them. As, for instance, 'Who was king in Adam's days?' And said, withal, I was bound to conclude this marriage by an article in my creed.[2] Yet if he had not propounded things too difficult to be understood, it was nevertheless impossible for him, in so short a time, to direct my conscience.[3] But one thing I promise your highness, whoever you appoint will not find me obstinate, or without reason, I hope.

"Meantime, your highness has written in the said letters, that, if a parliament shall go contrary, your highness will impute the fault to me. I beg, in all humility, that your highness will defer this matter till your return, and then it will be manifest whether I am culpable or not. Otherwise I shall live in apprehension of your highness's displeasure, which would be worse to me than death; for I have already begun to taste it too much, to my great regret. Truth to say, in my simple judgment, (under the correction of your highness) the duke of Savoy will be . . . . .[4] and unless a number of the council, the nobility, and kingdom are with your highness, I cannot find by what means the matter can be happily treated. Notwithstanding, in my judgment, (for my conscience must be satisfied as well as that of your highness,) the affair will never be concluded as your highness would have it, without your presence here.

"Wherefore, monseigneur, in as humble wise as it is possible for me (being your very loyal and very obedient wife, which to be I confess myself justly obliged to be, and in my opinion more than any other woman, having such a husband as your highness is, without speaking of the multitude of your kingdoms, for that is not my principal motive,) I entreat your highness that we both pray to God, and put our first confidence in him, that we may meet and live together. And that same God, in whose hand is the direction of the hearts of kings, will I hope, without fail, enlighten us in such manner that all at last shall tend to his glory and your satisfaction."

It is very plainly to be gathered from this letter, that Mary did not choose to use any indirect and illegal methods of influencing her parliament in favour of a marriage which was equally against the wishes of her sister and the kingdom. This letter has been mentioned

[1] Alphonso di Castro was king Philip's good confessor, who preached against the English persecution. He might, though a great man in the pulpit, be a very awkward deputy when treating on royal marriages.

[2] This argument of Alphonso was by no means difficult to be comprehended, if queen Mary had chosen to enter into its spirit. It is evident he meant to urge that, if she forced her heiress to marry a catholic champion, like the prince of Savoy, her religion would remain inevitably established in England.

[3] Philip had imagined that a Spanish confessor would make his wife's conscience more practicable.

[4] The sense of some words is here totally lost or misapprehended: they imply some hindrance to Savoy. Strype has printed them *asture en guer*. We are inclined to fill them up with—involved in war or strife, by his wedlock with Elizabeth, against her consent and that of the people.

(but surely by persons incapable of reading the original) as an instance of the utter slavery of Mary's disposition, when, in truth, she makes in it a noble distinction, between the tenderness of a wife and the duties of an English queen. She will discuss the marriage with whoever her husband appoints. She will not be influenced to act against her regal integrity, either by the mysticism or the bigotry of his friars. She means to leave the whole to her parliament, but deprecates his unreasonable displeasure, in making her accountable when she has no right to control their acts. She shews that nothing but trouble will follow any exertion of despotism in the affair; yet, if her husband wishes to influence her people, he had better do it in person, for she wants much to see him. And she concludes with a prayer, almost in the words retained in our liturgy, that God, in whose hand are the hearts of kings, will direct this matter to his glory. And when it is considered that the matter was providing Elizabeth with a catholic spouse, the whole tends to clear Mary's character of some stains of bigotry.

The ambassador to whom Philip confided the negotiation of this marriage, was his beautiful and fascinating cousin, Christina of Denmark.[1] Like all the female descendants of Isabel of Castile, this young lady possessed great talents for government. She was daughter of the deposed tyrant, Christiern II., king of Denmark, and the virtuous Isabel, sister of the emperor Charles V. Early inured to misfortune, she was reared in exile, and became the ornament and darling of the imperial court. She married the duke of Lorraine, and was at this time a widow. Philip II. was suspected of cherishing a passion for his lovely cousin, who had great influence in his councils. Christina was an active politician, but, to her credit be it spoken, she had an enthusiastic turn for negotiating peace.[2]

[1] Granger's Biographical History, and Miss Aiken.

[2] Christina composed the warfare between Philip II. and Henry II. in the succeeding year. (See Holingshed.) Perhaps she wished to rival the glory of her aunt, queen Leonora, of Louise duchess of Savoy, and of Marguerite of Savoy, who made the peace called the Ladies' Peace, which gave Europe a breathing from the horrors of a ten years' war.

Some rumours of Philip's partiality for his cousin had reached the ears of Mary, who, either displeased with the embassy, or jealous of the ambassadress, gave her, though a near kinswoman of her own, anything but a gracious reception. She warned Elizabeth, that if she did not wish to marry Savoy, she must keep close at Hatfield; thus Christina never saw her. After the departure of the lovely diplomatiste, it is said, queen Mary, in an access of jealousy, cut her husband's picture to pieces with her own hand.[1] She had recently received a portrait of him, to which a curious anecdote is annexed. She had no great idea of the valour of her spouse, but when she was told that, for the first time in his life, he had appeared in armour, at the siege of St. Quintin, she was smitten with an extreme desire to have his picture, representing him in his warlike panoply. Philip very gallantly complied with her wish, and sent her his portrait, in armour all but the helmet; for he did not consider it was consistent with etiquette, that the head should be covered before the queen. Perhaps this was the picture on which she wreaked her vengeance.

Mary was exasperated at the thought, that her husband had deserted her, and given to his cousin the confidence and influence she ought to possess. Her health again received a mortal shock from the attacks of chronic disease, but, with a self-deception like monomania, she once more fancied that she was about to become a mother. She made her will in the autumn of 1557, under this impression; in many clauses she alluded to a hope of offspring, as futile as that she had formerly cherished.

Michele, the Venetian ambassador, who saw queen Mary at the close of the year 1557, will not allow that she was otherwise than an interesting-looking woman; he thus minutely describes her person:—"She is of low stature, but has no deformity in any part of her person. She is thin and delicate, altogether unlike her father, who was tall and strongly made; or her mother, who, if

[1] Granger's Biographical History.

not tall, was massive. Her face is well formed, and her features prove, as well as her pictures, that when younger she was not only good-looking, but more than moderately handsome; she would now be so, saving some wrinkles, caused more by sorrow than by age. She looks years older than she is, and always appears very grave. Her eyes are piercing, and inspire not only deference, but even fear in those on whom she bends them; yet she is near-sighted, being unable to read or do anything else without her eyes being close to whatever she would peruse or well discern. Her voice powerful, and high pitched, like that of a man, so that when she speaks she is heard at some little distance." This is a peculiarity often observed in females who sing well, for a very fine voice in singing is often counterbalanced by most unpleasant tones in speech. "In short," resumes Michele, "she may, at her present age, be considered very good-looking, not only as a queen but a woman, and ought never to be despised for ugliness."[1] Such is the opinion of a contemporary ambassador, whose national interest by no means led him to be her adulator; rather the contrary.

The real portraits of Mary are as much historical mysteries as her private character and conduct. Her portraits, as a girl and young woman, vary much from each other, on account of the extreme fluctuations of her health; her early portraits are often mistaken for those of lady Jane Gray, to whom she bore in youth a strong family resemblance. The immense size of the foreheads of these kinswomen, in breadth as well as in height, is extraordinary; it is possible that the early erudition of both, and their great capacity for learning, is in some degree connected with this mighty development of frontal brain. The enormous breadth of music in Mary's forehead is well accounted for by her early proficiency in that science; perhaps the musical development in queen Mary's forehead is the largest that can be instanced in any female head: her passion for music must have amounted to mania.

[1] MS. Lansdowne, 840 A, folio 155 *b*.

The youthful portraits of Mary fully justify the continual praises we have been forced to quote from contemporary documents of the attractiveness of her person. The portrait preferred by sir Frederic Madden, is at Burleigh House. She has brown hair, large, open, dark eyes, full red lips, and a good complexion. In the possession of E. Wenman Martin, Esq., is a fine portrait by Holbein, representing Mary as a girl of sixteen: she is pretty, excepting a slight degree of pettishness about the full red lips; this expression is mentioned by sir Frederic Madden, as pertaining to another pretty girlish portrait, engraved by Hollar, from the Arundel collection. In the Holbein family group, at Hampton Court, she is a pleasing woman of twenty-eight; indeed, till after her marriage, all portraiture represents her as a pleasing woman. Vertue's copy, lately at Strawberry Hill, of the Burleigh picture (since engraved by the Granger Society), gives her a pretty face, exceedingly resembling the portrait in possession of Mr. E. Wenman Martin; but in some of the engravings from the same picture her face is what the Americans would call "awful," not in majesty, but in ugliness. She is, in the original, (supposed to be by sir Antonio More,) seated in state under a canopy, dressed with royal magnificence in a gold-cloth brocaded kirtle, hanging re-bras sleeves, and a jewelled hood; her husband, who is a young man of mean presence, and carrotty complexion, stands near her canopy. Two "little fair hounds" are at her feet.

Both Philip and Mary are depicted exactly like the Granger engraving, in the curious family group, painted by order of Elizabeth, which was lately at Strawberry Hill. Mary is as unprepossessing as in most of her queenly portraits; but this portrait was painted at the latest period of her life, when the effects of dire disease were painfully apparent in her visage. A woman's portrait ought to be taken for futurity in the prime of life. It would be hard even upon Helen of Troy, to form our ideas of her beauty when shaken by decay, and verging to the tomb.

A series of the most dismal, wet, and cold seasons, such as have been observed to occur, in many instances,

in the middle of centuries, plagued the reign of Mary: famines and burning fevers succeeded this atmospheric irregularity, and were regarded by many as judgments inflicted by God, for the tortures of the protestants, without considering that the insalubrity of the seasons were alike inimical to the health and comfort of the professors of each faith; but gloom and superstitious excitement pervaded the whole population of England, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and every aberration from the common course of nature was viewed through their medium. Phosphoric exhalations of luminous appearance have been much seen, even on high grounds, after the wet and unhealthy autumn of 1841, and these have been viewed with some awe by the simple country people, in these enlightened days; but the same phenomena were observed at the latter end of the reign of Mary, and were fully believed to be the spectres of those horrid fires which had consumed the protestant martyrs. These phosphoric meteors certainly boded no good to human health, for general pestilence succeeded them. Strype's chronicler thus mentions these appearances:—"Apparitions of strange fires were seen by persons in many places in the neighbourhood of London; as in Finsbury fields, Moorfield, near the windmill, and at the doghouse, by one dame Annice Clere's, and in many open places."[1]

The natural result of hostilities with France was war with Scotland, which was then united under one royal family. The Scotch having made a desperate inbreak over the English border, queen Mary took the resolution of heading an army against them, and she summoned the northern militia, by a proclamation to that effect.[2] She had sufficient energy of mind for such an exploit, had her sinking frame seconded her intentions. The unexpected loss of Calais, with which the year commenced, overwhelmed both the English and their queen with dismay; and during the remainder of her

[1] Strype, vol. iii., p. 509.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 306. The Scotch were vigorously repulsed by the earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, with the levies raised for the personal campaign of Mary.

miserable life, she was harassed with schemes to regain that fragment of France—the sole fruits of all the conquests of the Plantagenets. This town was maintained by the sovereigns of England, at an expense equal to a fifth of the revenue. It had often been the nursery of faction, and several revolts,[1] which shook the English throne, had been concocted within its walls; yet it was dearly prized by the English, as the key to France, whenever they should possess a monarch sufficiently combative to renew the invasions of Edward III. and Henry V.—a consummation the nation devoutly wished, not having sufficient statistic wisdom to trace the long miseries of civil strife, in the fifteenth century, to the evil qualities induced in the population by such diabolical warfare, from which they gained nothing but the expensive possession of Calais. It is little known, that this town sent two representatives to the English house of commons.

The duke of Guise captured the citadel of Hammes, by a *coup de main*, in the first days of January, and before the end of the month Calais itself was re-united to the French crown. "When do you English intend to visit France again?" was the taunting question asked by a French chevalier of an English veteran, as lord Grey was marching out of Calais. "When your national crimes exceed ours," was the admirable reply; and this prediction, recorded by the historic pen of Lord Bacon, has been fulfilled by the duke of Wellington. But neither Mary nor her subjects could foresee a futurity so consolatory to national pride. The English insisted that king Philip should make no peace with France till Calais was restored; and this involved the queen in such a mesh of disputes, that she declared she should die, and if her breast was opened, Calais would be found written on her heart. Her death was near at hand: she had resided at Richmond in the spring, where she caught a bad intermittent fever, induced by the series

[1] The earl of Warwick matured all his schemes there, both for the aggrandizement and dethronement of the house of York. Henry VII. was likewise aided in his invasion of England by the garrison of Calais.

of wet, ungenial seasons, prevalent throughout her reign. Before the Jesuits discovered the specific of Peruvian bark, agues, and other intermittents, were the scourge of the country, and often degenerated into the worst typhus fevers. So little was understood of the nature of malaria, that the queen removed to Hampton Court, for change of air, which is situated nearer the level of the Thames than was Richmond Palace. Finding she grew worse, she removed from thence to St. James's, which has the most marshy site that London could offer. Here, however, the fever somewhat abated; but her spirits were oppressed with extreme melancholy at the tidings of the death of her kinsman, Charles V., which occurred in September, 1558.

While the queen laid very sick and ill, persons were punished with the pillory, for falsely reporting that she had expired; it is evident her unfortunate subjects were treated with increased cruelty by the council, who directed the religious persecution which raged in the land. A poor woman, named Alice Driver, was burnt to death for heresy; she had a short time previously been condemned by sir Clement Higham, (a judge more clement in name than nature,) to have her ears cut off, for railing on her majesty, and calling her Jezabel. There is a strong contrast between these horrid sentences and that inflicted on an expert scold, at Bedford, who, for the same offence, was, when Mary presided over her council, condemned, for railing against her majesty, to the ancient constitutional punishment of the cucking stool.

King Philip did not visit England, but sent the conde de Feria, with a message and ring to his dying wife. Feria was likewise empowered to confer with the English parliament. The despatches of this ambassador contain some curious particulars. He found parliament very uneasy at the loss of Calais, extremely averse to impose heavy taxes for the purpose of regaining it, and, above all things, unwilling to break the alliance with Flanders, which, it was affirmed, was indispensable, since the union of France and Scotland. King Philip advised queen Mary to take some steps for the proper recognition of Elizabeth as her successor; a proposition

which Mary, says Feria, greeted with great satisfaction. The queen likewise sent her jewels to her sister, by the countess de Feria (formerly Jane Dormer). To these, by king Philip's orders, was added a very precious casket of gems he had left at St. James's Palace, which he knew Elizabeth particularly admired. The queen, when she sent the jewels, charged her sister to pay all the debts she had contracted on privy seals, and to keep religion as she found it; both which injunctions the countess de Feria affirmed Elizabeth swore to regard. Thus it is evident that Mary was on good terms with her sister, when she laid on her death-bed.

Cardinal Pole was dying of the same intermittent fever as his royal cousin; it was doubtful which would expire first, and messages hourly passed between these early friends.

The whole court had deserted Mary's palace, since her recognition of Elizabeth as her successor, and were seen passing and repassing on the road to Hatfield. Of this desertion the queen never complained; perhaps she thought it natural, and she had devoted friends round her, who paid her requisite attention; but Elizabeth often recalled it with horror when pressed to name a successor.[1]

The hand of death was on the queen throughout the 16th of November, but her previous sufferings had blunted the usual agonies of dissolution, for she was composed, and even cheerful; between four and five in the morning of November 17th, after receiving extreme unction, at her desire, mass was celebrated in her chamber. At the elevation of the host, she raised her eyes to heaven, and at the benediction bowed her head, and expired. These particulars of the last moments of queen Mary were given by an eye-witness, White, bishop of Winchester, in her funeral sermon.

Cardinal Pole survived her; being informed of her departure, he expressed the greatest satisfaction at the

[1] Elizabeth's words, that she would not follow the example of her sister, and send such visitors to her successor as came to see her at Hatfield, strongly confirm Feria's despatches.

prospect of his speedy dissolution, which actually took place within a few hours.

The deceased queen was embalmed, and then removed from the chamber in which she expired into the chapel of St. James's Palace, on the evening of the 10th of December, where she laid in state, with the usual watch of ladies. It was the custom for the body of an English sovereign to be buried in royal array, but Mary had earnestly entreated that no semblance of the crown, which had pressed so heavily on her brow in life, might encumber her corpse in death. She requested that she might be interred in the habit of a poor religieuse. Leti is the only historian who records this request, but it is more probable that Mary made it than that it was fulfilled.

Her funeral took place on the 13th of the same month, and it proves how completely the gothic etiquette, followed at such ceremonials, recognised alone the warlike and masculine character in a sovereign: for our first queen-regnant's helmet, sword, targe, and body armour, were carried before her corpse; and a stranger in the country, trusting only to the eye, would have supposed the English were attending the burial of a king. The procession set out from the palace of St. James, where she died. A herald, who was an eye-witness of the scene, thus describes it:[1]—"So up the highway went the foremost standard, the falcon and the hart. Then came a great company of mourners. Then another goodly standard of the lion and the falcon, followed by king Philip's servants, riding two and two. Then the third standard, with the white greyhound and falcon. The marquis of Winchester bore the banner of England on horseback; Chester herald, the helm, the crest, and the mantle; Norroy, the target, with the crown of England and the order of the Garter; Clarencieux, the sword, and Mr. Garter, king at arms, her coat armour—all on horseback. The Somerset, Lancaster, Windsor, and York heralds, carried four white banners

[1] Strype's Mems., vol. iii., par. 2, pp. 141, 142. The falcon in these banners seems the imperial eagle.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

of saints embossed in fine gold. Then came the corpse, in a chariot, with an exact image representing queen Mary, dressed in crimson velvet, with many gold rings on her hands. The pall over the coffin was black cloth of gold, intersected by a cross of cloth of silver. The body was followed by the chief mourners; the queen's ladies came after on horseback, but their black trains were long enough to sweep after them on the ground.

Before the corpse, and following after, came processions of monks, mourning their own fate as well as the death of Mary. Such was the procession which passed by Charing Cross, and arrived at the great door of Westminster Abbey, where every one alighted from their horses. "There waited gentlemen, ready to take the queen out of her chariot." The earls and lords went before her towards the hearse, which, it must always be remembered, was erected in the abbey, near or over the grave. The effigy above mentioned was carried between "men of worship." At the great door of the abbey, four bishops, and abbot Feckenham, *in pontificalibus*, met this procession, and censed the corpse. The royal corpse was then placed on the hearse, and watched the livelong night of December 13th. A hundred poor men, in good black gowns and hoods, bearing long torches, with the queen's guard, in black coats, bearing staff torches, stood round the hearse that night; and wax-chandlers were in attendance, to supply any torches that burnt out.

The next morning, December 14th, was the queen's mass, and all the mourners offered; and the queen's body armour, her sword, her helmet, her target, her banner of arms, and three standards, were all offered, her heralds standing round her coffin. The bishop of Winchester preached a most remarkable funeral sermon for the deceased queen, being often interrupted by his tears; the historical circumstances attending this oration prove that queen Elizabeth was present at the ceremony. The herald who is our guide in this curious ceremonial, proceeds to say—"Then her grace was carried up to that chapel king Henry VII. builded, attended by mitred bishops. When the heralds brake their staffs,

and flung them into her grave, all the people plucked down the hangings and the armorial bearings round about the abbey, and every one tore him a piece as large as he could catch it." What a scene of uproar and confusion must have concluded this last state ceremony of the Roman church in England! However, the archbishop of York, in the midst of the hurlyburly, proclaimed a collation, and as soon as he finished, the bishops, abbot Feckenham, the lords, ladies, and knights, went into the abbey to dinner.

Mary was interred on the north side of Henry VII.'s chapel. No memorial exists of her, saving her participation in the following inscription, inscribed on two small black tablets, erected by the order of James I., which point out the spots where her body reposes with that of her sister, queen Elizabeth:—

REGNO CONSORTES ET URNA HIC OBDORMUMUS ELIZABETHA ET MARIA SORORES IN SPE RESURRECTIONIS.

Elizabeth dispatched lord Cobham, on the 23rd of November, to Philip II., who was then in Flanders, with the news of her sister's demise. He celebrated Mary's requiem in the cathedral of Brussels, simultaneously with her burial;[1] and on the same day, by a singular coincidence, the like service was performed for his father, Charles V., and for his aunt, the queen of Hungary, so busy had death been in the royal family of Spain.[1]

In her testament, Mary styled herself queen of England, Spain, France, both Sicilies, Jerusalem, and Ireland, defender of the faith, archduchess of Austria, duchess of Burgundy, Milan, and Brabant, countess of Hapsburg, Flanders, and Tyrol.

She named her husband as principal executor, and her cousin, cardinal Pole, as the acting executor, to whom she left £1000. She considered she had a right to dispose of by will the church property she found still unalienated by her father and brother: the income arising from it she seems to have devoted to the main-

[1] Holingshed.

tenance of the most miserable of the poor with which the country abounded; and the capital, which she might have granted to hungry courtiers during her lifetime, she was exceedingly anxious should return to purposes of charity; and she seemed to think that, as she had not dissipated it in life, she had a right to direct its destination after death—a point that would admit of some controversy. The principal use to which she devoted this fund was so noble, that it seems grievous her will remained altogether a dead letter:—"And forasmuch," she says, "as there is no house or hospital specially ordained and provided for the relief and help of poor and old soldiers—namely, of such as have been hurt or maimed in the wars and service of this realm, the which we think both honour, conscience, and charity willeth should be provided for; and therefore, my mind and will is, that my executors shall, as shortly as they may after my decease, provide some convenient house within or nigh the suburbs of the city of London, the which house I would have founded and created, being governed with one master and two brethren; and I will, that this hospital be endowed with manors, lands, and possessions, to the value of 400 marks yearly." She recommended that good rules and ordinances should be made for this hospital by her executors, and "specially I would have them respect the relief, succour, and help of poor, impotent, and aged soldiers, chiefly those that be fallen into extreme poverty, and have no pension or other living." She devotes her jewels, and every kind of property, to the payment of her debts by privy seal, and the debts of her father and brother, which seem to have hung very heavily on her mind. She devotes about £2000 in all to the re-foundation of the convents of Sion, Shene, and the Observants—for works of charity and relief of the poor, and the support of the Savoy hospital.[1] There is not a penny bestowed on any devotional

[1] The whole will is edited by sir Frederick Madden, with his Privy Purse Expenses of Mary, from the Harleian MS. See Appendix, No. iv., p. clxxxv. The hospital of the Savoy, a useful institution, founded by Henry VII., and confiscated by Henry VIII., was re-founded by Mary, after her temporary recovery, in 1567—an action which seems

observance unconnected with active charity; neither image, lamp, nor pilgrimage are mentioned; and here the will is in coincidence with her privy purse expenses. One passage in it is extremely interesting, which is her desire to be united in death with her "dearly beloved and virtuous mother, queen Katharine:"—"And, further, I will," she says, "that the body of my most dear and well-beloved mother, of happy memory, queen Katharine, which lieth now buried at Peterborough, shall, within as short a time as conveniently it may after my burial, be removed, brought, and laid nigh the place of my sepulture; in which place I will my executors cause to be made honourable tombs for a decent memory of us." This, it is scarcely needful to say, was never done; and both mother and daughter repose without such honourable tombs.

She left to Philip, to keep for "a memory" of her, one jewel, "being a table diamond, which the emperor's majesty, his and my most honourable father, sent unto me by count d'Egmont at the insurance (betrothal) of my said lord and husband; also one other table diamond, which his majesty sent unto me by the marquis de los Naves, and the collar of gold set with nine diamonds, the which his majesty gave me the Epiphany after our marriage; also the ruby, now set in a gold ring, which his highness sent me by the count de Feria."

She very anxiously provided in her will for her state debts, raised for the support of the war, on her privy seals, bearing the enormous interest at from twelve to twenty per cent.[1] These would have been blended with the national debt in modern times; but Mary, like other sovereigns of her era, treated them wholly as her personal

greatly to be appreciated by our good churchman, Fuller, whose sayings, delectable in their quaintness, it is a pleasure to quote. "The hospital being left as bare of all conveniences as the poor creatures brought to it, the queen encouraged her maids of honour to supply it, who, out of their own wardrobes, furnished it with good bedding, &c. Were any of these ladies still alive, I would pray for them in the language of the psalmist—'The Lord make all their bed in their sickness,' and *he* is a good bed-maker indeed, who can and will make it fit the person and please the patient;" and very earnestly does Fuller urge that it is no superstition to commend their example.

[1] Parliamentary History, vol. iii.

obligations, and at the same time considered the goods of the state as her private property; for she pointed out in her will "that she left ships, arms, and crown jewels, far beyond the value of those debts," on which she clearly implied that the crown creditors had just claim, —an extraordinary feature in the history of finance, and perhaps not wholly undeserving the attention of our fundholders.

Mary built the public schools in the university of Oxford, but in a style more suited to her poverty than love of learning. They were afterwards taken down and rebuilt, yet the university remembers her in the list of its benefactors.[1] She likewise granted the establishment on Bennet's Hill, near St. Paul's, to the learned body of heralds, and it is to this day their college.

However fatally mistaken either Mary or her ministers were in the principles of religious government, her last testament proves that she was not insensible to the prosperity of her country. The codicil of her will, added after her strange mania of maternity was dispelled by the near approach of death, provides for the amicable continuance of the alliance between England and Flanders, that grand desideratum which had been a national object since the alliance of William the Conqueror with Matilda of Flanders. Mary, in her codicil, thus solemnly addressed her husband and her successor:—

"And for the ancient amity sake that hath always been between our noble progenitors, and between this my realm and the Low Countries, whereof his majesty king Philip is now inheritor, as God shall reward him, (I hope, among the elect servants of God,) I pray that it may please his majesty to shew himself as a father, in his care, or as a *brother* of this realm, in his love and favour, and as a most assured and undoubted friend, in his power and strength to my heir and successor."

With this sentence concludes a biography which presented a task at once the most difficult and dangerous that could fall to the lot of any Englishwoman to perform. It was difficult, because almost the whole

[1] Heylin, Ref., p. 254.

of the rich mass of documents lately edited by our great historical antiquarians, Madden and Tytler, are in direct opposition to the popular ideas of the character of our first queen-regnant; and dangerous, because the desire of recording truth may be mistaken for a wish to extenuate cruelty in religious and civil government. A narrative composed of facts drawn from contemporaneous authorities, is here presented to the public as little blended with comment as possible. Readers will draw their own inferences; and when their object is historical information rather than controversy, these are really more valuable than the most elaborate essay that the pride of authorship can produce. If such inferences should induce an opinion that our first queen-regnant mingled some of the virtues of her sex, with those dark and stormy passions, which have been attributed to her, there will but be fulfilled the motto which, in a mournfully prophetic spirit, she adopted for herself, that "Time unveils truth."

END OF VOL. V.

MAR 19

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

Queen Elizabeth

Publish'd by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1843

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

VOL. 6.

LONDON.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

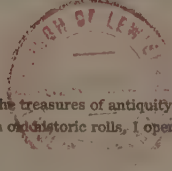
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.



"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1843.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS C. SAVILL.
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

In consequence of the importance of the subject, and the great mass of inedited matter, which has never before appeared in any history of queen Elizabeth's life or reign, it has been found impossible to complete the memoir of that mighty sovereign in one volume; the conclusion will, however, quickly follow in the seventh volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England."

A. S.

CENTRAL

CONTENTS

OF THE

SIXTH VOLUME.

ELIZABETH, the second Queen-Regnant of England and Ireland.—

Chapter I. . . . . *Page* 1
— II. 52
— III. 95
— IV. 146
— V. 224
— VI. 296
— VII. 368
— VIII. to the year 1583 425

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELIZABETH, when Princess in the reign of Edward VI., from the Family Group at Hampton Court, from Holbein . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

(See Vol. V. Page 56.)

ELIZABETH, and the Flower Child . . . *Vignette.*

(See present Vol., Page 104)

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace—Chamber of the Virgins—Remark of her mother, queen Anne Boleyn—Christening—Placed first in the succession—Marriage negotiation with France—Execution of her mother—Elizabeth declared illegitimate—Her governess—Want of apparel—Altered fortunes—Appears at her brother's christening—Her early promise—Education—Her first letter—Patronised by Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard—Residence with her sister Mary—Offered in marriage to the heir of Arran—Her letter to queen Katharine Parr—Proficiency in languages—Her early compositions—Her brother's love for her—Shares his studies—Her father's death—Her grief—Wooed by Seymour, the lord admiral—Refuses his hand—Offended at his marriage with the queen dowager—Princess Mary invites her to live with her—She resides with queen Katharine Parr—Her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and Roger Ascham—Freedoms of the admiral—The queen's jealousy—Elizabeth removes to Cheston—Her letters to the queen and admiral—Death and bequest of queen Katharine Parr—The admiral's clandestine courtship of Elizabeth—Injurious reports concerning it—Elizabeth's conferences with Parry—Her governess Ashley sent to the Tower—Examination of Elizabeth—Restraint at Hatfield—Defends her governess—Letter to the protector—Her confessions—Her governess superseded by lady Tyrwhit—Disdainful conduct of Elizabeth—She writes again to the protector—Serious scandals on Elizabeth—She intercedes for her governess—Execution of the admiral—Elizabeth's regard for his memory—The ladies of her household.

We now come to the most distinguished name in the annals of female royalty, that of the great Elizabeth, second queen regnant of England. The romantic circumstances of her birth, the vicissitudes of her child-

hood, and the lofty spirit with which she bore herself, amidst the storms and perils that darkened over her during her sister's reign, invested her with almost poetic interest, as a royal heroine, before her title to the regal succession was ratified by the voice of a generous people, and the brilliant success of her government, during a long reign, surrounded her maiden diadem with a blaze of glory which has rendered her the most popular of our monarchs, and blinded succeeding generations to her faults.

It is not, perhaps, the most gracious office in the world to perform, with strict impartiality, the duty of a faithful biographer to a princess so endeared to national pride as Elizabeth, and to examine, by the cold calm light of truth, the flaws which mar the bright ideal of Spenser's "Glorianna," and Shakespeare's

"Fair vestal throned by the west."

Like the wise and popular Augustus Cæsar, Elizabeth understood the importance of acquiring the good will of that class whose friendship or enmity goes far to decide the fortunes of princes; the might of her throne was supported by the pens of the master spirits of the age. Very different might have been the records of her reign, if the reasoning powers of Bacon, the eloquence of Sidney, the poetic talents of Spenser, the wit of Harrington, and the genius of Shakespeare had been arrayed against her, instead of combining to represent her as the impersonification of all earthly perfection—scarcely, indeed, short of divinity.

It has been truly said, however, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and it is impossible to enter into the personal history of England's Elizabeth without shewing that she occasionally forgot the dignity of the heroine among her ladies in waiting, and indulged in follies which the youngest of her maids of honour would have blushed to imitate. The web of her life was a glittering tissue, in which good and evil were strangely mingled, and as the evidences of friend and foe are woven together, without reference to the prejudices of

either, or any other object than to shew her as she was, the lights and shades must sometimes appear in strong and even painful opposition to each other, for such are the inconsistencies of human nature, such the littlenesses of human greatness.

Queen Elizabeth first saw the light at Greenwich palace, the favourite abode of her royal parents, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Her birth is thus quaintly but prettily recorded by the contemporary historian, Hall:—"On the 7th day of September, being Sunday, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the queen was delivered of a faire ladye, on which day the duke of Norfolk came home to the christening."

The apartment in which she was born was hung with tapestry representing the history of holy virgins, and was from that circumstance called the Chamber of the Virgins. When the queen, her mother, who had eagerly anticipated a son, was told that she had given birth to a daughter, she endeavoured, with ready tact, to attach adventitious importance to her infant, by saying to the ladies in attendance:—"They may now, with reason, call this room the Chamber of Virgins, for a virgin is now born in it on the vigil of that auspicious day, on which the church commemorates the nativity of the Virgin Mary."[1]

Heywood, though a zealous eulogist of the Protestant principles of Elizabeth, intimates that she was under the especial patronage of the blessed Virgin from the hour of her birth, and for that cause devoted to a maiden life. "The lady Elizabeth," says he, "was born on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's annunciation. Even that she is now in heaven with all those blessed virgins that had oil in their lamps."

Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment felt by king Henry at the sex of the infant, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in honour of her birth, and the preparations for her christening were made with no less magnificence than if his hopes had been gratified by the birth of a male heir to the crown.

[1] Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

The solemnization of that sacred rite was appointed to take place on Wednesday, 10th of September, the fourth day after the birth of the infant princess. On that day the lord mayor, with the aldermen and council of the city of London, dined together at one o'clock, and then, in obedience to their summons, took boat in their chains and robes, and rowed to Greenwich, where many lords, knights, and gentlemen, were assembled to witness the royal ceremonial.

All the walls between Greenwich palace and the convent of the Grey Friars were hung with arras and the way strewn with green rushes. The church was likewise hung with arras. Gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks guarded the font, which stood in the middle of the church, it was of silver and raised to the height of three steps, and over it was a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold—about it, a space railed in, covered with red say. Between the choir and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When all these things were ready, the child was brought into the hall of the palace, and the procession set out to the neighbouring church of the Grey Friars; of which building no vestige now remains at Greenwich.

The procession began with the lowest rank, the citizens two and two led the way, then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains, a gradation of precedence, rather decidedly marked, of the three first ranks, whose distinction is by no means definite in the present times; after them the aldermen, and the lord mayor by himself, then the privy council in robes, then the peers and prelates followed by the earl of Essex, who bore the gilt covered basons; then the marquis of Exeter, with the taper of virgin wax; next the marquis of Dorset, bearing the salt, and the lady Mary of Norfolk (the betrothed of the young duke of Richmond) carrying the chrisom, which was very rich with pearls and gems; lastly came the royal infant, in the arms of her great-grandmother, the dowager duchess of Norfolk, under a stately canopy which was supported by the uncle of the babe, George Bo-

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARIES

leyn lord Rochford, the lords William and Thomas Howard, the maternal kindred of the mother, and lord Hussey, a newly made lord of the Boleyn blood. The babe was wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of regal length, furred with ermine, which was duly supported by the countess of Kent, assisted by the earl of Wiltshire, the grandfather of the little princess, and the earl of Derby. On the right of the infant, marched its great uncle, the duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff—on the other, the duke of Suffolk. The bishop of London, who performed the ceremony, received the infant at the church door of the Grey Friars, assisted by a grand company of bishops and mitred abbots; and, with all the rites of the Church of Rome, this future great Protestant queen received the name of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the duchess of Norfolk and marchioness of Dorset her godmothers. After Elizabeth had received her name, garter king-at-arms cried aloud:—"God, of his infinite goodness, send a prosperous life and long, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!"

Then a flourish of trumpets sounded, and the royal child was borne to the altar, the gospel was read over her, and she was confirmed by Cranmer, who, with the other sponsors, presented the christening gifts. He gave her a standing cup of gold, the duchess of Norfolk a cup of gold fretted with pearls, being completely unconscious of the chemical antipathy between the acidity of wine and the misplaced pearls. The marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover; and the marchioness of Exeter three standing bowls, graven and gilt, with covers. Then were brought in wafers, comfits, and hypocras, in such abundance that the company had as much as could be desired.

The homeward procession was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff torches, which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant herself was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaux. The procession returned in the

same order that it went out, save that four noble gentlemen carried the sponsor's gifts before the child, with trumpets flourishing all the way preceding them, till they came to the door of the queen's chamber. The king commanded the duke of Norfolk to thank the lord mayor and citizens heartily in his name for their attendance, and after they had powerfully refreshed themselves in the royal cellar, they betook themselves to their barges.

The queen was desirous of nourishing her infant daughter from her own bosom, but Henry, with his characteristic selfishness, forbade it, lest the frequent presence of the little princess in the chamber of her royal mother should be attended with inconvenience to himself.[1] He appointed for Elizabeth's nurse the wife of a gentleman named Hokart, whom he afterwards ennobled; and he invested the duchess-dowager of Norfolk with the office of state governess to the new-born babe, giving her for a residence the fair mansion and all the rich furniture, which he had bestowed on Anne Boleyn when he created her marchioness of Pembroke, with a salary of six thousand crowns.[2]

The lady Margaret Bryan, whose husband, sir Thomas Bryan, was a kinsman of queen Anne Boleyn, was preferred to the office of governess in ordinary to Elizabeth, as she had formerly been to the princess Mary: she was called "the lady mistress."

Elizabeth passed the two first months of her life at Greenwich Palace, with the queen her mother, and during that period she was frequently taken for an airing to Eltham, for the benefit of her health. On the 2nd of December, she was the subject of the following order in council:—

"The king's highness hath appointed that the lady princess Elizabeth (almost three months old) shall be taken from *hence* towards Hatfield upon Wednesday next week; that on Wednesday night she is to lie and repose at the house of the earl of Rutland at Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such household as the king's highness has established for the same."[3]

[1] Leti. [2] Ibid. [3] Strype, vol. i. p. 236.

Hertford Castle was first named, but scratched through and changed to Hatfield.

A few weeks afterwards she became, in virtue of the act of Parliament which settled the succession, in default of heirs male to Henry VIII., on the female issue of that monarch by Anne Boleyn, the heiress-presumptive to the throne, and her disinherited sister, the princess Mary, was compelled to yield precedency to her.

Soon after this change in the prospects of the unconscious babe, she was removed to the palace of the bishop of Winchester, at Chelsea,[1] on whom the charge of herself and her extensive nursery appointments were thrust. When she was thirteen months old, she was weaned, and the preliminaries for this important business were arranged between the officers of her household and the cabinet ministers of her august sire, with as much solemnity as if the fate of empires had been involved in the matter. The following passages are extracted from a letter from sir William Powlet to Cromwell, on this subject:—

"The king's grace, well considering the letter directed to you from my lady Brian and other my lady princess' officers, his grace, with the assent of the queen's grace, hath fully determined the weaning of my lady princess to be done with all diligence."

He proceeds to state that the little princess is to have the whole of any one of the royal residences thought best for her, and that consequently he has given orders for

[1] The air of this beautiful village agreed so well with the royal infant that Henry VIII. built a palace there, of which the husband of her governess, lady Bryan, was given the post of keeper; and so lately as the time of Charles II., one room in the Manor-house, as it was afterwards called, was known by the name of queen Elizabeth's nursery. There is an old mulberry tree in the gardens which claims the honour of having been planted by her hand. The king also erected a conduit at Kensington for supplying the nursery palace with spring water. This conduit still exists within her majesty's forcing grounds, on the west side of Kensington palace green; it is a low building, with walls of great thickness, the roof covered with bricks instead of tiles: the roof is groined with rude arches, and the water pours copiously into a square reservoir. Tradition declares that it was used by queen Elizabeth, when a child, as a bathing house: it is therefore regarded with peculiar interest. Faulkner's Kensington, p. 26.

Langley to be put in order for her and her suite; which orders, he adds—

"This messenger hath, withal, a letter from the queen's grace to my lady Brian, and that his grace and the queen's grace doth well and be merry, and all theirs, thanks be to God.—From Sarum, Oct. 9th."[1]

Scarcely was this nursery affair of state accomplished, before Henry exerted his paternal care in seeking to provide the royal weanling with a suitable consort, by entering into a negotiation with Francis I. of France for a union between this infant princess and the duke of Angoulême, the third son of that monarch. Henry proposed that the young duke should be educated in England, and stipulated that he should hold the duchy of Angoulême,[2] independently of the French crown, in the event of his coming to the crown of England through his marriage with Elizabeth.[3]

The project of educating the young French prince, who was selected for the husband of the presumptive heiress of England, according to the manners and customs of the realm of which she might hereafter become the sovereign, was a sagacious idea, but Henry clogged the matrimonial treaty with conditions which it was out of the power of the king of France to ratify, and it proved abortive.

The tragic events which rendered Elizabeth motherless in her third year, and degraded her from the lofty position in which she had been placed by the unjust but short-lived paternal fondness of her capricious father, have been fully detailed in the memoir of her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn. By the sentence which Cranmer had passed on the marriage of her parents and her own birth,

[1] The letter occurs in 1534. State Papers, Cromwell's correspondence, in the Chapter-house, Bunde P.

[2] Herbert; Hall; Rapin.

[3] This condition bears decidedly upon the now important question, whether the husband of a queen-regnant of England be entitled to the style of king-consort. It was Henry VIII.'s opinion that the husband of his daughter, in the event of her succeeding to the crown, might, by her favour, bear that title. Mary I., as we have seen, overstepped the constitutional boundary, by actually associating Philip of Spain in the executive power of the crown; but the law of nature and of reason decides that the husband of a queen-regnant of England ought not to occupy an inferior position in the state to the wife of a king of England, who derives a regal title from her marriage.

Elizabeth was branded with the stigma of illegitimacy; and that she was for a time exposed to the sort of neglect and contempt which is too often the lot of children to whom that reproach applies, is evidenced by the following letter from lady Bryan to Cromwell, imploring for a supply of necessary raiment for the innocent babe who had been so cruelly involved in her mother's fall:—

"My lord,

"After my most bounden duty I recommend me to your good lordship, beseeching you to be good lord to me, now in the greatest need that ever was; for it hath pleased God to take from me *hem* (them) that was my greatest comfort in this world to my great heaviness. Jesu have mercy on her soul! and now I am succourless, and as a *redles* (without redress) creature, but only from the great trust which I have in the king's grace and your good lordship, for now in you I put all my whole trust of comfort in this world, beseeching you to * * * me that I may do so. My lord, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship. Which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth. And now it boldeth (emboldens) me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my lady Mary's Grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady-mistress and made me a baroness, and so I have been governess to the children his grace have had since.

"Now it is so, my lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is at (of) now, I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of—that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers, and that she may have some raiment."[1]

Here Strype has interpolated a query for mourning. There is nothing of the kind implied in the original. If Strype had consulted any female on the articles enumerated, he would have found that few indeed of them were requisite for mourning. The list shews the utter destitution the young princess had been suffered to fall into in regard to clothes, either by the neglect of her mother, or because Anne Boleyn's power of aiding her child had been circumscribed long before her fall. Let any lady used to the nursery read over the list of the poor child's wants, represented by her faithful governess, and consider that a twelvemonth must have elapsed since she had a new supply:—

"She," continues lady Bryan, "hath neither gown, nor kirtle (slip), nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen—nor forsmocks (day chemises), nor

[1] Cott. MS. Otho. E. c. x. fol. 230.

kerchiefs, nor rails (night dresses), nor body-stichets (corsets), nor hand-kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers (mobeaps), nor biggens (night-caps). All these her grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth I can drive it off no longer. Beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself, and what is the king's grace's pleasure and yours; and that I shall do in everything? And whatsomever it shall please the king's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfil it to the best of my power.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton (a kinsman of Anne Boleyn) saith 'he be master of this house.' What fashion that may be I cannot tell, for I have not seen it afore. My lord, ye be so honourable yourself, and every man reporteth that your lordship loveth honour, that I trust you will see the house honourably ordered, as it ever hath been aforetime. And if it please you that I may know what your order is, and if it be not performed, I shall certify your lordship of it. For I fear me it will be hardly enough performed. But if the head (evidently Shelton) knew what honour meaneth, it will be the better ordered—if not, it will be hard to bring to pass.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton would have my lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the board of estate. Alas, my lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rule yet. I promise you, my lord, I dare not take it upon me to keep her grace in health an' she keep that rule. For there she shall see divers meats, and fruits, and wine, which it would be hard for me to restrain her grace from. Ye know, my lord, there is no place of correction there; and she is yet too young to correct greatly. I know well an' she be there, I shall neither bring her up to the king's grace's honour, nor hers, nor to her health, nor to my poor honesty. Wherefore, I shew your lordship this my desire, beseeching you, my lord, that my lady may have a mess of meat at her own lodging, with a good dish or two that is meet (fit) for her grace to eat of; and the reversion of the mess shall satisfy all her women, a gentleman usher, and a groom, which be eleven persons on her side. Sure am I it will be as great profit to the king's grace this way—(viz., to the economy of the arrangement)—as the other way. For if all this should be *set abroad*, they must have three or four messes of meat,—whereas this one mess shall suffice them all, with bread and drink, according as my Lady Mary's grace had afore, and to be ordered in all things as her grace was afore. God knoweth my lady (Elizabeth) hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God an' her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion than she is yet, so as I trust the king's grace shall have great comfort in her grace. For she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew any in my life. Jesu preserve her grace!

"As for a day or two, at a high time (meaning a high festival), or whensoever it shall please the king's grace to have her *set abroad* (shewn in public), I trust so to endeavour me, that she shall so do as shall be to the king's honour and hers; and then after to take her ease again.

That is, notwithstanding the sufferings of the young Elizabeth with her teeth, if the king wishes to exhibit her

for a short time in public, Lady Bryan will answer for her discreet behaviour, but after the drilling requisite for such ceremonial, it will be necessary for her to revert to the unconstrained playfulness of childhood. Lady Bryan concludes with this remark:—

"I think Mr. Shelton will not be content with this. He need not know it is my desire, but that it is the king's pleasure and yours that it should be so. Good my lord, have my lady's grace, and us that be her poor servants, in your remembrance; and your lordship shall have our hearty prayers by the grace of Jesu, who ever preserve your lordship with long life, and as much honour as your noble heart can desire. From Hunsdon, with the evil hand (bad writing) of her who is your daily bead-woman,

"MARGT. BRYAN."

"I beseech you, mine own good lord, be not miscontent that I am so bold to write thus to your lordship. But I take God to my judge I do it of true heart, and for my discharge, beseeching you, accept my good mind. Endorsed to the right noble and my singular good lord, my lord Privy Seal, be this delivered."

This letter affords some insight into the domestic politics of the nursery-palace of Hunsdon at this time. It shews that the infant Elizabeth proved a point of controversy between the two principal officials there, Margaret lady Bryan and Mr. Shelton; both placed in authority by the recently immolated queen Anne Boleyn, and both related to her family. Her aunt had married the head of the Shelton or Skelton family in Norfolk, and this officer at Hunsdon was probably a son of that lady, and consequently a near kinsman of the infant Elizabeth. He insisted that she should dine and sup at a state table where her infant importunity for wine, fruit, and high-seasoned food could not conveniently be restrained by her sensible governess, lady Bryan. Shelton probably wished to keep regal state as long as possible round the descendant of the Boleyns; and, in that time of sudden change in royal destinies, had perhaps an eye to ingratiate himself with the infant, by appearing in her company twice every day, and indulging her by the gratification of her palate with mischievous dainties. Lady Bryan was likewise connected with the Boleyn family—not so near as the Sheltons, but near enough to possess interest with queen Anne Boleyn, to whom she owed her office as governess or lady mistress, to the

infant Elizabeth. There can scarcely exist a doubt, that her lamentation and invocation for the soul of some person lately departed, by whose death she was left succourless, refer to the recent death of Anne Boleyn.[1] It is evident that if Lady Bryan had not conformed to king Henry's version of the Catholic religion she would not have been in authority at Hunsdon, where she was abiding not only with her immediate charge, the princess Elizabeth, but with the disinherited princess Mary. Further there may be observed a striking harmony between the expressions of this lady and those of the princess Mary, who appealed to her father's paternal feelings in behalf of her sister the infant Elizabeth, a few weeks later, almost in the same words used by lady Bryan in this letter.[2] A coincidence which proves unity of purpose between the governess and the princess Mary, regarding the motherless child.

Much of the future greatness of Elizabeth may reasonably be attributed to the judicious training of her sensible and conscientious governess, combined with the salutary adversity, which deprived her of the pernicious pomp and luxury that had surrounded her cradle while she was treated as the heiress of England. The first public action of Elizabeth's life was her carrying the chrisom of her infant brother, Edward VI., at the christening solemnity of that prince. She was borne in the arms of the earl of Hertford, brother of the queen her step-mother, when the assistants in the ceremonial approached the font; but when they left the chapel, the train of her little grace, just four years old, was supported by Lady Herbert, the sister of Katherine Parr, as, led by the hand of her elder sister, the princess Mary, she walked with mimic dignity, in the returning procession, to the chamber of the dying queen.[3]

[1] For some reason best known to himself, Strype has omitted the opening clause of this letter. Perhaps on account of the invocation for the soul of Lady Bryan's friend, which proves that Elizabeth's governess belonged to the Catholic Church. She was, indeed, the same person under whose care the princess Mary had imbibed that faith with such extraordinary fervency.

[2] See Life of queen Mary, vol. v. of this work, p. 204.

[3] See the Memoir of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.

At that period the royal ceremonials of Henry VIII.'s court were blended with circumstances of wonder and tragic excitement, and strange and passing sad, it must have been, to see the child of the murdered queen, Anne Boleyn, framing her innocent lips to lisp the name of mother to her, for whose sake she had been rendered motherless, and branded with the stigma of illegitimacy. In all probability the little Elizabeth, knelt to her, as well as to her cruel father, to claim a benediction in her turn, after the royal pair had proudly bestowed their blessing on the newly-baptized prince, whose christening was so soon to be followed by the funeral of the queen his mother.

It was deemed an especial mark of the favour of her royal father, that Elizabeth was considered worthy of the honour of being admitted to keep company with the young prince her brother. She was four years older than him, and having been well trained and gently nurtured herself, was "better able," says Heywood, "to teach and direct him, even from the first of his speech and understanding." Cordial and entire was the affection betwixt this brother and sister, insomuch that he no sooner began to know her but he seemed to acknowledge her, and she, being of more maturity, as deeply loved him. On the second anniversary of Edward's birth, when the nobles of England presented gifts of silver and gold, and jewels, to the infant heir of the realm, the lady Elizabeth's grace gave the simple offering of a shirt of cambric worked by her own hands.[1] She was then six years old. Thus early was this illustrious lady instructed in the feminine accomplishment of needle-work, and directed to turn her labours in that way to a pleasing account.

From her cradle, Elizabeth was a child of the fairest promise, and possessed the art of attracting the regard of others. Wriothesley, who visited the two princesses, when they were together at Hertford castle, December 17th, 1539, was greatly impressed with the preccious understanding of the young Elizabeth, of whom he gives the following pretty account:—

[1] Ellis. Royal Letters.

"I went then to my lady Elizabeth's grace, and to the same made his majesty's most hearty commendations, declaring that his highness desired to hear of her health, and sent his blessing; she gave humble thanks, inquiring after his majesty's welfare, and that with as great a gravity as she had been forty years old. If she be no worse educated than she now appeareth to me, she will prove of no less honour than beseemeth her father's daughter, whom the Lord long preserve."[1]

The feelings of jealous dislike, which the princess Mary naturally felt towards her infant rival, were gradually subdued, by the endearing caresses of the innocent child, when they became sisters in adversity. When Mary again incurred the displeasure of her capricious sire, and was forbidden to come within a certain distance of the court, Elizabeth became once more the associate of her little brother's sports, and afterwards shared his studies. The early predilection of these royal children for their learning was remarkable. "As soon as it was light they called for their books; so welcome," says Heywood, "were their *horæ matutinæ* that they seemed to prevent the night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling." They took no less delight in the practice of their religious exercises and the study of the Scriptures, to which their first hours were exclusively devoted. "The rest of the forenoon," continues our author, "breakfast, alone, excepted, they were instructed in languages and science, or moral learning, collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes, and when he was called out to his more active exercises in the open air, she betook herself to her lute or viol, and when wearied with that, employed her time in needle-work."

On the marriage of the king, her father, with Anne of Cleves, in 1540, the young Elizabeth expressed the most ardent desire to see the new queen, and to be permitted to pay her the homage of a daughter. When her governess made this request, in the name of her royal pupil, to the king, he is said to have replied, "That she had had a mother so different from the queen, that she ought not to wish to see her, but she had his permission to write to her majesty."[2] On which, the following letter, probably

[1] State Papers, 30th Hen. VIII.
[2] Leti's Life of Elizabeth.

the first ever written by Elizabeth, was addressed by her to her new step-mother.

"Madame,

"I am struggling between two contending wishes—one is—my impatient desire to see your majesty, the other that of rendering the obedience I owe to the commands of the king my father, which prevent me from leaving my house till he has given me full permission to do so. But I hope that I shall be able shortly to gratify both these desires. In the meantime, I entreat your majesty to permit me to shew, by this billet, the zeal with which I devote my respect to you as my queen, and my entire obedience to you as to my mother. I am too young and feeble to have power to do more than to felicitate you with all my heart in this commencement of your marriage. I hope that your majesty will have as much goodwill for me as I have zeal for your service."[1]

This letter is without date or signature, and Leti, who rarely gives his authorities, does not explain the source whence it was derived; but there is no reason to dispute its authenticity. He tells us "that Anne of Cleves, when she saw Elizabeth, was charmed with her beauty, wit, and endearing caresses—that she conceived the most tender affection for her—and when the conditions of her divorce were arranged, she requested, as a great favour, that she might be permitted to see her sometimes—adding, "that to have had that young princess for her daughter would have been greater happiness to her than being queen." The paternal pride of Henry was gratified at this avowal, and he agreed that she should see Elizabeth as often as she wished, provided that she was only addressed by her as the lady Anne of Cleves.[2]

Elizabeth found no less favour in the eyes of her new step-mother, the young and beautiful Katharine Howard, who being cousin-german to her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn, took the young princess under her especial protection, and treated her with every mark of tenderness and consideration. On the day when she was publicly acknowledged by Henry as his queen, she directed that the princess Elizabeth should be placed opposite to her at table because she was of her own blood and lineage. It was also observed that at all the fêtes and public shows which took place in honour of her marriage with the king, queen Katharine gave the lady Elizabeth the

[1] Leti's Elizabeth. Leti always modernizes not only the orthography but the phraseology of the documents he quotes. [2] Leti.

place of honour nearest to her own person, saying "that she was her cousin."[1] It was supposed that this partial step-mother intended to use her powerful influence with the king for the repeal of the act of parliament which had pronounced Elizabeth to be illegitimate, and thus would she have been given a second time the preference to her elder sister in the succession. Notwithstanding the favour which was shewn to Elizabeth by the Howard queen, she was always entreating the king her father to allow her to remain with the lady Anne of Cleves, for whom she ever manifested a very sincere regard. The attachments formed by Elizabeth in childhood and early youth were of an ardent and enduring character, as will be hereafter shewn.

After the disgrace and death of queen Katharine Howard, Elizabeth resided chiefly with her sister Mary, at Havering Bower. In the summer of 1543, she was present when Mary gave audience to the imperial ambassadors;[2] she was then ten years old. Soon after, king Henry offered her hand to the earl of Arran for his son, in order to win his co-operation in his darling project of uniting the crowns of England and Scotland by a marriage between the infant queen, Mary Stuart, and his son prince Edward. Perhaps the Scottish earl did not give Henry credit for the sincerity of a proposal so derogatory to the dignity of the princess Elizabeth, for he paid little attention to this extraordinary offer, and espoused the interest of the French court. According to Marillac, Henry had previously mentioned his intention of espousing Elizabeth to an infant of Portugal, but all Henry's matrimonial schemes for his children were doomed to remain unfulfilled, and Elizabeth, instead of being sacrificed in her childhood in some political marriage, had the good fortune to complete a most superior education under the auspices of the good and learned Katharine Parr, Henry's sixth queen and her fourth step-mother. Katharine Parr was well acquainted with Elizabeth before she became queen, and greatly admired her wit and

[1] Leti's Elizabeth.

[2] State Paper MS. See Memoir of Mary, vol. v.

manners. On her marriage with the king she induced him to send for the young princess to court, and to give her an apartment in the palace of Whitehall contiguous to her own, and bestowed particular attention on all her comforts. According to Leti, Elizabeth expressed her acknowledgments in the following letter:—

"Madame,

"The affection that you have testified in wishing that I should be suffered to be with you in the court, and requesting this of the king my father, with so much earnestness, is a proof of your goodness. So great a mark of your tenderness for me obliges me to examine myself a little, to see if I can find anything in me that can merit it, but I can find nothing but a great zeal and devotion to the service of your majesty. But as that zeal has not yet been called into action so as to manifest itself, I see well that it is only the greatness of soul in your majesty which makes you do me this honour, and this redoubles my zeal towards your majesty. I can assure you also that my conduct will be such that you shall never have cause to complain of having done me the honour of calling me to you; at least, I will make it my constant care that I do nothing but with a design to shew always my obedience and respect. I await with much impatience the orders of the king my father for the accomplishment of the happiness for which I sigh, and I remain, with much submission, your majesty's very dear

"ELIZABETH."[1]

There is no date to this letter, and as Elizabeth certainly was present at the nuptials of her royal father with Katharine Parr, it is more probable that it was written after the return of Henry and Katharine from their bridal progress, as she addresses the latter by her regal title. Elizabeth at that time was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added some personal beauty

[1] This and the preceding, addressed to Anne of Cleves, are the earliest letters ever written by Elizabeth. There is another, two or three years later, addressed by her to sir Thomas Carden, who was one of her father's gentlemen of the privy chamber, a great favourite of his, and a very greedy recipient of church property. This person had the care of the castle and lands of Donnington, once belonging to Chaucer, and afterwards part of the spoils confiscated to the crown on the attainder of De la Pole, and at this time an appanage presented to Elizabeth by her father. She afterwards, by her own account, forgot she had such a house as Donnington, nevertheless she was perfectly well informed as to its minutest details before the death of Henry VIII. The letter itself is not worth transcribing, being a perplexed piece of composition, in which the young princess, commencing—"Gentle Mr. Carden," proceeds to exonerate herself from having listened to an enemy of his, "one Mansel, a person of evil inclination and worse life," she subscribes herself, "Your loving friend, Elizabeth."

and very graceful manners. She had wit at command, and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her, "that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment in the world." At the age of twelve she was considerably advanced in sciences, which rarely, indeed, at that era, formed part of the education of princesses. She understood the principles of geography, architecture, the mathematics, and astronomy, and astonished all her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge. Her handwriting was beautiful, and her skill in languages remarkable. Hentzner, the German traveller, mentions having seen a little volume in the royal library at Whitehall, written by queen Elizabeth, when a child, in French, on vellum. It was thus inscribed:

"A treshaut, et tres puissant, et redoubté prince Henry VIII., de ce nom, roy d'Angleterre, de France et de Irelande, defenseur de la foy.
"Elisabeth, sa tres humble fille, rend salut et obedience."[1]

Among the royal manuscripts, in the British Museum is a small volume, in an embroidered binding, consisting of prayers and meditations, selected from different English writers by queen Katharine Parr, and translated and copied by the princess Elizabeth, in Latin, French, and Italian. The volume is dedicated to queen Katharine Parr, and her initials, R. K. P., are introduced in the binding, between those of the Saviour, wrought in blue silk and silver thread by the hand of Elizabeth. It is dated Hertford, December 20, 1545. Camden also mentions a "Godly Meditation of the Soule, concerning love towardes Christe our Lorde," translated by Elizabeth from the French. Her master for the Italian language was Castiglione. Like her elder sister, the princess Mary, she was an accomplished Latin scholar, and astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age by the ease and grace with which she conversed in that language. French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, she both spoke and wrote, with the same facility, as her native

[1] Hentzner's Visit to England.

tongue. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made verses that were not devoid of merit, but she only regarded this as the amusement of her leisure hours, bestowing more of her time and attention on the study of history than anything else. To this early predilection she probably owed her future greatness as a sovereign. Accomplishments may well be dispensed with in the education of princes, but history is the true science for royal students, and they should early be accustomed to reflect and draw moral and philosophical deductions from the rise and fall of nations, and to trace the causes that have led to the calamities of sovereigns in every age; for neither monarchs nor statesmen can be fitted for the purposes of government unless they have acquired the faculty of reading the future by the lamp of the past.

Elizabeth was indefatigable in her pursuit of this queenly branch of knowledge, to which she devoted three hours a day, and read works in all languages that afforded information on the subject. It was, however, in this predilection alone that she betrayed the ambition which formed the leading trait of her character. While thus fitting herself in her childhood for the throne, which as yet she viewed through a vista far remote, she endeavoured to conceal her object by the semblance of the most perfect humility, and affecting a love for the leisure and quiet of private life.[1]

In the treaty between Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles, in 1545,[2] there was a proposal to unite Elizabeth in marriage to Philip of Spain, who afterwards became the consort of her elder sister Mary. The negotiation came to nothing. The name of Elizabeth was hateful to Charles V. as the child of Anne Boleyn. During the last illness of the king her father, Elizabeth chiefly resided at Hatfield House[3], with the young prince her bro-

[1] Leti. [2] Herbert's Henry VII.

[3] Henry VIII. had forced Goodrich, bishop of Ely, to surrender this residence, which was a country palace pertaining to his see, in exchange for certain lands in Cambridgeshire, and established it as a nursery palace for his children; it had been used as such in his father's reign, for the youngest son of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII. Edmund duke of Somerset died there. It is (for the structure still exists) a venerable witness of the

ther, whose especial darling she was. It is said she shared the instruction which he there received from his learned preceptors, sir John Cheke, doctor Cox, and sir Anthony Cooke. Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, made Cox bishop of Ely, and bestowed great favour on Cooke and his learned daughters, lady Bacon and lady Burleigh. They were the companions of her youth, and afterwards the wives of two of her most esteemed ministers of state.

The tender love that endeared Edward and Elizabeth to each other, in infancy, appears to have ripened into a sweeter, holier friendship, as their kindred minds expanded, "for," says sir Robert Naunton, "besides the consideration of blood, there was between these two princes a concurrence and sympathy of their natures and affections, together with the celestial bond, conformity in religion, which made them one." In December, 1546, when the brother and sister were separated, by the removal of Elizabeth to Enfield and Edward to Hertford, the prince was so much afflicted that she wrote to him, entreating him to be comforted, and to correspond with her; he replied in these tender words:

"The change of place, most dear sister, does not so much vex me as your departure from me. But nothing can now occur to me more grateful than your letters. I particularly feel this, because you first began the correspondence and challenged me to write to you. I thank you most cordially both for your kindness and the quickness of its coming, and I will struggle vigorously that if I cannot excel you I will at least equal you in regard and attention. It is a comfort to my regret that I hope shortly to see you again if no accident intervene.[1]

The next time the royal brother and sister met was on the 30th of January, 1547, when the earl of Hertford and

past, situated on the brow of a pleasant hill, overlooking the ancient town of Bishop's Hatfield, with the river Lea winding through its grounds: the most antiquated part of the building was erected by Morton, bishop of Ely, in the reign of Edward IV., and a little square pleasure garden, with its hedges clipped in arches, is kept precisely in the same state as when Elizabeth sported therein with her little brother. She received a grant of this demesne from her brother's regency in 1550, and resided with some splendour and magnificence therein during the last years of her sister's life. The cradle of Elizabeth is shewn here.—History of Hatfield House, by P. F. Robinson, F.A.S.

Strype.

sir Anthony Brown brought young Edward privately from Hertford to Enfield, and there, in the presence of the princess Elizabeth, declared to him and her the death of the king their father. Both of them received the intelligence with passionate tears, and they united in such lamentations as moved all present to weep. "Never," says Hayward, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."[1]

The boy-king was conducted the next day to London, preparatory to his inauguration; but neither the grief which he felt for the death of his parent, nor the importance of the high vocation to which he had been thus early summoned, rendered him forgetful of his sweetest sister, as he ever called Elizabeth; and in reply to the letter of condolence, which she addressed to him, on the subject of their mutual bereavement, he wrote—"There is very little need of my consoling you, most dear sister, because from your learning you know what you ought to do, and from your prudence and piety you perform what your learning causes you to know." In conclusion, he compliments her on the elegance of her sentences, and adds, "I perceive you think of our father's death with a calm mind."

By the conditions of her royal father's will, Elizabeth was placed the third in the order of the royal succession after himself, provided her brother and sister died without lawful issue, and neither queen Katharine Parr nor any future queen bore children to the king. In point of fortune, she was left on terms of strict equality with her elder sister—that is to say, with a life annuity of three thousand pounds a year, and a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, provided she married with the consent of the king her brother and his council; otherwise she was to forfeit that provision.

More than one historian[2] has asserted that sir Thomas Seymour made a daring attempt to contract marriage

[1] Life of Edward VI.

[2] Sharon Turner; Burnet.

with the youthful princess Elizabeth, before he renewed his addresses to his old love, Katharine Parr. He had probably commenced his addresses to the royal girl before her father's death, for her governess, Katharine Ashley, positively deposed that it was her opinion that if Henry VIII. had lived a little longer, she would have been given to him for a wife. Leti tells us, that the admiral offered his hand to Elizabeth, immediately after king Henry's death: she was then in her fourteenth year. According to Sharon Turner, the ambitious project of the admiral was detected and prevented by the council; but Leti, who, by his access to the Aylesbury MSS., appears to have obtained peculiar information on the private history of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., assures us, that the refusal proceeded from Elizabeth herself. He gives us a truly frenchified version of the correspondence which passed between her and Seymour, exactly a month after the death of Henry VIII.;[1] for Seymour's letter, in which he requests the young princess to consent to ally herself to him in marriage, is dated February 26, 1547; and Elizabeth, in her reply, February 27, tells him, "That she has neither the years nor the inclination to think of marriage at present, and that she would not have any one imagine that such a subject had even been mentioned to her, at a time when she ought to be wholly taken up in weeping for the death of the king her father, to whom she owed so many obligations, and that she intended to devote at least two years to wearing black for him, and mourning for his loss; and that even when she shall have arrived at years of discretion, she wishes to retain her liberty, without entering into any matrimonial engagement."

Four days after the admiral received this negative, he was the accepted lover of his former *fiancée*, the queen-dowager Katharine Parr. Elizabeth, who had been, on the demise of the king her father, consigned by the council of the royal minor, her brother, to the care and

[1] Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

tutelage of queen Katharine, with whom she was then residing, was, according to our author, much displeased at the conduct of that lady, not only on account of the precipitation with which she had entered into a matrimonial engagement, which was considered derogatory to the honour due to the late king's memory, but because she had induced her to reject the addresses of the admiral, by representing to her how unsuitable such an alliance would be to her, in every point of view. Now, although the queen-dowager only performed her duty, as the widow of the deceased majesty of England, in giving such counsel to the orphan princess, to whom she had undertaken the office of a mother, her own proceedings, by rendering the motives of her advice questionable, excited reflections little to her advantage in the mind of Elizabeth, and perhaps sowed the first seeds of the fatal jealousy which afterwards divided them.

According to Leti, the princess Mary, who was no less offended than Elizabeth, at the indecorous haste of their royal stepmother's marriage, wrote to Elizabeth, offering her a residence in her house, entreating her to quit that of the queen-dowager, and come to her, that both might unite in testifying their disapproval of this unsuitable alliance.

Elizabeth, however, young as she was, had too much self-command to commit herself by putting a public affront on the best-loved uncle of the king her brother, who was by no means unlikely to supersede Somerset in his office of protector; neither did she feel disposed to come to a rupture with the queen-dowager, whose influence with king Edward was considerable: therefore, in reply to her sister, she wrote a very political letter,[1]

[1] The whole of this curious letter may be seen in Leti's Life of Elizabeth; but, unfortunately, our author's desire of rendering his book entertaining has led him to modernize the language and construction so considerably, that very few traces are discernible of the peculiar style of that princess. The readers of the 17th and 18th centuries neither understood nor valued documentary history; hence Leti, who had access to so many precious, and now inaccessible records, in the collection of his friend the earl of Aylesbury, and also to our national archives, as historiographer

"telling her that it behoved them both to submit with patience to that which could not be cured, as neither of them were in a position to offer any objection to what had taken place, without making their condition worse than it was; observing, that they had to do with a very powerful party, without themselves possessing the slightest credit at court; so that the only thing they could do was to dissemble the pain they felt at the disrespect with which their father's memory had been treated. She excuses herself from accepting Mary's invitation, "because," she says, "the queen had shewn her so much friendship, that she could not withdraw herself from her protection without appearing ungrateful;" and concludes in these words:—"I shall always pay the greatest deference to the instructions you may give me, and submit to whatsoever your highness shall be pleased to ordain." The letter is without date or signature.

For a year, at least, after the death of her royal father, Elizabeth continued to pursue her studies under the able superintendence of her accomplished stepmother, with whom she resided, either at the dower palace at Chelsea, or the more sequestered shades of Hanworth. Throckmorton, the kinsman of queen Katharine Parr, draws the following graceful portrait of the manners of the youthful princess at this era of her life:

"Elizabeth there sojourning for a time
Gave fruitful hope of blossom blown in prime.

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtues did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree would scorn,
To talk with poorest souls she liked well;
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states in lowliness abound.

to king Charles II., only availed himself of such facts as were of a romantic character, and presented the royal letters of the 16th century in phraseology more suitable to the era of Louis XIV. than that of Edward VI.; consequently, many things that were true in substance have been doubted, because of the inconsistent form in which they were introduced.

" If some of us that waited on the queen,
Did ought for her, she past in thankfulness,
I wondered at her answers, which have been
So fitly placed in perfect readiness;
She was disposed to mirth in company,
Yet still regarding civil modesty." [1]

The princess Elizabeth, while residing with queen Katharine Parr, had her own ladies and officers of state, and a retinue in all respects suitable to her high rank as sister to the reigning sovereign. Her governess, Mrs. Katherine Ashley, to whom she was fondly attached, was married to a relative of the unfortunate queen her mother, Anne Boleyn, and it is to be observed that Elizabeth, although that mother's name was to her a sealed subject, bestowed to the very end of her life her chief favour and confidence on her maternal kindred.

The learned William Grindal, was Elizabeth's tutor till she was placed under the still more distinguished preceptorship of Roger Ascham. The following letter from that great scholar was addressed to Mrs. Katharine Ashley, before he had obtained the tutelage of her royal charge, and, both on account of the period at which it was written and its being in English, it is very curious.[2]

" Gentle Mrs. Astley, Would God my wit wist what words would express the thanks you have deserved of all true English hearts, for that noble *imp* (Elizabeth) by your labour and wisdom now flourishing in all goodly godliness, the fruit whereof doth even now redound to her Grace's high honour and profit.

" I wish her Grace to come to that end in perfectness with likelyhood of her wit, and painfulness in her study, true trade of her teaching, which your diligent overseeing doth most constantly promise. And although this one thing be sufficient for me to love you, yet the knot which hath knit Mr. Astley and you together, doth so bind me also to you, that if my ability would match my good will you should find no friend faster. He is a man I loved for his virtue before I knew him through acquaintance, whose friendship I account among my chief gains gotten at court. Your favour to Mr. Grindall and gentleness towards me, are matters sufficient enough to deserve more good will than my little power is able to requite.

" My good will hath sent you this pen of silver for a token. Good *Mrs.*, I would have you in any case to labour, and not to give yourself to ease. I wish all increase of virtue and honour to that my good lady (Elizabeth),

[1] Throckmorton MS.
[2] Whittaker's History of Richmondshire, vol. ii. p. 270.

whose wit, good Mrs. Astley, I beseech you somewhat favour. Blunt edges be dull and (en-) *dure* much pain to little profit; the free edge is soon turned if it be not handled thereafter. If you pour much drink at once into a goblet, the most part will dash out and run over; if ye pour it softly, you may fill it even to the top, and so her Grace, I doubt not, by little and little may be increased in learning, that at length greater cannot be required. And if you think not this, gentle Mrs. Astley, yet I trust you will take my words as spoken, although not of the greatest wisdom, yet not of the least good will. I pray commend you to my good Lady of Troye, and all that company of godly gentlewomen. I send my Lady (Elizabeth) her pen, an Italian book, a book of prayers. Send the silver pen which is broken, and it shall be mended quickly. So I commit and commend you all to the Almighty's merciful protection. Your ever obliged friend,

"ROGER ASCHAM.

"To his very loving friend Mrs. Astley."[1]

On the death of his friend, William Grindall, Ascham was appointed tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, then about sixteen, with whom he read nearly the whole of Cicero's works, Livy, the orations of Isocrates, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the New Testament in Greek. Some disturbances in Ascham's own family separated him from his royal pupil in 1550.

Sufficient account has been given, in the memoir of Queen Katharine Parr, of the rude and improper conduct of the lord admiral sir Thomas Seymour to the fair young royal student, while under the care of his consort the queen dowager, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour-Place.[2] The boisterous romping to which the queen was at first a party, was repeated in her absence, and when Mrs. Ashley remonstrated with the admiral on the indecorum of his behaviour to the young princess, and entreated him to desist, he replied with a profane oath, "that he would not, for he meant no harm."[3]

Few girls of fifteen have ever been placed in a situation of greater peril than Elizabeth was at this period of her life, and if she passed through it without incurring the actual stain of guilt, it is certain that she did not escape scandal. The queen dowager, apparently terrified at the audacious terms of familiarity on which

[1] Ascham spells Elizabeth Ashley's name, *Astley*.
[2] Vol. v. Life of Katharine Parr. [3] Haynes' State Papers.

she found her husband endeavouring to establish himself with her royal stepdaughter, hastened to prevent further mischief by effecting an immediate separation between them.

The time of Elizabeth's departure from the house and protection of queen Katharine Parr, was a week after Whitsuntide 1548. She then removed with her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and the rest of her establishment, to Cheston, and afterwards to Hatfield and Ashridge.[1]

That Katharine Parr spoke with some degree of severity to Elizabeth, on the levity of her conduct, there can be no doubt, from the allusions made by the latter, in the following letter, to the expressions used by her majesty when they parted. Nothing, however, can be more meek and conciliatory than the tone in which Elizabeth writes, although the workings of a wounded mind are perceptible throughout. The penmanship of the letter is exquisitely beautiful.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KATHARINE PARR.[2]

"Although I could not be plentiful in giving thanks, for the manifold kindnesses received at your highness's hand, at my departure, yet I am something to be borne withal, for truly I was replete with sorrow to depart from your highness, especially seeing you undoubtful of health, and albeit I answered little, I weighed it more deeper when you said—'you would warn me of all evilnesses that you should hear of me,' for if your grace had not a good opinion of me, you would not have offered friendship to me that way at all,—meaning the contrary. But what may I more say than thank God for providing such friends for me, desiring God to enrich me with their long life, and me grace to be in heart no less thankful to receive it than I am now made glad in writing to shew it? and although I have plenty of matter here, I will stay, for I know you are not quick to rede. From Cheston, this present Saturday.

"Your highness's humble daughter,

"ELIZABETH."

Superscribed—"To the Queen's highness."

From another letter addressed by Elizabeth to her royal stepmother, which has been printed in the memoir of that queen, there is every reason to believe that they continued to write to each other on very friendly and

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

[2] State Paper MS. Edward VI.—No. 27.

affectionate terms. Queen Katharine even sanctioned a correspondence between her husband and the princess, and the following elegant, but cautious letter, was written by Elizabeth, in reply to an apology which he had addressed to her for not having been able to render her some little service which he had promised.

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE LORD ADMIRAL.[1]

"My lord,

"You needed not to send an excuse to me, for I could not mistrust the not fulfilling your promise to proceed from want of good will, but only that opportunity served not. Wherefore I shall desire you to think that a greater matter than this could not make me impute any unkindness in you, for I am a friend not won with trifles, nor lost with the like. Thus I commit you and your affairs into God's hand, who keep you from all evil. I pray you to make my humble commendations to the Queen's highness.

"Your assured friend to my little power,

"ELIZABETH."

Katharine Parr, during her last illness, wished much to see Elizabeth, and left her, in her will, half her jewels, and a rich chain of gold. She had often said to her, "God has given you great qualities, cultivate them always, and labour to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be queen of England."[2]

One of the admiral's servants, named Edward, came to Cheston, or Cheshunt, where the lady Elizabeth was then residing with her governess and train, and brought the news of queen Katharine's death. He told the officers of Elizabeth's household "that his lord was a heavy," that is to say, a sorrowful "man, for the loss of the queen his wife."[3] Elizabeth did not give Seymour much credit for his grief; for when her governess, Mrs. Ashley, advised her, as he had been her friend in the lifetime of the late queen, to write a letter of condolence to comfort him in his sorrow, she replied, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." "Then," said Mrs. Ashley, "if your grace will not, then will I."[4] She did, and shewed the letter to her royal pupil, who, without committing herself in any way, tacitly permitted it to be sent. Lady Tyrwhit, soon after, told Mrs. Ashley

[1] Hearne's Sylloge.
[2] Leti's Elizabeth.
[3] Haynes' State Papers.
[4] Ibid.

"that it was the opinion of many that the lord-admiral kept the late queen's maidens together to wait on the lady Elizabeth, whom he intended shortly to marry." Mrs. Ashley also talked with Mr. Tyrwhitt about the marriage, who bade her "take heed, for it were but undoing, if it were done without the council's leave." At Christmas the report became general that the lady Elizabeth should marry with the admiral, but Mrs. Ashley sent word to sir Henry Parker, when he sent his servant to ask her what truth were in this rumour, "that he should in no-wise credit it, for it was *ne* thought *ne* meant."[1] Mrs. Ashley, however, by her own account, frequently talked with Elizabeth on the subject, wishing that she and the admiral were married. Elizabeth, who had only completed her fifteenth year two days after the death of queen Katharine Parr, had no maternal friend to direct and watch over her—there was not even a married lady of noble birth or alliance in her household—a household comprising upwards of one hundred and twenty persons—so that she was left entirely to her own discretion, and the counsels of her intriguing governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and the unprincipled cofferer, or treasurer of her house, Thomas Parry, in whom, as well as in Mrs. Ashley, she reposed unbounded confidence. These persons were in the interest of the lord-admiral, and did everything in their power to further his presumptuous designs on their royal mistress.

Leti, who, from his reference to the Aylesbury MSS., had certainly the best information on the subject, gives Elizabeth credit for acting with singular prudence under these circumstances: he tells us, that very soon after the death of queen Katharine, the lord-admiral presented himself before Elizabeth, clad in all the external panoply of mourning, but having, as she suspected, very little grief in his heart. He came as a wooer to the royal maid, from whom he received no encouragement, but he endeavoured to recommend his cause to her through her female attendants. One of her bedchamber women, of

[1] Haynes' State Papers, p. 101.

the name of Mountjoye, took the liberty of speaking openly to her youthful mistress in favour of a marriage between her and the admiral, enlarging at the same time on his qualifications in such unguarded language that Elizabeth, after trying in vain to silence her, told her at last, "that she would have her thrust out of her presence if she did not desist."

There can, however, be little doubt that a powerful impression was made on Elizabeth by the addresses of Seymour, seconded, as they were, by the importunity of her governess, and all who possessed her confidence. The difference of nearly twenty years in their ages was, probably, compensated by the personal graces which had rendered him the Adonis of her father's court, and she was accustomed to blush when his name was mentioned, and could not conceal her pleasure when she heard him commended. In a word, he was the first, and perhaps the only, man whom Elizabeth loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice. She acknowledged that she would have married him provided he could have obtained the consent of the council.[1] To have contracted wedlock with him in defiance of that despotic junta, by which the sovereign power of the crown was then exercised, would have involved them both in ruin; and even if passion had so far prevailed over Elizabeth's characteristic caution and keen regard to her own interest, Seymour's feelings were not of that romantic nature which would have led him to sacrifice either wealth or ambition on the shrine of love. My lord-admiral had a prudential eye to the main chance, and no modern fortune-hunter could have made more particular inquiries into the actual state of any lady's finances than he did into those of the fair and youthful sister of his sovereign, to whose hand he, the younger son of a country knight, presumed to aspire. The sordid spirit of the man is sufficiently unveiled in the following conversation between him and Thomas Parry, the cofferer of the princess Elizabeth, as deposed by the latter before the council:[2]—

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid.

"When I went unto my lord-admiral the third and fourth time," says Parry, "after he had asked me how her grace did? and such things, he had large communications with me of her, and he questioned me of many things, and of the state of her grace's house, and how many servants she kept, and I told him '120 or 140, or thereabouts.' Then he asked me what houses she had and what lands? I told him where the lands lay as near as I could—in Northamptonshire, Berkshire, Lincoln, and elsewhere. Then he asked me if they were good lands or no? and I told him they were out on lease, for the most part, and therefore the worse.[1] He asked me also whether she had the lands for term of life or how? and I said, I could not perfectly tell, but I thought it was such as she was appointed by her father's will and testament, the king's majesty that then was."

The admiral proceeded to inquire if she had had her letters patent out? and Parry replied, "No; for there were some things in them that could not be assured to her grace yet, (probably till she was of age,) and that a friend of her grace would help her to an exchange of lands that would be more commodious to her." The admiral asked, "What friend?" and Parry replied, "Morisyn, who would help her to have Ewelm for Apethorpe." On which the admiral proposed making an exchange with the princess himself for some of their lands, and spake much of his three fair houses, Bewdley, Sudeley, and Bromeham, and fell to comparing his housekeeping with that of the princess,[2] and that he could do it with less expense than she was at, and offered his house in London for her use. At last he said, "when her grace came to Asheridge it was not far out of his way, and he might come to see her in his way up and down, and would be glad to see her there." Parry told him, "he could not go to see her grace till he knew what her pleasure was." "Why," said the admiral, "it is no matter now, for there hath been a talk of late that I shall marry my lady Jane!" adding, "I tell you this merrily—I tell you this merrily."[3]

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

When these communications had been made to the lady Elizabeth, she caused Mrs. Ashley to write two letters to the admiral; one declaring her good will, but requesting him not to come without the council's permission for that purpose; the other declaring "her acceptation of his gentleness, and that he would be welcome, but if he came not, she prayed God to speed his journey;" concluding in these words from Ashley herself—"No more hereof until I see my lord myself, for my lady is not to seek of his gentleness or good will."

There is no absolute evidence to prove that Seymour availed himself of this implied permission to visit the princess, but every reason to suppose he did, and that by the connivance of her governess and state officers he had clandestine interviews with the royal girl, at times and places, not in accordance with the restraints and reserves with which a maiden princess, of her tender years, ought to have been surrounded. Reports of a startling nature reached the court, and the duchess of Somerset severely censured Katharine Ashley "because she had permitted my lady Elizabeth's grace to go one night on the Thames in a barge, and for other light parts," saying, "that she was not worthy to have the governance of a king's daughter."[1]

When Elizabeth was preparing to pay her Christmas visit to court, she was at a loss for a town residence, Durham house, which had formerly been granted to her mother, queen Anne Boleyn, before her marriage with king Henry, and to which Elizabeth considered she had a right, having been appropriated by king Edward's council to the purpose of a mint. Elizabeth made application by her cofferer, Thomas Parry, to the lord-admiral for his assistance in this matter, on which he very courteously offered to give up his own town-house for her accommodation and that of her train,[2] adding,

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

[2] Bath Inn, a house of the bishops of Bath and Wells, which had been torn from that see by the rapacious Seymours, was the town residence of the lord-admiral at that time, which, with all its furniture, he offered to Thomas Parry for the use of the princess Elizabeth during her stay in London.—Burghley's State Papers.

"that he would come and see her grace." "Which declaration," says Parry, "she seemed to take very gladly, and to accept it joyfully. On which," continues he, "casting in my mind the reports which I had heard of a marriage between them, and observing, that at all times when, by any chance, talk should be had of the lord-admiral, she showed such countenance that it should appear she was very glad to hear of him, and especially would show countenance of gladness when he was well spoken of, I took occasion to ask her whether, if the council would like it, she would marry with him? To which she replied, 'When that comes to pass, I will do as God shall put into my mind.'"[1]

"I remember well," continues Parry, "that when I told her grace how that the lord-admiral would gladly, she should sue out her 'letters patents,' she asked me, 'whether he were so desirous or no, indeed?' I said 'yes, in earnest he was desirous of it;' and, I told her farther, 'how he would have had her have lands in Gloucestershire, called Prisley, as in parcel of exchange, and in Wales;' and she asked me, 'what I thought he meant thereby?' and I said, 'I cannot tell, unless he go about to have you also, for he wished your lands and would have them that way.'"[2]

This broad hint Elizabeth received, as it appears, in silence; but when Parry proceeded to inform her, that the admiral wished her to go to the duchess of Somerset, and by that means to make suit to the protector for the exchange of the lands, and for the grant of a house, instead of Durham house, for herself; and so to entertain the duchess for her good offices in this affair, the spirit of the royal Tudors stirred within her, and she said, "I dare say he did not say so, nor would."

"Yes, by my faith," replied the cofferer.

"Well," quoth she, indignantly, "I will not do so, and so tell him;" she expressed her anger that she should be driven to make such suits, and said, "In faith I will not come there, nor begin to flatter now."[3]

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Shortly after, the lady Elizabeth asked Parry, "whether he had told Kate Ashley of the lord-admiral's gentleness and kind offers, and those words and things that had been told to her."

"I told her, no," said Parry.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "in any wise go tell it her, for I will know nothing but she shall know it. In faith, I cannot be quiet until ye have told her of it."

When Parry told the governess, she said—"that she knew it well enough;" and Parry rejoined, "that it seemed to him that there was good-will between the lord-admiral and her grace, and that he gathered both by him and her grace."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ashley, "it is true; but I had such a charge in this that I dare nothing say in it, but I would wish her his wife of all men living. I wis," quoth she, "he might bring the matter to pass at the council's hands well enough."

A long gossiping conversation between the cofferer and the governess then followed, in which Mrs. Ashley, after adverting to some passages in the early stage of the princess's acquaintance with the admiral, and the jealousy queen Katharine Parr had conceived of her, suddenly recollected herself, and told Parry she repented of having disclosed so many particulars to him, especially of the late queen finding her husband, with his arms about the young princess, and besought the cofferer not to repeat it, for if he did, so that it got abroad, her grace should be dishonoured for ever, and she likewise undone.[1] Parry replied, "that he would rather be pulled with horses than he would disclose it." Yet it is from his confession that this scandalous story has become matter of history.

While the admiral was proceeding with this sinister courtship of Elizabeth, and before his plans were sufficiently matured to permit him to become a declared suitor for her hand, Russell, the lord privy-seal, surprised him by saying to him, as they were riding together, after the protector Somerset to the parliament house, "My lord-admiral, there are certain rumours bruited of you,

[1] Haynes' State Papers, p. 96.

which I am very sorry to hear." When Seymour demanded his meaning, Russell told him, "that he was informed that he made means to marry either with the lady Mary, or else with the lady Elizabeth," adding, "My lord, if ye go about any such thing, ye seek the means to undo yourself, and all those that shall come of you." Seymour replied, "that he had no thought of such an enterprise," and so the conversation ended for that time.[1] A few days afterwards, Seymour renewed the subject in these words, "Father Russell, you are very suspicious of me; I pray you tell me, who showed you of the marriage, that I should attempt, whereof, ye brake with me the other day?" Russell replied, "that he would not tell him the authors of that tale, but that they were his very good friends, and he advised him to make no suit of marriage *that way*."

Though no names were mentioned, Seymour, who well knew the allusion was to the sisters of their sovereign, replied significantly, "It is convenient for *them* to marry, and better it were, that they were married within the realm, than in any foreign place without the realm; and why," continued he, "might not I or another man, raised by the king their father, marry one of them?"

Then said Russell, "My lord, if either you, or, any other within this realm shall match himself, in marriage, either with my lady Mary or my lady Elizabeth, he shall undoubtedly, whatsoever he be, procure unto himself the occasion of his utter undoing, and you especially, above all others, being of so near alliance to the king's majesty." And, after explaining to the admiral the perilous jealousies which would be excited by his marrying with either of the heirs of the crown, he asked this home question, "And I pray you, my lord, what shall you have with either of them?"

"He who marries one of them shall have three thousand a year," replied Seymour.

"My lord, it is not so," said Russell; "for ye may be well assured that he shall have no more than ten

[1] Tytler's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 6.

thousand pounds in money, plate, and goods, and no land; and what is that to maintain his charges and estate, who matches himself there?"

"They must have the three thousand pounds a year also," rejoined Seymour.

Russell, with a tremendous oath "protested that they should not;" and Seymour, with another, asserted, "that they should, and that none should dare to say nay to it."[1]

Russell, with a second oath, swore, "that he would say nay to it, for it was clean against the king's will;" and the admiral, profligate as he was, finding himself outsworn by the hoary-headed old statesman, desisted from bandying oaths with him on the subject.

The most remarkable feature in this curious dialogue is, however, the anxiety displayed by Seymour on the pecuniary prospects of his royal love. He sent one of his servants, about this time, to lady Brown (celebrated by Surrey under the poetic name of Fair Geraldine) who appears to have been a very intimate friend and ally of his, advising her to break up housekeeping, and to take up her abode with the lady Elizabeth's grace to save charges. Lady Brown replied, "that she verily purposed to go to the lady Elizabeth's house that next morning," but she appears to have been prevented by the sickness and death of her old husband. It was suspected that Seymour meant to have employed her in furthering some of his intrigues.[2]

The protector and his council, meantime, kept a jealous watch on the proceedings of the admiral, not only with regard to his clandestine addresses with the lady Elizabeth, but his daring intrigues to overthrow the established regency, and get the power into his own hands. There was an attempt, on the part of Somerset, to avert the mischief by sending the admiral on a mission to Boulogne; and the last interview the princess Elizabeth's confidential servant, Parry, had with him was in his chamber, at the court, where he was preparing for this

[1] Tytler's State Papers. [2] Haynes' State Papers.

unwelcome voyage.[1] The following conversation then took place:—The admiral asked, "How doth her grace, and when will she be here?"

Parry replied, "that the lord protector had not determined on the day."

"No," said the admiral, bitterly; "that shall be when I am gone to Boulogne."

Parry presented Mrs. Ashley's commendations, and said "it was her earnest wish that the lady Elizabeth should be his wife."

"Oh!" replied the admiral, "it will not be;" adding, "that his brother would never consent to it."[2]

On the 16th of January, the admiral was arrested on a charge of high treason, having boasted that he had ten thousand men at his command, and suborned Sharrington, the master of the mint at Bristol, to coin a large sum of false money to support him in his wild projects. He was committed to the Tower, and not only his servants, but the principal persons in the household of the princess Elizabeth were also arrested, and subjected to very strict examination by the council, in order to ascertain the nature of the admiral's connexion with the princess, and how far she was implicated in his intrigues against the government. In fact, Elizabeth herself seems to have been treated as a prisoner of state, while these momentous investigations were proceeding; for, though she made earnest supplication to be admitted to the presence of the king her brother, or even to that of the protector, in order to justify herself, she was detained at her house at Hatfield, under the especial charge of sir Thomas Tyrwhit, who certainly was empowered by the council to put her and her household under restraint.

Very distressing must this crisis have been to a girl in her sixteenth year, who had no maternal friend to counsel and support her, under circumstances, that were the more painful, because of the previous scandals in which she had been involved, at the time of her separation from her royal stepmother, on account of the free conduct of the

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid.

admiral. All the particulars of his coarse familiarity and indelicate romping with Elizabeth, had been cruelly tattled by her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, to Parry the cofferer, and were by him disclosed to the council, and confirmed by the admissions of Mrs. Ashley. The fact, that, notwithstanding those things, Elizabeth was receiving the clandestine addresses of this bold bad man, almost before queen Katharine was cold in her grave, was injurious to her reputation, and caused her to be treated with less respect and consideration from the council, than ought to have been shewn to a royal lady, of her tender age, and the sister of the sovereign.

Sir Robert Tyrwhit first announced to her the alarming tidings that Mrs. Ashley and her husband, with Parry, had all been committed to the Tower on her account; on which, he says, "her grace was marvellously abashed, and did weep, very tenderly, a long time, demanding 'whether they had confessed anything?'" Tyrwhit assured her, "that they had confessed everything, and urged her to do the same." Elizabeth was not to be thus easily outwitted, and Tyrwhit then endeavoured to terrify her by requiring her "to remember her honour, and the peril that might ensue, for she was but a subject"[1]—an inuendo that might have been somewhat alarming to so young a girl, considering her mother, though a queen, had died by the sword of the executioner; but the lofty spirit of Elizabeth was not to be thus intimidated, and Tyrwhit told Somerset "that he was not able to get anything from her but by gentle persuasion, whereby he began to grow with her in credit," "for I do assure your grace," continues he, "she hath a good wit, and nothing is to be gotten from her but by great policy." She was, however, greatly disturbed when he told her that Parry and Mrs. Ashley had both confessed, and in confirmation shewed her the signatures to their depositions; on which she called Parry "false wretch."[2]

Tyrwhit told her what sort of a woman Mrs. Ashley was, and assured her "that if she would open all things,

[1] Haynes. [2] Haynes' State Papers.

that all the evil and shame should be ascribed to them, and her youth taken into consideration by his majesty, the protector, and the whole council." "But in no way," continues he, "will she confess any practice by Mrs. Ashley, or the cofferer concerning my lord admiral; and yet I do see it in her face that she is guilty, and yet perceive that she will abide more storms ere she will accuse Mrs. Ashley."

On the 28th of January, Tyrwhit informs the protector "that he has, in obedience to his letter of the 26th, practised with her grace, by all means and policy, to induce her to confess more than she had already done, in a letter which she had just written to the duke, with her own hand, which contained all that she was willing to admit;" and Tyrwhit expresses his conviction that a secret pact had been made by the princess, Mrs. Ashley, and Parry, never to confess anything to the crimination of each other; "and if so," continues he, "it will never be drawn from her grace, unless by the king her brother, or the protector." The following is the letter written by Elizabeth to Somerset, which tallies, as Tyrwhit very shrewdly observes, most remarkably with the depositions of Ashley and Parry, and induces him to think that they had all three agreed in their story, in case of being questioned, or, to use his own expression, "set the note before."[1]

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

"My lord, your great gentleness and good will towards me, as well in this thing as in other things, I do understand, for the which even as I ought, so I do give you humble thanks; and whereas your lordship willeth and counselleth me as an earnest friend, to declare what I know in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Master Tyrwhit, I shall most willingly do it. I declared unto him first, that after the cofferer had declared unto me what my lord admiral answered, for Allen's matter,[2] and for Durham Place (that it was appointed to be a mint), he told me that my lord admiral did offer me his house for my time being with the king's majesty, and further said and asked me, 'if the council

[1] Haynes' State Papers. This curious simile alludes to the note being pitched for singing in unison.

[2] A request made by Elizabeth to the admiral in behalf of one of her chaplains.

did consent that I should have my lord admiral, whether I would consent to it, or no?' I answered, 'that I would not tell him what my mind was;' and I further inquired of him 'what he meant by asking me that question, or who bade him say so?' He answered me, and said, 'Nobody bade him say so, but that he perceived, as he thought, by my lord admiral inquiring whether my patent were sealed or no, and debating what he spent in his house, and inquiring what was spent in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise.' And as concerning Kat Ashley *by which familiar name Elizabeth always speaks of her governess*, she never advised me to it, but said always, when any talked of my marriage, 'that she would never have me marry, neither in England nor out of England, without the consent of the king's majesty, your grace's, and the council's.' And after the queen was departed—(*A cool way, by the bye, of alluding to the death of queen Katharine Parr, from whom Elizabeth had in her tender childhood received the most essential offices of friendship and maternal kindness*)—when I asked of her—'What news she heard from London?' she answered, merrily, 'They say, your Grace shall have my lord admiral, and that he will shortly come to woo you. And, moreover, I said unto him, that the cofferer sent a letter hither, that my lord said that he would come this way as he went down into the country.' Then I bade her write as she thought best, and bade her shew it to me when she had done; so she wrote, 'that she thought it not best, (that the admiral should come,) for fear of suspicion,' and so it went forth, (that is, the letter was sent,) and the lord admiral, after he had heard that, asked the cofferer, 'why he might not come to me as well as to my sister?' and then I desired Kat Ashley to write again (lest my lord might think that she knew more in it than he), that she knew nothing, but only suspected, and I also told Master Tyrwhit that to the effect of the matter—(*Here Elizabeth evidently alludes to the report of his intended courtship*)—I never consented to any such thing without the council's consent thereto. And as for Kat Ashley and the cofferer, they never told me that they would practise it, (i.e., *compass the marriage.*) These be the things which I declared to Master Tyrwhit, and also, whereof my conscience beareth me witness, which I would not for all earthly things offend in anything, for I know I have a soul to be saved as well as other folks have, wherefore I will, above all things, have respect unto this same. If there be any more things which I can remember, I will either write it myself, or cause Mr. Tyrwhit to write it.

"Master Tyrwhit and others have told me that there goeth rumours abroad which be greatly both against my honour and honesty, which, above all other things, I esteem, which be these, that I am in the Tower, and with child by my lord admiral.[1] My lord, these are shameful slanders, for the which, besides the great desire I have to see the king's majesty, I shall most heartily desire your lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination that I may shew myself there as I am. Written in haste from Hatfield, this 28th of January.

"Your assured friend to my little power,

"ELIZABETH."

This letter, which is in Haynes' edition of the Burleigh State Papers, entitled, "The Confession of the lady Eli-

[1] Haynes' State Papers, 90.

LIBRARIES

zabeth's grace," is one of the most interesting documents connected with her personal history. There is a curious mixture of child-like simplicity and diplomatic skill, in her admissions, with that affectation of candour which often veils the most profound dissimulation. Her endeavours to screen her governess are, however, truly generous, and the lofty spirit with which she adverts to the scandalous reports that were in circulation against her reputation, is worthy of the daughter of a king, and conveys a direct conviction of her innocence. There is no affectation of delicacy or mock modesty in her language; she comes to the point at once, like an honest woman, and in plain English tells the protector of what she had been accused, and declares that it is a shameful slander, and demands that she may be brought to court that her appearance may prove her innocence. It is to be remembered that Elizabeth was little turned of fifteen when this letter was penned.

On the 7th of February, Tyrwhit succeeded in drawing a few more particulars from Elizabeth, which he forwarded to the duke of Somerset, enclosed in the following note to his grace :—

"I do send all the articles I received from your grace, and also the lady Elizabeth's confession, withal, which is not so full of matter as I would it were, nor yet so much as I did procure her to; but in no way will she confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practices with my lord admiral, either by message or writing. They all sing one song, and so I think they would not, unless they had set the note before.—Feb. 7, Hatfield."

In Elizabeth's hand.

"Kat Ashley told me, 'that after the lord admiral was married to the queen, if he had had his own will he would have had me afore the queen.' Then I asked her 'How she knew that?' She said, 'she knew it well enough both by himself and others.' The place where she said this I have forgotten, but she spoke to me of him many times."

Then Tyrwhit wrote the rest of the confession, but under the inspection of the princess, as follows :—

"Another time, after the queen was dead, Kat Ashley would have had me to have written a letter to my lord admiral to have comforted him in his sorrow, because he had been my friend in the queen's lifetime, and would think great kindness therein. Then I said, 'I would not, for he needs it not.' Then said Kat Ashley, 'If your grace will not, then will I.'

I remember I did see it, (i.e., *the consolatory letter Elizabeth thought so superfluous to the widower,*) but what the effect of it was I do not remember."

"Another time I asked her, 'what news was at London,' and she said, 'The voice went there that my lord admiral Seymour should marry me.' I smiled at that, and replied, 'It was but a London news.' One day she said, '*He* that fain would have had you before he married the queen will come now to woo you.' I answered her, 'Though peradventure he himself would have me, yet I think the (privy) council will not consent, but I think by what you said if *he* had his own will he would have had me.' I thought there was no let (hindrance) of his part, but only on that of the council. Howbeit, she said another time, 'that she did not wish me to have him, because she who had him was so unfortunate.'"

Elizabeth then informs the duke that Parry asked her, "if the council consented, whether she would have the lord admiral or no." "I asked him," pursues she, "what he meant by that question, and who bade him ask me?" He replied, 'No one, but he gathered by questions asked by the lord admiral before, that *he* meant some such thing.' I told him it was but his foolish gathering." She says, Parry brought a message from the lord admiral, advising her, "first to get her patents sealed and sure, and then he would apply to the council for leave to marry her." Likewise that the lord admiral wished her to reside at Ashridge, because it was in his way, when he went into the country, to call and see her. Elizabeth signed this confession with her own hand, and very blandly concludes the paper with an assurance to Somerset "that if she remembered any more she would be sure to forward the items to him."[1]

It was, doubtless, for the purpose of shaking Elizabeth's confidence in Mrs. Ashley that Tyrwhit shewed her the deposition of that trusty official, which revealed all the particulars of the liberties the admiral had presumed to offer to her, while she was under the care of his late consort, queen Katharine. Elizabeth appeared greatly abashed and half breathless, while reading the needlessly minute details, which had been made before the council, of scenes in which she had been only a passive actor, but as Mrs. Ashley had abstained from disclosures, of any consequence, touching her more recent intercourse with

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

Seymour, she expressed no displeasure, but when she had read to the end, carefully examined the signatures, both of Katharine Ashley and Parry, as if she had suspected Tyrwhit of practising an imposition, "though it was plain," observes he, "that she knew both at half a glance."[1]

In one of Tyrwhit's letters to Somerset, he says, "that master Beverly and himself have been examining the cofferer's accounts, which they find very incorrect, and the books so '*indiscreetly*' kept, that he appears little fit for his office; that her grace's expenses are at present more than she can afford, and therefore she must perforce make retrenchments. She was desirous that the protector should not appoint any one to be her cofferer till she had spoken to him herself, for she thought an officer of less importance would serve for that department, and save in her purse a hundred pounds a year."[2]

This proved to be only an excuse, on the part of the young lady, to keep the office open for Parry, whom she took the first opportunity of reinstating in his post, although she had been given full proof of his defalcations; and so far was she from resenting the nature of his disclosures, with regard to the improper confidence that had been reposed in him by her tattling governess, that she afterwards, on her accession to the throne, appointed him the comptroller of her royal household, and continued her preferment to him and his daughter to the end of their lives,—conduct which naturally induces a suspicion that secrets of greater moment had been confided to him—secrets that probably would have touched not only the maiden fame of his royal mistress, but placed her life in jeopardy, and that he had preserved these inviolate. The same may be supposed with respect to Mrs. Ashley, to whom Elizabeth clung with unshaken tenacity through every storm, even when the council dismissed her from her office, and addressed a stern note to her grace the lady Elizabeth, apprising her that they had, in consequence of the misconduct of Mrs. Katharine Ashley, removed her from her

[1] Haynes' State Papers, where the depositions are in full.
[2] Haynes' State Papers.

post, and appointed the lady Tyrwhit to take her place as governess to her grace, and requiring her to receive her as such.[1]

The disdainful manner in which the young lioness of the Tudor-Plantagenet line received the new duenna, who had been contumeliously put in authority over her by her royal brother's council, is best related in the words of Sir Robert Tyrwhit himself, who, in his two-fold capacity of spy and jailer, seems to have peculiar satisfaction, in telling tales of the defenceless orphan of Anne Boleyn, to the powerful brother of her murdered mother's rival, Jane Seymour. "Pleaseth your grace to be advertised," he writes, "that after my wife's repair hither, she declared to the lady Elizabeth's grace, that she was called before your grace and the council, and had a rebuke, that she had not taken upon her the office to see her well governed in the lieu of Mrs. Ashley."[2] This reproof to lady Tyrwhit must have had reference to the time when all the parties concerned were living under the roof of queen Katharine Parr, whose lady-in-waiting lady Tyrwhit was.

The lady Elizabeth replied, "that Mrs. Ashley was *her* mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the council should now need to put any more mistresses unto her." "Whereunto," pursues Tyrwhit, "my wife answered, 'seeing she did allow Mrs. Ashley to be her mistress, she need not to be ashamed to have any honest woman to be in that place.' She took the matter so heavily that she wept all that night, and loured all the next day till she received your letter; and then she sent for me, and asked me 'whether she were best to write to you again or not.' I said, 'if she would follow the effect of your letter (meaning if she would comply with the injunctions contained in it) I thought it best that she should write, but in the end of the matter, I perceived that she was very loth to have a governor, and to avoid the same, she said, 'that the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor appointed over her,' and all is no more than that she fully

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid.

hopes to recover her old mistress again. The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at. I told her (Elizabeth), that if she would consider her honour, and the sequel thereof, she would, considering her years, make suit to your grace to have one, rather than be without one a single hour.'

" She cannot digest such advice in no way," continues sir Robert, drily ; " but if I should say my fantasy, it were more meet she should have two than one." He then complains, that although he favoured her grace with his advice as to the manner in which she should frame her reply to Somerset, she would in no wise follow it, " but writ her own fantasy." And in the right of it too, we should say, considering the treacherous nature of the counsellor, who, serpent-like, was trying to beguile her into criminating herself, for the sake of employing her evidence against the luckless admiral, who was at that very time struggling in the toils of his foes, and vainly demanding the privilege of a fair trial. That Elizabeth did not contemplate his fall, and the plunder of his property without pain Tyrwhit bears witness. " She beginneth now to droop a little," writes that watchful observer, " by reason that she heareth my lord-admiral's houses be dispersed ;[1] and my wife telleth me, now, that she cannot hear him discommended but she is ready to make answer, which," continues Tyrwhit, " she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, whereunto she was ever ready to make answer, vehemently in her defence."

The following is the letter which Elizabeth addressed to Somerset, instead of that which his creature, Tyrwhit, had endeavoured to beguile her into writing. It is marked with all the caution that characterized her diplomatic correspondence, after the lessons of worldcraft, in which she finally became an adept, were grown familiar to her. She, however, very properly assumes the tone of an injured person with regard to the scandalous reports that were in circulation against her, and demands

[1] Haynes' State Papers. The meaning is, the lord admiral's houses were given away, and his household discharged.

that he and the council should take the requisite steps for putting a stop to those injurious rumours:—

LETTER FROM THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET.

" My lord,

" Having received your lordship's letters, I perceive in them your good-will towards me, because you declare to me plainly your mind in this thing, and again for that you would not wish that I should do anything that should not seem good unto the council, for the which thing I give you most hearty thanks. And whereas, I do understand, that you do take in evil part the letters that I did write unto your lordship, I am very sorry that you should take them so, for my mind was to declare unto you plainly, as I thought, in that thing which I did, also the more willingly, because (as I write to you) you desired me to be plain with you in all things. And as concerning that point that you write, that I seem to stand in mine own wit, in being so well assured of mine own self, I did assure me of myself, no more than I trust the truth shall try; and to say that which I know of myself I did not think should have displeased the counsel or your grace. And, surely, the cause why that I was sorry that there should be any such about me, was because that I thought the people will say that I deserved, through my lewd demeanour, to have such a one, and not that I mislike anything that your lordship, or the council, shall think good, for I know that you and the council are charged with me, or that I take upon me to rule myself, for I know that they are most deceived that trusteth most in themselves, wherefore I trust you shall never find that fault in me, to the which thing I do not see that your grace has made any direct answer at this time, and seeing they make so evil reports already shall be but an increasing of these evil tongues. Howbeit, you did write 'that if I would bring forth any that had reported it, you and the council would see it redressed,' which thing, though I can easily do it, I would be loth to do, because it is mine own cause; and, again, that it should be but abridging of an evil name of me that am glad to punish them, and so get the evil will of the people, which thing I would be loth to have. But if it might seem good to your lordship, and the rest of the council, to send forth a proclamation into the countries that they refrain their tongues, declaring how the tales be but lies, it should make both the people think that you and the council have great regard that no such rumours should be spread of any of the king's majesty's sisters, (as I am, though unworthy,) and also that I should think myself to receive such friendship at your hands as you have promised me, although your lordship hath shewed me great already. Howbeit, I am ashamed to ask it any more, because I see you are not so well minded thereunto. And as concerning that you say that I give folks occasion to think, in refusing the good to uphold the evil, I am not of so simple understanding, nor I would that your grace should have so evil an opinion of me that I have so little respect of my own honesty, that I would maintain it if I had sufficient promise of the same, and so your grace shall prove me when it comes to the point. And thus I bid you farewell, desiring God always to assist you in all your affairs. Written in haste. From Hatfelde, this 21st of February.

" Your assured friend, to my little power,

" ELIZABETH."

[Superscribed.—" To my very good lord, my lord protector."[1]]

[1] Lansdown MSS., Brit. Mus.

To such a horrible extent had the scandals to which Elizabeth adverts in this letter proceeded, that not only was it said that she had been seduced by Seymour, and was about to become a mother, but that she had actually borne him a child. From the MS. life of Jane Dormer, duchess of Feria, who had been in the service of her sister the princess Mary, we learn, "that there was a report of a child born and miserably destroyed, but that it could not be discovered whose it was. A midwife testified that she was brought from her house blindfold to a house where she did her office, and returned in like manner. She saw nothing in the house but candle-light, and only said it was the child of a very fair young lady." This wild story was but a modern version of an ancient legend, which is to be met with among the local traditions of every county in England, in border minstrelsy and ballad lore, and even in oriental tales; and it had certainly been revived by some of the court gossips of Edward the Sixth's reign, who thought proper to make the youthful sister of that prince the heroine of the adventure.

The council had offered to punish any one whom Elizabeth could point out as the author of the injurious rumours against her character, and her observation in her letter to Somerset, in reply to this offer, "that she should but gain an evil name as if she were glad to punish, and thus incur the ill-will of the people, which she should be loth to have," is indicative of the profound policy, which throughout life, enabled this great queen to win and retain the affections of the men of England. Popularity was a leading object with Elizabeth from her childhood to the grave, and well had nature fitted her to play her part with eclat in the splendid drama of royalty.

On the 4th of March, 1549, the bill of attainder against Thomas Seymour baron Sudley, lord-admiral of England, was read for the third time in the house of lords; and though his courtship of Elizabeth formed one of the numerous articles against him, and it must have been a season replete with anxious alarm and anguish to herself, she generously ventured to write an earnest

appeal to Somerset in behalf of her imprisoned governess, Mrs. Ashley, and her husband, who were, as she had every reason to suppose, involved in the same peril that impended over her rash lover, with whom they had been confederate.

Her letter is written in a noble spirit, and does equal credit to her head and heart, and is a beautiful specimen of special pleading in a girl of fifteen.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH TO THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET.[1]

"My lord, I have a request to make unto your grace which fear has made me omit till this time for two causes, the one because I saw that my request for the rumours which were spread abroad of me took so little place, which thing when I considered, I thought I should little profit in any other suit; howbeit, now I understand that there is a proclamation for them (for the which I give your grace and the rest of the council most humble thanks), I am the bolder to speak for another thing; and the other was, because, peraventure your lordship and the rest of the council will think that I favour her evil doing, for whom I shall speak, which is Kateryn Ashley, that it would please your grace and the rest of the council to be good unto her. Which thing I do, not to favour her in any evil (for that I would be sorry to do), but for these considerations, that follow, the which hope doth teach me in saying, that I ought not to doubt but that your grace and the rest of the council will think that I do it for other considerations. First, because that she hath been with me a long time, and many years, and hath taken great labour and pain in bringing me up in learning and honesty; and, therefore, I ought of very duty speak for her; for Saint Gregorie sayeth, 'that we are more bound to them that bringeth us up well than to our parents, for our parents do that which is natural for them that bringeth us into this world, but our bringers up are a cause to make us live well in it.' The second is, because I think that whatsoever she hath done in my lord-admiral's matter, as concerning the marrying of me, she did it because knowing him to be one of the council, she thought he would not go about any such thing without he had the council's consent thereunto; for I have heard her many times say 'that she would never have me marry in any place without your grace's and the council's consent.' The third cause is, because that it shall, and doth make men think, that I am not clear of the deed myself; but that it is pardoned to me because of my youth, because that she I loved so well is in such a place. Thus hope, prevailing more with me than fear. hath won the battle, and I have at this time gone forth with it; which I pray God be taken no otherwise than it is meant. Written in haste from Hatfield, this seventh day of March. Also, if I may be so bold, not offending, I beseech your grace and the rest of the council to be good to master Ashley, her husband, which, because he is my kinsman, I would be glad he should do well.

"Your assured friend, to my little power,

"ELIZABETH.

"To my very good lord, my lord-protector."

[1] MSS. Lansd. 1236, fol. 35.

There is something truly magnanimous in the manner in which Elizabeth notices her relationship to the prisoner Ashley, at the time when he was under so dark a cloud, and it proves that the natural impulses of her heart were generous and good. The constitutional levity, which she inherited from her mother, appears, at that period of her life, to have been her worst fault, and though she afterwards acquired the art of veiling this under an affectation of extreme prudery, her natural inclination was perpetually breaking out, and betraying her into follies which remind one of the conduct of the cat in the fable, who was turned into a lady, but never could resist her native penchant for catching mice.

On the 20th of March, Seymour was brought to the block: he had employed the last evening of his life in writing letters to Elizabeth and her sister, with the point of an aglet, which he plucked from his hose, being denied the use of pen and ink. These letters, which he concealed within the sole of a velvet shoe, were discovered by the emissaries of the council, and opened. No copies of these interesting documents have apparently been preserved, but bishop Latimer, in his sermon in justification of the execution of the unhappy writer, described them to be "of a wicked and dangerous nature, tending to excite the jealousy of the king's sisters against the protector Somerset, as their great enemy."[1]

When Elizabeth was informed of the execution of the admiral, she had the presence of mind to disappoint the malignant curiosity of the official spies, who were watching to report every symptom of emotion she might betray on that occasion, and merely said,

"This day died a man, with much wit, and very little judgment."

Although this extraordinary instance of self-command might, by some, be regarded as a mark of apathy in so young a woman; there can be no doubt that Elizabeth had been entangled in the snares of a deep and enduring passion for Seymour—passion that had rendered her regardless of every consideration of pride, caution, and

[1] See the Memoir of Queen Katharine Parr, vol. v. p. 130.

ambition, and forgetful of the obstacle which nature itself had opposed to a union between the daughter of Anne Boleyn and a brother of Jane Seymour. That Elizabeth continued to cherish the memory of this unsuitable lover with tenderness—not only after she had been deprived of him by the axe of the executioner, but for long years afterwards—may be inferred from the favour which she always bestowed on his faithful follower, Sir John Harrington the elder,[1] and the fact, that when she was actually the sovereign of England, and had rejected the addresses of many of the princes of Europe, Harrington ventured to present her with a portrait of his deceased lord, the admiral, with the following descriptive sonnet:—

" Of person rare, strong limbs and manly shape,
By nature framed to serve on sea or land;
In friendship firm, in good state or ill hap,
In peace head-wise, in war-skill great bold hand,
On horse or foot, in peril or in play,
None could excel, though many did essay.
A subject true to king, a servant great,
Friend to God's truth, and foe to Rome's deceit;
Sumptuous abroad for honour of the land,
Temperate at home, yet kept great state with stay,
And noble house, that fed more mouths with meat
Than some, advanced on higher steps to stand;
Yet against nature, reason, and just laws,
His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause."

The gift was accepted, and no reproof addressed to the donor.

[1] Sir John Harrington the elder, was originally in the service of king Henry VIII., and much in his confidence. He married Ethelred Malte, alias Dyngley, the king's natural daughter, by Joanna Dyngley or Dobson, and obtained with her a large portion of the confiscated church lands, which the king, out of his special love and regard for her, gave for her use and benefit; but she always passed for the illegitimate daughter of John Malte, the king's tailor, to whose care she was committed in her infancy for nurture and education. Harrington married this young lady in 1546, and settled with her at Kelston, the gift of Henry VIII. After the death of this illegitimate scion of royalty, Harrington entered into the service of the lord admiral, and was very strictly examined by the council of Edward VI. as to the intercourse of his lord with the lady Elizabeth; but he could neither be cajoled nor menaced into acknowledgments tending to criminate them. Elizabeth took him into her own household, and he remained faithfully attached to her interest to the end of his life. His second wife, the beautiful Isabella Markham, was one of Elizabeth's maids of honour, whom he has immortalized in his poetical works as "Sweet Isabella Markham." See Nugæ Antiquæ, by Sir John Harrington the younger.

Elizabeth had six ladies of honour in her household at Hatfield, whose names are celebrated by Sir John Harrington, in a complimentary poem which he addressed to that princess early in Mary's reign. The poem commences:—

The great Diana chaste,
In forest late I met,
Did me command in haste
To Hatfield for to get;
And to you, six a-row,
Her pleasure to declare,
Thus meaning to bestow
On each a gift most rare.

First she doth give to *Grey*
The falcons' courteous kind,
Her lord for to obey
With most obedient mind.

He proceeds to praise Isabella Markham for her modesty and beauty; Mrs. Norwich for goodness and gravity; Lady Saint Lowe[1] for stability; Lady Willoughby for being a laurel, instead of a willow; and Mrs. Skipwith for prudence. Elizabeth chose to personate Diana or Pallas all her life.

[1] Lady Saint Lowe was afterwards the countess of Shrewsbury, who has acquired an infamous celebrity by her injurious treatment of Mary queen of Scots, while a prisoner under her lord's charge.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's scholastic pursuits—Ascham—Elizabeth's letter to Edward VI.—Her first communication with Cecil—She goes to court—Her simplicity of attire—Her conformity to the Reformation—Prevented from seeing king Edward—Her letter to him—Her household at Hatfield—Privy purse expenses—Her letter to the council—Death of Edward VI.—Elizabeth escapes Northumberland's snares—Required to acknowledge lady Jane Grey's title—Prudent answer—Meets her sister — Enters London with Mary — Admiration of the people—Popularity with the protestants—Queen's jealousy—Elizabeth refuses the mass—Queen Mary's displeasure—Elizabeth dissembles and conforms—Given precedency next the queen at the coronation—Dines with the queen and Anne of Cleves—Intrigues of the French ambassador—Plots in favour of Elizabeth and Courtenay—Increasing coolness of the queen—Elizabeth forbidden to quit the palace—Or to receive visits — Matrimonial proposals — Offered an asylum in France—Courtenay betrays the plot—Wyatt's rebellions—Elizabeth implicated therein—Queen Mary sends for her—Her excuses—Mandate for her appearance — Her journey from Hatfield to court — Entrance into London—Queen refuses to see her—Her death desired by the council —Intercepted letters to Elizabeth—Gardiner's accusations against her —Her household discharged—Her distress—Her letter to queen Mary —She is carried by water to the Tower—Her disconsolate condition.

THE disastrous termination of Elizabeth's first love affair, appears to have had the salutary effect of inclining her to habits of a studious and reflective character. She was for a time under a cloud, and during the profound retirement in which she was doomed to remain for at least a year after the execution of the lord admiral, the energies of her active mind found employment and solace in the pursuits of learning. She assumed a grave and

sedate demeanour, withal, and bestowed much attention on theology, which the polemic spirit of the times rendered a subject of powerful interest.

Her new governess, lady Tyrwhit, had been the friend of the late queen, Katharine Parr, and was one of the learned females who had supported the doctrines of the Reformation, and narrowly escaped the fiery crown of martyrdom; and though Elizabeth had, in the first instance, defied her authority, there is reason to believe that she was reconciled to her after the first effervescence of her high spirit had subsided, and the assimilation of their religious feelings produced sympathy and goodwill between them. A curious little devotional volume is mentioned by Anthony-a-Wood, as having once belonged to queen Elizabeth, which was compiled by this lady for her use, when acting as her preceptress. It was of miniature size, bound in solid gold, and entitled, "Lady Elizabeth Tyrwhit's Morning and Evening Prayers, with divers Hymns and Meditations."[1]

It was probably about this period that Elizabeth translated an Italian sermon of Occhines, which she transcribed in a hand of great beauty, and sent to her royal brother, as a new year's gift. The dedication is dated Enfield, December 30, but the year is not specified; the MS. is now in the Bodleian library.

Not in vain did Elizabeth labour to efface the memory of her early indiscretion, by establishing a reputation for learning and piety. The learned Roger Ascham, under whom she perfected herself in the study of the classics, in his letters to Sturmius, the rector of the Protestant university, at Strasburg, is enthusiastic in his encomiums on his royal pupil, of whose scholastic attainments he is justly proud. "Numberless honourable ladies of the present time," says he, "surpass the daughters of sir Thomas More, in every kind of learning; but amongst them all, my illustrious mistress, the lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues than by the glory of her royal

[1] This precious relic was, at the time Anthony-a-Wood wrote, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Ashley, of Barrow, in Suffolk.

birth. In the variety of her commendable qualities, I am less perplexed to find matter for the highest panegyric, than to circumscribe that panegyric within just bounds; yet, I shall mention nothing respecting her but what has come under my own observation. For two years she pursued the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition, but the foundations of her knowledge in both languages were laid by the diligent instruction of William Grindal, my late beloved friend, and seven years my pupil in classical learning, at Cambridge. From this university he was summoned by John Cheke to court, where he soon after received the appointment of tutor to this lady.

"After some years, when through her native genius, aided by the efforts of so excellent a master, she had made a great progress in learning, and Grindal, by his merit and the favour of his mistress, might have aspired to high dignities, he was snatched away by a sudden illness. I was appointed to succeed him in his office, and the work which he had so happily begun, without my assistance, indeed, but not without some counsels of mine, I diligently laboured to complete. Now, however, released from the throng of a court, and restored to the felicity of my former learned leisure, I enjoy, through the bounty of the king,[1] an honourable appointment in this university.

"The lady Elizabeth has completed her sixteenth year; and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and the best kind of literature; the constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with masculine power of application; no apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment. She also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or the Roman character.

[1] Edward VI.

In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance, to show and splendour, so despising the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and wearing of gold, that in the whole manner of her life she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phædra.

" She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy: from those two authors her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the 'Commonplaces' of Melancthon, and similar works, which convey pure doctrine in elegant language.

" In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus, who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs. On the other hand, she approved a style, chaste in propriety, and beautiful in perspicuity, and she greatly admired metaphors when not too violent, and antitheses when just, and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ear became so practised and so nice, that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English prose or verse, which according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight."

The letters from which these passages have been extracted, were written by Ascham, in Latin, in the year 1550, when he had for some reason been compelled to withdraw from his situation in Elizabeth's household. The commendations of this great scholar, had probably some share in restoring her to the favour of the learned young king, her brother, whose early affection for the

dearly-loved companion of his infancy, appears to have revived after a time, and though the jealousy of the selfish statesmen who held him in thrall, prevented the princely boy from gratifying his yearnings for her presence, he wrote to her to send him her portrait.

Elizabeth, in her reverential, and somewhat pedantic epistle, in reply, certainly gives abundant evidence of the taste for metaphors to which Ascham adverts in his letters to Sturmius.

LETTE RFROM THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KING EDWARD VI., WITH A PRESENT OF HER PORTRAIT.[1]

"Like as the rich man that daily gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a great sort till it come to infinite, so methinks your majesty, not being sufficed with many benefits and gentlenesses shewed to me afore this time, doth now increase them in asking and desiring where you may bid and command, requiring a thing not worthy the desiring for itself, but made worthy for your highness' request. My picture, I mean, in which, if the inward good mind toward your grace might as well be declared as the outward face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have tarried the commandment but prevented it, nor have been the last to grant but the first to offer it. For the face I grant I might well blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. For though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spotted by chance; yet the other, nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowerings may darken, nor chance with her slippery foot may overthrow.

"Of this, although yet the proof could not be great, because the occasions hath been but small, notwithstanding as a dog hath a day, so may I perchance have time to declare it in deeds, where now I do write them but in words. And further, I shall most humbly beseech your majesty, that when you shall look on my picture, you will vouchsafe to think, that, as you have but the outward shadow of the body afore you, so my inward mind wisheth that the body itself were oftener in your presence; howbeit, because both my so being I think could do your majesty little pleasure, though myself great good; and again, because I see as yet not the time agreeing thereunto, I shall learn to follow this saying of Orace (Horace), "*Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest.*" And thus I will (troubling your majesty I fear) end with my most humble thanks. Beseeching God long to preserve you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realm's profit, and to my joy. From Hatfield, this 15th day of May.

"Your majesty's most humble sister, ELIZABETH."

In the summer of 1550, Elizabeth had succeeded in reinstating her trusty cofferer, Thomas Parry, in his old office, and she employed him to write to the newly-appointed secretary of state, William Cecil, afterwards lord Burghley, to solicit him to bestow the parsonage of

[1] Cotton. MS., Vesp. F. iii. fol. 20.

Harptree, in the county of Somerset, on John Kenyon, the yeoman of her robes. A lamentable instance of an unqualified layman, through the patronage of the great, devouring that property which was destined for the support of efficient ministers of the church. Such persons employed incompetent curates as their substitutes, at a starving salary, to the great injury and dissatisfaction of the congregation.

Parry's letter is dated September 22nd, from Ashridge.[1] "Her grace," he says, "hath been long troubled with rheums (rheumatism),[2] but now, thanks be to the Lord, is nearly well again and shortly ye shall hear from her grace again." A good understanding appears to have been early established between Elizabeth and Cecil, which possibly might be one of the under-currents that led to her recal to court, where, however, she did not return till after the first disgrace of the duke of Somerset.

On the 17th of March, 1551, she emerged from the profound retirement in which she had remained since her disgrace in 1549, and came in state to visit the king her brother. She rode on horseback through London to St. James's palace, attended by a great company of lords, knights, and gentlemen, and after her about two hundred ladies. On the 19th, she came from St. James's, through the park, to the court. The way from the park-gate to the court was spread with fine sand. She was attended by a very honourable confluence of noble and worshipful persons of both sexes, and was received with much ceremony at the court gate.[3]

That wily politician, the earl of Warwick, afterwards duke of Northumberland, had considered Elizabeth, young and neglected as she was, of sufficient political importance to send her a duplicate of the curious letter addressed by the new council jointly to her and her sister, the lady Mary, in which a statement is given of the asserted misdemeanors of Somerset, and their proceedings against him.[4] The council were now at issue

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i.

[2] Or catarrh—cold; the word rheums being used indifferently at that era for both maladies.

[3] Strype's Memorials.

[4] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i.

with Mary on the grounds of her adherence to the ancient doctrines, and as a conference had been appointed between her and her opponents on the 18th of March, it might be to divert popular attention from her and her cause, that the younger and fairer sister of the sovereign was permitted to make her public entrance into London, on the preceding day, and that she was treated with so many marks of unwonted respect. Thus we see Mary makes her public entry on the 18th, with her train all decorated with black rosaries and crosses,[1] and, on the 19th, Elizabeth is again shewn to the people, as if to obliterate any interest that might have been excited by the appearance of the elder princess. The love of Edward VI. for Elizabeth was so very great, according to Camden, that he never spoke of her by any other title than his "dearest sister," or "his sweet sister Temperance."[2] Elizabeth at that period affected extreme simplicity of dress, in conformity to the mode, which the rigid rules of the Calvinistic church of Geneva was rendering general, among the stricter portion of those noble ladies who professed the doctrines of the Reformation.

"The king her father," says Dr. Aylmer,[3] "left her rich clothes and jewels, and I know it to be true that in seven years after his death she never, in all that time, looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will; and that there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glittering gayness, and then she so wore it, that all men might see, that her body carried that which her heart misliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in king Edward's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example, than with all that ever Paul or Peter wrote, touching that matter."[4]

[1] Memoir of Mary, vol. v. p. 265.

[2] Camden's Introduction to Elizabeth's Life.

[3] The learned tutor of lady Jane Gray, in an encomium which he wrote on Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, entitled, "The Harbour for Faithful Subjects."

[4] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

The first opening charms of youth Elizabeth well knew required no extraneous adornments, and her classic tastes taught her that the elaborate magnificence of the costumes of her brother's court, tended to obscure, rather than enhance, those graces, which belonged to the morning bloom of life.

The plainness and modesty of the princess Elizabeth's costume, was particularly noticed, during the splendid festivities that took place on the occasion of the visit of the queen-dowager of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, to the court of Edward VI., in October, 1551. The advent of the beautiful regent of the sister kingdom, and her French ladies of honour, fresh from the gay and gallant Louvre, produced no slight excitement among the noble belles of king Edward's court, and it seems that a sudden and complete revolution in dress took place, in consequence of the new fashions, that were then imported, by queen Mary and her brilliant *cortège;* "so that all the ladies went with their hair frounsed, curled, and double curled, except the princess Elizabeth, who altered nothing," says Aylmer, "but kept her old maiden shamefacedness."[1]

At a later period of life, Elizabeth made up, in the exuberance of her ornaments and the fantastic extravagance of her dress, for the simplicity of her attire when in the bloom of sweet seventeen. What would her reverend eulogist have said, if, while penning these passages in her honour, the vision of her three thousand gowns, and the eighty wigs of divers coloured hair, in which his royal heroine finally rejoiced, could have risen in array before his mental eye, to mark the difference between the Elizabeth of seventeen and the Elizabeth of seventy? The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame, which had been sullied by the cruel implication

[1] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures, in the proceedings against the lord admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court.

The part, which she was ambitious of performing, was that of the heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the Catholic portion of the people. That Elizabeth was already so considered, and that the royal sisters were early placed in incipient rivalry to each other, by the respective partisans of the warring creeds which divided the land, may be gathered from the observations of their youthful cousin, lady Jane Gray, when urged to wear the costly dress that had been presented to her by Mary—"Nay, that were a shame, to follow my lady Mary, who leaveth God's word, and leave my lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's word."

Elizabeth wisely took no visible part in the struggle between the Dudley and Seymour factions, though there is reason to believe that Somerset tried to enlist her on his side. The following interrogatory was put to him on one of his examinations:—"Whether he did not consent that Vane should labour the lady Elizabeth to be offended with the duke of Northumberland, then earl of Warwick, the earl of Pembroke, and others of his council?"[1] The answer to this query has not been found, or it might possibly throw some light on the history of Elizabeth at that period. She certainly had no cause to cherish the slightest friendship for Somerset, for though it appears, from her letter to her sister Mary, that he had succeeded in persuading her that he was not guilty of his brother's death, yet, by bringing all the particulars of the indiscretions that had taken place between her and the admiral before the council, he had acted with the utmost cruelty towards herself, and cast a blight on her morning flower of life.

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 49.

If we may believe Leti, Somerset sent a piteous supplication to Elizabeth from the Tower, imploring her to go to the king, and exert her powerful influence to obtain his pardon; and she wrote to him in reply, "that being so young a woman, she had no power to do anything in his behalf," and assured him "that the king was surrounded by those who took good care to prevent her from approaching too near the court, and she had no more opportunity of access to his majesty than himself."

The fall of Somerset made, at first, no other difference to Elizabeth, than the transfer of her applications for the restoration of Durham House from him to the Duke of Northumberland, who had obtained the grant of that portion of Somerset's illegally acquired property. Elizabeth persisted in asserting her claims to this demesne, and that with a high hand, for she addressed an appeal to the lord chancellor on the subject. She openly expressed her displeasure, that Northumberland should have asked it of the king, without first ascertaining her disposition touching it, she made a peremptory demand that the house should be delivered up to her, and sent word to Northumberland, "that she was determined to come and see the king at Candlemas, and requested that she might have the use of St. James's palace for her abode, *pro tempore*, because she could not have her things so soon ready at the Strand House."[1]

"But," concludes Northumberland, after relating these energetic proceedings of the young lady, "I am sure her grace would have done no less, though she had kept Durham House." This observation certainly refers to her wish of occupying St. James's Palace.

It was, however, no part of Northumberland's policy to allow either of the sisters of the young king to enjoy the opportunity of personal intercourse with him, and least of all, Elizabeth, whom, from the tender friendship that had ever united them, and, more than all, the conformity of her profession with Edward's religious opinions, he might naturally have been desirous of appointing as his successor, when his brief term of royalty was

[1] See Northumberland's letter in Tytler, vol. ii. pp. 161—163.

drawing to a close. That Elizabeth made an attempt to visit her royal brother in his sickness (at what period is uncertain), and that she was circumvented in her intention, and intercepted on her approach to the metropolis, by the agents of the faction, that had possession of his person, she herself informs him in the following letter, in which she evinces a truly sisterly solicitude for his health.

LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KING EDWARD VI.[1]

"Like as a shipman in stormy weather plucks down the sails tarrying for better winds, so did I, most noble king, in my unfortunate chance on Thursday, pluck down the high sails of my joy and comfort, and do trust one day that, as troublesome waves have repulsed me backward, so a gentle wind will bring me forward to my haven. Two chief occasions moved me much and grieved me greatly,—the one, for that I doubted your majesty's health—the other, because for all my long tarrying I went without that I came for. Of the first, I am relieved in a part, both that I understood of your health, and also that your majesty's lodging is not far from my lord marquis' chamber.[2] Of my other grief I am not eased, but the best is, that whatsoever other folks will suspect, I intend not to fear your grace's good will, which as I know that I never deserved to forfeit, so I trust will still stick by me. For if your grace's advice that I should return (whose will is a commandment) had not been, I would not have made the half of my way the end of my journey. And thus, as one desirous to hear of your majesty's health, though unfortunate to see it, I shall pray God for ever to preserve you.—From Hatfield, this present Saturday.

"Your majesty's humble sister to commandment,

"ELIZABETH.

"To the king's most excellent majesty."

The same power that was employed to prevent the visit of Elizabeth to her sick, perhaps dying, brother, probably deprived him of the satisfaction of receiving the letter which informed him that such had been her intention. It was the interest of those unprincipled statesmen to instil feelings of bitterness into the heart of the poor young king, against those, to whom the fond ties of natural affection had once so strongly united him. The tenour of Edward VI.'s will, and the testimony of the persons who were about him at the time of his death, prove, that he was at last no less estranged from Eliza-

[1] Harl. MSS., 6986.

[2] Katharine Parr's brother, the marquis of Northampton, whom Edward called uncle, and whom Elizabeth held in great regard.

beth, his "sweetest sister Temperance," as he was formerly wont to call her, than from Mary, whose recusancy had been urged against her as a reasonable ground for exclusion from the throne. Both were alike excluded from their natural places in the succession, and deprived of the benefit of their father's nomination in the act for settling the royal succession in the year 1544, and subsequently in his will—Mary, first, because of her papistry, and secondly, because she had been declared illegitimate. The reproach of papistry could not, with any consistency, be objected to Elizabeth; for, had not the lady Jane Gray herself, the innocent rival to her title, declared that "the lady Elizabeth was a follower of God's word?"[1] And as to the second objection of their declaring Mary illegitimate, the direct contrary would have been the result, for the establishment of the legitimacy of either of these sisters, no matter which, must infallibly have stigmatized the birth of the other. The next objection to Mary and Elizabeth, was, that being only sisters to Edward by the half blood, they could not be his lawful heirs; but this was indeed a fallacy, for their title was derived from the same royal father, from whom Edward inherited the throne, and would in no respect have been strengthened by the comparatively mean blood of Jane Seymour, even if they had been her daughters by the late king. The third reason given for the exclusion of Edward's sisters was, that they might marry foreign princes, and thus be the means of bringing papistry into England again, which lady Jane Gray could not do, as she was already married to the son of the Duke of Northumberland.

Latimer preached in favour of the exclusion of Elizabeth as well as Mary, declaring that it was better that God should take away the ladies Mary and Elizabeth, than that, by marrying foreign princes, they should endanger the existence of the reformed church. Ridley set forth the same doctrine, although it was well known that Elizabeth had rejected the offer of one foreign prince, and had evinced a disinclination to marriage altogether. Nothing, therefore, could be more unfair

[1] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

than rejecting her, for fear of a contingency that never might, and in fact never did, happen.

The name of conscience was, however, the watchword under which Northumberland and his accomplices had carried their point with their pious young sovereign, when they induced him to set aside the rightful heirs, and bequeath the crown to lady Jane Gray.

Elizabeth kept her state at Hatfield House during the last few months of Edward's reign. The expenses of her household amounted to an average of 393*8l.* according to one of her household books, from October 1st, 5th of Edward VI., to the last day of September in the 6th year of that prince, in the possession of lord Strangford. It is entitled, "The Account of Thomas Parry, Esq., Cofferer to the Right Excellent Princess the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace, the King's Majesty's Most Honourable Sister." The above was the style and title used by Elizabeth during her royal brother's reign. Every page of the book is signed at the bottom by her own hand. Her cellar appears to have been well stocked with beer, sweet wine, Rhenish and Gascoigne wines. Lamprey pies are once entered as a present. The wages of her household servants for a quarter of a year amounted to 82*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* The liveries of velvet coats for thirteen gentlemen, at forty shillings the coat, amounted to twenty-six pounds; the liveries of her yeomen to 78*l.* 18*s.* She paid for the making of her turnspits' coats nine shillings and two-pence. Given in alms, at sundry times, to poor men and women, 7*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

Among the entries for the chamber and robes, are the following:—

"Paid to John Spithonius, the 17th of May, for books, and to Mr. Allen for a Bible, 27*s.* 4*d.* Paid to Edmund Allen for a Bible, 20*s.* Third of November, to the keeper of Hertford Jail for fees of John Wingfield, being in ward, 13*s.* 4*d.* Paid 14th of December, to Blanche Parry for her half-year's annuity, 100*s.*, and to Blanche Courtnaye for the like, 66*s.* 8*d.* Paid December 14th, at the christening of Mr. Pendred's child, as by warrant doth appear, 1*s.* Paid in reward unto sundry persons at St. James's—her grace then being there—viz. the king's footmen, 11*s.*; the under-keeper of St. James's, 10*s.*; the gardener, 5*s.*; to one Russell, groom of the king's great chamber, 10*s.*; to the wardrobe, 11*s.*; the violins, 10*s.*; a Frenchman that gave a book to her grace, 10*s.*; the keeper of the park-gate at St. James's, 10*s.*"

From another of Elizabeth's account books, in possession of Gustavus Brander, esq., the Antiquarian Repertory quotes the following additional items :—

"Two French hoods, 2*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* Half-a-yard and two nails of velvet, for partlets, 18*s.* 9*d.* Paid to Edward Allen for a Bible, 1*l.* Paid to the king's (Edward VI.) *droner* (bagpiper) and *phipher* (fifer), 20*s.* To Mr. Haywood, 30*s.*, and to Sebastian, towards the charge of the children, with the carriage of the players' garments, 4*l.* 19*s.* Paid to sundry persons at St. James's, her grace being there, 9*l.* 15*s.* To Beamonde, the king's servant, for his boys that played before her grace, 10*s.* In reward to certain persons, on the 10th of August, (*this was after Mary's accession,*) to Former, who played on the lute; to Mr. Ashfield's servant, with two *prize* oxen and 10 muttons, 20*s.* more; the harper, 30*s.*; to him that made her grace a table of walnut-tree, 44*s.* 9*d.*; to Mr. Cockus' servant that brought her grace a sturgeon, 6*s.* 8*d.*; to my lord Russell's minstrels, 20*s.*

"Accounts of Thomas Parry, cofferer of her household, till Oct. 1553."[1]

The last documentary record of Elizabeth, in the reign of Edward VI., is a letter addressed by her to the lords of the council, relating to some of her landed property, concerning which there was a dispute between her tenant, Smith, and my lord privy seal, the earl of Bedford. She complains of having been "evilly handled" by the minister, though she denies taking part with Smith in the controversy against him. All she wishes is, she says, "to enjoy her own right in quietness." She requests, in conclusion, "her humble commendations to the king's majesty, for whose health," she says, "I pray daily and daily, and ever more shall so do, during my life. At Hatfield, the last day of May, 1553."

On the morning of the 6th of July, Edward expired at Greenwich, but his death was kept secret for the purpose of securing the persons of his sisters, to both of whom deceitful letters were written in his name, by order of Northumberland, requiring them to hasten to London to visit him in his sickness. The effect of this treacherous missive on Mary, her narrow escape and subsequent proceedings, have been related in her memoir in the preceding volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England."[2] Elizabeth, more wary, or better informed of what was in agitation by some secret friend at court, supposed to be Cecil, instead of obeying the guileful summons, remained

[1] Antiq. Repertory, vol. i. p. 64.

[2] Vol. v.

quietly at Hatfield to watch the event. This was presently certified to her by the arrival of commissioners from the duke of Northumberland, who, after announcing the death of the young king, and his appointment of lady Jane Gray for his successor, offered her a large sum of money and a considerable grant of lands, as the price of her acquiescence, if she would make a voluntary cession of her own rights in the succession, which she was in no condition to assert. Elizabeth, with equal wisdom and courage, replied, "that they must first make their agreement with her elder sister, during whose lifetime she had no claim or title, to resign." Leti assures us, that she also wrote a letter of indignant expostulation to Northumberland, on the wrong that had been done to her sister and herself, by proclaiming his daughter-in-law queen. A fit of sickness, real, or, as some have insinuated, feigned, preserved Elizabeth from the peril of taking any share in the contest for the crown. Her defenceless position, and her proximity to the metropolis, placed her in a critical predicament, and if by feigning illness she avoided being conducted to the Tower, by Northumberland's partisans, she acted as a wise woman, seeing that discretion is the better part of valour. But, sick or well, she preserved her integrity, and as soon as the news of her sister's successes reached her, she forgot her indisposition and hastened to give public demonstrations of her loyalty and affection to her person, by going in state to meet and welcome her, on her triumphant progress to the metropolis. The general assertion of historians that Elizabeth raised a military force for the support of queen Mary is erroneous; she was powerless in the first instance, and the popular outburst in favour of Mary, rendered it needless after the first week's reign of the nine-days queen was over.

On the 29th of July, according to the Cottonian MS., quoted by Strype, Elizabeth came riding, from her seat in the country, along Fleet-street to Somerset House, which now belonged to her, attended by 2000 horse armed with spears, bows, and guns. In this retinue appeared sir John Williams and sir John Bridges, and

her chamberlain, all being dressed in green, but their coats were faced with velvet, satin, taffeta, silk, or cloth, according to their quality. This retinue of Elizabeth assumed a less warlike character on the morrow, when it appears that Mary had disbanded her armed militia. When Elizabeth rode through Aldgate next day, on her road to meet her sister, she was accompanied by a thousand persons on horseback, a great number of whom were ladies of rank.[1] The royal sisters met at Wanstead, where Elizabeth and her train paid their first homage to queen Mary, who received them very graciously, and kissed every lady presented by Elizabeth.

On the occasion of Mary's triumphant entrance into London, the royal sisters rode side by side, in the grand equestrian procession. The youthful charms of Elizabeth, then in her twentieth year, the majestic grace of her tall and finely-proportioned figure, attracted every eye, and formed a contrast disadvantageous to Mary, who was nearly double her age, small in person, and faded prematurely by early sorrow, sickness, and anxiety.[2] The pride and reserve of Mary's character, would not allow her to condescend to the practice of any of those arts of courting popularity, in which Elizabeth, who rendered everything subservient to the master-passion of her soul, ambition, was a practised adept. In every look, word, and action, Elizabeth studied effect, and on this occasion it was noticed that she took every opportunity of displaying the beauty of her hand, of which she was not a little vain.[3]

Within one little month after their public entrance into London, the evil spirits of the times had succeeded in rekindling the sparks of jealousy between the Catholic queen and the Protestant heiress of the throne. That Mary, after all the mortifications that had been inflicted

[1] Stowe says, Elizabeth was accompanied by 1000 horse, consisting of knights, ladies, gentlemen, and their servants. Lingard reduces this number to 150 persons, but the people of London then, as now, doubtless poured forth in mass, to hail the approaching sovereign.

[2] Turner; Lingard; Michele.

[3] Report of Michele, the Venetian ambassador.

upon her at Elizabeth's birth, had had the magnanimity to regard her with sisterly feelings, is a fact, that renders the divisions, that were effected between them, the more deeply to be regretted.

When Mary, who had never dissembled her religious opinions, made known her intention of restoring the mass and all the ancient ceremonials, that had been abolished by king Edward's council, the Protestants naturally took the alarm. Symptoms of disaffection towards their new sovereign betrayed themselves, in the enthusiastic regard which they lavished on Elizabeth, who became the beacon of hope, to which the champions of the Reformation turned, as the horizon darkened around them. But it was not only on those, to whom a sympathy in religious opinions endeared her, that Elizabeth had succeeded in making a favourable impression, for she was already so completely established as the darling of the people of England, that Pope Julius III., in one of his letters, adverting to the report made by his envoy, Commendone, on the state of queen Mary's government, says, "that heretic and schismatic sister, formerly substituted for her (queen Mary) in the succession by their father, is in the heart and mouth of every one."[1]

The refusal of Elizabeth to attend mass, while it excited the most lively feelings of admiration, for her sincerity and courage among the Protestants, gave great offence to the queen and her council, and the princess was sternly enjoined to conform to the Catholic rites. Elizabeth was resolute in her refusal; she even declined, under pretext of indisposition, being present at the ceremonial of making her kinsman Courtenay an earl. This was construed into disrespect for the queen. Some of the more headlong zealots, by whom Mary was surrounded, recommended that she should be put under arrest.[2] Mary refused to consent to a measure at once unpopular and unjustifiable, but endeavoured, by alternate threats, persuasions, and promises, to prevail on her sister to accompany her to the chapel-royal.[3] The progress of the contest

[1] Letters of Pope Julius III. p. 112. Sharon Turner.
[2] Lingard; Noailles; Turner. [3] Ibid.

between the queen and her sister, on this case of conscience, is thus detailed by the French ambassador, Noailles, in a letter dated September 6th:

"Elizabeth will not hear mass, nor accompany her sister to the chapel, whatever remonstrance, either the queen or the lords on her side, have been able to make to her on this subject. It is feared, that she is counselled in her obstinacy by some of the magnates, who are disposed to stir up fresh troubles. Last Saturday and Sunday," continues he, "the queen caused her to be preached to, and entreated by all the great men of the council, one after the other, but their importunity only elicited from her, at last, a very rude reply."[1] The queen was greatly annoyed by the firmness of Elizabeth, which promised to prove a serious obstacle to the restoration of papacy in England. The faction, that had attempted to sacrifice the rights of both the daughters of Henry VIII. by proclaiming lady Jane Gray queen, gathered hopes from the dissension between the royal sisters. Elizabeth, however, who had no intention of unsettling the recently established government of the sickly sovereign, to whom she was heir presumptive, when she found that it was suspected that her nonconformity proceeded from disaffection, demanded an audience with queen Mary, and throwing herself on her knees before her, she told her, weeping at the same time, "that she saw plainly how little affection her majesty appeared to have for her, and that she knew she had done nothing to offend her, except in the article of religion, in which she was excusable, having been brought up in the creed she at present professed, without having ever heard any doctor, who could have instructed her in the other." She entreated the queen, therefore, to let her have some books, explanatory of doctrine, contrary to that set forth in the Protestant books she had hitherto read, and she would commence a course of study, from works composed expressly in defence of the Catholic creed, which, perhaps, might lead her to adopt other sentiments. She also requested to have some learned man appointed for her instructor."[2]

[1] Depeches du Noailles, 147.
[2] Renaud à l'Emp. Charles V. Griffet, p. 106, 7.

The queen received these overtures in a conciliatory spirit, and Elizabeth appeared with her at the celebration of mass, on the 8th of September, a festival, by which the church of Rome commemorates the nativity of the blessed Virgin. Griffet affirms, that Elizabeth did this with a bad grace, and gave evident tokens of repugnance, but she voluntarily wrote to the emperor Charles V., requesting him to send a cross, chalices, and other ecclesiastical ornaments for a chapel, "which she intended," she said, "to open in her own house."[1] By these condescensions to expediency, Elizabeth succeeded for a time in maintaining her footing at court, and securing her proper place in the approaching ceremonial of the coronation, as next in rank to her sister the queen. In the splendid pageant of the royal cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster, on the preceding day, Elizabeth wore a French dress of white and silver tissue, and was seated with Anne of Cleves, her sometime stepmother, in a chariot drawn by six horses, trapped also with white and silver, which followed immediately after the gold-canopied litter in which the sovereign was borne.[2]

At the coronation, Elizabeth was again paired with the lady Anne of Cleves, who had precedency over every other lady in the court. These two princesses, also, dined at the same table with the queen at the banquet, an honour which was not vouchsafed to any other person there.[3]

During all the festivities and royal pageants that succeeded the coronation, Mary gave public testimonials of respect and sisterly regard for Elizabeth, by holding her by the hand,[4] and placing her next to herself at table. This Noailles notices that she did in particular at the great banquet given to the Spanish ambassador and his suite. Elizabeth was also prayed for, as the queen's sister, by Dr. Harpsfield, at the opening of the convocation at Westminster, immediately after the coronation. Strype,[5] who honestly narrates the fact, complains that nothing was added in her commendation; but this, as she was opposed to the doctrines of the church of Rome, was scarcely to

[1] Griffet; Lingard; Tytler.
[2] Stowe.
[3] Noailles.
[4] Sharon Turner; Noailles.
[5] Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 62, Oxford edition.

be expected from their divines, neither were the deceitful terms of flattery, which were conventionally used towards the members of the royal family, of such importance to Elizabeth, as her public recognition, by her sister's hierarchy and divines, as the heiress presumptive to the throne. This was of the greater moment to Elizabeth, because, by the act which passed immediately after the meeting of Mary's first parliament, confirming the marriage of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, and establishing the legitimacy of the queen, the subsequent marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn was rendered null and void,[1] and the birth of Elizabeth, illegitimate in point of law, although, from motives of delicacy, as well as sound policy, it was not declared so. Elizabeth was the darling of the people, and as long as her reversionary claims to the regal succession were recognised by the reigning sovereign, she stood beside the throne, as a check to the plots of the aspiring house of Suffolk, on the one hand, and the designs of the French party on the other. Lady Jane Gray was still living and unforgotten, and Henry II. of France treated his daughter-in-law, the young queen of Scots, as the rightful sovereign of England, on the plea that *neither* of the daughters of Henry VIII. were legitimate. Their father had stigmatized the birth of both Mary and Elizabeth, and the subservient parliament of June, 1536, had, in obedience to his unjust intention of preferring any future daughters, that might be born to him by Jane Seymour or her successors, to the issue of Katharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn, formally declared the royal sisters illegitimate, and incapable of succeeding to the throne.

The act for settling the succession in 1545, and the will of Henry VIII., had indeed taken away the latter clause, but the declaration of illegitimacy remained unrepealed, and had been further insisted upon in the will of the late king Edward VI., by the exclusion of both princesses, in favour of the grand-daughter of the youngest sister of Henry VIII. The experiment of placing a juvenile scion, from a collateral branch of the royal family on the throne, had been displeasing to the nation in

[1] Journals of Parliament, 1st of Queen Mary.

general; not only Catholics, but Protestants had united, in opposing so flagrant a violation of the old established laws of the regal succession in England. The miseries caused by the wars of the roses, had proved a salutary lesson, on the danger of permitting a temporary alienation of the crown from the direct line of primogeniture; and a mighty majority of the people had vested the sovereignty in the person of Mary Tudor, according to the letter of her father's will, the conditions of which, she never violated with regard to Elizabeth's reversionary claim to the succession. So far, the interests of Elizabeth were united with those of her sister, but when the act which established the legitimacy of the queen passed, she and her friends took umbrage, because it tacitly implied the fact that she was not born in lawful wedlock.

If Elizabeth had acted with the profound policy which marked her subsequent conduct, she would not have called attention to this delicate point, by evincing her displeasure, but her pride was piqued, and she demanded permission to withdraw from court.[1] It was refused, and a temporary estrangement took place between her and the queen. Noailles, the French ambassador, whose business it was to pave the way for the succession of the young queen of Scots to the throne of England, by the destruction of the present heiress presumptive, fomented the differences between the royal sisters with fiendlike subtlety and satisfaction.[2]

Henry II. made the most liberal offers of money and advice to Elizabeth while, in fancy, he exulted in the idea of her disgrace and death, and the recognition of his royal daughter-in-law as the future sovereign of the Britannic Isles, from sea to sea, under the matrimonial dominion of his eldest son. The brilliancy of such a prospect rendered the French monarch and his ministers reckless of the restraints of honour, conscience, or humanity, which might tend to impede its realization, and Elizabeth was marked out, first as their puppet, and

[1] Noailles; Turner; Lingard.
[2] Depeches de Noailles.

finally, as the victim of a plot, which might possibly end in the destruction not only of one sister, but both.

The Protestant party, alarmed at the zeal of queen Mary for the re-establishment of the old Catholic institutions, and detesting the idea of her Spanish marriage, were easily excited to enter into any project for averting the evils they foresaw. A plot was devised for raising the standard of revolt, against queen Mary's government, in the joint names of the princess Elizabeth and Courtenay earl of Devonshire, to whom they proposed to unite her in marriage. That Courtenay, who had been piqued at Mary's declining to accept him for her husband, entered into a confederacy, which promised him a younger and more attractive royal bride, with the prospect of a crown for her dowry, there is no doubt; though, the romantic tales in which some modern historians have indulged, touching his passion for Elizabeth, are somewhat apocryphal. The assertion that he refused the proffered hand of Mary, on account of his disinterested preference for Elizabeth, is decidedly untrue. It was not till convinced of the hopelessness of his suit to the queen, that he allowed himself to be implicated in a political engagement to marry Elizabeth, who, if consenting to the scheme, appears to have been wholly a passive agent, cautiously avoiding any personal participation in the confederacy, till she saw how it was likely to end. It is therefore difficult to say how far her heart was touched by the external graces of her handsome but weak-minded kinsman.[1]

The difficulties of her position at this crisis were extreme; distrusted by the queen, watched and calumniated by the Spanish ambassador, Renaud, assailed by the misjudging enthusiasm of the Protestant party, with spiritual adulation, and entreated to stand forth as the heroine of their cause, and tempted by the persuasions and treacherous promises of the subtle Noailles, it required cau-

[1] Leti has inserted in his History of Elizabeth, several love letters, which he declares passed between that princess and Courtenay, but even if he had reference to the original documents, he has, according to his usual custom, rendered them into a phraseology so modern and suspicious, as to create doubts of their authenticity.

tion and strength of mind seldom to be found in a girl of twenty, not to fall into some of the snares which so thickly beset her path.[1] Noailles made his house a rendezvous for the discontented Protestants and the disaffected of every description. Midnight conferences were held there, at which Courtenay was a prominent person, though the pusillanimity of his character rendered it difficult to stir him up to anything like open enterprise. Noailles informed his court "that though Elizabeth and Courtenay were proper instruments, for the purpose of exciting a popular rising, Courtenay was so timorous that he would suffer himself to be taken before he would act." The event proved the accuracy of this judgment. By the dint, however, of great nursing, the infant conspiracy began to assume a more decided form, and as Elizabeth could not be induced to unite herself openly with the confederates, Noailles affirms "that they intended to surprise and carry her away, to marry her to Courtenay, and conduct them into Devonshire and Cornwall, where Courtenay had powerful friends." They imagined that a general rising would take place in their favour, in the west of England, with a simultaneous revolt of the Suffolk faction in the east and other parts, where they greatly miscalculated the popular feeling against the queen.[2]

Elizabeth, meantime, perceiving the perils that beset her, on the one hand, from the folly of her injudicious friends, and, on the other, from the malignity of her foes, and alarmed at the altered manner of the queen towards her, reiterated her entreaties to be permitted to retire to one of her houses in the country. The leave was granted, and the day for her departure actually fixed, but the representations of the Spanish minister, "that she was deeply engaged in plots against her majesty's government, and that she only wished to escape from observation by withdrawing herself into the country, in order to have the better opportunity of carrying on her intrigues with the disaffected," caused queen Mary to forbid her to

[1] Noailles' Despatches; Griffet; Lingard; Turner.
[2] Noailles, II, 246, 254—58.
[3] Noailles; Lingard; Turner.

quit the palace. So much incensed was the queen, at the reports that were daily brought to her, of the disloyalty of Elizabeth, that she would not admit her to her presence, and inflicted upon her the severe mortification of allowing the countess of Lenox and the duchess of Suffolk to take precedency of her. Elizabeth then absented herself from the chapel-royal, and confined herself to her own chamber; on which, the queen forbade any of her ladies to visit her there without especial permission.

So considerable, however, was the influence Elizabeth had already acquired among the female aristocracy of England, and so powerful was the sympathy excited for her at this period, that, in defiance of the royal mandate, all the young gentlewomen of the court visited her daily, and all day long in her chamber, and united in manifesting the most ardent affection for her.[1] Elizabeth received these flattering tokens of regard with answering warmth, in the vain hope that the strength of her party would place her on a more independent footing, but of course it only rendered her case worse, by exciting jealousy and provoking anger. She was sedulously watched by the council, spies in her own household made almost hourly reports of all her movements, and every visit she received. By one of these traitors information was conveyed to Mary's ministers, that a refugee French preacher had secret interviews with her; on which the Spanish ambassador advised, that she should be sent to the Tower. Renaud also charged Noailles, the French ambassador, with holding private nocturnal conferences with the princess in her own chamber; this, Noailles angrily denied, and a violent altercation took place between the two diplomatists on the subject. Two of the queen's ministers, Paget and Arundel, then waited on Elizabeth, and informed her of the accusation. She found no difficulty in disproving a charge of which she was really innocent, and with some emotion expressed her gratitude "for not having been condemned unheard," and entreated them, "never to give credit to the calumnies that might here-

[1] Noailles.

after be circulated against her, without allowing her an opportunity of justifying herself."[1]

The queen, after this explanation, as a pledge of her reconciliation with Elizabeth, presented her with a double set of large and valuable pearls, and having granted her permission to retire into the country, dismissed her with tokens of respect and affection.[2]

It was in the beginning of December, that Elizabeth obtained the long delayed leave from her royal sister to retire to her own house at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire; but even there a jealous watch was kept on all her movements, and those of her servants. Never had captive bird panted more to burst from the thraldom of a cage, than she to escape from the painful restraints and restless intrigues of the court, where she was one day threatened with a prison, and the next flattered with the prospect of a crown;[3] but the repose for which she sighed was far remote. Instead of enjoying the peaceful pursuits of learning, or sylvan sports, in her country abode, she was harassed with a matrimonial proposal, which had been suggested to Mary by the Spanish cabinet, in behalf of the prince of Piedmont;[4] it not being considered expedient for the queen to solemnize her unpopular nuptials with Philip of Spain, till Elizabeth was wedded to a foreign husband.

Elizabeth resolutely refused to listen to the pretensions of the prince of Piedmont, and she also declined the overtures, that were privately renewed to her by the king of Denmark, in favour of his son, whom she had refused during her brother's reign. In all the trials, mortifications, and perplexities which surrounded her, she kept her eye steadily fixed on the bright reversion of the crown of England, and positively refused to marry out of the realm, even when the only alternative appeared to be a foreign husband or a scaffold.

The sarcastic proverb, "defend me from my friends,

[1] Noailles. [2] Lingard. [3] Ibid.

[4] Philibert Emanuel, heir of the dukedom of Savoy. He was cousin-german to Philip of Spain, and his dearest friend. He was the son of the sister of the empress Isabel, wife to Charles V.—Brantome.

and I will take care of my foes," was never more fully exemplified than in the case of Elizabeth, during the first year of her sister's reign, for an army of declared enemies would have been less perilous to her than the insidious caresses of the king of France, and his ambassador. Henry wrote to her letters, with unbounded offers of assistance and protection; and he advanced just enough money to the conspirators, to involve them in the odium of receiving bribes from France, without bearing the slightest proportion to their wants. He endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth to take refuge in his dominions; but if she had fallen into such a snare, she would have found herself in much the same situation as Mary queen of Scots was, when she sought an asylum in her realm. The only result of this correspondence was, that it involved Elizabeth in the greatest peril, when letters in cipher, supposed to be from her in reply to Henry, were intercepted.

On the 21st of January, 1553-4, Gardiner drew from the weak or treacherous Courtenay the secrets of the confederacy, of which he was to have been the leader and the hero. The conspirators on the following day learned that they had been betrayed, and found themselves under the fatal necessity of anticipating their plans by taking up arms.[1]

Wyat immediately sent to Elizabeth an earnest recommendation to retire from the vicinity of the metropolis. Young Russell, the son of the earl of Bedford, who was a secret member of the confederacy, was the bearer of the letter, and it seems, that he was the agent, through whom all communications between Wyat and her were carried on.[2] Sir James Crofts also saw and urged her to adopt this plan. Elizabeth perceived her peril, and determined not to take any step, that might be construed into an overt act of treason. She knew the weak and unsteady elements of which the confederacy was composed. Courtenay had proved a broken reed; and of all people in the world, she had the least reason to place confidence in either the wisdom, the firmness, or the integrity of the duke of Suffolk, who would, of course, if successful,

[1] Tytler; Lingard. [2] Ibid.

endeavour to replace his daughter, lady Jane Gray, on the throne. Common sense must have convinced Elizabeth, that he could have no other motive for his participation in the revolt. It was probably her very apprehension of such a result, that led this suspicious princess into an incipient acquiescence in the conspiracy, that she might obtain positive information as to the real nature of their projects, so that if she found them hostile to her own interests, the power of denouncing the whole affair to the queen would be in her own hands. Under any circumstances, Elizabeth would have found a straightforward path the safest. Letters addressed to her by the French ambassador, and also by Wyat, were intercepted by queen Mary's ministers. Russell was placed under arrest, and confessed that he had been the medium of a secret correspondence, with the leaders of the confederacy and Elizabeth.[1] Wyat unfurled the standard of revolt on the 25th of January, and the queen sent her royal mandate to Elizabeth on the 26th, enjoining her immediate return to court, "where," however, she assured her, "she would be heartily welcome."[2] Elizabeth mistrusted the invitation, and took to her bed; sending a verbal message to the queen "that she was too ill at present to travel, that as soon as she was able she would come, and prayed her majesty's forbearance for a few days."

After the lapse of several days, the officers of Elizabeth's household addressed a letter to her majesty's council, to explain "that increased indisposition, on the part of their mistress, was the sole cause that prevented her from repairing to the queen's highness, and though they continued in hope of her amendment, they saw no appearance of it, and therefore they considered it their duty, considering the perilous attempts of the rebels, to apprise their lordships of her state."[3]

Mary received this excuse, and waited for the coming of Elizabeth till the 10th of February. During that eventful fortnight a formidable insurrection had broken

[1] Griffet; Tytler.
[2] Strype.—See the Memoir of Queen Mary, vol. v.
[3] Strype's Memorials, Eccl. iii. 83. From Petyt MS.

out, of which the ostensible object was the dethronement of the queen, and the elevation of Elizabeth to the regal office. The French and Venetian ambassadors had both intrigued with the disaffected, and supplied them with money and arms. Mary had been attacked in her own palace by Wyat's army of insurgents; she had quelled the insurrection, and proceeded to measures of great severity, to deter her factious subjects from further attempts to disturb the public peace. Terror was stricken into every heart when it was known that a warrant was issued for the immediate execution of lady Jane Gray and her husband. Wyat, and others of the confederates, with the view of escaping the penalty of their own rash attempts, basely denounced Elizabeth and Courtenay as the exciters of the treasonable designs that had deluged the metropolis with blood, and shaken the throne of Mary. Elizabeth had fortified her house meantime, and introduced an armed force within her walls, probably for a defence against the partisans of lady Jane Gray, but, of course, her enemies and the Spanish party insisted that it was intended as a defiance to the royal authority. The queen, who had every reason to distrust her loyalty, then despatched lord William Howard, sir Edward Hastings, and sir Thomas Cornwallis, to bring her to court.[1] With these gentlemen she sent her own physicians, Dr. Owen and Dr. Wendy, to ascertain whether Elizabeth were really able to bear the journey. Now, Dr. Wendy, to his honour be it remembered, was instrumental in the preservation of queen Katharine Parr's life, by the prudent council he gave her at the time of

[1] That accurate historian, Patrick Fraser Tytler, esq., has, with great clearness, traced the discrepancies of Fox, when tested with the authentic State Paper Records of that memorable passage in the early life of our great Elizabeth. After carefully examining and collating all contemporary authorities on the subject, it is impossible not to coincide with the view Mr. Tytler has taken from the evidence of dates and documents. The statement of Fox, that Mary gave a peremptory commission to three of the members of her council, "to repair to Ashridge and bring the lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead," as asserted in that author's romantic biography of Elizabeth, in the Appendix of his Martyrology, is a distorted version of the facts, of which a plain narrative is given in these pages. See also Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii.

her extreme peril, and also, as it has been supposed, by acting as a mediator between her and king Henry.[1] He had known Elizabeth from her childhood, and his appearance would rather have had the effect of inspiring her with hope and confidence, than terror. Be that as it may, he and his coadjutor decided, that she might be removed without peril of her life. The three commissioners then required an audience of the princess, who, guessing their errand no doubt, refused to see them, and when they entered the chamber, it being then past ten o'clock at night, she said, "Is the haste such, that it might not have pleased you to come in the morning?" They made answer, "that they were sorry to see her grace in such a case."

"And I," replied she, "am not glad to see you at this time of night!"

This little dialogue, which rests on the authority of Holinshed, is characteristic, and likely enough to have taken place, although it is not mentioned in the following letter of the commissioners to the queen. We are, however, to bear in mind, that Elizabeth's great uncle, lord William Howard, who appears to have been the leading man on the occasion, would scarcely have related any speech on the part of his young kinswoman, likely to have been construed by the queen and her council, into an act of contumacy. On the contrary, he describes Elizabeth as using the most dutiful and compliant expressions, only fearful of encountering the fatigue of a journey in her weak state; any one, from his report, would imagine her to be the meekest and gentlest of all invalids.

THE LORD ADMIRAL, (LORD W. HOWARD,) SIR EDWARD HASTINGS, AND SIR THOMAS CORNWALLIS, TO THE QUEEN.[2]

"In our humble wise. It may please your highness to be advertised that yesterday, immediately upon our arrival at Ashridge, we required to have access unto my lady Elizabeth's grace, which obtained, we delivered unto her your highness's letter; and I, the lord admiral, declared the effect of your highness's pleasure, according to the credence given to us,

[1] See the Life of Queen Katharine Parr, vol. v.

[2] State Papers, Feb. 11, 1553-4. Edited by P. F Tytler, Esq. Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 426.

being before advertised of her state by your highness's physicians, by whom we did perceive the state of her body to be such, that, without danger to her person, we might well proceed to require her, in your majesty's name, (all excuses set apart,) to repair to your highness, with all convenient speed and diligence.

"Whereunto we found her grace very willing and conformable, save only 'that she much feared her weakness to be so great' that she should not be able to travel, and to endure the journey without peril of life, and therefore desired some longer respite until she had better recovered her strength; but in conclusion, upon the persuasion, as much of us, as of her own council and servants, (whom we assure your highness we have found very ready and forward to the accomplishment of your highness's pleasure, in this behalf,) she is resolved to remove hence to-morrow towards your highness with such journies as by a paper, herein enclosed, your highness shall perceive; further declaring to your highness, that her grace much desireth, if it might stand with your highness's pleasure, that she may have a lodging, at her coming to court, somewhat further from the water (the Thames) than she had at her last being there; which your physicians, considering the state of her body, thinketh very meet, who have *travailed* (taken great pains) very earnestly with her grace both *before our coming*[1] and after, in this matter.

"And after her first day's journey, one of us shall await upon your highness, to declare more at large, the whole state of our proceedings here. And even so, we shall most humbly beseech Christ long to preserve your highness in honour, health, and the contentation of your godly heart's desire.

"From Ashridge, the 11th of February, at four of the clock in the afternoon.

"Your highness's most humble and bounden servants and subjects,

"W. Howard, Edward Hastings, T. Cornwaleys."

The paper enclosed, sketching the plan of their progress to London, a document of no slight importance, considering the falsified statement which has been embodied in history, is as follows:—

"The order of my lady Elizabeth's grace's *voyage* to the court.
"Monday.—Imprimis to Mr. Cooke's, vi miles.
"Tuesday.—Item, to Mr. Pope's, viii miles.
"Wednesday.—To Mr. Stamford's, vii miles.
"Thursday.—To Highgate, Mr. Cholmeley's house, vii miles.
"Friday.—To Westminster, v miles."

Such is the official report of Elizabeth's maternal kinsman, lord William Howard, attested by the signatures of two other noble gentlemen. Motives of worldly interest, to say nothing of the ties of nature, would have

[1] This sentence leads to the conclusion that Dr. Wendy and Dr. Owen had been at Ashridge in attendance on Elizabeth since her first summons to court.

inclined lord William Howard to cherish and support, as far as he could with safety to himself, an heiress presumptive to the crown, so nearly connected in blood with his own illustrious house. He was the brother of her grandmother, lady Elizabeth Howard, and in the probable event of queen Mary's death without issue, it was only reasonable for this veteran statesman to calculate on directing the councils of his youthful niece, and exercising the executive power of the crown. He was a man whom Elizabeth both loved and honoured, and she testified her grateful remembrance of his kindness after her accession to the crown. If Mary had intended Elizabeth to be treated as barbarously as Fox has represented, she would have selected some other agent for the minister of her cruelty.

The letter of the commissioners to the queen is dated February 11th, which was Sunday; contrary to the assertions of Fox and Holinshed, they remained at Ashridge the whole of that day and night, and it was not till Monday morning, the 12th, that they proceeded to remove Elizabeth. It was the day appointed for the execution of the lady Jane Gray and lord Guildford Dudley, and even the strong mind and lion-like spirit of Elizabeth must have quailed, at the appalling nature of her own summons to the metropolis, and the idea of commencing her journey in so ominous an hour. Thrice she was near fainting as she was led between two of her escort, to the royal litter, which the queen had sent for her accommodation.[1] Her bodily weakness, or some other cause, appears to have caused a deviation from the original programme of the journey, for the places where she halted were not the same as those specified by the commissioners in their letter to the queen. She reached Redburn in a feeble condition the first night. On the second, she rested at Sir Ralph Rowlet's house, at St. Alban's; on the third, at Mr. Dod's, at Mimmes; on the fourth, at Highgate, where she remained at Mr. Cholmeley's house a night and day, according to Holinshed,

[1] Holinshed.

but most probably it was longer, as she did not enter London till the 23rd of February; and Noailles, in a letter, dated the 21st, makes the following report of her condition to his own court.

"While the city is covered with gibbets, and the public buildings crowded with the heads of the bravest men in the kingdom, (*who, by the bye, had given but an indifferent sample of their valour*) the princess Elizabeth, for whom no better fate is foreseen, is lying ill, about seven or eight miles from hence, so swollen and disfigured that her death is expected."[1] He expresses doubts "whether she would reach London alive." Notwithstanding this piteous description of her sufferings and prospects, his excellency in another place calls the indisposition of Elizabeth "a favourable illness," and this phrase has led some persons into the notion that her sickness was feigned for the purpose of exciting popular sympathy, but he certainly means merely to intimate, that it occurred at a seasonable time for her, and was probably the means of saving her from the same punishment that had just been inflicted on her youthful kinswoman, lady Jane Gray. That Elizabeth was suffering severely, both in mind and body, at this terrific crisis, there can be no doubt, and if she made the most of her illness to gain time, and delay her approach to the dreaded scene of blood and horror, which the metropolis presented, in consequence of the recent executions, no one can blame her. But when the moment came for her public entrance into London as a prisoner of state, her firmness returned, and the spirit of the royal heroine triumphed over the weakness of the invalid and the terrors of the woman. Her deportment on that occasion is thus finely described by an eye-witness who thirsted for her blood—Simon Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, in a letter to her great enemy, the emperor Charles Vth, dated February 24th, 1554.

"The lady Elizabeth," says he, "arrived here yesterday, dressed all in white, surrounded with a great com-

[1] Elizabeth's illness appears to have been an attack of dropsy, from her swollen and pallid appearance.

pany of the queen's people, besides her own attendants. She made them uncover the litter in which she rode, that she might be seen by the people. Her countenance was pale and stern, her mien proud, lofty, and disdainful, by which she endeavoured to conceal her trouble."

A hundred gentlemen in velvet coats formed a sort of guard of honour for Elizabeth on this occasion, next her person, and they were followed by a hundred more "in coats of fine red cloth guarded with black velvet;"[1] this was probably the royal livery. The road on both sides the way, from Highgate to London, was thronged with gazing crowds, some of whom wept and bewailed her. It must indeed have been a pageant of almost tragic interest, considering the excited state of the public mind, for Suffolk had been executed that morning, and it was only eleven days since the young, lovely, and interesting lady Jane Gray had been brought to the block. Many persons in that crowd remembered the execution of Elizabeth's mother, queen Anne Boleyn, not quite seventeen years ago, and scarcely anticipated a better fate for her, whom they now saw conducted through their streets a guarded captive, having arrayed herself in white robes, emblematic of innocence. Her youth, her pallid cheek and searching glance, appealed to them for sympathy, and it might be for succour; but neither arm nor voice was raised in her defence in all that multitude; and this accounts for the haughty and scornful expression which Renaud observed in her countenance as she gazed upon them. Perhaps she thought, with sarcastic bitterness, of the familiar proverb—"A little help is worth a deal of pity."

The cavalcade passed through Smithfield and Fleet Street to Whitehall, between four and five in the afternoon, and entered the palace through the garden. Whatever might be her inward alarm, Elizabeth assumed an intrepid bearing.

> "Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
> Were the words of her lip and the glance of her eye."

She boldly protested her innocence, and demanded

[1] MS. Cotton., Vitell. f. 5.

an interview with her sister the queen, on the plea of Mary's previous promise never to condemn her unheard. Mary declined seeing her, and she was conducted to a quarter of the palace at Westminster, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guards. Six ladies, two gentlemen, and four servants of her own retinue, were permitted to remain in attendance on her person, the rest of her train were sent into the city of London and lodged there. It was on the fidelity and moral courage of these persons, that the life of Elizabeth depended; and it is certain that several of them were implicated in the conspiracy. Courtenay, her affianced husband, had been arrested on the 12th of February, in the house of the earl of Sussex, and was safely lodged in the bell-tower, and subjected to daily examinations. He had previously given tokens of weakness and want of principle sufficient to fill every one with whom he had been politically connected, with apprehension. Yet he seems to have acted honourably with regard to Elizabeth, for none of his admissions tended to implicate her.

Nothing could be more agonizing than the state of suspense, in which, for three weeks, Elizabeth remained at Whitehall, while her fate was debated by her sister's privy council. Fortunately for her this body was agitated with jealousies and divided interests. One party relentlessly urged the expediency of putting her to death, and argued against the folly of sparing a traitress who had entered into plots with foreign powers against her queen and country.[1] Lord Arundel and Lord Paget were the advocates of these ruthless counsels, which, however, really emanated from the emperor Charles V., who considered Elizabeth in the light of a powerful rival to the title of the bride elect of his son Philip, and he laboured for her destruction, in the same spirit that his grandfather Ferdinand had made the execution of the unfortunate earl of Warwick one of the secret articles in the marriage treaty of Katharine of Arragon, and Arthur prince

[1] Renaud's Letter to the emperor Charles V.

of Wales. Besides this political animosity, Charles entertained a personal hatred to Elizabeth, because she was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whose fatal charms had been the cause of so much evil to his beloved aunt.

Bishop Gardiner, who was at that time opposed to the Spanish party, acted in this instance as the friend of Elizabeth and Courtenay. He contended "that there was no proof of a treasonable correspondence between them during the late insurrections, alleging the residence of Courtenay in the queen's household at St. James's palace, and Elizabeth's dangerous sickness at Ashridge, as reasons why they were not, and could not have been actually engaged in acts of treason, whatever might have been their intentions.[1] In this matter, Gardiner acted in the true spirit of a modern politician: he threw all the weight of his powerful talents and influence into the scale of mercy and justice, not for the sake of the good cause he advocated, but because it afforded him an opportunity of contending with his rivals on vantage ground. The murderous policy of Spain is thus shamelessly avowed by Renaud in one of his letters to his imperial master:— "The queen," he says,[1] "is advised to send her (Elizabeth) to the Tower, since she is accused by Wyat, named in the letters of the French ambassador, and suspected by her own council; and it is certain that the enterprise was undertaken in her favour. Assuredly, sire, if they do not punish her and Courtenay, now that the occasion offers, the queen will never be secure, for I doubt that if she leaves her in the Tower, when she goes to meet the parliament, some treasonable means will be found to deliver her or Courtenay, or perhaps both, and then the last error will be worse than the first."

The council was in possession of two notes addressed to Elizabeth by Wyat, the first, advising her to remove to Donnington, which was close to their head-quarters; the second, after her neglecting to obey the queen's summons to court, informing her of his victorious entry into Southwark. Three dispatches of Noailles to his own government had been intercepted and deciphered, which

[1] Mackintosh. Lingard. Tytler.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

revealed all the plans of the conspirators in her favour. Noailles, too—and that made the matter worse—had married one of her maids of honour;[1] which circumstance, of course, afforded a direct facility for more familiar intercourse, than otherwise could publicly have taken place, between the disaffected heiress of the crown, and the representative of a foreign power. In addition to these presumptive evidences, a letter, supposed to have been written by her to the king of France, had fallen into the hands of the queen. The duke of Suffolk, doubtless with a view to the preservation of his own daughter, lady Jane Gray, had declared that the object of the conspiracy was the dethronement of the queen, and the elevation of Elizabeth to her place.[2] Wyat acknowledged that he had written more than one letter to Elizabeth, and charged Courtenay, face to face, with having first suggested the rebellion. Sir James Crofts confessed "that he had conferred with Elizabeth, and solicited her to retire to Donnington;" Lord Russell, "that he had privately conveyed letters to her from Wyat;" and another prisoner, "that he had been privy to a correspondence between Carew and Courtenay respecting the intended marriage between that nobleman and the princess."[3] In short, a more disgusting series of treachery and cowardice never was exhibited than on this occasion; and if it be true, that there is honour among thieves—that is to say, an observance of good faith towards each other in time of peril—it is certain nothing of the kind was to be found among these confederates, who respectively endeavoured, by the denunciation of their associates, to shift the penalty of their mutual offences to their fellows in misfortune.

Wyat's first confession was, "that the Sieur D'Oysell, when he passed through England into Scotland with the French ambassador to that country, spoke to Sir James Crofts to persuade him to prevent the marriage of queen Mary, with the heir of Spain, to raise Elizabeth to the

[1] Kempe's Losely MSS.
[2] Lingard's Elizabeth, Hist. Eng., vol. vii.
[3] Renaud's Letters to Charles V.

throne, marry her to Courtenay, and put the queen to death." He also confessed the promised aid that was guaranteed by the king of France to the confederates, and the projected invasions from France and Scotland.

"We have this morning," writes Mr. Secretary Bourne, "travailed with sir Thomas Wyat, touching the lady Elizabeth and her servant, sir William Saintlow; and your lordship shall understand that Wyat affirmeth his former sayings (depositions), and says further, that sir James Crofts knoweth more, if he be sent for and examined. Whereupon, Crofts has been called before us and examined, and confesseth with Wyat, charging Saintlow with like matter, and further, as we shall declare unto your said lordships. Wherefore, under your correction, we think necessary, and beseech you to send for Mr. Saintlow, and to examine him, or cause him to be sent hither, by us to be examined. Crofts is plain, and will tell all."[1]

The Spanish ambassador, in his report to the emperor, dated March 1st, affirms that Crofts had confessed the truth in a written deposition, and admitted, in plain terms, the intrigues of the French ambassador with the heretics and rebels; but this deposition has been vainly sought for at the State Paper Office.

Great pains were taken by the Spanish faction to incense the queen, to the death, against Elizabeth; Renaud even presumed to intimate that her betrothed husband, Don Philip, would not venture his person in England till Elizabeth and Courtenay were executed, and endeavoured, by every sort of argument, to tempt her to hasten her own marriage by the sacrifice of their lives. Irritated as Mary was against both, she could not resolve on shedding her sister's blood. She told the subtle statesman, "that she should act as the law decided, on the evidences of their guilt, but that the prisoners, whose guilt had actually been proved, should be executed before she left her metropolis" to open her parliament, which was summoned to meet at Oxford. She was in great perplexity in what

[1] Report of Bourne, Southwell, Pope, and Hyggins, in State Paper Office, February 25, 1553-4.

manner to dispose of Elizabeth for her own security, before she herself departed from London, and she asked the lords of her council, one by one, "if either of them would take charge of that lady." They all declined the perilous responsibility, and then the stern resolution was adopted of sending her to the Tower,[1] after a stormy debate in council on the justifiableness of such a measure. The truth was, Gardiner, finding himself likely to be left in a minority by his powerful rivals in the cabinet, succumbed to their wishes, and, instead of opposing the motion, supported it, and kept his chancellorship, for a temporary reconciliation was then effected between him and the leaders of the Spanish faction, Arundel, Paget, and Petre, of which the blood of Elizabeth was the intended cement. From the moment this trimming statesman abandoned the liberal policy he had for a few brief months advocated, he shamed not to become the most relentless and determined of those who sought to bring the royal maiden to the block.[2] On the Friday before Palm Sunday, he, with nine more of the council, came into her presence, and there charged her, both with Wyat's conspiracy, and the rising lately made in the west by sir Peter Carew and others, and told her it was the queen's pleasure that she should be removed to the Tower." The name of this doleful prison, which her own mother, and, more recently, her cousin, lady Jane Gray, had found their next step to the scaffold, filled her with dismay.

"I trust," said she, "that her majesty will be far more gracious, than to commit to that place a true and most innocent woman, that never has offended her in thought, word, or deed." She then entreated the lords to intercede for her with the queen, which some of them compassionately promised to do, and testified much pity for her case. About an hour after, four of them—namely, Gardiner, the lord steward, the lord treasurer, and the earl of Sussex—returned with an order to discharge all her attendants, except her gentleman usher, three gentle-

[1] Renaud's Despatches.
[2] Tytler. Renaud. Speed. Fox.

women, and two grooms of her chamber.[1] Hitherto Elizabeth had been in the honourable keeping of the lord chamberlain, no other than her uncle, lord William Howard, and sir John Gage, but now that a sterner policy was adopted, a guard was placed in the two anterooms leading to her chamber, two lords with an armed force in the hall, and two hundred Northern white coats in the garden, to prevent all possibility of rescue or escape. The next day, the earl of Sussex, and another lord of the council, announced to her "that a barge was in readiness to convey her to the Tower, and she must prepare to go as the tide served, which would tarry for no one."[2] This intimation seems to have inspired Elizabeth with a determination to outstay it, since the delay of every hour was important to her whose fate hung on a balance so nicely poised. She implored to see the queen her sister, and that request being denied, she then entreated for permission to write to her. This was peremptorily refused by one of the noblemen, who told her "that he durst not suffer it, neither, in his opinion, was it convenient."[3] But the earl of Sussex, whose generous nature was touched with manly compassion, bent his knee before her, and told her "she should have liberty to write her mind," and swore, "as he was a true man, he would himself deliver it to the queen, whatsoever came of it, and bring her back the answer."

Elizabeth then addressed, with the earnest eloquence of despair, the following moving letter to her royal sister, taking good care not to bring it to a conclusion till the tide had ebbed so far as to render it impossible to shoot the bridge with a barge that turn.

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN.[4]

"If any ever did try this old saying, 'that a king's word was more than another man's oath,' I must humbly beseech your majesty to verify it in

[1] Speed. Fox.

[2] Ibid.

[3] The name of this ungentle peer is not recorded, from motives of delicacy, by Fox and Holinshed, but he is supposed to be Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, who was alive when these books were written.

[4] MS. Harleian, 7190-2. The document, in its original orthography, may be seen in sir H. Ellis's Original Letters, 2nd series, vol. ii. p. 255. The commencing sentence of this letter is a quotation from the noble speech of king John of France, when he returned to his captivity in England.

me, and to remember your last promise[1] and my last demand—that I be not condemned without answer and due proof—which it seems that I now am; for without cause proved, I am by your council from you commanded, to go to the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor, than a true subject. Which though I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of all this realm it appears proved. I pray to God I may die the shamefullest death that any ever died, if I may mean any such thing; and to this present hour I protest before God (who shall judge my truth whatsoever malice shall devise) that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way, or dangerous to the state by any means. And therefore I humbly beseech your majesty to let me answer afore yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors—yea, and that afore I go to the Tower—if it be possible—if not, before I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly your highness will give me leave to do it afore I go, that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on, as I now shall be—yea, and that without cause!

"Let conscience move your highness to pardon this my boldness, which innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindness, which I trust will not see me cast away without desert, which what it (*her desert*) is I would desire no more of God, but that you truly knew—but which thing I think and believe, you shall never by report know, unless by yourself you hear. I have heard of many in my time cast away, for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my lord of Somerset say, that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him, he had never suffered, but persuasions were made to him so great that he was brought in belief, that he could not live safely if the admiral (*lord Thomas Seymour*) lived, and that made him give consent to his death. Though these persons are not to be compared to your majesty, yet I pray God the like evil persuasions persuade not one sister against the other, and all, for that they have heard false report, and the truth not known.

"Therefore, once again, kneeling with humbleness of heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your highness, which I would not be so bold as to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true.

"And as for the traitor Wyatt, he might, peradventure, write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him. And as for the copy of the letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter, by any means, and to this truth I will stand in till my death.

"Your highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end.

"ELIZABETH.

"I humbly crave but only one word of answer from yourself."

This letter, written, as has been shewn, on the spur of the moment, possesses more perspicuity and power than any other composition from the pen of Elizabeth. She

[1] This promise must have been given at the last interview of the royal sisters, before Elizabeth retired to Ashridge, when she had to clear herself from conspiring with Noailles, the French ambassador, as before related.

had not time to hammer out artificial sentences, so completely entangled with far-fetched metaphors and pedantic quotations, that a commentator is required to construe every one of her ambiguous paragraphs. No such ambiguity is used here, where she pleads for her life in good earnest, and in unequivocal language appeals boldly, from the inimical privy council, to her sister's natural affection, and the event proved in the end, that she did not appeal in vain. Yet her majesty shewed no symptoms of relenting, at the time it was delivered, being exceedingly angry with Sussex for having lost the tide, and, according to Renaud, she rated her council soundly for having presumed to deviate from the instructions she had issued.[1] The next tide did not serve till midnight, misgivings were felt, lest some project were in agitation among her friends and confederates, to effect a rescue under cover of the darkness, and so it was decided that they would defer her removal till the following day. This was Palm Sunday, and the council considered that it would be the safest plan to have the princess conveyed to the Tower by water during the time of morning service, and on that account the people were strictly enjoined to carry their palms to church.

Sussex and the lord treasurer were with Elizabeth soon after nine o'clock that morning, and informed her that the time was now come, that her grace must away with them to the Tower. She replied, "The Lord's will be done; I am contented, seeing it is the queen's pleasure." Yet as she was conducted through the garden to the barge, she turned her eyes towards every window in the lingering hope, as it was thought, of seeing some one who would espouse her cause, and finding herself disappointed in this, she passionately exclaimed, "I marvel what the nobles mean by suffering me, a prince, to be led into captivity, the Lord knoweth wherefore, for myself I do not."[2]

Her escort hurried her to the barge, being anxious to pass the shores of London at a time when they would be

[1] See his letter to the emperor Charles, dated March 22, 1553-4, in Tytler's Mary.

[2] Speed. Fox.

least likely to attract attention; but in their efforts not to be too late, they were too early, for the tide had not risen sufficiently high to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of the water was so great that the experienced boatmen declined attempting it. The peers urged them to proceed, and they lay hovering upon the water in extreme danger for a time, and at length their caution was overpowered, by the imperative orders of the two noblemen, who insisted on their passing the arch. They reluctantly essayed to do so, and struck the stern of the barge against the starling, and not without great difficulty and much peril succeeded in clearing it. Not one, perhaps, of the anxious spectators, who, from the houses which at that time overhung the bridge, beheld the jeopardy of that boat's company, suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from a watery grave must have elicited an ejaculation of thanksgiving from many a kindly heart. Elizabeth objected to being landed at the traitor's gate, "neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe," she said. One of the lords told her "she must not choose," and as it was then raining, offered her his cloak. "She dashed it from her, with a good dash," says our author,[1] and as she set her foot on the stairs, exclaimed,—"Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!" To which the nobles who escorted her replied, "If it were so, it was the better for her." When she came to the gate a number of the warders and servants belonging to the Tower were drawn up in rank, and some of them, as she passed, knelt and "prayed God to preserve her grace," for which they were afterwards reprimanded. Instead of passing through the gates to which she had been thus conducted, Elizabeth seated herself on a cold damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering a prison which had proved so fatal to her race. Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, said to her, "Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely."

[1] Speed. Fox.

" Better sit here than in a worse place," she replied, " for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me."[1]

On hearing these words, her gentleman usher burst into a passion of weeping, which she perceiving, chid him for his weakness in thus giving way to his feelings, and discouraging her, whom he ought rather to comfort and support, especially knowing her truth to be such that no man had any cause to weep for her ;" when, however, she was inducted into the apartment appointed for her confinement, and the doors made fast upon her with locks and bolts, she was sore dismayed, but called for her book, and gathering the sorrowful remnant of her servants round her, begged them to unite with her in prayer for the divine protection and succour. Meantime the lords of the council who had brought her to the Tower proceeded to deliver their instructions to the authorities there for her safe keeping ; but when some measure of unnecessary rigour was suggested by one of the commissioners, the earl of Sussex, who appears to have been thoroughly disgusted with the ungracious office that had been put upon him, and the unmanly conduct of his associates, sternly admonished them in these words :— " Let us take heed, my lords, that we go not beyond our commission, for she was our king's daughter, and is, we know, the prince next in blood, wherefore let us so deal with her now, that we have not, if it so happen, to answer for our dealings hereafter."[2]

[1] Fox; Speed; Holinshed. [2] Ibid.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Elizabeth in the Tower—Examined by Gardiner and the council—Confronted with sir J. Crofts—Her expostulation—Rigorous examination of her servants—Compelled to hear mass—Harsh treatment of her Protestant ladies—Her deportment in prison—Precautions against her escape—The Spanish ambassador urges her execution—Wyat exonerates her on the scaffold—She is permitted to take the air—Sympathy of children for Elizabeth—Flowers brought her in the Tower garden—Warden's child examined by the council—Her cause favoured by her uncle (Lord W. Howard) and Arundel—Illness of the queen—Attempt of Gardiner to destroy Elizabeth—Mary replaces her sister's picture—Refuses to have her tried—Elizabeth taken from the Tower to Richmond by water—Refuses to marry Philibert of Savoy—Harsh treatment on her journey to Woodstock—Sympathy of the people—Lord William's hospitality to Elizabeth—Her captivity at Woodstock—Her prison verses—Her needle-work—Dangerous illness—Recovery—Journey to Hampton Court—Interview with Gardiner, &c.—Her spirited conduct—Her interview with the queen—Reconciliation—Joins the royal parties at Christmas—Takes her place next the queen—Homage paid to her by Philip II.—She again rejects Philibert of Savoy—Returns to Woodstock—Accusations of sorcery with Dr. Dee—Philip II.'s friendship for Elizabeth—She is permitted to return to Hatfield—Sir T. Pope her castellan—His courtesy to Elizabeth—Fetes and pageants—Implication in new plots—Her letter to the queen—She visits the court—Meditates withdrawing to France—Fresh reconciliation with the queen—Offer by the prince of Sweden—Her prudent conduct—Appointed successor to the crown—Mary's last requests to her—Contradictory statements—Interview with the Spanish ambassador—Sups with him at lady Clinton's—Their conversation—Queen Mary sends her the crown jewels—Premature reports of Mary's death—Elizabeth sends Throckmorton—Death of the queen announced to her—Her exclamation on being saluted queen.

It was on the 18th of March that Elizabeth was lodged in the Tower, and she was soon afterwards subjected to a

rigorous examination by the lord chancellor Gardiner, with nine other of the lords of the council. They questioned her on her motives for her projected remove to Donnington Castle during the late insurrection. Elizabeth, being taken by surprise, allowed her natural propensity for dissimulation to betray her into the childish equivocation of affecting to be unconscious that she had such a house as Donnington.[1] When sir James Crofts was brought in and confronted with her, she recollected herself, and said, "As touching my remove to Donnington, my officers, and you, sir James Crofts, being then present, can well testify whether any rash or unbeseeming word did then pass my lips, which might not have well become a faithful and loyal subject."

Thus adjured, sir James Crofts knelt to her and said, "He was heartily sorry to be brought in that day to be a witness against her grace, but he took God to record that he never knew anything of her, worthy the least suspicion."[2]

"My lords," said Elizabeth, "methinks you do me wrong to examine every mean prisoner against me; if they have done evil, let them answer for it. I pray you, join me not with such offenders. Touching my remove from Ashridge to Donnington, I do remember me that Mr. Hoby, mine officers, and you, sir James Crofts, had some talk about it; but what is that to the purpose? Might I not, my lords, go to mine own houses at all times?"[3]

Whereupon the lord of Arundel, kneeling down, observed, "that her grace said truth, and that himself was sorry to see her troubled about such vain matters."

"Well, my lords," rejoined she, "you sift me narrowly, but you can do no more than God hath appointed, unto whom I pray to forgive you all."[4]

This generous burst of feeling on the part of the earl of Arundel must have had a startling effect on all pre-

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Lingard.
[2] Heywood. Fox.
[3] Speed. Fox. Bright's Miraculous Preservation.
[4] Speed.

sent, for he had been foremost in the death-cry against Elizabeth, and had urged the queen to bring her to trial and execution. Blinded by the malignant excitement of party feeling, he had, doubtless, so far deceived himself as to regard such a measure as a stern duty to the nation at large, in order to prevent future insurrections, by sacrificing one person for the security of Mary's government; but when he saw and heard the young defenceless woman, whom he and his colleagues had visited in her lonely prison room, to browbeat and to entangle in her talk, his heart smote him for the cruel part he had taken, and he yielded to the generous impulse which prompted him to express his conviction of her innocence, and his remorse for the injurious treatment to which she was subjected. So powerful was the re-action of his feelings on this occasion, that he not only laboured as strenuously for the preservation of Elizabeth, as he had hitherto done for her destruction, but even went so far as to offer his heir to her for a husband, and subsequently made her a tender of his own hand, and became one of the most persevering of her wooers. It is to be feared that Elizabeth, then in the bloom of youth, and very fairly endowed by nature, exerted all her fascinations to entangle the heart of this stern pillar of her sister's throne in the perplexities of a delusive passion for herself. That the royal coquette indulged the stately old earl with deceitful hopes, appears evident by the tone he assumed towards her after her accession to the throne, and his jealousy of his handsome, audacious rival, Robert Dudley; but of this, hereafter.

Elizabeth's confinement in the Tower was, at first, so rigorous, that she was not permitted to see any one but the servants who had been selected by the council to wait upon her—a service fraught with danger even to those who were permitted to perform it. As for the other members of her household, several were in prison, and one of these, Edmund Tremaine, was subjected to the infliction of torture, in the vain attempt to extort evidence against her.[1]

[1] Speed.

Before Elizabeth had been two days in the Tower, the use of English prayers and Protestant rites were prohibited, and she was required to hear mass. One of her ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, refused to attend that service; on which her father brought abbot Feckenham to persuade her to it; but as she continued firm in her resistance, she was dismissed from her office, and another lady, Mrs. Coldeburn, appointed in her stead.[1] Another of Elizabeth's ladies, the beautiful Isabella Markham, who was just married to sir John Harrington, was also sequestered from her service, on account of her heretical opinions, and committed to a prison lodging in the Tower, with her husband, whose offence was having conveyed a letter to the princess. This misdemeanor, however, appears to have been committed as far back as the second year of Edward VI., if we may judge from the allusions Harrington makes to his former master, the lord admiral, Thomas Seymour, in the spirited letter of remonstrance which he addressed to Gardiner, on the subject of his imprisonment and that of his wife. Nothing can afford a more beautiful picture, of the attachment subsisting between the captive princess and these faithful adherents than this letter, which is written in the fearless spirit of a true knight and noble-minded gentleman:—

"My lord,

"This mine humble prayer doth come with much sorrow, for any deed of evil that I have done to your lordship; but, alas! I know of none, save such duty to the lady Elizabeth as I am bounden to pay her at all times; and if this matter breedeth in you such wrath towards her and me, I shall not, in this mine imprisonment, repent thereof. My wife is her servant, and doth but rejoice in this our misery when we look with whom we are holden in bondage. Our gracious king Henry did ever advance our family's good estate, as did his pious father aforetime; wherefore our service is in remembrance of such good kindness, albeit there needeth none other cause to render our tendance, sith the lady Elizabeth beareth such piety and godly affection to all virtue. Consider that your lordship aforetime hath combated with much like affliction: why, then, should not our state cause you to recount the same, and breed pity to us-ward? Mine poor lady hath greater cause to wail, than we of such small degree, but her rare example affordeth comfort to us, and shameth our complaint. Why, my good lord, must I be thus annoyed for one deed of special good will to the lady Elizabeth, in bearing a letter sent from

[1] Strype.

one that had such right to give me his commands,[1] and to one that had such right to all mine hearty service?

"May God incline you to amend all this cruelty, and ever and anon turn our prayer in good and merciful consideration. My lord admiral Seymour did truly win my love amidst this hard and deadly annoyance. Now may the same like pity touch your heart, and deal us better usage. His service was ever joyful, and why must *this* be afflicting? Mine auncient kindred have ever held their duty and liege obeysance, nor will I do them such dishonour as may blot out their worthy deeds, but will ever abide in all honesty and love. If you should give ear to my complaint, it will bind me to thankfully repay this kindness; but if not, we will continue to suffer, and rest ourselves in God, whose mercy is sure and safe, and in all true love to her (the princess Elizabeth) who doth honour us in tender sort, and scorneth not to shed her tears with ours. I commend your lordship to God's appointment, and rest, sorely afflicted,

"From the *Toure*, 1554."[2] "JOHN HARRINGTON."

The above most interesting letter is the more valuable because it affords the testimony of the accomplished writer as to the personal deportment of Elizabeth among her own immediate friends during their mutual imprisonment in the Tower. Sir John Harrington the younger says—"that his parents had not any comfort to beguile their affliction but the sweet words and sweeter deeds of their mistress and fellow-prisoner, the princess Elizabeth."

[1] This can only allude to Harrington's former master, Seymour of Sudley, as the context proves.

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington the younger, the son of this faithful man, to whom Elizabeth stood godmother. The imprisonment and harsh treatment of his parents is indignantly recorded by the godson of Elizabeth among the evil deeds of Gardiner, which he sums up in these words:—"Lastly, the plots he laid to entrap the lady Elizabeth, his terrible hard usage of all her followers, I cannot yet scarce think of with charity, nor write of with patience. My father, only for carrying of a letter to the lady Elizabeth, and professing to wish her well, he kept in the Tower twelve months, and made him spend a thousand pounds ere he could be free of that trouble. My mother, that then served the said lady Elizabeth, he caused to be sequestered from her as an heretic, so that her own father durst not take her into his house, but she was glad to sojourn with one Mr. Topclife; so, as I may say in some sort, this bishop persecuted me before I was born."—Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii. pp. 67, 68.

It was on the discharge of lady Harrington, which took place some months before that of her husband, that she was refused an asylum by her father. Sir John Harrington, becoming weary of his long incarceration, vented his indignant feelings in some bitterly satirical verses, addressed to Gardiner, which he had the temerity to send to his powerful adversary. Gardiner instantly ordered him to be released from his captivity, observing, that but for his saucy sonnet he was worthy to have lain a year longer in the Tower.

In after years Elizabeth herself told Castelnau, the French ambassador, when adverting to this period,[1] "that she was in great danger of losing her life from the displeasure her sister had conceived against her, in consequence of the accusations that were fabricated, on the subject of her correspondence with the king of France; and having no hope of escaping, she desired to make her sister only one request, which was, that she might have her head cut off with a sword, as in France, and not with an axe, after the present fashion adopted in England, and therefore desired that an executioner might be sent for out of France, if it were so determined." What frightful visions, connected with the last act of her unfortunate mother's tragedy, must have haunted the prison-musings of the royal captive! who having but recently recovered from a long and severe malady, was probably suffering from physical depression of spirits at this time. The traditions of the Tower of London affirm, that the lodging of the princess Elizabeth was immediately under the great alarum bell, which in case of any attempt being made for her escape, was to have raised its clamorous tocsin, to summon assistance, and the hue and cry for pursuit. It seems scarcely probable, however, that she would have been placed in such close contiguity with Courtenay, unless the proximity were artfully contrived, as a snare to lure them into a stolen intercourse, or attempts at correspondence, for the purpose of furnishing a fresh mass of evidence against them.

In a letter, of the 3rd of April, Renaud relates the particulars of two successive interviews, which he had had with the queen and some of the members of her council, on the measures necessary to be adopted for the security of Don Philip's person, before he would venture himself in England. His excellency states, "that he had assured the queen, that it was of the utmost importance that the trials and executions of the criminals, especially those of Courtenay and Elizabeth, should be concluded before the arrival of the prince. The queen evasively replied "that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety

[1] Memoir de Castelnau, i. p. 32.

she took for the security of his highness at his coming." Gardiner then remarked, "that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquil, but if every one went to work as *roundly* as he did in providing remedies, things would go on better."

"As touching Courtenay," pursues Renaud, "there is matter sufficient against him to make his punishment certain, but for Elizabeth they have not yet been able to obtain matter sufficient for her conviction, because those persons with whom she was in communication have fled.[1] Nevertheless, her majesty tells me, "that from day to day they are finding more proofs against her. That especially they had several witnesses, who deposed as to the preparation of arms and provisions, which she made for the purpose of rebelling with the others, and of maintaining herself in strength in a house to which she sent the supplies." This was of course Donnington Castle, to which allusion has so often been made.

Renaud then proceeds to relate the substance of a conversation, he had had with Paget, on the subject of Elizabeth, in which he says, that Paget told him, "that if they could not procure sufficient evidence to enable them to put her to death, the best way of disposing of her would be, to send her out of the kingdom, through the medium of a foreign marriage," and the prince of Piedmont was named as the most eligible person on whom to bestow her. Great advantages were offered to all parties. Paget considered if this convenient union could be effected, it would obviate all the dangers and difficulties involved in the unpopular marriage between Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and if Elizabeth could be induced to consent to such an alliance, her own rights in the succession were to be secured to her consort, in the event of the queen having no children, for the minister added, "he could see no way by which she could at present, be excluded or deprived of the right, which the Parliament had given her."

If we may rely on Holinshed, whose testimony as a

[1] Among these was Sir Francis Knollys, the husband of the daughter of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

contemporary, is, at any rate, deserving of attention, Elizabeth's table, while she was a prisoner in the Tower, was supplied at her own cost. He gives a curious account of the disputes that took place daily, between the authorities in the Tower, and the servants of the princess, who were appointed to purvey for her. These, when they brought her daily diet to the outer gate of the Tower, were required to deliver it, says our chronicler, "to the common rascal soldiers," and they considering it unmeet that it should pass through such hands, requested the vice chamberlain, sir John Gage, who had personal charge and control over the royal captive, that they might be permitted to deliver it within the Tower themselves. This he refused, on the plea that the lady Elizabeth was a prisoner and should be treated as such, and when they remonstrated with him, he threatened that "if they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should neither see sun nor moon." Either they, or their mistress, had the boldness to appeal to the lords of the council, by whom ten of the princess's own servants were appointed to superintend the purveyances and cooking department, and to serve at her table—namely, two yeomen of her chamber, two of her robes, two of her pantry and ewry, one of her buttery, one of her cellar, another of her larder, and two of her kitchen. At first the chamberlain was much displeased, and continued to annoy them by various means, though he afterwards behaved more courteously, and good cause why, adds the chronicler, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best, and her grace paid for it."

From a letter of Renaud to the emperor, dated the 7th of April, we find there were high words between Elizabeth's kinsman, the admiral, lord William Howard, and sir John Gage, about a letter full of seditious expressions in her favour, which had been found in the street. In what manner lord William Howard identified sir John Gage with this attempt to ascertain the state of public feeling towards Elizabeth, or whether he suspected it of being a device for accusing her friends, it is difficult to judge, but he passionately told Gage, that "she would be

the cause of cutting off so many heads that both he and others would repent it."

On the 13th of April, Wyat was brought to the block, and on the scaffold publicly retracted all that he had formerly said, in the vain hope of escaping the penalty of his own treason, to criminate Elizabeth and Courtenay.

Up to this period, the imprisonment of Elizabeth had been so extremely rigorous, that she had not been permitted to cross the threshold of her own apartments, and now, her health beginning to give way again, she entreated permission to take a little air and exercise. Lord Chandos, the constable of the Tower, expressed "his regret at being compelled to refuse her, as it was contrary to his orders." She then asked leave to walk only in the suite of apartments called the queen's lodgings. He applied to the council for instructions, and, after some discussion, the indulgence was granted, but only on condition that himself, the lord chamberlain, and three of the queen's ladies, who were selected for that purpose, accompanied her, and that she should not be permitted to shew herself at the windows, which were ordered to be kept shut. A few days afterwards, as Elizabeth evidently required air as well as exercise, she was allowed to walk in a little garden that was enclosed with high pales, but the other prisoners were strictly enjoined "not so much as to look in that direction while her grace remained therein."[1]

The powerful interest that was excited for the captive princess at this fearful crisis, may be conjectured by the lively sympathy manifested towards her by the children of the officers and servants of the royal fortress, who brought her offerings of flowers. One of these tender-hearted little ones was the child of Martin, the keeper of the queen's robes; another was called little Susanna, a babe not above three years old; there was also another infant girl, who having one day found some little keys, carried them to the princess when she was walking in the garden, and innocently told her, "she had brought her the keys now, so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates and go abroad."[2]

[1] Speed. Fox. Warton. [2] Strype.

Elizabeth was all her life remarkable for her love of children, and her natural affection for them, was doubtless greatly increased, by the artless traits of generous feeling and sympathy, which she experienced in her time of trouble, from her infant partisans in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept on her, and them, may be gathered from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the emperor Charles V.[1] "It is asserted that Courtenay has sent his regards to the lady Elizabeth by a child of five years old, who is in the Tower, the son of one of the soldiers there. This passage authenticates the pretty incident, related in the life of Elizabeth, in Fox's Appendix, where we are told, that at the hour she was accustomed to walk in the garden in the Tower, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers,[2] and to receive at her hands such things as commonly please children, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor, that by this child, letters were exchanged between the princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent little creature was examined by the lords of the council, and plied with alternate promises of rewards if he would tell the truth and confess who sent him to the lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child, and he was dismissed with threats, and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to her grace, which nevertheless he attempted the next day to do, but finding the door locked, he peeped through a hole, and called to the princess who was walking in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now."

The Tower was at that time crowded with prisoners of

[1] Dated 1st of May, 1554. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 285.
[2] Fox. Speed. See the Vignette.

state, among whom, besides Elizabeth's kinsman and political lover Courtenay, were sir James Crofts, sir William Saintlow, Edmund Tremaine, Harrington, and others of her own household, and last, not least, lord Robert Dudley, who was afterwards her great favourite, the celebrated earl of Leicester. This nobleman was born on the same day and in the same hour with Elizabeth, and had been one of her playfellows in childhood, having, as he afterwards said, "known her intimately from her eighth year." Considering the intriguing temper of both, it is probable that, notwithstanding the jealous precautions of their respective jailors, some sort of secret understanding was established between them even at this period, possibly through the medium of the child, who brought the daily offering of flowers to the princess, although the timid Courtenay was the person suspected of carrying on a correspondence by the agency of this infant Mercury. The signal favour that Elizabeth lavished on Robert Dudley, by appointing him her master of horse, and loading him with honours within the first week of her accession to the crown, must have originated from some powerful motive which does not appear on the surface of history. His imprisonment in the Tower was for aiding and abetting his ambitious father, the duke of Northumberland, and his faction in raising lady Jane Gray, the wife of his brother, lord Guildford Dudley, to the throne, to the prejudice of Elizabeth, no less than her sister Mary; therefore he must by some means have succeeded, not only in winning Elizabeth's pardon for this offence, but in exciting an interest in her bosom of no common nature, while they were both imprisoned in the Tower, since being immediately after his liberation employed in the wars in France, he had no other opportunity of ingratiating himself with that princess.

On the 17th of April, Noailles writes, "Madame Elizabeth, having since her imprisonment been very closely confined, is now more free. She has the liberty of going all over the Tower, but without daring to speak to any one but those appointed to guard her. As they cannot prove her implication (with the recent insurrection), it is thought

she will not die. Great agitation pervaded Mary's privy council at this time, according to the reports of Renaud to his imperial master, on the subject of Elizabeth and Courtenay. "What one counsels," says he, "another contradicts; one advises to save Courtenay, another Elizabeth, and such confusion prevails that all we expect is to see their disputes end in war and tumult." He then notices that the chancellor Gardiner headed one party, and the earl of Arundel, Pembroke, Sussex, the master of the horse, Paget, Petre, and the admiral, another. These were now the protectors of Elizabeth, and Renaud adds,[1] "that the queen is irresolute about what should be done with her and Courtenay; but that he can see that she is inclined to set him at liberty, through the intercession of her comptroller, sir Robert Rochester, and his friends, who have formed a compact for his marriage with that lady. As for Elizabeth," pursues he, "the lawyers can find no matter for her condemnation. Already she has liberty to walk in the Tower garden; and even if they had proof, they would not dare to proceed against her for the love of the admiral her kinsman, who espouses her quarrel, and has at present all the force of England in his power. If, however, they release her, it appears evident that the heretics will proclaim her queen."

The part taken by Arundel, in favour of Elizabeth, was so decided, that the queen was advised to send him to the Tower. Paget appears to have played a double game, first plotting with one side and then with the other; sometimes urging the immediate execution of Elizabeth and then intriguing with her partisans.

In the midst of these agitations, the queen was stricken with a sudden illness, and it must have been at that time that Gardiner, on his own responsibility, sent a privy council warrant to the lieutenant of the Tower for the immediate execution of Elizabeth. He knew the temper of that princess, and probably considered that in the event of the queen's death, he had sinned too deeply against her to be forgiven, and therefore ventured a bold stroke

[1] Renaud's Letters to the Emperor.

to prevent the possibility of the sword of vengeance passing into her hand, by her succeeding to the royal office. Bridges, the honest lieutenant of the Tower, observing that the queen's signature was not affixed to this illegal instrument, for the destruction of the heiress of the realm, and being sore grieved for the charge it contained, refused to execute it till he had ascertained the queen's pleasure by a direct communication on the subject with her majesty.[1]

The delay caused by this caution preserved Elizabeth from the machinations of her foes. The queen was much displeased when she found such a plot was in agitation, and sent Sir Henry Bedingfeld, a stern Norfolk knight, in whose courage and probity she knew she could confide, with a hundred of her guard, to take the command of the Tower till she could form some plan for the removal of her sister to one of the royal residences further from the metropolis.[2] Notwithstanding all that had been done by friends, foes, and designing foreign potentates, to inflame the queen's mind against Elizabeth, the voice of nature was suffered to plead in behalf of the oppressed captive. Early in May it was noticed that her majesty began, when speaking of Elizabeth, to call her "sister," which she had not done before since her imprisonment, and that she had caused her portrait to be replaced next to her own in her gallery.[3]

She had positively given up the idea of bringing either her or Courtenay to trial for their alleged offences, and had negatived the suspicious proposal of the emperor that Elizabeth should be sent into a sort of honourable banishment to the court of his sister, the queen of Hungary, or his own court at Brussels. It was then suggested in council that she should be imprisoned at Pontefract Castle;[4] but that ill-omened place, "stained with the blood of princes," was rejected for the royal bowers of Woodstock, where it was finally determined to send her, under

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Fox. Speed. See the preceding memoir, vol. v.

[2] See the Life of Mary, vol. v. [3] Noailles.

[4] Renaud's Letters to the Emperor.

the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, and lord Williams of Tame, who were both stanch catholics.

Elizabeth, who naturally regarded every unwonted movement and change with apprehension, when she first saw sir Henry Bedingfeld, and the hundred men at arms in blue coats under his command, enter the inner court of the Tower, supposing it to be a prelude to her execution, demanded in terror, "if the lady Jane's scaffold were removed."[1]

She then sent for lord Chandos,[2] and fearfully inquired the meaning of what she saw. He endeavoured to calm her mind by telling her, "that she had no cause for alarm; but that his orders were to consign her into the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, to be conveyed, he believed, to Woodstock."

Elizabeth then declared that she knew not what manner of man Bedingfeld was, and inquired, "whether he were a person who made conscience of murder, if such an order were entrusted to him?" Her mind evidently recurred on this occasion to the appointment of sir James Tyrrel by Richard III. for the midnight murder of the youthful brethren of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, as a parallel circumstance; and when it is remembered that seventy years had not elapsed since the perpetration of that mysterious tragedy, it is not to be wondered, that the stout heart of Elizabeth Tudor, occasionally vibrated with a thrill of terror, during her incarceration as a state prisoner, within those gloomy walls.

The 19th of May is generally mentioned as the date of Elizabeth's removal from the Tower. We find this notice in a contemporary record:—"The 20th day of May, my lady Elizabeth, the queen's sister, came out of the Tower, and took her barge at the Tower wharf, and so to Richmond."[3] Elizabeth was attended on this occasion by the lord-treasurer, (marquis of Winchester,) and the chamberlain. She performed the voyage to Richmond without once landing, till she arrived there.[4] It is affirmed that

[1] Speed's Chronicle. Fox.

[2] Chandos appears the same person as Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

[3] MS. Cotton. Vital, fol. v.

[4] Letter from Robert Swift to the earl of Shrewsbury. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 238.

she was then conducted to the palace, where she had an interview with the queen, her sister, who offered her pardon and liberty, on condition of her accepting the hand of Philibert of Savoy, prince of Piedmont, in marriage; and that she firmly refused to contract matrimony with him or any other foreign prince whatsoever, alleging her preference of a single life.[1]

The harsh measures that were adopted that evening at Richmond, in removing all her own servants from their attendance on her person, were probably resorted to on account of the inflexibility of her determination on this point. She evidently considered herself in great peril, for she required the prayers of her departing servants with mournful earnestness, "for this night," said she, "I think I must die;" which sorrowful words drew fountains of tears from their eyes, and her gentleman-usher went to the lord Tame in the court, and conjured him to tell him, "whether the princess his mistress were in danger of death that night; that if so, he and his fellows might take such part as God would appoint." "Marry, God forbid!" exclaimed lord Tame, "that any such wickedness should be intended, which rather than it should be wrought, I and my men will die at her feet."[2]

All night, however, a strict guard of soldiers kept watch and ward about the house where she lay, to prevent escape or rescue.

The next morning, in crossing the river at Richmond, to proceed on her melancholy journey towards Woodstock, she found her disbanded servants lingering on the banks of the Thames to take a last look of her. "Go to them," said she, to one of the gentlemen in her escort, and tell them from me '*Tanquam ovis,*' like a sheep to the slaughter, for so," added she, "am I led."

No one was, however, permitted to have access to her, and the most rigorous scrutiny was used towards every one who endeavoured to open the slightest communication, either direct or indirect, with the royal captive.

Noailles, the French ambassador, no sooner understood that Elizabeth was removed from the Tower, than he

[1] Nare's Life of Burleigh. [2] Speed. Fox.

commenced his old tricks, by sending a spy with a present of apples to her on her journey; a very unwelcome mark of attention from such a quarter, considering the troubles and dangers in which the unfortunate girl had already been involved, in consequence of that unprincipled diplomat's previous intercourse with her, and her household. The guards, as a matter of course, stopped and examined the messenger, whom they stripped to the shirt,[1] but found nothing except the apples, which from the season of the year might appear an acceptable offering, but certainly an ill-judged one under the present circumstances; and doubtless it had an unfavourable effect on the mind of Elizabeth's stern guardian, sir Henry Bedingfeld. The sympathy of the people for the distressed heiress of the realm, was manifested by their assembling to meet her by the way, and greeting her with tearful prayers and loving words; but when they pressed nearer, to obtain a sight of her, they were driven back, and angrily reviled by the names of rebels and traitors to the queen; and whereas, pursues the chronicler, "in certain villages the bells were rung for joy of her supposed deliverance as she passed, sir Henry Bedingfeld took the matter so distastefully that he commanded the bells to be stopped, and set the ringers in the stocks."[2] The second day's journey brought Elizabeth to Windsor, where she spent the night, and lodged in the dean's-house near Saint George's chapel. The next resting-place was Ricote, in Oxfordshire, which being the seat of lord Williams of Tame, she there received every princely and hospitable entertainment, from that amiable nobleman, who had invited a noble company of knights and ladies, to meet his royal charge at dinner, and treated her with all the marks of respect that were due to her exalted rank as the sister of his sovereign. This seasonable kindness greatly revived the drooping spirits of the princess, though it was considered rather *de trop* by sir Richard Bedingfeld, who significantly asked his fellow-commissioner, "if he were aware of the consequences of thus entertaining the queen's prisoner?" The generous

[1] Noailles' Despatches. [2] Speed. Fox.

Williams replied, with manly spirit, "that let what would befal, her grace might and should be merry in his house."[1]

It is said, that when Elizabeth expressed a wish to sir Henry Bedingfeld, to delay her departure till she had seen a game of chess, in which lord Williams and another gentleman were engaged, played out; he would not permit it. Probably, sir Henry suspected that she intended to outwit him by means of a secret understanding between the friendly antagonists, in order to gain time; for it is well known, that a game of chess may be prolonged for days, and in fact to any length of time.

It is also related, that as they were proceeding towards Woodstock, a violent storm of wind and rain, which they encountered, greatly disordered the princess's dress, insomuch, that her hood and veil were twice or thrice blown off, on which she begged to retire to a gentleman's house, near the road. This, we are told, sir Henry Bedingfeld, who, perhaps, had some reason for his caution, would not permit; and it is added, that the royal prisoner was fain to retire behind the shelter of a hedge by the way-side to replace her head-gear and bind up her disordered tresses.[2]

When she arrived at Woodstock, instead of being placed in the royal apartments, she was lodged in the gatehouse of the palace, in a room which retained the name of "the princess Elizabeth's chamber," till it was demolished in the year 1714.[3] Holinshed has preserved the rude couplet which she wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass, in the window of this room.

> "Much suspected—of me,
> Nothing proved can be,
> Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Her confinement at Woodstock was no less rigorous than when she was in the Tower. Sixty soldiers were on guard all day, both within and without the quarter of the palace where she was in ward; and forty kept watch

[1] Holinshed. [2] Fox.

[3] By Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, who had the ill-taste to destroy the last relic of this ancient abode of royalty, which had been hallowed by the historical recollections of six centuries, and the memory of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart monarchs.

within the walls all night; and though she obtained permission to walk in the gardens, it was under very strict regulations; and five or six locks were made fast after her whenever she came within the appointed bounds for her joyless recreation. Although sir Henry Bedingfeld has been very severely censured on account of these restraints, and other passages of his conduct, with regard to the captive princess, there is reason to believe that his harshness has been exaggerated, and that he had great cause to suspect that the ruthless party who thirsted for Elizabeth's blood, having been foiled in their eagerly expressed wish of seeing her brought to the block, were conspiring to take her off by murder. This he was determined should not be done while she was in his charge.

It is said, that once, having locked the garden-gates when Elizabeth was walking, she passionately upbraided him for it, and called him "her jailor;" on which he knelt to her, beseeching her "not to give him that harsh name, for he was one of her officers appointed to serve her, and guard her from the dangers by which she was beset."[1]

Among the incidents of Elizabeth's imprisonment, a mysterious tale is told of an attempt made by one Basset, a creature of Gardiner, against her life, during the temporary absence of sir Henry Bedingfeld. This Basset, it seems, had been, with five-and-twenty disguised ruffians, loitering with evil intentions at Bladenbridge, seeking to obtain access to the lady Elizabeth, on secret and important business, as he pretended; but sir Henry had given such strict cautions to his brother, whom he left as deputy castellan in his absence, that no one should approach the royal prisoner, that the project was defeated. Once, a dangerous fire broke out in the quarter of the palace where she was confined, which was kindled, apparently not by accident, between the ceiling of the room under her chamber and her chamber floor, by which her life would have been greatly endangered, had it not been providentially discovered before she retired to rest.[2] The lofty spirit of Elizabeth, though unsubdued,

[1] Heywood. [2] Speed.

was saddened by the perils and trials to which she was daily exposed, and in the bitterness of her heart she once expressed a wish to change fortunes with a milkmaid, whom she saw singing merrily over her pail, while milking the cows in Woodstock Park, for she said, "that milkmaid's lot was better than hers, and her life merrier."[1]

It was doubtless while in this melancholy frame of mind that the following touching lines were composed by the royal captive, which have been preserved by Hentzner, with the interesting tradition that she wrote them on a shutter with a piece of charcoal, no doubt at a period when she was entirely deprived of pen and ink.

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved,
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have wrought,
"Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."[2]

She also composed some elegant Latin lines on the same subject, and when in a more heavenly frame of mind, inscribed the following quaint but beautiful sentence in the blank leaf of a black-letter edition of the epistles of St. Paul, which she used during her lonely imprisonment at Woodstock.

"August.—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbes of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie, by gathering them together, that so having tasted their sweetness I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

The volume is covered with devices in needle-work, embroidered by the royal maiden, who was then drinking deeply of the cup of adversity, and thus solacing her weary hours in holy and feminine employments. This interesting relic is preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

[1] Holinshed. Fox. [2] Hentzner.

Needle-work, in which, like her accomplished step-mother, queen Katharine Parr, and many other illustrious ladies, Elizabeth greatly excelled, was one of the resources with which she wiled away the weary hours of her imprisonment at Woodstock, as we learn both by the existing devices wrought by her hand, in gold thread on the cover of the volume, which has just been described, and also from the following verses, by Taylor, in his poem in praise of the needle.

"When this great queen, whose memory shall not
By any term of time be overcast,
For when the world and all therein shall rot,
Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last.
When she a maid had many troubles past,
From jail to jail by Marie's angry spleen,
And Woodstock and the Tower in prison fast,
And after all was England's peerless queen.
Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A needle-woman royal and renowned."

The fate of Elizabeth was long a subject of discussion at the council-board of her royal sister, after her removal to the sequestered bowers of Woodstock. The base Paget had dared to assert, "that there would be no peace for England till her head were smitten from her shoulders." Yet Courtenay, who had been removed from the Tower to Fotheringay Castle, confessed to a person named Sellier, who conducted him to his new prison, that Paget had importuned him to marry the lady Elizabeth, adding, "that if he did not, the son of the earl of Arundel would, and that Hoby and Morison both, at the instigation of Paget, had practised with him touching that marriage."[1]

On the 8th of June, Elizabeth was so ill, that an express was sent to the court, for two physicians to come to her assistance. They were sent, and continued in attendance upon her for several days, when youth and a naturally fine constitution enabled her to triumph over

[1] Renaud and Montmorencie's Reports to the emperor.

a malady that had, in all probability, been brought on by anxiety of mind.

The physicians, on their return, made a friendly report of the loyal feelings of the princess towards the queen, which appears to have had a favourable effect on Mary's mind.

"And now," says Camden, "the princess Elizabeth, guiding herself like a ship in tempestuous weather, heard divine service after the Romish manner, was frequently confessed, and at the pressing instances of cardinal Pole, and for fear of death, professed herself to be of the Roman-catholic religion." The queen, doubting her sincerity, caused her to be questioned as to her belief in transubstantiation, on which Elizabeth, being pressed to declare her opinion, as to the real presence of the Saviour in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, replied in the following extempore lines:—

> "Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it,
> And what his word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

It was impossible for either Catholic or Protestant, to impugn the orthodoxy of this simple scriptural explanation, of one of the sublimest mysteries of the Christian faith. It silenced the most subtle of her foes, at least they forbore to harass her, with questions on theological subjects. Dr. Storey, however, in one of his fierce declamations against heretics, declared "that it was of little avail destroying the branches, as long as the root of all heresies," meaning the princess Elizabeth, "were suffered to remain."[1]

The delusive hopes which queen Mary entertained in the autumn of that year, of bringing an heir to England, appear to have altered Elizabeth's position, even with her own party, for a time, and Philip, being desirous of pleasing the people of England, is supposed to have interceded with his consort for the liberation of all the prisoners in the Tower, also that he requested that his

[1] Camden.

sister-in-law, the princess Elizabeth, might be admitted to share in the Christmas festivities at Hampton Court.

She travelled from Woodstock under the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, and rested the first night at Ricote.[1] The next she passed at the house of Mr. Dormer, at Winge, in Buckinghamshire, and from thence to an inn at Colnebrook, where she slept. At this place she was met by the gentlemen and yeomen of her own household, to the number of sixty, "much to all their comforts," who had not seen her for several months; they were not, however, permitted to approach near enough to speak to her, but were all commanded to return to London.[2] The next day she reached Hampton Court, and was ushered into the "prince's lodgings," but the doors were closed upon her and guarded, so that she had reason to suppose she was still to be treated as a prisoner. Soon after her arrival she was visited by Gardiner, and three other of the queen's cabinet, whom, without waiting to hear their errand, she addressed in the following words:—

"My lords, I am glad to see you, for methinks I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone. Wherefore I would entreat you to be a means to the king's and queen's majesties, that I may be delivered from my imprisonment, in which I have been kept a long time, as to you, my lords, is not unknown."[3]

Gardiner, in reply, told her "she must then confess her fault, and put herself on the queen's mercy." She replied, "that rather than she would do so, she would lie in prison all her life, that she had never offended against the queen, in thought, word, or deed, that she craved no mercy at her majesty's hand, but rather desired to put herself on the law."

The next day Gardiner and his colleagues came to her again, and Gardiner told her on his knee, "that the queen marvelled at her boldness in refusing to confess her offence, so that it might seem, as if her majesty had wrongfully imprisoned her grace."

[1] Warton. [2] Fox. [3] Ibid.

"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "she may, if it please her, punish me as she thinketh good."

"Her majesty willeth me to tell you," retorted Gardiner, "that you must tell another tale ere that you are set at liberty." Elizabeth replied, "that she had as lief be in prison, with honesty, as to be abroad suspected of her majesty," adding, "that which I have said I will stand to."

"Then," said Gardiner, "your grace hath the vantage of me and these lords, for your long and wrongful imprisonment."

"What advantage I have you know,"[1] replied Elizabeth; "I seek no vantage at your hands for your so dealing with me—but God forgive you and me also." They then, finding no concessions were to be obtained from her, withdrew, and Elizabeth was left in close confinement for a week, at the end of which time she was startled by receiving a summons, to the queen's presence one night, at ten o'clock. Imagining herself in great danger, she bade her attendants "pray for her, for she could not tell whether she should ever see them again."[1] She was conducted to the queen's bed-chamber, where the interview that has been related in the memoir of queen Mary took place.[2]

It has always been said, that Philip of Spain was concealed behind a large screen, or the tapestry, to witness this meeting between the royal sisters, after their long estrangement. Historians have added, "that he was thus ambushed, in order to protect Elizabeth from the violence of the queen, if necessary, but there was no warrant for such an inference. Mary was never addicted to the use of striking arguments; and Elizabeth, at that period of her life, knew how to restrain her lips from angry expletives, and her fingers from fighting. Philip's object, therefore, in placing himself *perdu*, could scarcely have been for the purpose of seeing fair play between the ladies, in the event of their coming to blows, as gravely insinuated by Fox and others, but rather, we should surmise, with the jealous intention of making himself acquainted, with what passed between his consort and the

[1] Fox. [2] Life of queen Mary, vol. v.

heiress presumptive of England, against whose life, he and his father had, for the last fifteen months, practised with such determined malice, that Philip ought to have been, as it appeared he really was, ashamed to look upon her for the first time face to face. Great confusion exists among historians, as to the year, in which this memorable interview took place, but there can be no doubt that it was in the autumn of 1554,[1] because of the presence of Philip of Spain, and his friend Philibert of Savoy, who both graced the festivals of the English court, that Christmas and no other, and it is supposed, that one object of bringing Elizabeth into the royal circle, on this occasion, was to afford the gallant Savoyard an opportunity of pleading his own cause to her in person.

Philibert was not only invited to receive the hand of Elizabeth, but was actually inducted in her town residence, during his stay in London. "The prince is expected in four days," writes Noailles to his sovereign,[2] "and apartments are prepared for him in Somerset House, which now belongs to the lady Elizabeth." When he arrived he was so very ill from sea-sickness that he was obliged to stay at Dover fifteen days, to the great regret of the king and queen.

At the brilliant Christmas-eve festival, Elizabeth appeared once more publicly in her sister's palace, as the second royal personage in the realm; as such she took her place, both at feasts and tournaments, before the assembled chivalry of England, Spain, and Flanders, in the presence of Alva, Egmont, Ruy Gomez, and other distinguished men, whose fame for good or evil expanded throughout Europe. Her own suitor, Philibert Emanuel, the most illustrious for worth and valour, was also present. At this banquet, Elizabeth was seated at the queen's table—next the royal canopy or cloth of

[1] Noailles repeatedly wrote to France in the month of December that it was the wish of the king and queen to receive Elizabeth and Courtenay very soon publicly into favour, and to set them at liberty directly afterwards, but that Gardiner put it off till after the dissolution of Parliament. These notices corroborate the idea that the private reconciliation of the queen and her sister had previously taken place. Some weeks afterwards, he declares "that Courtenay was set at liberty, but as for lady Elizabeth he can tell nothing certain about her."—Noailles, vol. iv. pp. 82, 101.

[2] Noailles' Despatches, vol. iv. p. 36.

estate. After supper she was served by her former treacherous friend and cruel foe, Lord Paget, with a perfumed napkin and a plate of comfits. She retired, however, to her ladies, before the masking and dancing began, perhaps to avoid any communication with her suitor, in the rejection of whose addresses (after events fully manifested) the queen supported her.[1] It would have been a more deadly blow to the Protestant interest of this country, than all the persecutions with which it was visited in the succeeding years of Mary's reign, had Elizabeth, while yet her character was flexible, married this great man. In this case, as may be gathered from his matrimonial felicity with Margaret of Valois, the intellectual daughter of Francis I., the personal character and happiness of Elizabeth would have been improved, but England might have remained, if we may judge from the slavish devotion of the era to the religion of their monarch, a Roman-cathólic country. The extreme beauty and grace of Courtenay's person, perhaps rendered Elizabeth indifferent to the addresses of Philibert Emanuel.

On St. Stephen's day, Elizabeth heard matins in the queen's closet, in the chapel-royal, on which occasion she was attired in a style of almost bridal elegance, wearing a robe of rich white satin, passamented all over with large pearls. At the tournament, on the 29th of December, she sat with their majesties in the royal gallery to witness the grand, but long-delayed pageant of the jousting, in honour of her sister's nuptials. Two hundred spears were broken on this occasion, by the cavaliers of Spain and Flanders, attired in their national costume.[2]

The great respect with which Elizabeth was treated at this period, by the principal personages in the realm, can scarcely be more satisfactorily proved, than by the following account, which Fox narrates of a dispute between one of her servants, and an ill-mannered trades-

[1] See the translation of Mary's letter of remonstrance to her husband, Life of Mary, vol. v. p. 438, where the queen urges the unwillingness both of her sister and the parliament, to the marriage, and the inexpediency of contending against both.

[2] Cotton. MS., Vitell. f

man about the court, who had said, "that jilt, the lady Elizabeth, was the real cause of Wyat's rising."[1] The princess's man cited the other before the ecclesiastical court, to answer for his scandalous language, and there expressed himself as follows:—"I saw yesterday, at court, that my lord cardinal Pole, when meeting the princess in the presence-chamber, kneeled down and kissed her hand; and I saw also, that king Philip, meeting her, made her such obeisance, that his knee touched the ground; and then me-thinketh it were too much to suffer such a varlet as this, to call her jilt, and to wish them to hop headless,[1] that shall wish her grace to enjoy possession of the crown, when God shall send it unto her in right of inheritance."

"Yea," quoth Bonner, who was then presiding, "when God sendeth it unto her, let her enjoy it." However, the reviler of Elizabeth was sent for, and duly reproved for his misbehaviour.

Elizabeth failed not to avail herself of every opportunity of paying her court to her royal brother-in-law,[2] with whom she was on very friendly terms, although she would not comply with his earnest wish, of her becoming the wife of his friend and ally, Philibert of Savoy.

The period of Elizabeth's return to Woodstock is doubtful; but it does not appear that she was under any particular restraint there, for she had all her own people about her, and early in the spring, 1555, some of the members of her household were accused of practising, by enchantment, against the queen's life. Elizabeth had ventured to divert her lonely sojourn in the royal bowers of Woodstock, by secret consultations with a cunning clerk of Oxford, one John Dee, (afterwards celebrated, as an astrologer and mathematician, throughout Europe,) and who, by his pretended skill in divination, acquired an influence over the strong mind of that learned and clear-headed princess, which he retained as long as she lived.[3] A curious letter of news from Thomas Martin of London, to Edward Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, then travelling

[1] Fox's Martyrology, book 3rd, folio 774. [2] Michelé's Reports.
[3] Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers, J. Dee. Likewise Diary of John Dee, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. A. S., for the Camden Society

in Italy, was lately discovered at the State Paper Office, which was doubtless intercepted; and considering to whom it was written, and the facts, in which Elizabeth's name is implicated, it must be regarded as a document of no common interest. "In England," says he, "all is quiet; such as wrote traitorous letters into Germany be apprehended, as likewise others, that did calculate the king's, the queen's, and my lady Elizabeth's nativity, whereof one Dee, and Cary, and Butler, and one other of my lady Elizabeth's, are accused, that they should have a familiar spirit, which is the more suspected, for that Ferys, one of their accusers had, immediately on the accusation, both of his children stricken—the one with death, the other with blindness."

Carey and Butler were both related to Elizabeth, by her maternal lineage, and Dee had obtained access to her, through his relationship and intimacy with her confidential servants, the Parrys. Elizabeth escaped a public implication in the charge of these occult practices; her household were faithful to her, but it was probably the cause of her removal from Woodstock, and of her being once more conducted as a prisoner of state to Hampton Court, which, according to most authorities, she was, a second time, April 1555.[1]

It has been generally said, that she was indebted for her liberation to the good offices of her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain,[2] who, when he found himself disappointed in his hopes of an heir to England by queen Mary, and perceived on how precarious a thread her existence hung, became fully aware of the value of Elizabeth's life, as the sole barrier to the ultimate recognition of Mary, queen of Scots and dauphiness of France, as queen of Great Britain. To prevent so dangerous a preponderancy in the balance of power from falling to his political rival, the monarch of France, he wisely determined, that Elizabeth's petty misdemeanors should be winked at, and the queen finally gave her permission to reside once more in royal state, at her own

[1] Aikin; Turner; Warton; Rapin; Burnet.
[2] Speed; Burnet; Rapin; Lingard; Aikin; Camden.

favourite abode, Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire. At parting, Mary placed a ring on the princess's finger, to the value of seven hundred crowns, as a pledge of amity.

It was not, however, Mary's intention to restore Elizabeth so entirely to liberty, as to leave her the unrestrained mistress of her own actions, and sir Thomas Pope was entrusted with the responsible office of residing in her house, for the purpose of restraining her from intriguing with suspected persons, either abroad or at home. Veiling the intimation of her sovereign will under the semblance of a courteous recommendation, Mary presented this gentleman to Elizabeth, as an officer who was henceforth to reside in her family, and who would do his best to render her and her household comfortable.[1] Elizabeth, to whom sir Thomas Pope was already well known, had the tact to take this in good part. She had indeed reason to rejoice that her keeper, while she remained as a state prisoner at large, was a person of such honourable and friendly conditions, as this learned and worthy gentleman. The fetters in which he held her were more like flowery wreaths flung lightly round her, to attach her to a bower of royal pleasaunce, than aught which might remind her of the stern restraints, by which she was surrounded, during her incarceration in the Tower, and her subsequent abode at Woodstock in the summer and autumn of 1554. There is reason to believe, that she did not take her final departure from the court till late in the autumn. It is certain, that she came by water to meet the queen her sister and Philip, at Greenwich, for the purpose of taking a personal farewell of him, at his embarkation for Flanders.

Elizabeth did not, however, make one in the royal procession, when queen Mary went through the city in an open litter, in order to shew herself to the people, who had long believed her to be dead. At this very time Elizabeth passed to Greenwich by water, and shot London Bridge in a shabby barge, very ill appointed, attended by only four damsels and three gentlemen. With all this the people were much displeased, as they

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

supposed it was contrived, that they might not see the princess, which they greatly desired.[1] During king Philip's absence he manifested a great interest in the welfare of Elizabeth, whether personal or political it is not so easy to ascertain. Her vanity led her to believe that her brother-in-law was in love with her, and much she boasted of the same in after life. Meantime he wrote many letters to his wife, queen Mary, and to some Spanish grandees, resident at the English court, commending Elizabeth to their kindness. She made many visits to the queen, and went to mass every day, besides fasting with her very sedulously, in order to qualify themselves, for the reception of the pope's pardon, and to fit them for the benefits of the jubilee, which he had granted.[2]

Altogether Elizabeth appeared to be fairly in her sister's good graces; nor did Mary ever betray the least personal jealousy, respecting king Philip's regard for her sister. Yet contemporaries, and even Elizabeth herself, after the queen's death, had much to say on the subject, attributing to him partiality beyond the due degree of brotherhood; insomuch, that, many years subsequently, Thomas Cecil, the eldest son of Lord Burleigh, repeated at Elizabeth's court, that king Philip had been heard to say, after his return to Spain, "That whatever he suffered from queen Elizabeth was the just judgment of God, because, being married to queen Mary, whom he thought to be a most virtuous and good lady, yet in the fancy of love he could not affect her; but as for the lady Elizabeth, he was enamoured of her, being a fair and beautiful woman."[3]

When Elizabeth took her final departure from London to Hatfield that autumn, October 18th, the people crowded to obtain a sight of her; "great and small," says Noailles, "followed her through the city, and greeted her with acclamations, and such vehement manifestations of affection, that she was fearful it would

[1] M. de Noailles' Despatches from England, vol. v. pp. 84, 126, 127; August 26, 1555. [2] Strype, and Miss Aikin.
[3] Bishop Goodman in his Court of James, vol. i. p. 4.

expose her to the jealousy of the court, and with her wonted exercise of caution she fell back behind some of the officers in her train, as if unwilling to attract public attention and applause. At Hatfield she was permitted to surround herself, with her old accustomed train of attached servants, among whom were, her beloved governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, her husband, the Parrys, and last, not least, her learned preceptor Roger Ascham, who had obtained the preferment of Latin secretary to her sister, the queen, and was permitted to visit and resume his instructions to Elizabeth, who, in her twenty-second year, was better qualified than ever, to make the most of the advantages she enjoyed under such an instructor. On the 14th of September, 1555, Ascham wrote to his friend Sturmius—"From Metullus[1] you will learn what my most noble Elizabeth is. He will tell you," pursues Ascham, "how much she excels in Greek, Italian, Latin, and French, also her knowledge of things in general, and with what a wise and accurate judgment she is endowed."[2] He added, "that Metullus thought it more to have seen Elizabeth than to have seen England. The lady Elizabeth and I," pursues Ascham, "are reading together in Greek the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes; she reads before me; and at first sight she so learnedly comprehends, not only the idiom of the language and the meaning of the orator, but the whole grounds of contention, —the decrees, and the customs and manners of the people, as you would greatly wonder to hear." Again, in a conversation with Aylmer, on the subject of the talents and attainments of the princess, he said, "I teach her words and she me, things. I teach her the tongues to speak, and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do, for I think she is the best disposed of any in all Europe." Castiglione, an Italian master, added, "that Elizabeth possessed two qualities that were seldom united in one woman—namely, a sin-

[1] This was a learned foreigner, who was indebted to Ascham, for an introduction to the princess, with whom he had the honour of conversing.

[2] Ascham's Epistles, p. 51.

gular wit, and a marvellous meek stomach."[1] He was, however, the only person, who ever gave the royal lioness of the Tudor line, credit for the latter quality, and very probably intended to speak of her affability, but mistook the meaning of the word.

According to Noailles, the queen paid Elizabeth a visit at Hatfield, more than once, this autumn, and yet soon after, it appears, when Elizabeth had removed to another of her houses in Hertfordshire, that two of her majesty's officers arrived with orders to take Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and three of Elizabeth's maids of honour, into custody, which they actually did, and lodged Mrs. Ashley in the Fleet prison, and the other ladies in the Tower.[2] The cause of this extraordinary arrest has never been satisfactorily explained. Speed openly attributes it to the hostility of Gardiner; and Miss Aikin, taking the same view, observes, "that it was a last expiring effort of his indefatigable malice against Elizabeth." He died on the 12th of November. When, however, the intriguing disposition of Mrs. Ashley is remembered, and that it was on the eve of the abortive attempt of sir Henry Dudley to raise a fresh insurrection in England, in favour of Elizabeth and Courtenay, and that several of the princess's household were actually implicated in the plot, it is more natural to suppose, that she and the other ladies had been accused of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the confederates. Elizabeth had the prospect of a new royal suitor at this period, for a report was prevalent, when the archduke of Austria came to visit his kinsman, Philip II., at Brussels, December 1555, that his intention was to propose for her hand; as for her former lover, Philibert Emanuel, of Savoy, he had committed himself both with Philip and Elizabeth, having been seen making love from his window to the fair duchess of Lorraine, Christina of Denmark;[3] and for the present the princess had a respite from his unwelcome addresses. The respectful and kind attention which Elizabeth received from sir Thomas Pope, during her

[1] Strype's Life of Aylmer. [2] Speed. Aikin. [3] Noailles.

residence under his friendly *surveillance* at Hatfield, is testified by the following passage in a contemporary chronicle:[1]—"At Shrovetide, sir Thomas Pope made for the lady Elizabeth, all at his own cost, a grand and rich masking in the great hall at Hatfield, where the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were there twelve minstrels antiquely disguised, with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many knights, nobles, and ladies of honour, apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered with wreathes of gold, and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. There was the device of a castle, of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harness tourneyed. At night, the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessels, and a banquet of seventy dishes, and after a *void*, of spices and subtleties, with thirty spice plates, all at the charge of sir Thomas Pope; and the next day, the play of Holofernes. But the queen, *percase*, misliked these follies, as by her letters to sir Thomas Pope did appear, and so these disguisings were ceased." The reason of Mary's objection to these pageants and public entertainments, was probably on account of the facility they afforded for the admission of strangers and emissaries from the king of France, or the foreign ambassadors, with whom Elizabeth and her partisans had been so frequently suspected of intriguing.

The spring and summer of 1556 were agitated by a series of new plots by the indefatigable conspirators, who made Elizabeth's name the rallying point of their schemes of insurrection, and this whether she consented or not. It was extremely dangerous for her, that persons of her household were always involved in these attempts. In the conspiracy, between the king of France and sir Henry Dudley, to depose Mary and raise Elizabeth to the throne, two of Elizabeth's chief officers were deeply engaged; these men, Peckham and Werne, were tried and executed. Their confessions, as usual, impli-

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell., f. 5.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

cated Elizabeth, who, it is asserted, owed her life to the interposition of king Philip;[1] likewise, it is said that he obliged Mary to drop all inquiry into her guilt, and to give out that she believed Peckham and Werne had made use of the name of their mistress without her authority. Moreover, Mary sent her a ring in token of her amity. That Mary did so is probable, but that she acted on compulsion and against her inclination is scarcely consistent with a letter concerning the next insurrection, which took place in June, a few weeks after, in which Elizabeth was actually proclaimed queen. A young man named Cleobury, who was extremely like the earl of Devonshire, landed on the coast of Sussex, as if that noble had returned from exile, and proclaimed Elizabeth queen and himself king, as Edward earl of Devonshire and her husband. This scene took place in Yaxely church, but the adventurer was immediately seized, and in the September following, was executed for treason at Bury. This insurrection was communicated to Elizabeth by a letter from the hand of queen Mary herself; a kind one it may be gathered from the following answer still extant, where, amidst Elizabeth's laboured and contorted sentences, this fact may be elicited by the reader.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO QUEEN MARY.[2]

"August 2, 1556.

"When I revolve in mind (most noble queen) the old love of paynims to their princes, and the reverent fear of the Romans to their senate, I cannot but muse for my part and blush for theirs, to see the rebellious hearts and devilish intents of Christians in name, but Jews in deed, towards their anointed king, which methinks if they had feared God, (though they could not have loved the state) they should for the dread of their own plague, have refrained that wickedness, which their bounden duty to your majesty had not restrained. But when I call to remembrance that the devil, *tamquam leo rugiens circumvit quærens quem devorare*

[1] Lingard, p. 219, vol. vii., who quotes from the MS. Life of the Duchess of Feria, (Jane Dormer) but when the Duchess of Feria wrote, she was living in Spain, the subject of Philip II., and had been deep in the Ridolphi plot for Mary queen of Scots, and at that time, it was part of the policy of Philip's advocates, to reproach Elizabeth with ingratitude to him for having preserved her life from her sister, which Elizabeth earnestly and officially denied. A letter of the duchess of Feria from Spain, on family matters, forms an interesting portion of the Stradling Correspondence, edited by the Rev. M. Traherne.

[2] Lansdown MSS., 1236, p. 37.

potest, like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour. I do the less marvel that he (*the devil*) have gotten such novices into his professed house, as vessels (without God's grace) more apt to serve his (*the devil's*) palace than meet to inhabit English land. I am the bolder to call them (*Mary's rebels*) his imps, for that St. Paul saith, *seditiosi sunt filii diaboli*, the seditious are sons of the devil; and since I have so good a buckler, I fear less to enter into their judgment.

" Of this I assure your majesty, it had been my part, above the rest, to bewail such things, though my name had not been in them, yet much it vexed me, that the devil oweth me such a hate, as to put in any part of his mischievous instigations, whom, as I profess him my foe, (that is, all Christians' enemy,) so wish I he had some other way invented to spite me.

" But since it hath pleased God thus to bewray their (*the insurgents'*) malice, I most humbly thank him, both that he has ever thus preserved your majesty through his aid, much like a lamb from the horns of this Basan's bull (*the devil*) and also stirred up the hearts of your loving subjects to resist them, and deliver you to his honour and their[1] (*the insurgents'*) shame. The intelligence of which, *proceeding from your majesty, deserves more humble thanks than with my pen I can render*, which as infinite I will *leave* to number (*i.e., will not attempt to number.*)

" And amongst earthly things I chiefly wish this one, that there were as good surgeons for making anatomies of hearts (that I might shew my thoughts to your majesty) as there are expert physicians of bodies, able to express the inward griefs of maladies to their patients. For then I doubt not, but know well, that whatever others should subject by malice, yet your majesty should be sure, by knowledge, that the more such mists render effuscate the clear light of my soul, the more my tried thoughts should listen to the dimming of *their* (*the insurgents'*) hidden malice.[2]

" But since wishes are vain and desires oft fail, I must crave that my deeds may supply that, which my thoughts cannot declare, and that they be not misdeemed, as the facts have been so well tried. And like as I have been your faithful subject from the beginning of your reign, so shall no wicked person cause me to change to the end of my life. And thus I commend your majesty to God's tuition, whom I beseech long time to preserve, ending with the new remembrance of my old suit,[3] more than for that I should not be forgotten, than for I think it not remembered.

" From Hatfield, the 2nd of August.

" Your majesty's obedient subject and humble sister,

" ELIZABETH."

Her majesty was happily satisfied with the painfully elaborate and metaphorical protestations of innocence and loyalty, contained in this letter, and the princess continued in the gentle keeping of sir Thomas Pope. He appears to have been really fond of his royal charge, who for her part well knew how to please him by her

[1] Elizabeth evidently means the insurgents' shame; by grammatical construction it would be the *loving subjects*. Her letters of vindication, by reason of the perpetual confusion of the relatives, are difficult to read.

[2] Either the insurgents, or the devil's imps, or the physicians: which of them this relative refers to, is not clear.

[3] Some favour she had previously asked; this proves the queen was in familiar correspondence with her.

learned and agreeable conversation, and more especially by frequently talking with him, on the subject nearest to his heart, Trinity College, which he had just founded at Oxford, for a president priest and twelve fellows. He mentions in one of his letters, with peculiar satisfaction, the interest she manifested in his college. "The princess Elizabeth," says he, "often asketh me about the course I have devised for my scholars, and that part of my statutes respecting study I have shewn her she likes well. She is not only gracious, but most learned, ye right well know."

Two of the fellows of this college were expelled by the president and society, for violating one of the statutes. They repaired in great tribulation to their founder, and, acknowledging their fault, implored most humbly for re-admittance to his college. Sir Thomas Pope, not liking by his own relentings, to countenance the infringements of the laws, he had made for the good government of his college, yet willing to extend the pardon that was solicited, kindly referred the matter to the decision of the princess, who was pleased to intercede for the culprits, that they might be restored to their fellowships, on which the benevolent knight wrote to the president,[1] "that although the two offenders, Sympson and Rudde, had well deserved their expulsion from his college, yet at the desire and commandment of the lady Elizabeth's grace, seconded by the request of his wife, he had consented that they should, on making a public confession of their fault, and submitting to a fine, be again received, and that it should be recorded in a book that they had been expelled, and that it was at the lady Elizabeth's and his wife's desire that they were re-admitted, and that he was fully resolved never to do the like again to please any creature living, the queen's majesty alone excepted." This letter bears date August 22, 1556.

In the following November, Elizabeth having been honoured with an invitation to her sister's court, came to London in state. Her entrance and the dress of her retinue, are thus quaintly recorded by a contemporary.

[1] Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

"The 28th day of November, came riding through Smithfield and Old Baily, and through Fleet Street unto Somerset Place, my good lady Elizabeth's grace, the queen's sister, with a great company of velvet coats and chains, her grace's gentlemen, and after, a great company of her men, all in red coats, guarded with a broad guard of black velvet and cuts,"[1] (slashes).

Elizabeth found herself treated with so many flattering marks of attention, by the nobility as well as the commons, whose darling she always had been, that she assembled a sort of court around her, and determined to settle herself in her town residence for the winter. She was, however, assailed by the council, at the instance of her royal brother-in-law, with a renewal of the persecution she had undergone in favour of her persevering suitor, Philibert of Savoy. The imperial ambassadors had been very urgent with the queen on the subject, and Elizabeth found she had only been sent for in order to conclude the marriage treaty. The earnestness with which this was pushed on, immediately after the death of Courtenay, naturally favours the idea, that a positive contract of marriage had subsisted between that unfortunate nobleman and the princess, which had formed a legal impediment to her entering into any other matrimonial engagement during his life. She was, however, positive in her rejection of the duke of Savoy's hand, though, as before, she protested her unalterable devotion to a maiden life, as the reason of her refusal.[2] After this decision she was compelled to give up the hope of spending a festive Christmas in London, and the Cottonian MS.[3] records her departure, after the brief sojourn of one week, in these words:—

"On the third day of September came riding from her place (Somerset House) my lady Elizabeth's grace, from Somerset Place, down Fleet Street and through Old Baily and Smithfield, and so her grace took her way towards Bishop Hatfield."

Such was the disgust that Elizabeth had conceived during her late visit to court, or the apprehensions that had been excited by the intimidation used by the Spanish

[1] MS. Cotton., f. 5. [2] Warton; Aikin. [3] Vitell., f. 5.

party, that she appears to have contemplated, the very impolitic step, of secretly withdrawing from the realm, that was so soon to become her own, and taking refuge in France. Henry II. had never ceased urging her by his wily agent Noailles to accept an asylum in his court, doubtless with the intention of securing the only person who, in the event of queen Mary's death, would stand between his daughter-in-law and the crown of England. Noailles had, however, interfered in so unseemly a manner in the intrigues and plots that agitated England, that he had been recalled, and superseded in his office by his brother, the bishop of Acqs, a man of better principles, and who scrupled to become a party in the iniquitous scheme of deluding a young and inexperienced princess to her own ruin. With equal kindness and sincerity this worthy ecclesiastic told the countess of Sussex, when she came to him secretly in disguise, to ask his assistance in conveying the lady Elizabeth to France, "that it was an unwise project, and that he would advise the princess to take example by the conduct of her sister, who, if she had listened to the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to take refuge with the emperor, would still have remained in exile." The countess returned again to him on the same errand, and he then plainly told her, "that if ever Elizabeth hoped to ascend the throne of England, she must never leave the realm." A few years later he declared "that Elizabeth was indebted to him for her crown." Whatever might be the cloud that had darkened the prospects of the princess, at the period when she had cherished intentions so fatal to her own interests, it quickly disappeared, and on the 25th of February, 1557, she came from her house at Hatfield to London, "attended by a noble company of lords and gentlemen, to do her duty to the queen, and rested at Somerset House till the 28th, when she repaired to her majesty at Whitehall with many lords and ladies."[1] Again: "one morning in March the lady Elizabeth took her horse and rode to the palace of Shene, with a goodly company of lords, ladies, knights and gentlemen." These visits

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell.

were probably on account of the return of Philip of Spain, which restored the queen to unwonted cheerfulness for a time, and caused a brief interval of gaiety in the lugubrious court.

We are indebted to the lively pen of Giovanni Michele, the Venetian ambassador,[1] for the following graphic sketch of the person and character of Elizabeth, at this interesting period of her life. "*Miladi* Elizabeth," says he, "is a lady of great elegance, both of body and mind, though her face may be called pleasing rather than beautiful. She is tall and well made, her complexion fine, though rather sallow." Her bloom must have been prematurely faded by sickness and anxiety; for Elizabeth could not have been more than three and twenty at this period. "Her eyes, but above all, her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty. In her knowledge of the Greek and Italian languages, she surpasses the queen, and takes so much pleasure in the latter, that she will converse with Italians in no other tongue. Her wit and understanding are admirable, as she has proved by her conduct in the midst of suspicion and danger, when she concealed her religion, and comported herself like a good Catholic." Katharine Parr and lady Jane Gray made no such compromise with conscience; indeed, this dissimulation on the part of Elizabeth appears like a practical illustration of the text, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light." Michele proceeds to describe Elizabeth "as proud and dignified in her manners; for though she is well aware what sort of a mother she had, she is also aware that this mother of hers was united to the king in wedlock, with the sanction of holy church, and the concurrence of the primate of the realm." This remark is important, as it proves that the marriage of Anne Boleyn was considered legal by the representative of the Catholic republic of Venice. However, he goes on to say, "The queen, though she hates her most sincerely, yet treats her in public with

[1] From the report, made by that envoy, of the state of England, on his return to his own country, in the year 1557. MSS. Cotton. Nero B. 7. Ellis, 2nd series, vol. ii.

every outward sign of affection and regard, and never converses with her, but on pleasing and agreeable subjects." A proof, by the bye, that Mary neither annoyed her sister by talking at her, nor endeavoured to irritate her by introducing the elements of strife into their personal discussions when they were together. In this, the queen, at least, behaved with the courtesy of a gentlewoman. Michele adds, "that the princess had contrived to ingratiate herself with the king of Spain, through whose influence the queen was prevented from having her declared illegitimate, as she had it in her power to do, by an act of parliament, which would exclude her from the throne. It is believed," continues he, "that but for this interference of the king, the queen would, without remorse, chastise her in the severest manner; for whatever plots against the queen are discovered, my lady Elizabeth, or some of her people, are always sure to be mentioned among the persons concerned in them." Michele tells us, moreover, "that Elizabeth would exceed her income and incur large debts, if she did not prudently, to avoid increasing the jealousy of the queen, limit her household and followers, for," continues he, "there is not a lord or gentleman in the realm, who has not sought to place himself, or a brother, or son, in her service. Her expenses are naturally increased by her endeavours to maintain her popularity, although she opposes her poverty as an excuse for avoiding the proposed enlargements of her establishment." This plea answered another purpose, by exciting the sympathy of her people, and their indignation, that the heiress of the crown should suffer from straitened finances. Elizabeth was, nevertheless, in the enjoyment of the income her father had provided for her maintenance—three thousand pounds a year, equal to twelve thousand per annum of the present currency, and precisely the same allowance which Mary had before her accession to the crown.

"She is," pursues Michele, "to appearance, at liberty in her country residence, twelve miles from London, but really surrounded by spies and shut in with guards, so that no one comes or goes, and nothing is spoken or

done without the queen's knowledge." Such is the testimony of the Venetian ambassador, of Elizabeth's position in her sister's court, but it should be remembered that he is the same man, who had intrigued with the conspirators to supply them with arms, and that his information is avowedly only hearsay evidence. After this, it may not be amiss to enrich these pages with the account given by an English contemporary of one of the pageants that were devised for her pleasure, by the courteous dragon by whom the captive princess was guarded, in her own fair mansion of Hatfield and other domains adjacent.[1]

"In April, the same year, (1557,) she was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield chase, by a retinue of twelve ladies, clothed in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her grace might hunt the hart. At entering the chase or forest, she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows; one of whom presented her a silver-headed arrow winged with peacock's feathers. Sir Thomas Pope had the devising of this show. At the close of the sport, her grace was gratified with the privilege of cutting the buck's throat,"—a compliment of which Elizabeth, who delighted in bear-baitings and other savage amusements of those semi-barbarous days, was not unlikely to avail herself. When her sister, queen Mary, visited her at Hatfield, Elizabeth adorned her great state chamber for her majesty's reception, with a sumptuous suit of tapestry, representing the siege of Antioch; and after supper a play was performed by the choir-boys of St. Paul's; when it was over, one of the children sang, and was accompanied on the virginals by no meaner musician than the princess Elizabeth herself.[2] The account of Elizabeth's visit to the queen, at Richmond, and the splendid banquet and pageant which Mary, with the assistance of sir Thomas Pope, with whom her majesty was long in consultation on the subject, devised for the entertainment of her sister, has been described in the life of queen Mary.[3]

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell. f. 5. Strype.
[2] MS. Cotton. Vitell. f. 5.
[3] Vol. v.

The pleasant and sisterly intercourse, which was for a brief time established between these royal ladies, was destined to be once more interrupted, by the pertinacious interference of king Philip, in favour of his friend's matrimonial suit for Elizabeth. Her hand was, probably, the reward with which that monarch had promised to guerdon his brave friend, for his good services at St. Quentin, but the gallant Savoyard found that it was easier to win a battle in the field, under every disadvantage, than to conquer the determination of an obdurate lady love. Elizabeth would not be disposed of in marriage to please any one, and as she made her refusal a matter of conscience, the queen ceased to importune her on the subject. Philip, as we have seen, endeavoured to compel his reluctant wife, to interpose her authority, to force Elizabeth to fulfil the engagement he had made for her, and Mary proved, that she had, on occasion, a will of her own as well as her sister. In short, the ladies made common cause, and quietly resisted his authority.[1] He had sent his two noble kinswomen, the duchesses of Parma and Lorraine, to persuade Elizabeth to comply with his desire, and to convey her to the continent, as the bride elect of his friend, but Elizabeth, by her sister's advice, declined receiving these fair envoys, and they were compelled to return without fulfilling the object of their mission.

Meantime, Elizabeth received several overtures from the ambassador of the great Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, who was desirous of obtaining her in marriage for his eldest son, Prince Eric.[2] She declined listening to this proposal, because it was not made to her through the medium of the queen her sister. The ambassador told her, in reply, "that the king of Sweden, his master, as a gentleman and a man of honour, thought it most proper to make the first application to herself, in order to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to her, to enter into such an alliance, and if she signified her consent, he would then, as a king, propose it in due form to her majesty." This delicacy of feeling was in unison with the

[1] See Mary's Life, vol. v.
[2] Camden. Warton's Life of Pope.

chivalric character of Gustavus Vasa, who having delivered his country from a foreign yoke, had achieved the reformation of her church without persecution or bloodshed, and regarding Elizabeth as a protestant princess who was suffering for conscience' sake, was nobly desirous of making her his daughter-in-law. Elizabeth, however, who had previously rejected the heir of his neighbour, Christian of Denmark, desired the Swedish envoy to inform his master "that she could not listen to any proposals of the kind that were not conveyed to her through the queen's authority," and at the same time declared, "that if left to her own free will she would always prefer a maiden life." This affair reaching her majesty's ears, she sent for sir Thomas Pope to court, and having received from him a full account of this secret transaction, she expressed herself well pleased with the wise and dutiful conduct of Elizabeth, and directed him to write a letter to her expressive of her approbation. When sir Thomas Pope returned to Hatfield, Mary commanded him to repeat her commendations to the princess, and to inform her "that an official communication had now been made to her, from the king of Sweden, touching the match with his son, on which she desired sir Thomas to ascertain her sister's sentiments from her own lips, and to communicate how her grace stood affected in this matter, and also to marriage in general."[1]

Sir Thomas Pope, in compliance with this injunction, made the following report of what passed between himself and Elizabeth on the subject.

"First, after I had declared to her grace how well the queen's majesty liked of her prudent and honourable answer made to the same messenger (from the king of Sweden,) I then opened unto her grace, the effects of the said messenger's credence, which after her grace had heard, I said that the queen's highness had sent me to her grace, not only to declare the same, but also to understand how her grace liked the said motion. Whereunto, after a little pause, her grace answered in form following:—

"'Master Pope, I require you, after my most humble commendations unto the queen's majesty, to render unto the same like thanks, that it pleased her highness of her goodness, to conceive so well of my answer made to the said messenger, and herewithal of her princely commendation, with such speed to command you by your letters, to signify the same unto me, who before remained wonderfully perplexed, fearing that her majesty

[1] Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

might mistake the same, for which her goodness I acknowledge myself bound to honour, serve, love and obey her highness during my life. Requiring you also to say unto her majesty, that in the king my brother's time, there was offered me a very honourable marriage or two, and ambassadors sent to treat with me touching the same, whereunto I made my humble suit unto his highness, (as some of honour yet living can be testimonies) that it would like the same (king Edward) to give me leave with his grace's favour to remain in that estate I was, which of all others best pleased me, and in good faith, I pray you say unto her highness, I am even at this present of the same mind, and so intend to continue with her majesty's favour, assuring her highness I so well like this state, as I persuade myself there is not any kind of life comparable to it. And as concerning my liking the motion made by the said messenger, I beseech you say unto her majesty, that to my remembrance I never heard of his master before this time, and that I so well like both the message and the messenger, as I shall most humbly pray God upon my knees, that from henceforth I may never hear of the one nor the other."

Not the most civil way in the world, it must be owned, of dismissing a remarkably civil offer, but Elizabeth gives her reason, in a manner artfully calculated to ingratiate herself with her royal sister. "And were there nothing else," pursues she, "to move me to mislike the motion other, than that his master would attempt the same without making the queen's majesty privy thereunto, it were cause sufficient." "And when her grace had thus ended," resumes sir Thomas Pope, in conclusion, "I was so bold, as of myself, to say unto her grace, her pardon first required, that I thought few or none would believe but her grace would be right well contented to marry, so there were some *honourable marriage* offered her, by the queen's highness, or with her majesty's assent. Whereunto her grace answered, 'What I shall do hereafter I know not, but I assure you, upon my truth and fidelity, and as God be merciful unto me, I am not at this time otherwise minded than I have declared unto you. No, though I were offered the greatest prince in all Europe.'" Sir Thomas Pope adds his own opinion of these protestations, in the following sly comment, "And yet *percase* (perhaps) the queen's majesty may conceive this rather to proceed of a maidenly shamefacedness, than upon any such certain determination."

This important letter is among the Harleian MSS., and is endorsed, "The lady Elizabeth, her grace's answer, made at Hatfield, the 26th of April, 1558, to sir T. Pope,

knt., being sent from the queen's majesty to understand how her grace liked of the motion of marriage, made by the king elect of Swetheland's messenger."[1] It affords unquestionable proof, that Elizabeth was allowed full liberty to decide for herself, as to her acceptance or rejection of this Protestant suitor for her hand, her brother-in-law, king Philip, not being so much as consulted on the subject. Camden asserts, "that after Philip had given up the attempt of forcing her to wed his friend, Philibert of Savoy, he would fain have made up a marriage between her and his own son, don Carlos, who was then a boy of sixteen; but he finally, when he became a widower, offered himself to her acceptance, instead of his heir.

Elizabeth was so fortunate as to escape any implication in Stafford's rebellion, but among the Spaniards a report was circulated, that her hand was destined to reward the earl of Westmoreland, by whom the insurrection was quelled. There were also rumours of an engagement between her and the earl of Arundel. These are mentioned in Gonsalez.[2] She is always called "Madame Isabel" in contemporary Spanish memoirs. Though much has been asserted to the contrary, the evidences of history prove, that Elizabeth was on amicable terms with queen Mary at the time of her death, and for some months previous to that event.

On the 9th of November, the count de Feria, one of Philip's most confidential counsellors, brought the dying queen a letter from her absent consort, who, already embarrassed in a war with France, and dreading the possibility of the queen of Scots being placed on the throne, requested Mary to declare Elizabeth her successor. The queen had anticipated his desire, by her previous appointment of Elizabeth, from whom she, however, exacted a profession of her adherence to the Catholic creed.

Elizabeth complained, "that the queen should doubt the sincerity of her faith," and, if we may credit the duchess of Feria, added, "That she prayed God that

[1] MS. Harleian, 444—7; also MS. Cotton. Vitell. 12, 16.
[2] Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia. Madrid.

the earth might open and swallow her alive, if she were not a true Roman Catholic."[1] Although Elizabeth never scrupled throughout her life to sacrifice truth to expediency, it is difficult to believe that any one could, to secure a temporal advantage, utter so awful a perjury. She afterwards told count Feria, that "she acknowledged the real presence in the sacrament, at least, so the count affirmed, in a letter he wrote to Philip II. the day before queen Mary died. She likewise assured the lord Lamar of her sincerity in this belief, and added, "that she did now and then pray to the Virgin Mary." Strype, who quotes documents in support of these words of Elizabeth, offers no contradiction to them.[2]

Edwin Sandys, in a letter to Bullinger, gives a very different report of the communication which passed between the royal sisters. "Mary, not long before her death," says he,[3] "sent two members of her council to her sister Elizabeth, and commanded them to let her know 'that it was her intention to bequeath to her the royal crown, together with the dignity that she was then in possession of by right of inheritance.' In return, however, for this great favour conferred upon her, she required of her three things: first, 'that she would not change her privy council;' secondly, 'that she would make no alteration in religion;' and, thirdly, 'that she would discharge her debts, and satisfy her creditors.' Elizabeth replied in these terms:—'I am very sorry to hear of the queen's illness, but there is no reason why I should thank her for her intention of giving me the crown of this realm, for she has neither the power of bestowing it upon me, nor can I lawfully be deprived of it, since it is my peculiar and hereditary right. With respect to the council, I think myself as much at liberty to choose my councillors as she was to choose hers. As to religion, I promise thus much, that I will not change it, provided, only, that it can be proved by the word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion.

[1] MS. Life of the duchess of Feria, p. 156. Lingard.
[2] Strype's Annals, vol. i. part i. p. 3.
[3] Zurich Letters.

Lastly, in requiring the payment of her debts, she seems to me to require nothing more than what is just, and I will take care that they shall be paid as far as may lie in my power.'"[1]

Such is the contradictory evidence given by two contemporaries, one of whom, Jane Dormer, afterwards duchess of Feria, certainly had the surest means of information as to the real state of the case, as she was one of the most trusted of queen Mary's ladies in waiting; and her subsequent marriage with the Spanish ambassador, the conde de Feria, tended to enlighten her still more on the transactions between the dying queen and the princess. Dr. Sandys was not in England at the time, and merely quotes the statement of a nameless correspondent as to the affairs in England. The lofty tone of Elizabeth's reply suited not the deep dissimulation of her character, and appears inconsistent with the fact, that she was at that time, in all outward observances, a member of the church of Rome. She continued to attend the mass, and all other Catholic observances, a full month after her sister's death, and till she had clearly ascertained that the Protestant party was the most numerous, and likely to obtain the ascendancy. If, therefore, she judged that degree of caution necessary after the sovereign authority was in her own hands, was it likely that she would declare her opinion while the Catholics, who surrounded the dying bed of Mary, were exercising the whole power of the crown? Her answer was probably comprised in language sufficiently mystified to conceal her real intentions from Mary and her counsellors.

On the 10th of November, count Feria, in obedience to the directions of his royal master, went to pay his compliments to the princess, and to offer her the assurances of don Philip's friendship and good will. Elizabeth was then at the house of lord Clinton, about thirteen miles from London. There Feria sought and obtained an interview with her, which forms an important episode in the early personal annals of this great sovereign. The particulars are related by Feria, himself, in a confidential

[1] Zurich Letters, published by the Parker Society.

letter to Philip.[1] He says, "the princess received him well, though not so cordially as on former occasions." He supped with her and lady Clinton, and, after supper, opened the discourse, according to the instructions he had received from the king his master. The princess had three of her ladies in attendance, but she told the count "they understood no other language than English, so he might speak before them." He replied, "that he should be well pleased if the whole world heard what he had to say."

Elizabeth expressed herself as much gratified by the count's visit, and the obliging message he had brought from his sovereign, of whom she spoke in friendly terms, and acknowledged, that she had been under some obligations to him when she was in prison; but when the count endeavoured to persuade her that she was indebted, for the recognition of her right to the royal succession, neither to queen Mary nor her council, but solely to don Philip, she exhibited some degree of incredulity. In the same conference, Elizabeth complained "that she had never been given more than 3000*l.* of maintenance,[2] and that she knew the king had received large sums of money." The count contradicted this, because he knew it to be a fact that queen Mary had once given her 7000*l.*, and some jewels of great value, to relieve her from debts in which she had involved herself, in consequence of indulging in some expensive entertainments, in the way of ballets. She then observed, "that Philip had tried hard to induce her to enter into a matrimonial alliance with the duke of Savoy, but that she knew how much favour the queen had lost by marrying a foreigner." The count probably felt the incivility of this remark, but only replied carelessly, in general terms.[3] Here the details of the conversation end, and Feria proceeds to communicate his own opinion of the princess. "It appears to me," says he,[5] "that she is a woman of extreme vanity,

[1] Archives of Simança.
[2] A general term for income.
[3] The expression used by Feria is, *Para puyar ciertas tropas alemanas.*
[4] Letter of count Feria to Philip II., in the Archives of Simança.
[5] Reports of the conde de Feria, from Gonzales, pp. 254, 255.

but acute. She seems greatly to admire her father's system of government. I fear much that in religion she will not go right, as she seems inclined to favour men who are supposed to be heretics, and they tell me, the ladies who are about her, are all so. She appears highly indignant at the things that have been done against her during her sister's reign. She is much attached to the people, and is very confident that they are all on her side, (which is indeed true;) in fact, she says 'it is they that have placed her in the position she at present holds,' as the declared successor to the crown." On this point, Elizabeth, with great spirit, refused to acknowledge that she was under any obligation either to the king of Spain, his council, or even to the nobles of England, though she said "that they had all pledged themselves to remain faithful to her." "Indeed," concludes the count, "there is not a heretic or traitor in all the realm who has not started, as if from the grave, to seek her and offer her their homage."

Two or three days before her death, queen Mary sent Jane Dormer to deliver the crown jewels to Elizabeth, together with her dying requests to that princess, "first, that she would be good to her servants; secondly, that she would repay the sums of money that had been lent on privy seals; and, lastly, that she would continue the church as she had re-established it."[1] Philip had directed his envoy to add to these jewels a valuable casket of his own, which he had left at Whitehall, and which Elizabeth had always greatly admired. In memory of the various civilities this monarch had shewn to Elizabeth, she always kept his portrait in her bedchamber, even after they became deadly political foes.

During the last few days of Mary's life, Hatfield became the resort of the time-serving courtiers, who sought to worship Elizabeth as the rising sun. The conde de Feria readily penetrated the secret of those who were destined to hold a distinguished place in her councils, and predicted that Cecil would be her principal secretary. She did not conceal her dislike of her kinsman,

[1] MS. Life of the duchess de Feria. Lingard.

cardinal Pole, then on his death-bed. "He had never," she said, "paid her any attention, and had caused her great annoyance." There is, in Leti, a long controversial dialogue between Elizabeth and him, in which the princess appears to have the best of the argument, but, however widely he might differ with her on theological subjects, he always treated her with the respect due to her elevated rank, and opposed the murderous policy of her determined foe, Gardiner. He wrote to her in his last illness, requesting her "to give credit to what the dean of Worcester could say in his behalf, not doubting but his explanations would be satisfactory;" but her pleasure or displeasure was of little moment to him in that hour, for the sands in the waning glass of life ebbed with him scarcely less quickly than with his departing sovereign and friend, queen Mary. She died on the 17th of November, he on the 18th.

Reports of the death of Mary were certainly circulated some hours before it took place, and sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was secretly employed by Elizabeth to give her the earliest possible intelligence of that event, rode off at fiery speed to Hatfield to communicate the tidings. The caution of Elizabeth taught her that it was dangerous to take any steps towards her own recognition till she could ascertain, to a certainty, the truth of a report that might only have been devised, to betray her into some act that might be construed into treason. She bade Throckmorton "hasten to the palace, and request one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, who was in her confidence, if the queen were really dead, to send her, as a token, the black enamelled ring which her majesty wore night and day." The circumstances are quaintly versified, in the precious Throckmorton metrical chronicle of the "Life of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton."

"Then I, who was misliked of the time,
Obscurely sought to live scant seen at all,
So far was I from seeking up to climb,
As that I thought it well to scape a fall.
Elizabeth I visited by stealth,
As one who wished her quietness with health.

'Repairing oft to Hatfield, where she lay,
My duty not to slack that I did owe,
The queen fell very sick as we heard say,
The truth whereof her sister ought to know,
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secret means herself did quickly find.

"She said (since nought exceedeth woman's fears,
Who still do dread some baits of subtlety,)
'Sir Nicholas, know a ring my sister wears,
Enamelled black, a pledge of loyalty,
The which the king of Spain in spousals gave,—
If ought fall out amiss, 'tis that I crave.

"'But hark, ope not your lips to any one
In hope as to obtain of courtesy,
Unless you know my sister first be gone,
For grudging minds will soon *coyne* treachery,[1]
So shall thyself be safe and us be sure;
Who takes no hurt shall need no care of cure.

"'Her dying day shall thee such credit get,
That all will forward be to pleasure thee,
And none at all shall seek thy suit to *let* (hinder)
But go and come, and look here to find me.'
Thence to the court I gallopped in post,
Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.

"*The ring received*, my brethren, which lay
In London town with me,[2] to Hatfield went,
And as we rode, there met us by the way
An old acquaintance hoping avancement,
A sugared bait, that brought us to our bane,
But chiefly me who therewithal was ta'en.

"I egged them on with promise of reward;
I thought if neither credit nor some gain
Fell to their share, the world went very hard,
Yet reckoned I without mine host in vain.

* * * * * *

"When to the court I and my brother came,
My news was stale, but yet she knew them true,
But see how crossly things began to frame,
The cardinal died, whose death my friends may rue,
For then lord Gray and I were sent, in hope
To find some writings to or from the pope."

[1] This line stands thus in the MS., which being beautifully written no mistake can arise on the part of the transcriber. Elizabeth's meaning seems to be that the ring was not to be sought till Mary's death. *Coin* treachery, we think, should be the phrase in the fourth line.

[2] At the close of the year 1556, Throckmorton, who had been banished by Mary for his participation in the rebellion of Wyat, and had narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life, ventured to return to England. He privately paid his court to the princess Elizabeth, who employed him,

While Throckmorton was on his road back to London, Mary expired, and ere he could return with the ring to satisfy Elizabeth of the truth of that event, which busy rumour had ante-dated, a deputation from the late queen's council had already arrived at Hatfield,[1] to apprise her of the demise of her sister, and to offer their homage to her as their rightful sovereign. Though well prepared for the intelligence, she appeared at first amazed and overpowered at what she heard, and, drawing a deep respiration, she sank upon her knees and exclaimed:—"*O domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!*" "It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes,"[2] "which," says our authority, (sir Robert Naunton,) "we find to this day on the stamp of her gold, with this on her silver—*Posui Deum adjutorem meum.*"[3] "I have chosen God for my helper."

Eight-and-twenty years afterwards, Elizabeth, in a conversation with the envoys of France, Chasteauneuf and Bellievre, spoke of the tears which she had shed on the death of her sister Mary, but she is the only person by whom they were ever recorded.

on the report of her sister's death, to ascertain the truth thereof—this he effected dexterously and secretly. He was a faithful, but a bold adviser; and soon came to issue with the new queen; their point of dispute was on the propriety of excluding some zealous catholic lords from the council; the queen wished to retain them, sir Nicholas Throckmorton insisted on their dismission. The queen, irritated by the freedom of his remonstrances, exclaimed:—"God's death, villain, I will have thy head!"

A remark which proves that swearing was an accomplishment of her youth. Throckmorton very coolly replied to this threat—

"You will do well, madam, to consider, in that case, how you will afterwards keep your own on your shoulders."

[1] Throckmorton MSS. [2] Psalm cxviii. 23.

[3] Fragmenta Regalia.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Recognition of Elizabeth in parliament—Proclaimed queen in Westminster Hall, &c.—Her first council—Cecil placed at the helm—Elizabeth's state entry into London—Sojourn at the Tower—Attends her sister's funeral—Temporizes with church reform—Hears mass for a month—Rejects it on Christmas-day—Her coronation—Pageants and processions—She re-establishes the reformed church—Declares that she will die a virgin—Refuses Philip II.—Her perilous position in Europe—Instals her favourite, Robert Dudley, as knight of the garter—Suitors for her hand—Fêtes to the French ambassador—Tournament, &c.—Wooed by the earls of Arran and Arundel—They are rivalled by lord Robert Dudley—Scandals regarding Elizabeth—Offers of the archduke Charles and Eric of Sweden—Portraits of Elizabeth—Reports of her marriage with Robert Dudley—Her popular charities—Elizabeth's coinage and coins—Her antipathy to J. Knox—Her visit to the Mint—Progress through the city—Censures the marriages of the Clergy—Severity to lady K. Gray—Differences with the queen of Scots—Refuses her safe conduct—Entertains the grand prior of France.

WHILE queen Mary lay on her death-bed, the greatest alarm had prevailed regarding the expected crisis. A contemporary, who watched closely the temper of the public, thus describes the anxieties of the responsible part of the community:—"The rich were fearful, the wise careful, the honestly-disposed doubtful," and he adds, emphatically, "the discontented and desperate were joyful, wishing for strife as the door for plunder."[1] All persons, therefore, who had anything to lose, what-

[1] Bishop Godwin.

ever their religious bias might be, must have felt relieved at the peaceable accession of Elizabeth.

On the morning of the 17th of November, parliament, (which was then sitting) assembled betimes, for the dispatch of business. The demise of the crown was, however, only known in the palace. Before noon, Dr. Heath, the archbishop of York and lord-chancellor of England, sent a message to the speaker of the House of Commons, requesting "that he, with the knights and burgesses of the nether house, would without delay adjourn to the upper house, to give their assents, in a matter of the utmost importance." When the commons were assembled in the House of Lords, silence being proclaimed, lord-chancellor Heath addressed the united senate in these words :—

"The cause of your summons hither, at this time, is to signify to you, that all the lords, here present, are certainly certified, that God this morning hath called to his mercy our late sovereign lady, queen Mary, which hap, as it is most heavy and grievous to us, so have we no less cause otherwise, to rejoice with praise to Almighty God, for leaving to us a true, lawful, and right inheritrix to the crown of this realm, which is the lady Elizabeth, second daughter to our late sovereign, of noble memory, Henry VIII., and sister to our said late queen, of whose most lawful right and title to the crown, thanks be to God, we need not doubt.[1]

"Albeit, the parliament (house of commons) by the heavy accident of queen Mary's death, did dissolve,[2] yet, as they had been elected to represent the common people of the realm, and to deal for them in matters of state, they could no way better discharge that trust than, in joining with the lords, in publishing the next succession to the crown.[3]

"Wherefore the lords of this house have determined, with your assents and consents, to pass from hence into the palace, and there to proclaim the lady Elizabeth queen of this realm, without any further *tract* of time."

"God save queen Elizabeth!" was the response of the lords and commons to the speech of their lord-chancellor—"Long may queen Elizabeth reign over us!"

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1784, first edition. 1577.

[2] Such was the law of the realm till the 7th and 8th years of William III., cap. 15, which enacted that parliament should sit for six months, if not sooner dissolved by the reigning monarch.

[3] Hayward's Annals of Elizabeth, Camden Society, p. 2. The important speech of lord-chancellor Heath is conjointly preserved in Hayward and Holinshed. Drake's Parliamentary History, after quoting the journals of the house, indignantly points out Rapin's deliberate falsification on this point of history.

"And so," adds our chronicle, "was this parliament dissolved by the act of God."

Thus, through the wisdom and patriotism of the lord-chancellor of England, was the title of queen Elizabeth rendered indisputable, for her first proclamation and recognition, were rendered most solemn acts of parliament. It is scarcely possible, but that Heath must have foreseen his own doom, and that of his religion, of which he was at that moment, with the exception of the expiring Pole, the ostensible head in England, yet it is most evident, that he preferred consulting the general good, by averting a civil war, to the benefit of his own particular class. It ought to be remembered that his conduct, at this crisis, secured the loyalty of the catholics of England to Elizabeth.

All the important acts of the united houses of parliament respecting the recognition of queen Elizabeth, were completed before the clock struck twelve, that 17th of November.[1] The lords, with the heralds, then entered the palace of Westminster, and directly before its hall door, after several solemn soundings of trumpets, the new queen was proclaimed "Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, and defender of the faith, &c." This "&c." hides an important historical fact—namely, that she was *not* then proclaimed supreme head of the church.

The young duke of Norfolk, as earl-marshal, accompanied by several bishops and nobles, then went into the city, where they met the lord-mayor and civic authorities, and the heralds proclaimed queen Elizabeth at the cross of Cheapside. In the afternoon all the city bells rang, bonfires were lighted, ale and wine distributed, and the populace invited to feast at tables put out at the doors of the rich citizens; all signs of mourning for the deceased queen being entirely lost in joy for the accession of her sister. So passed the first day of the reign of Elizabeth—a day which came to cheer with hope a season of universal tribulation and misery; for, besides the inquisitorial cruelties of Bonner, which had proved

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784.

plague sufficient to the London citizens, it was a time of famine and of pestilence more universal than the plague, which usually confined its ravages to great cities. Many thousands had, in the autumn of 1558, fallen victims to a fever called a quotidian ague, but which was, doubtless, a malignant typhus. It had broken out in the harvest, and carried off so many country people, that the harvest rotted on the ground for want of hands. Great numbers of ecclesiastics had died of this fever; thirteen bishops died in the course of four months; and to this circumstance the facile change of religion, which took place directly, may partly be attributed. Cardinal Pole lay in the agonies of death; Christopherson bishop of Chichester, and Griffin bishop of Rochester, were either dying or dead.

While these important scenes were transacting in her senate and metropolis, the new sovereign remained, probably out of respect to her sister's memory, in retirement at Hatfield, and the ceremony of her proclamation did not take place there till the 19th, when it was performed before the gates of Hatfield House. In the same day and hour, however, in which her accession to the regal office was announced to her, she entered upon the high and responsible duties of a vocation, for which few princes possessed such eminent qualifications as herself.

The privy council repaired to the new queen at Hatfield, and there she sat in council for the first time with them, November 20th. Sir Thomas Parry, the cofferer of her household, Cave, Rogers, and sir William Cecil, were sworn in as members.[1]

Her majesty's address to Cecil, on that occasion, is a noble summary of the duties which he was expected to perform to his queen and country:—

"I give you this charge that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that, without respect to my private will, you will give me that council which you think best, and if you shall know any-

[1] Strype. Camden.

thing necessary to be declared to me of secrecy, you shall shew it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein, and therefore herewith I charge you."[1]

Elizabeth left no room for doubt or speculation among the eager competitors for her favour, as to the minister whom she intended to guide the helm of state, for she accepted a note of advice from sir William Cecil, on the most urgent matters that required her attention, that very day, and appointed him her principal secretary of state. The political tie that was then knit between Cecil and his royal mistress, though occasionally shaken, was only broken by the death of that great statesman, who was able to elevate or bend the powers of his acute intellect to all matters of government, from measures that rendered England the arbitress of Europe, to the petty details of the milliner and tailor, in sumptuary laws.

Elizabeth commenced her progress to her metropolis, November 23rd, attended by a magnificent retinue of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and a prodigious concourse of people who poured out of London and its adjacent villages, to behold and welcome her. On the road to Highgate she met a procession of the bishops, who kneeled by the way-side, and offered her their allegiance, which was very graciously accepted.[2] She gave to every one of them her hand to kiss excepting Bonner, bishop of London.[3] This exception she made to mark her abhorrence of his cruelty. The lord mayor and aldermen, in their scarlet gowns, likewise met her, and conducted her in great state to the Charter House, then the town residence of lord North. Lord-chancellor Heath and the earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, received her there. She stayed at the Charter House five days, and sat in council every day.[4]

The queen left the Charter House on Monday, November 28, to take formal possession of her royal for-

[1] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ. Strype.
[2] Macintosh, vol. iii.; Strype; Citizens' Journal; and Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784.
[3] Stowe's Annals, 634.
[4] Strype's Citizens' Journal.

tress of the Tower. Immense crowds assembled to greet her, and to gaze on her, both without and within the city gates, and a mighty retinue of the nobility of both sexes surrounded her. She ascended a rich chariot, and rode from the Charter House along the Barbican, till she reached Cripplegate, where the lord-mayor and city authorities received her. Then she mounted on horseback and entered the city in equestrian procession. She was attired in a riding-dress of purple velvet, with a scarf tied over her shoulder; the serjeants-at-arms guarded her. Lord Robert Dudley, as master of the horse, rode next her; thus early was this favourite exalted to the place he held so long. The lord-mayor preceded her, carrying her sceptre, and by his side rode Garter king-at-arms. Lord Pembroke rode directly before her majesty, bearing the sword of state. The queen rode along London-wall, then a regular fortification, which was richly hung with tapestry, and the city waits sounded loud music. She rode up Leadenhall-street to Grace-church-street, called by our citizen journalist "Grass-church-street," till she arrived at the Blanch Chapelton,[1] at the entry of the Mart, or Market-lane, now the well-known Mark-lane, still the corn-mart of England, though few who transact business there are aware of the extreme antiquity of their station.

When the queen arrived at the Blanch Chapelton, the Tower guns began to herald her approach, and continued discharging all the while she progressed down Mart Lane and Tower Street; she was greeted at various places by playing on regals, singing of children, and speeches from the scholars of Saint Paul's School. "The presence of the queen," says an eye-witness,[2] "gave life to all these solemnities, she promptly answered all speeches made to her, she graced every person either of dignity or office, and so cheerfully noticed and accepted everything, that in the judgment of the beholders, these great honours were esteemed too mean for her personal

[1] An ecclesiastical structure named in Holinshed and the Citizens' Journal, swept away by the fire of London.

[2] Hayward, p. 10.

worth. Deeply had Elizabeth studied her *metier du roi*, before she had an opportunity of rehearsing her part. Fortunately for her, the pride and presumption of youth had been a little tamed by early misfortune, and, stimulated by the inexorable necessity of self-defence, she had been forced to look into human character and adapt her manners to her interest. Adversity had taught her the invaluable lesson embodied by Wordsworth in these immortal words—

"Of friends, however humble, scorn not one."

As she entered the Tower, she majestically addressed those about her. "Some," said she, "have fallen from being princes of this land, to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be prince of this land. *That* dejection was a work of God's justice; *this* advancement is a work of his mercy; as they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful for the other." It is said that she immediately went to her former prison apartment, where she fell on her knees, and offered up aloud an extempore prayer, in which she compared herself to Daniel in the lion's den, the words of which are in print, but bear very strongly the tone of Master Fox's composition.

She remained at the Tower till the 5th of December, holding privy councils of mighty import, whose chief tenor was to ascertain, what members of the late queen's catholic council would coalesce with her own party—which were the remnants of the administration of Edward VI.—Cecil, Bacon, Sadler, Parr, Russell, and the Dudleys. Likewise to produce a modification between the church of Edward VI. and the Henrican, or anti-papal church of her father, which might claim to be a reformed church, with herself for its supreme head. On the 5th of December, the queen removed from the Tower by water, and took up her abode at Somerset House, where a privy council was held daily for fifteen days.

Meantime, mass was said at the funerals of queen Mary, of cardinal Pole, and the two deceased bishops,

whose obsequies were observed with all the rites of the ancient church.

Elizabeth attended in person at her sister's burial, and listened attentively to her funeral sermon, preached by Dr. White, bishop of Winchester, which was in Latin. The proverb, that "comparisons are odious," was truly illustrated by this celebrated discourse, which Sir John Harrington calls "a black sermon."[1] It contained a biographical sketch of the late queen, in which he mentioned, with great praise, her renunciation of church supremacy, and repeated her observation, "that as Saint Paul forbade women to speak in the church, it was not fitting, for the church to have a dumb head." This was not very pleasant to Elizabeth, who had either just required the oath of supremacy to be administered, or was agitating that matter in the privy council. Had Dr. White preached in English, his sermon might have done her much mischief. When the bishop described the grievous suffering of queen Mary, he fell into such a fit of weeping that his voice was choked for a time. When he recovered himself, he added, "that queen Mary had left a sister, a lady of great worth, also, whom they were bound to obey; for," said he, "*melior est canis vivus leone mortuo.*" Elizabeth was too good a Latinist not to fire at this elegant simile, which declared "that a living dog was better than a dead lion;" nor did the orator content himself with this currish comparison, for he roundly asserted, "that the dead deserved more praise, than the living, for Mary had chosen the better part."

As the bishop of Winchester descended the pulpit stairs, Elizabeth ordered him under arrest. He defied her majesty, and threatened her with excommunication, for which she cared not a rush. He was a prelate of austere but irreproachable manners; exceedingly desirous of testifying his opinions by a public martyrdom, which he did and said all in his power to obtain, but Elizabeth was, at that period of her life, too wise to indulge the zealous professors of the ancient faith, in any such wishes.

No author but the faithful and accurate Stowe, has

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 84, 85. Camden. Life of Elizabeth.

noted the important result of the daily deliberations held by the queen and her privy council at Somerset House at this epoch: he says, "the queen began then to put in practice, that oath of supremacy which her father first ordained, and amongst the many that refused that oath was my lord-chancellor, Dr. Heath. The queen having a good respect for him would not deprive him of his title, but committed the custody of the great seal to Nicholas Bacon, attorney of the wards, who from that time was called lord keeper, and exercised the authority of lord-chancellor as confirmed by act of parliament."[1] This oath of supremacy was the test which sifted the council from those, to whom the ancient faith was matter of conscience, and those to whom it was matter of worldly business, the nonjurors withdrew either into captivity, or country retirement.

Of the Catholic members of the privy council who remained, lord William Howard was her majesty's uncle and entire friend, Sackville was her cousin, the earl of Arundel her lover. The marquis of Winchester acted according to his characteristic description of his own policy, by playing the part of the willow, rather than the oak,[2] and from one of the most cruel of Elizabeth's persecutors, became at once the supplest of her instruments. His example was imitated by others in this list, who for the most part appeared duly impressed with the spirit of the constitutional maxim—"The crown takes away all defects."

Elizabeth acted much as Mary did at her accession; she forbade any one to preach without her licence, and ostensibly left the rites of religion as she found them, but she, for a time, wholly locked up the famous pulpit of political sermons, Saint Paul's Cross.[3]

Meantime, mass was daily celebrated in the chapel royal, and throughout the realm;[4] and the queen, though

[1] Stowe's Chronicle, black letter, folio 635.

[2] Naunton's Fragmentæ Regaliæ.

[3] This step, so important to her personal and regnal life, is left in the deepest obscurity by all but Stowe, who was, it ought to be remembered, persecuted by the privy council for his historical labours.

[4] Holinshed, first edition, vol. ii., 1785.

well known to be a Protestant, conformed outwardly to the ceremonial observances of the church of Rome.

It was desirable that the coronation of Elizabeth should take place speedily, in order that she might have the benefit of the oaths of allegiance, of that part of the aristocracy, who regarded oaths. But a great obstacle arose: there was no one to crown her. The archbishop of Canterbury was dead; Dr. Heath, the archbishop of York, positively refused to crown her as supreme head of the church; there were but five or six Catholic bishops surviving the pestilence, and they all obstinately refused to perform the ceremony, neither would they consecrate any bishops, who were of a different way of thinking.

Notwithstanding these signs and symptoms of approaching change, all ceremonies were preparing for celebrating the Christmas festival, according to the rites of the ancient church. It was on the morning of Christmas Day, that Elizabeth took the important step of personal secession from the mass. She appeared in her closet in great state, at the celebration of the morning service, surrounded by her ladies and officers. Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, was at the altar, preparing to officiate at high mass; but when the gospel was concluded, and every one expected that the queen would have made the usual offering, she rose abruptly, and with her whole retinue withdrew from the closet into her privy chamber, which was strange to divers. "God be blessed for all his gifts!" adds the narrator of this scene.[1] This withdrawal was to signify her disapprobation of the mass; yet she proceeded softly and gradually, till she ascertained the tone of the new parliament, which had not yet met. Had her conduct on Christmas morning excited general reprobation, instead of approbation, she could have laid her retreat, and that of her personal attendants, on her sudden indisposition. When she found this step was well received she took another, which was to issue a proclamation, ordering, that from the approaching new year's day, the litany should, with the epistle

[1] Ellis's Original Letters, vol. ii. p. 262, second series. Letter of Sir W. Fitzwilliam to Mr. More. The original is one of the Losely MSS.

and gospel, be said in English in her chapel, and in all churches.

Further alteration was not at this time effected, because it was determined, that Elizabeth should be crowned with the religious ceremonials of the Catholic church; but her mind was occupied with other thoughts than religion, relative to her coronation. She sent her favourite, Robert Dudley, to consult her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, to fix a lucky day for the ceremony.[1]

Such were the occupations of the great Elizabeth, in the first exercise of her regal power—now dictating the mode of worship in her dominions, now holding a consultation with a conjuror. Elizabeth has been praised for her superiority to the superstitions of her age. Her frequent visits, and close consultations with Dr. Dee, throughout the chief part of her life are in lamentable contradiction to such panegyric. He had, as already noticed,[2] been prosecuted for telling the fortunes of Elizabeth when princess, and casting the nativity of queen Mary, to the infinite indignation of that queen. He had, it seems, made a lucky guess as to the short duration of Mary's life; and, truly, it required no great powers of divination to do so. Such was the foundation of queen Elizabeth's faith in this disreputable quack; her confidential maid too, Blanche Parry (who was in all the secrets of her royal mistress, before and after her accession) was an avowed disciple of Dr. Dee, and his pupil in alchemy and astrology.[3]

The queen, her privy council, and Dr. Dee, having agreed that Sunday, the 15th of January, would be the most suitable day for her coronation, she likewise appointed the preceding day, Saturday the 14th, for her grand recognition-procession through the city of London. As this procession always commenced from the royal fortress of the Tower, the queen went thither in a state-barge on the 12th of January, from the palace of West-

[1] Godwin's Life of Dr. Dee. He has drawn his information from Dr Casaubon.

[2] Letter in the State Paper Office. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 479.

[3] Lodge's Illustrations.

minster, by water. The lord mayor, and his city companies met her on the Thames, "with their barges decked with banners of their crafts and mysteries." The lord mayor's own company—namely, the mercer's—had "a bachelor's barge and an attendant foist, with artillery shooting off lustily as they went, with great and pleasant melody of instruments, which played in a sweet and heavenly manner." Her majesty shot the bridge about two o'clock, at the still of the ebb, the lord mayor with the other barges following her; and she landed at the private stairs, on Tower wharf. The queen was occupied the next day by making knights of the Bath; she, likewise, created or restored five peers; among others she made her mother's nephew, sir Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon.

The recognition-procession through the city of London, was one of peculiar character, marked not by any striking difference of parade or ceremony, but by the constant drama acted between the new queen and the populace. The manner and precedence of the line of march much resembled that, previously described in the life of her sister, queen Mary. Elizabeth left the Tower about two in the afternoon, seated, royally attired, in a chariot covered with crimson velvet, which had a canopy borne over it by knights, one of whom was her illegitimate brother, sir John Perrot. "The queen," says George Ferrers, who was an officer in the procession,[1] "as she entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries, and tender words, and all signs, which argue an earnest love of subjects towards their sovereign; and the queen, by holding up her hands and glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those, that stood nigh to her grace, shewed herself no less thankful to receive the people's goodwill, than they to offer it. To all that wished her well, she gave thanks. To such as bade 'God save her grace,' she said, in return, 'God save you all!' and added, 'that she thanked them with all her heart.' Wonderfully transported were the people with the loving answers and

[1] He is the real author of this curious narrative printed in Holinshed.

gestures of their queen; the same she had displayed at her first progress from Hatfield. The city of London might, at that time, have been termed *a stage*, wherein was shown the spectacle of the noble-hearted queen's demeanour towards her most loving people, and the people's exceeding joy at beholding such a sovereign, and hearing so princely a voice. How many nosegays did her grace receive at poor women's hands! How often stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body approach to speak to her! A branch of rosemary given to her majesty, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Fleet-bridge, was seen in her chariot, when her grace came to Westminster, not without the wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the queen's gracious reception and keeping the same." An apt simile to the stage seems irresistibly to have taken possession of the brain of our worthy dramatist, George Ferrers, in the midst of this pretty description of his liege lady's performance. However, her majesty adapted her part well to her audience—a little coarsely in the matter of gesture, perhaps—as more casting up her eyes to Heaven, signing with her hands, and moulding of her features, are described, in the course of the narrative, than are exactly consistent, with the good taste of a gentlewoman in these days; nevertheless her spectators were not very far advanced in civilization, and she dexterously adapted her style of performance to their appreciation.

The pageants began in Fenchurch Street, where a "fair child," in costly apparel, was placed on a stage to welcome her majesty to the city. The last verse of his greeting shall serve as a specimen of the rest:

> "Welcome, O queen, as much as heart can think!
> Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell!
> Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink!
> God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!"

At the words of the last line the people gave a great shout, repeating, with one assent, what the child had said.[1] "And the queen's majesty thanked graciously both the city for her reception, and the people for confirming the same.

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1787.

Here was noted the perpetual attentiveness in the queen's countenance, while the child spake, and a marvellous change in her look, as the words touched either her or the people; so that her rejoicing visage declared that the words took their place in her mind." Thus Elizabeth, who steered her way so skilfully, till she attained the highest worldly prosperity, appreciated the full influence of the "mute angel of attention." It is evident she knew how to listen, as well as to speak.

At the upper end of Gracechurch Street, before the sign of the Eagle (perhaps the Spread Eagle), the city had erected a gorgeous arch, beneath which was a stage, which stretched from one side of the street to the other. This was an historical pageant, representing the queen's immediate progenitors. There sat Elizabeth of York, in the midst of an immense white rose, whose petals formed elaborate furbelows round her; by her side was Henry VII. issuing out of a vast red rose, disposed in the same manner; the hands of the royal pair were locked together, and the wedding ring ostentatiously displayed. From the red and white roses proceeded a stem, which reached up to a second stage, occupied by Henry VIII., issuing from a red and white rose; and, for the first time since her disgrace and execution, was the effigy of the queen's mother, Anne Boleyn, represented by his side. One branch sprang from this pair, which mounted to a third stage, where sat the effigy of Queen Elizabeth herself, enthroned in royal majesty; and the whole pageant was framed with wreaths of roses, red and white."[1]

By the time the queen had arrived before this quaint spectacle, her loving lieges had become so outrageously noisy in their glee, that there were all talkers and no hearers; not a word that the child said, who was appointed to explain the whole puppet-show, and repeat some verses, could be heard, and the queen was forced to command and entreat silence. Her chariot had passed so far forward that she could not well view the said kings and queens, but she ordered it to be backed, "yet scarcely could she see, because the child who spoke was placed too

[1] Holinshed, p. 1788.

much within." Besides, it is well known, Elizabeth was near-sighted as well as her sister.

As she entered Cornhill, one of the knights, who bore her canopy, observed that an ancient citizen turned away and wept. "Yonder is an alderman," he said to the queen, "which weepeth and averteth his face."

"I warrant it is for joy," replied the queen. "A gracious interpretation," adds the narrator, "which makes the best of the doubtful." In Cheapside she smiled, and being asked the reason, she replied, "Because I have just overheard one say in the crowd, 'I remember old king Harry the Eighth.'"

A scriptural pageant was placed on a stage, which spanned the entrance of Soper's Lane; it represented the eight beatitudes, prettily personified by beautiful children. One of these little performers addressed to the queen the following lines, which are a more favourable specimen than usual of pageant poetry:—

"Thou hast been eight times blest, oh queen of worthy fame!
By meekness of thy sprite, when care did thee beset,
By mourning in thy grief, by mildness in thy blame,
By hunger and by thirst, when right thou couldst not get.

"By mercy shewed, not proved, by pureness of thine heart,
By seeking peace alway, by persecution wrong,
Therefore trust thou in God, since he hath helpt thy smart,
That as his promise is, so he will make thee strong."

The people all responded to the wishes the little spokesman had uttered, whom the queen most gently thanked, for their loving goodwill.

Many other pageants were displayed at all the old stations in Cornhill and Chepe, with which our readers are tolerably familiar in preceding biographies. These must we pass by unheeded; so did not queen Elizabeth, who had some pertinent speech, or least some appropriate gesture, ready for each. Thus, when she encountered the governors and boys of Christ Church Hospital, all the time she was listening to a speech from one of the scholars, she sat with her eyes and hands cast up to Heaven, to the great edification of all beholders.[1]

Her reception of the grand allegory of Time and

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1776.

Truth, at the Little Conduit in Cheapside, was more natural and pleasing. She asked "Who an old man was who sat with his scythe and hour-glass?" She was told "Time." "Time!" she repeated, "and time has brought me here!"

In this pageant, she spied that Truth held a Bible in English, ready for presentation to her, and she bade sir John Perrot (the knight nearest to her, who held up her canopy) to step forward and receive it for her; but she was informed, that was not the regular manner of presentation, for it was to be let down into her chariot, by a silken string. She therefore told sir John Perrot to stay; and at the proper crisis, in some verses recited by Truth, the book descended, "and the queen received it in both her hands, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and thanked the city for this present, esteemed above all others. She promised to read it diligently, to the great comfort of the by-standers."

Throughout the whole of Cheapside, from every penthouse and window hung banners and streamers, and the richest carpets, stuffs, and cloth of gold tapestried the streets, specimens of the great wealth of the stores within, for Cheapside was the principal location of the mercers and silk-dealers in London. At the upper end of this splendid thoroughfare were collected the city authorities, in their gala dresses, headed by their recorder, master Ranulph Cholmely, who, in the name of the lord mayor and the city of London, begged her majesty's acceptance of a purse of crimson satin, containing a thousand marks in gold, and withal, beseeched her to continue good and gracious lady and queen to them.

The queen's majesty took the purse, "with both her hands," and readily answered,

"I thank my lord mayor, his brethren, and ye all. And whereas, master recorder, your request is, that I may continue your good lady and queen, be ye assured, that I will be as good unto ye as ever queen was to a people."

After pausing to behold a pageant of Deborah, who governed Israel in peace for forty years, she reached the Temple Bar, where Gog and Magog, and a concert of

sweet-voiced children, were ready to bid her farewell, in the name of the whole city. The last verse of the song of farewell gave a hint of the expected establishment of the Reformation:

> "Farewell, O worthy queen, and as our hope is sure,
> That into error's place thou wilt now truth restore,
> So trust we that thou wilt our sovereign queen endure,
> And loving lady stand from henceforth evermore."

Allusions to the establishment of truth and the extirpation of error, had been repeated in the previous parts of this song, and whenever they occurred Elizabeth held up her hands and eyes to heaven, and at the conclusion expressed her wish that all the people should respond, Amen!

As she passed through Temple Bar, she said, as a farewell to the populace—"Be ye well assured I will stand your good queen."

The acclamations of the people in reply exceeded the thundering of the ordnance, at that moment shot off from the Tower.

Thus ended this celebrated procession, which certainly gave the tone to Elizabeth's public demeanour, throughout the remainder of her life.

The queen's perplexity regarding the prelate, who was to crown her, must have continued till the last moment, because, had Dr. Oglethorpe, the bishop of Carlisle, been earlier prevailed on, to perform this ceremony, it is certain proper vestments could have been prepared for him, instead of borrowing them from Bonner, which was actually done on the spur of the moment. Dr. Oglethorpe was the officiating bishop at the royal chapel; he might therefore consider that he owed more obedience to the sovereign's command than the rest of the catholic prelates. The compromise appears to have been, that if Elizabeth took the ancient oath administered to her catholic predecessors, he would set the crown on her head. That she took such oath is universally agreed by historians.

She passed the night preceding her coronation at Whitehall, and early in the morning came in her barge, in procession by water, to the old palace at Westmin-

ster. She assumed the same robes in which she afterwards opened parliament—a mantle of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, with a cordon of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels of the same; a train and surcoat of the same velvet, the train and skirt furred with ermine; a cap of maintenance, striped with passaments of gold lace, and a tassel of gold to the same. This was by no means in accordance with the jewelled circlets usually worn by queens of England, whether consort or regnant, preparatory to their coronation. There is every reason to believe, from the utter exhaustion of the treasury, that the coronation of Elizabeth was in many instances abbreviated of its usual splendour. But one very scarce and imperfect detail exists of it;[1] for it could not have given pleasure to any party—the protestants must have been ashamed of the oath she took, and the catholics enraged at her breaking it. Her procession from Westminster Hall was met by the one bishop, Oglethorpe. He wore his mitre and the borrowed vestments of Bonner. Three crosses were borne before him, and he walked at the head of the singers of the queen's chapel, who sang as they went, *Salve festa dies*. The path for the queen's procession was railed in and spread with blue cloth. The queen was conducted, with the usual ceremonies, to a chair of state at the high altar. She was then led by two noblemen to the platform for recognition, and presented by bishop Oglethorpe as queen, trumpets blowing between every proclamation. When she presented herself before the high altar, she knelt before Oglethorpe, and kissed the cover (*veil*) of the paten and chalice, and made an offering in money. She returned to her chair while bishop Oglethorpe preached the sermon and "bade the beads," a service somewhat similar to our Litany, and the queen, kneeling, said the Lord's Prayer. Then, being reseated, the bishop administered the coronation oath. The precise words of it are omitted, but it has been asserted that it was the same exacted from James I. and the Stuart

[1] The original MS. is in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford. Mr. Nicholls has printed it verbatim in his Progresses of Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 30. And Mr. Planché has made a pleasant narrative from it, in his Regal Records.

kings of England, who were required to take a similar oath—viz., to keep the church in the same state as did king Edward the Confessor.[1] Some important points of difference certainly existed between the discipline of the Anglo-Saxon church of the eleventh century and the Roman-catholic of the sixteenth century; what they were it is the place of theologians to discuss. But it is our duty to our subject to suggest, as her defence from the horrid appearance of wilful perjury, that it is possible she meant at that time to model the reformed church she projected, and for which she challenged the appellation of catholic as near as possible to the Anglo-Saxon church.

When bishop Oglethorpe was kneeling before the altar, the queen gave a little book to a lord to deliver to him; the bishop refused to receive it, and read in other books; but immediately afterwards the bishop took the queen's book, "and read it before her grace." It is supposed, that the queen sent, with her little book, a request that Oglethorpe would read the gospel and epistle in English, which was done, and it constituted the sole difference between the former catholic coronations and that of Elizabeth. Then the bishop sang[2] * * * * * the mass from a missal, which had been carried in procession before the queen. A carpet was spread before the high altar, and cushions of gold cloth placed upon it, and then secretary Cecil delivered a book to the bishop, *another bishop*[3] standing at the left of the altar.

The queen now approached the altar, and leaned upon cushions, while her attendants spread a silken cloth over her, and the bishop anointed her.[4] It seems she was displeased at this part of the ceremony, for when it was finished, and she retired behind her traverse, to change

[1] Taylor's Glories of Regality, where the coronation oaths of the English sovereigns are printed from authentic documents.

[2] Here is an hiatus in the MS.

[3] Here is a discrepancy with historical documents, which deny that any of the catholic bishops (and there were no other in the kingdom) would assist in the ceremony.

[4] Change of apparel was noted before, but it could only have been putting on the coif and the preparation for anointing.

her dress, she observed to her maids, "that the oil was grease and smelled ill."[1]

When she re-appeared before the public in the Abbey, she wore a train and mantle of cloth of gold furred with ermine. Then a sword with a girdle was put upon her, the belt going over one shoulder and under the other, two *garters* were put on her arms—these were the armilla, or armlets, and were not connected with the order of the Garter. Then the bishop put the crown upon her head, and delivered the sceptre into her hand. She was then crowned with another crown,—probably the crown of Ireland—the trumpets again sounding. The queen then offered the sword, laying it on the altar, and knelt with the sceptre and cross in her hand, while the bishop read from a book.

The queen then returned to her chair of state, the bishop put his hands into the queen's hands, and repeated certain words. This was the homage, the whole account being evidently given by an eye witness, not previously acquainted with the ceremony. He asserts that the lords did homage to the queen, kneeling and kissing her. He adds, "then the rest of the bishops did homage," but this must be a mistake, because they would have preceded the nobles.

Then the bishop began the mass, the epistle being read, first in Latin and then in English, the gospel the same—the book being sent to the queen, who kissed the gospel. She then went to the altar to make her second offering, three unsheathed swords being borne before her, and one in the scabbard. The queen kneeling, put money in the basin, and kissed the chalice; and then and there, certain words were read to her grace. She retired to her seat again during the consecration and kissed the pax.[2] She likewise received the eucharist, but did not receive from the cup.[3] When

[1] Bishop Goodman, Court of James I.

[2] The pax is a piece of board having the image of Christ upon the cross on it, which the people, before the Reformation, used to kiss after the service was ended, that ceremony being considered as the kiss of peace. The word has been often confounded with *pix*.—(*Johnson's Dictionary.*)

[3] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii. p. 256.

mass was done, she retired behind the high altar, and as usual, offered her crown, robes, and regalia, in St. Edward's chapel, coming forth again with the state crown on her head, and robed in violet velvet and ermine, and so proceeded to the banquet in Westminster hall.

The champion of England, Sir Edward Dymock, performed his official duty, by riding into the hall, in fair, complete armour, upon a beautiful courser richly trapped with gold cloth. He cast down his gauntlet in the midst of the hall, as the queen sat at dinner, with offer to fight him, in the queen's rightful quarrel, who should deny her to be the lawful queen of this realm.

The proclamation of the heralds on this occasion is an historical and literary curiosity. The right, the champion offered to defend, was, according to the proclamation of Mr. Garter King-at-arms, that "of the most high and mighty princess, our dread sovereign, lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, Ireland, *Defender of the true, ancient, and catholic faith, most worthy empress from the Orcade Isles to the Mountains Pyrenée.* A largess, a largess, a largess."[1]

Thus, the title of supreme head of the church, was *not* then publicly challenged by Elizabeth,[2] yet it might appear implied, in the addition to her regal style, so strangely brought in, after the phrase, "Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith"—as if *she* were empress of the faith of those, who renounced the papal domination, from the north of Scotland to the reformers in the south of France. For what but to mystify the listening ear, with some such idea, could such a phrase be in-

[1] This curious addition to the scanty records of Elizabeth's coronation, is owing to the research of Mr. Planché. See his Regal Records, p. 47, where it is printed from Harl. MS., No. 1386.

[2] Bishop Jewel, in a private letter to Bullinger, dated 1559, observes that "Queen Elizabeth had refused to be styled Head of the church, as it was a title that could not be justly given to any mortal." Perhaps this herald's proclamation gave rise to this notion of Jewel, who arrived in London, from banishment at Geneva, the very day of Elizabeth's coronation. Some tortuous expression of this queen must have deceived Jewel into his idea; her proceedings in the private recesses of her council told a different tale, but there was much feeling of the public pulse, before she openly took the title. But this is one of the dark passages in history. See much discussion on this subject in the Zurich letters.

...HAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

terpolated in such a ceremony? For if she meant to challenge the old claim of Bretwalda over Scotland, why was it not added to her temporal titles? besides, by claiming the whole kingdom of France, in the preceding sentence, she had previously asserted her empire over that country to the Pyrenees.

Labour dire and weary woe is the struggle for those to appear consistent, who are wilfully acting a double part; it is withal useless. Elizabeth, far-famed as she was for courage, personal and mental—and both have, perhaps, been over-rated—had not at this juncture the moral intrepidity to assert, what she had already assumed and acted on in private.

One of the earliest regnal acts of Elizabeth, was to send friendly and confidential assurances to the kings of Denmark and Sweden, and all the protestant princes of Germany, of her attachment to the reformed faith and her wish to cement a bond of union between all its professors.[1] At the same time, with a view of keeping fair with the catholic powers of Europe, and obtaining a recognition, that would ensure the obedience of her own subjects of that persuasion, she directed Carne, her late sister's resident minister at the court of Rome, to announce her accession to Pope Paul IV., and to assure him, that it was not her intention to offer violence to the consciences of any denomination of her subjects, on the score of religion.[2]

The aged pontiff, incensed at the "new doctrine of liberty of conscience" implied in this declaration, and regarding with hostile feelings the offspring of a marriage, which had involved the overthrow of the papal power in England, replied "that he was unable to comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in wedlock, that the queen of Scots claimed the crown, as the nearest legitimate descendant of Henry VII., but that if Elizabeth were willing to submit the controversy to his arbitration, every indulgence should be shewn to her which justice would permit."[3] Elizabeth immediately recalled her minister.

[1] Camden. [2] Fra. Paolo. Lingard. Pallavicino.
[3] Paolo Sarpis's Hist. Council of Trent. Pallavicino. Lingard. Sir James Macintosh. My learned and deeply lamented friend, the late Mr.

The pope forbade his return, under peril of excommunication; and Carne, though he talked largely of his loyalty to his royal mistress, remained at Rome till his death. The bull issued by this haughty pontiff, on the 12th of January, 1558-9, declaring heretical sovereigns incapable of reigning, though Elizabeth's name was not mentioned therein, was supposed to be peculiarly aimed at her; yet it did not deprive her of the allegiance of her catholic peers, all of whom paid their liege homage to her, as their undoubted sovereign, at her coronation.

The new sovereign received the flattering submissions of her late persecutors, with a graciousness of demeanour, which proved that the queen had the magnanimity to forgive the injuries, and even the insults, that had been offered to the princess Elizabeth.

One solitary instance is recorded, in which she used an uncourteous expression to a person, who had formerly treated her with disrespect, and now sought her pardon. A member of the late queen's household, conscious that he had offered many petty affronts to Elizabeth, when she was under the cloud of her sister's displeasure, came in a great fright to throw himself at her feet, on her first triumphant assumption of the regal office, and, in the most abject language, besought her not to punish him for his impertinences to her when princess. "Fear not," replied the queen; "we are of the nature of the lion, and cannot descend to the destruction of mice and such small beasts!"

Howard of Corby, has, in his Supplement to the 13th Appendix of the Howard Memorials, thrown great doubts on the accuracy of this statement, because it has not been mentioned by contemporary historians; neither (which is more important) are there the slightest traces of it in Sir Edward Carne's letters to Elizabeth, at that period, or any other document in the State Paper Office. That such a communication should, however, have been made by Elizabeth, agrees with the temporizing policy of herself and cabinet, and the reply is equally characteristic of the proud Caraffa pontiff, as the head of a church which could not, consistently with its immutable principles, admit the validity of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne Boleyn. I am therefore disposed to adopt the generally-received opinion, on the authority of the historian of the council of Trent, which has been followed by two acute historians of our own times—Dr. Lingard and sir James Macintosh, who are frequently opposed on other points.

To Sir Henry Bedingfeld she archly observed, when he came to pay his duty to her at her first court—"Whenever I have a prisoner who requires to be safely and straitly kept, I shall send him to you." She was wont to tease him by calling him her jailor, when in her mirthful mood, but always treated him as a friend, and honoured him, subsequently, with a visit at his stately mansion, Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

Elizabeth strengthened her interest in the upper house, by adding and restoring five protestant statesmen to the peerage. Henry Carey, her mother's nephew, she created lord Hunsdon; the lord Thomas Howard, brother to the duke of Norfolk, she made viscount Bindon; Oliver St. John, also a connexion of the Boleyn's, baron of Bletsoe. She restored the brother of Katharine Parr, William, marquis of Northampton, to the honours he had forfeited in the late reign, by espousing the cause of lady Jane Gray; and also, the son of the late protector, Somerset, Edward Seymour, to the title of earl of Hertford.

The morning after her coronation, she went to her chapel, it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a sovereign—perhaps there was some forgotten religious ceremony connected with this act of grace. In her great chamber one of her courtiers presented her with a petition, and before the whole court, in a loud voice implored "that four or five more prisoners might be released!" On inquiry, he declared them to be "the four evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were, in prison, so that they could not converse with the common people."

Elizabeth answered very gravely—"It is best first to inquire of them, whether they approve of being released or not."[1]

The inquiry was soon after made in the convocation appointed by parliament, the result of which was, that the apostles *did* approve of their translation. A translation of the Scriptures was immediately published by

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

authority, which, after several revisions, became, in the succeeding reign, the basis of our present version.

The religious revolution, effected by Elizabeth was very gently and gradually brought to pass. "The queen," writes Jewel to Peter Martyr, "though she openly favours our cause, is wonderfully afraid of allowing any innovations. This is owing partly to her own friends, by whose advice everything is carried on, and partly to the influence of count Feria, a Spaniard, and Philip's ambassador. She is, however, prudently, piously, and firmly following up her purpose, though somewhat more slowly than we could wish."[1] * * * "The queen," continues Jewel, "regards you most highly; she made so much of your letter, that she read it over a second and third time, with the greatest eagerness. I doubt not but that your book, when it arrives, will be even more acceptable."[2]

Her charge to her judges, given about the same time, is noble in the simplicity of its language. It may be noticed, that when Elizabeth used perspicuous phraseology, in speaking or writing, she was usually sincere.

"Have a care over my people. You have my people—do you that, which I ought to do. They are *my* people. Every man oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They cannot revenge their quarrel, nor help themselves. See unto them—see unto them, for they are my charge. I charge you, even as God hath charged me. I care not for myself; my life is not dear to me. My care is for my people. I pray God, whoever succeedeth me, be as careful as I am. They who know what cares I bear, would not think I took any great joy in wearing a crown."

"These ears," added Dr. Jewel, "heard her majesty speak these words."[3]

The queen rode, in her parliamentary robes, on the 25th of January, with all her peers, *spiritual* and tem-

[1] Zurich Letters. [2] Ibid.

[3] Strype's Annals, vol. i. part 2, p. 308. Jewel, a learned protestant divine, had been in exile, and returned, on the death of Mary, to the convocation held for settling the church of England, of which Elizabeth soon after made him a bishop.

poral, in their robes, to Westminster Abbey, where she attended a somewhat incongruous religious service. High mass was celebrated at the altar[1] before queen, lords, and commons: the sermon was preached by Dr. Cox, Edward VI.'s Calvinistic schoolmaster, who had returned from Geneva for the purpose. The queen's supremacy was debated in this parliament. Dr. Heath, the lord chancellor, who took his seat with the rest of the catholic bishops, spoke against this measure. Finally, the oath of the queen's supremacy, as confirmed by parliament, being tendered to Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York, and the rest of the catholic bishops, all refused it but Landaff; they were deprived of their sees, with which the most illustrious of the protestant divines were endowed.[2]

The learned Dr. Parker, the friend of Anne Boleyn, was appointed by the queen, archbishop of Canterbury. He had been an exile for conscience' sake in the reign of queen Mary; under his auspices the church of England was established, by authority of this session of parliament, nearly in its present state; the common prayer and articles of Edward VI.'s church being restored, with some important modifications; the translation of the scriptures in English was likewise restored to the people. Before the house of commons was dissolved, sir Thomas Gargrave, their speaker, craved leave to bring up a petition to her majesty, of vital importance to the realm; it was to entreat that she would marry, that the country might have her royal issue to reign over them. Elizabeth received the address[3] presented by the speaker,

[1] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii. p. 257.

[2] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1802. Thirteen catholic bishops were the nonjurors expelled their sees. Oglethorpe of Carlisle, who died soon after broken-hearted for having crowned the queen, was among them. (Macintosh, vol. iii. p. 14.)

[3] We learn from Mr. Palgrave's Essay on the King's Council (commonly called privy council), "that the House of Commons used to sit in the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, before the well-remembered chapel of St. Stephen was desecrated for their accommodation. The stately chamber in the Chapter House is still entire—a monument of the grandeur of ecclesiastical architecture.

knights, and burgesses of the lower house, seated in state in her great gallery at Whitehall palace.

She paused a short space after listening to the request of the commons, and then made a long oration in reply; which George Ferrers, who was present, recorded as near as he could bring it away.[1] But whether the fault rests with the royal oratress or the reporter, this task was not very perspicuously achieved. In the course of her speech, she alluded very mysteriously, to her troubles in the former reign.

"From my years of understanding," she said, "knowing myself a servitor of Almighty God, I chose this kind of life, in which I do yet live, as a life most acceptable to him, wherein I thought I could best serve him. From which my choice, if ambition of high estate offered me in marriage, the displeasure of the prince, the eschewing the danger of mine enemies, or the avoiding the peril of death, (whose messenger the princess' indignation was, continually present before mine eyes,) by whose means, if I knew, or do justly suspect, I will not now utter them; or if the whole cause were my sister herself,[2] I will not now charge the dead. Could all have drawn or dissuaded me, I had not now remained in this virgin's estate wherein you see me. But so constant have I always continued in this my determination, that though my words and youth may seem hardly to agree together, yet, it is true, that to this day, I stand free from any other meaning."

Towards the conclusion of her speech, she made an observation, which, some years later, would have seemed to imply, the future advantage of the whole island being united, by the succession of the heirs of Stuart to the English throne, yet, as Mary of Scotland was then dauphiness of France, and childless, nothing of the kind could have been in the thoughts of Elizabeth.

"And albeit, it doth please Almighty God, to continue me still in the mind to live out of the state of marriage, it is not to be feared but he will so work in my heart and in your wisdoms, that as good provision may be made in convenient time, whereby the realm shall not remain destitute of an heir, that may be a fit governor, and, peradventure, more beneficial to the realm, than such offspring as may come of me. For though I be never so careful for your well doings, yet may mine issue grow out of kind and become ungracious."

[1] Grafton's Chronicle, and Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1777.

[2] It is difficult to define, whether by the three persons named in this involved sentence the *prince*, the *princess, and her sister*, Elizabeth means to designate only the late queen Mary, or to include Philip in the blame.

She then drew from her finger her coronation ring,[1] and, shewing it to the commons, told them that—

"When she received that ring, she had solemnly bound herself in marriage to the realm; and that it would be quite sufficient for the memorial of her name and for her glory, if, when she died, an inscription were engraved on a marble tomb, saying, 'Here lieth Elizabeth, *which* reigned a virgin, and died a virgin.'"

In conclusion, she dismissed the deputation with these words:—

"I take your coming to me in good part, and give to you eftsoons my hearty thanks, yet more for your good will and good meaning than for your message."

Elizabeth, when she made this declaration, was in the flower of her age, having completed her twenty-fifth year in the preceding September, and according to the description given of her, at the period of her accession to the throne, by sir Robert Naunton, she must have been possessed of no ordinary personal attractions.

"She was of person tall, of hair and complexion fair, and there withal well favoured, but high nosed; of limb and feature neat, and, which added to the lustre of these external graces, of a stately and majestic comportment, participating more of her father than of her mother, who was of an inferior allay—plausible, or, as the French have it, *debonnair* and affable—which, descending as hereditary to the daughter, did render her of a more sweet temper, and endeared her to the love of the people."

She had already refused the proffered hand of her sister's widower, Philip II. of Spain, who had pressed his suit with earnestness, amounting to importunity, animated by the desire of regaining, with another regal English bride, a counterbalance to the allied powers of France and Scotland. It has also been asserted, that the Spanish monarch had conceived a passion for Elizabeth during the life of her sister, which rendered his suit more lively; and assuredly he must have commenced his overtures before his deceased consort's obsequies were celebrated, in his eagerness to gain the start of other

[1] This was a repetition, with variation, of the same action which queen Mary had previously practised. See Renaud's Despatches.

candidates. Elizabeth always attributed his political hostility to his personal pique at her declining to become his wife.[1]

According to Camden, Philip addressed many eloquent letters to Elizabeth during his short but eager courtship, and she took infinite pleasure and pride in publishing them among her courtiers. Philip endeavoured also to overcome the scruples of his royal sister-in-law, whom, on that occasion, he certainly treated as a member of the church of Rome, by assuring her "that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a dispensation from the pope for their marriage." Elizabeth felt, however, that it would be a marriage even more objectionable than that of her father, Henry VIII., with Katharine of Arragon; and that for her to become a party in matrimony, contracted under such circumstances, would at once, by virtually invalidating her own legitimacy, declare Mary queen of Scots the rightful heiress of the late queen, her sister, in the succession to the throne of England; and Elizabeth had no inclination to risk the contingency of exchanging the regal garland of Plantagenet and Tudor, for the crown matrimonial of Spain. Yet she had a difficult and a delicate game to play, for the friendship of Spain appeared to be her only bulwark against the combined forces of France and Scotland. She had succeeded to an empty exchequer, a realm dispirited by the loss of Calais, burdened with debt, embarrassed with a base coinage, and a starving population ready to break into a civil war, under the pretext of deciding the strength of rival creeds by the sword. Moreover, her title to the throne had been already impugned, by the king of France compelling his youthful daughter-in-law, the queen of Scots, then in her sixteenth year, and entirely under his control, to assume the arms and regal style of England. "On the 16th of January, 1559, the dauphin of France and the queen of Scotland, his wife, did, by the style and title of king and queen of England and Ireland, grant to lord Fleming certain things," notes sir William Cecil in his diary. A brief

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

and quiet entry of a debt incurred in the name of an irresponsible child, which was hereafter to be paid with heavy interest in tears and blood, by that ill-fated princess, whose name had, in the brief season of her morning splendour, filled the hearts of Elizabeth and her council with alarm.

If Elizabeth had shared the feminine propensity of leaning on others for succour, in the time of danger, she would probably have accepted inglorious protection, with the nuptial ring of Philip, but she partook not of the nature of the ivy, but the oak, being formed and fitted to stand alone, and she met the crisis bravely. She was new to the cares of empire, but the study of history had given her experience and knowledge in the regnal science, beyond what can be acquired, during years of personal attempts at governing, by monarchs, who have wasted their youthful energies in the pursuit of pleasure or mere finger-end accomplishments. The chart by which she steered was marked with the rocks, the quicksands, and the shoals on which the barks of other princes had been wrecked; and she knew that, of all the false beacons, that had allured the feeble minded to disgrace and ruin, the expedient of calling in foreign aid, in seasons of national distress, was the most fatal. She knew the English character, and she had seen the evils and discontents, that had sprung from her sister's Spanish marriage, and in her own case, these would have been aggravated by the invalidation of her title to the throne. She therefore firmly, but courteously, declined the proposal, under the plea of scruples of conscience, which were to her insuperable. This refusal preceded her coronation, for the Spanish ambassador, count Feria, in consequence of the slight which he conceived had been put upon his master, by the maiden monarch declining the third reversion of his hand, feigned sickness as an excuse for not assisting at that ceremonial.

The next month, Philip pledged himself to the beautiful Elizabeth of France, a perilous alliance for Elizabeth of England; it rendered Philip of Spain and the

husband of Mary queen of Scots, the formidable rival of her title, brothers-in-law.

Elizabeth's first care was to procure an act, for the recognition and declaring of her own title, from her parliament, which was unanimously passed, and without any allusion to her mother's marriage, or the stigma, that had previously been put on her own birth. The statute declares her to be "rightly, lineally, and lawfully descended from the blood royal," and pronounces "all sentences and acts of parliament derogatory to this declaration to be void." The latter clause is tantamount to a repeal of all those dishonouring statutes, which had passed in the reign of Henry VIII. against her mother and herself; and, in addition, an act was passed, which, without reversing the attainder of Anne Boleyn, rendered Elizabeth inheritable to her mother, and to all her maternal ancestors.[1] This was a prudential care for securing, malgré all the chances and changes that might befal the crown, a share in the wealth of the citizen-family of Boleyn, implying, at the same time, that she was the lawful representative of the elder co-heiress of that house, and, of course, born in lawful wedlock; but in a nobler spirit would it have been, to have used the same influence, for the vindication of her mother's honour, by causing the statutes which infamed her to be swept from the records. The want of moral courage on the part of Elizabeth, in leaving this duty unperformed, was injurious to her own royal dignity, and has been always regarded as a tacit admission of Anne Boleyn's guilt. Many writers have argued that it was a point of wisdom in Elizabeth, not to hazard calling attention to the validity of her father's marriage with Anne Boleyn, or the charges against that unfortunate queen; but inasmuch as it was impossible to prevent those subjects from continuing, as they always had been, points of acrimonious discussion, her cautious evasions of questions so closely touching her own honour gave rise to the very evils she was anxious to avoid; and we find that a gentleman named Labourne was executed at Preston, who died

[1] Journals of Parliament.

saying, "Elizabeth was no queen of England, but only Elizabeth Bullen, and that Mary of Scotland was rightful sovereign."[1]

Notwithstanding the danger of her position, from the probable coalition of the powers of Catholic Europe against her, Elizabeth stood undaunted, and, though aware of the difficulty of maintaining a war, with such resources as she possessed, she assumed as high a tone, for the honour of England, as the mightiest of her predecessors, during the conferences at Chateau Cambresis, for the arrangement of a general treaty of pacification, and, declining the offered mediation of Philip II., she chose to treat alone. She demanded the restoration of Calais, as the prominent article, and that in so bold and persevering a manner, that it was guaranteed to her, at the expiration of eight years, by the king of France, under a penalty of 500,000 crowns.[2] With a view to the satisfaction of her subjects, she caused lord Wentworth, the last lord deputy of Calais, and others of the late commanders there, to be arraigned, for the loss of a place more dear, than profitable to England, and also to shew how firmly the reins of empire could be grasped, in the hand of a maiden monarch. Wentworth was acquitted by his peers, the others were found guilty and condemned, but the sentence was never carried into execution.

During the whole of Lent, the queen had kept the fast, heard sermons regularly, and apparelled herself in black; but the happy restoration of peace caused the Easter festival to be observed with unusual rejoicings. On St. George's day, the queen went about the hall, and all the knights of the garter, singing in procession. The same day, in the afternoon, were four knights elected—viz., the duke of Norfolk, the marquis of Northampton, the earl of Rutland, and the lord Robert Dudley, master of the queen's horse. The following lines, from a contemporary poet, may not be displeasing to the reader:—

> "I saw a virgin queen, attired in white,
> Leading with her a sort of goodly knights,

[1] Letter in Strype's Annals, printed by Barker, queen's printer.
[2] Camden. Hayward.

With garters and with collars of St. George;
Elizabeth, on a compartiment
Of bice, in gold, was writ,[1] and hung askew
Upon her head, under a royal crown.
She was the sovereign of the knights she led.
Her face methought I knew, as if the same,
The same great empress that we now enjoy,
Had climbed the clouds, and been in person there,
To whom the earth, the sea, and elements
Auspicious are."[2]

When Elizabeth came to the throne, she found herself in a novel position as regarded the order of the garter, for her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, had, in consequence of his marriage with her late sister, queen Mary, been constituted, by the authority of parliament, joint sovereign of the order with his royal consort. Elizabeth having no wish to hold any dignity in partnership with him, yet desiring to do all things with proper courtesy, caused his banner to be removed to the second stall on the prince's side, intimating that he continued a knight companion of the order, though he had, by the death of the queen his wife, lost the joint sovereignty. Philip, however, returned the garter by the hands of the queen's ambassador, lord Montague, who had been sent to negotiate a peace; but Elizabeth did not accept his resignation, and he continued a companion of the order till his death, notwithstanding the hostile character of his subsequent proceedings towards England.[3]

Elizabeth's first chapter of the order was certainly held in St. George's hall at Greenwich, for we find, that the same afternoon she went to Baynard's castle, the earl of Pembroke's place, and supped with him; and after supper she took boat, and was rowed up and down on the river Thames, hundreds of boats and barges rowing about her, and thousands of people thronging the banks of the river to look upon her majesty, rejoicing to see her, and partaking of the music and sights on the Thames.

[1] i. e., the name "Elizabeth" was written, or illuminated in bice, (a green colour,) on a gold label, or fillet.

[2] George Peele's Poem on the Honour of the Garter, printed in the year 1593. Quoted by sir Harris Nicolas, in his splendid work, the Order of the Garter.

[3] History of the Order of the Garter, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. i. pp. 184, 188, 189.

It seems there was an aquatic festival, in honour of the welcome appearance of their new and comely liege lady on the river, for the trumpets blew, drums beat, flutes played, guns were discharged, and fireworks played off, as she moved from place to place. This continued till ten o'clock at night, when the queen departed home.[1]

By thus shewing herself so freely and condescendingly to her people, she made herself dear and acceptable unto them. Well, indeed, had nature qualified Elizabeth to play her part, with *eclat*, in the imposing drama of royalty, by the endowments of wit, eloquence, penetration, and self-possession, joined to the advantages of commanding features and a majestic presence. She had, from childhood upwards, studied the art of courting popularity, and perfectly understood how to please the great body of the people. The honest-hearted mechanical classes, won by the frank manner, in which she dispensed the cheap, but dearly-prized favours of gracious words and smiles, regarded her with feelings approaching to idolatry; and as for the younger nobles and gentlemen of England, who attended her court, they were, almost to a man, eager for the opportunity of risking their lives in her service; and she knew how to improve the love and loyalty of all ranks of her subjects, to the advancement of her power and the defence of her realm.

The pecuniary aids granted by her first parliament to queen Elizabeth, though only proportioned to the extreme necessity of the crown, at that period, were enormous, for, besides the tenths, first fruits, and impropriations of church property, which had been declined by Mary, and the grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they voted a subsidy of two and eightpence in the pound on all movable goods, and four shillings on land, to be paid in two several payments.[2] How such a property tax was ever gathered, after a year of famine and pestilence, must indeed appear a marvel to those, who witness the irritation and inconvenience caused to the needy portion of the middle classes, by the infliction of a comparatively trivial impost at present. It is always easy to convince

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] By statute 1st Eliz. cap. 21.

the wealthy, of the expediency of sacrificing a part to save the whole; therefore, Elizabeth and her acute premier, Cecil, laid a heavier burden on the lords of the soil, and those, who derived their living from ecclesiastical property, than on those, whose possessions were limited to personals, which, at that time were chiefly the mercantile and mechanical classes.

The destitution of the crown having been thus relieved, a series of pageants and festivities were wisely ordained by the queen, as a sure means of diverting the attention of the good people of London and its neighbourhood, from past troubles and present changes. Stowe gives a quaint account of her majesty coming, in great state, to St. Mary's, Spital, to hear a sermon delivered from the cross, on which occasion she was attended, by one thousand men in harness, with shirts of mail, pikes, and field-pieces, with drums and trumpets sounding. The procession was closed by morris-dancers and two white bears in a cart. These luckless animals were, of course, to furnish a cruel pageant for the recreation of the queen and her loving citizens, after the sermon was ended.

In a letter of the 14th of April, that eminent reformer, Jewel, laments, that the queen continued the celebration of mass in her private chapel. It was not till the 12th of May, that the service was changed, and the use of Latin discontinued. "The queen," observes Jewel, "declines being styled the head of the church, at which I certainly am not much displeased." Elizabeth assumed the title of governess of the church, but she finally asserted her supremacy, in a scarcely less authoritative manner than her father had done, and many Catholics were put to death for denying it.

Touching the suitors for Elizabeth's hand, Jewel tells his Zurich correspondent "that nothing is yet talked about the queen's marriage, yet there are now courting her the king of Sweden, the Saxon (son of John Frederic, duke of Saxony), and Charles, the son of the emperor Ferdinand, to say nothing of the Englishman, sir William Pickering. I know, however, what I should prefer; but matters of this kind, as you are aware, are rather

mysterious, and we have a common proverb, that marriages are made in heaven." In another letter, dated May 22, 1559, he says, "that public opinion inclines towards sir William Pickering, a wise and religious man, and highly gifted as to personal qualities."

Jewel is the first person, who mentions Pickering among the aspirants for the hand of queen Elizabeth. He had been employed on diplomatic missions to Germany and France, with some credit to himself, and the queen bestowed so many marks of attention upon him, that the Spanish ambassador, as well as our good bishop and others, fancied that he had as fair a chance of success, as the sons of reigning princes. He is also mentioned by Camden "as a gentleman of moderate fortune, but comely person." It is possible that Pickering had performed some secret service for Elizabeth, in the season of her distress, which entitled him to the delusive honour of her smiles, as there is undoubtedly some mystery in the circumstance of a man, scarcely of equestrian rank, encouraging hopes so much above his condition. Be this as it may, he quickly vanished from the scene, and was forgotten.

On the 23rd of May, a splendid embassy from France, headed by the duke de Montmorenci, arrived, for the purpose of receiving the queen's ratification of the treaty of Cambresis. They landed at the Tower wharf, and were conducted to the bishop of London's palace, where they were lodged. On the following day, they were brought in great state by a deputation of the principal nobles of the court, through Fleet-street, to a supper-banquet with the queen, at her palace at Westminster, where they were entertained with sumptuous cheer and music till after midnight. On the following day they came gorgeously apparelled to dine with her majesty, and were recreated afterwards, with the baiting of bears and bulls. The queen's grace herself and the ambassadors stood in the gallery, looking on the pastime, till six in the evening. On the 26th, another bull and bear baiting was provided, for the amusement of the noble envoys at Paris garden, and on the 28th, when they de-

parted, they were presented with many mastiffs, for the nobler purpose of hunting their wolves.[1]

On the 11th of June, at eight o'clock at night, the queen and her court embarked in their barges at Whitehall, and took their pleasure on the river, by rowing along the bank, and crossing over to the other side, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, and so to Whitehall again. The Londoners were so lovingly disposed to their maiden sovereign, that when she withdrew to her summer bowers at Greenwich, they were fain to devise all sorts of gallant shows, to furnish excuses for following her there, to enjoy, from time to time, the sunshine of her presence. They prepared a sort of civic tournament in honour of her majesty, July 2nd, each company supplying a certain number of men at arms, 1400 in all, all clad in velvet and chains of gold, with guns, morris pikes, halberds, and flags, and so marched they over London Bridge, into the duke of Suffolk's park at Southwark, where they mustered before the lord mayor; and in order to initiate themselves into the hardships of a campaign, they lay abroad in St. George's Fields all that night. The next morning they set forward in goodly array, and entered Greenwich Park at an early hour, where they reposed themselves till eight o'clock, and then marched down into the lawn, and mustered in their arms, all the gunners being in shirts of mail. It was not, however, till eventide that her majesty deigned to make herself visible to the doughty bands of Cockaine—chivalry they cannot properly be called, for they had discreetly avoided exposing civic horsemanship to the mockery of the gallant equestrians of the court, and trusted no other legs than their own, with the weight of their valour and warlike accoutrements, in addition to their velvet gaberdines and chains of gold, in which this midsummer bevy had bivouacked in St. George's Fields on the preceding night. At five o'clock, the queen came into the gallery of Greenwich park gate, with the ambassadors, lords, and ladies—a fair and numerous company. Then the lord marquis of North-

[1] Strype and Nichols.

ampton (queen Katharine Parr's brother whom, like Edward VI., Elizabeth ever treated as an uncle,) her great uncle, lord William Howard, lord admiral of England, and the lord Robert Dudley, her master of the horse, undertook to review the city muster, and to set their two battles in array, to skirmish before the queen, with flourish of trumpets, alarum of drums, and melody of flutes, to encourage the counter champions to the fray. Three onsets were given, the guns discharged on one another, the Moorish pikes encountered together with great alarm, each ran to his weapon again, and then they fell together as fast as they could, in imitation of close fight, while the queen and her ladies looked on. After all this, Mr. Chamberlain, and divers of the commoners of the city, and the wifflers, came before her grace, who thanked them heartily, and all the city; whereupon was given the greatest shout ever heard, with hurling up of caps, and the queen shewed herself very merry. After this was a *running* at tilt; and, lastly, all departed home to London.

As numerous, if not as valiantly disposed a company, poured down from the metropolis to Woolwich on the morrow; for on that day, July 3rd, the queen went in state to witness the launch of a fine new ship of war, which, in honour of her, was called "The Elizabeth."

The gallantry of the city muster inspired the gentlemen of the court with loyal emulation, and they determined to tilt on foot, with spears before the queen, also, in Greenwich Park. The challengers were three, the earl of Ormond, sir John Perrot, and Mr. North, and there were defendants of equal prowess with lances and swords. The whole of the queen's band of pensioners were, however, to run with spears, and preparations were made for a royal and military fête champêtre, such as might be imitated, with admirable effect, in Windsor park even now. It was both the policy and pleasure of the last of the Tudor sovereigns, to keep her loving metropolis in good humour, by allowing the people to participate, as far at least as looking on went, in her princely recreations. Half the popularity of Elizabeth proceeded from

the care she took, that the holidays of her subjects should be merry days. "If ever any person had either, the gift or the style to win the hearts of people," says Hayward, "it was this queen." But to return to her July evening pageant, in the green glades of Greenwich park. A goodly banqueting house was built up for her grace with fir poles, and decked with birch branches and all manner of flowers, both of the field and garden, as roses, July flowers, lavender, marygolds, and all manner of strewing herbs and rushes. There were also tents set up for providing refreshments, and a space made for the tilting. About five in the afternoon came the queen, with the ambassadors and the lords and ladies of her train, and stood over the park gate, to see the exercise of arms, and afterwards the combatants chasing one another. Then the queen took her horse, and, accompanied by three ambassadors and her retinue, rode to the sylvan pavilion, where a costly banquet was provided for her. This was succeeded by a mask, and the entertainment closed, with fireworks and firing of guns, about midnight.[1]

But while Elizabeth appeared to enter into these gay scenes of festive pageantry, with all the zest of a young, sprightly, and handsome woman, who, emerging suddenly from restraint, retirement, and neglect, finds herself the delight of every eye and the idol of all hearts, her mind was intent on matters of high import, and she knew that the flowers, with which her path was strewn, concealed many a dangerous quicksand from those who looked not below the surface. Within one little month of the solemn ratification of the treaty of Chateau Cambresis, by the plenipotentiaries of France in her court, her right to the crown she wore had been boldly impugned by Henry II.'s principal minister of state, the constable de Montmorenci, who, when the duke de Nemours, a prince nearly allied to the throne of France, informed him of his intention of seeking the queen of England in marriage, exclaimed—"Do you not know that the queen-*dolphin* has right and title to England?"[2] A public

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. i.
[2] Forbes' State Papers, vol. i. p. 136.

demonstration of this claim was made, at the jousts in honour of the espousals of the French king's sister, with the duke of Savoy, Elizabeth's oft-rejected suitor, when the Scotch heralds displayed the escutcheon of their royal mistress, the queen of Scots quartered, with those of France and England, which was afterwards protested against by the English ambassador Throckmorton.[1]

It was retorted that Elizabeth had assumed the title of queen of France at her coronation—a pretension too absurd, as the operation of the Salic law had always incapacitated females, from inheriting the sceptre of that realm, even when born (as in the case of the daughter of Louis Hutin) sole issue of a reigning monarch, representing the ancient royal line of France. Calais, the last relic of the conquests of Edward III. and Henry V., was now in the hands of the French government; and although Henry II. had virtually acknowledged the right of Elizabeth to that town, by binding himself to restore it at the end of eight years, and a chimerical proposition had also been made to settle all disputes for its possession, by both claimants ceding it, as a marriage portion, to an imaginary first-born son of Elizabeth, and daughter of Mary Stuart, by Francis of Valois, or otherwise, to the son of Mary and daughter of Elizabeth, it was mere temporizing diplomacy. The mighty plan of uniting the Gallic and Britannic empires, beneath the sceptres of Francis of Valois and Mary of Scotland, had never ceased to occupy the attention of Henry II., from the death of Edward VI. till his own course was suddenly cut short, by the accidental wound he received, from a splinter of his opponent's lance,[2] while tilting in honour of his daughter's nuptials. That event produced an important change in the fortunes of England's Elizabeth. She was at once delivered from the most dangerous and insidious of her foes, and the consequences of the formidable alliance between France and Spain; for although the rival claims of his consort to the throne of England,

[1] Forbes' State Papers, vol. i. p. 150.

[2] Count de Montgomeri, the captain of the Scotch guard, and afterwards a celebrated leader of the Huguenot party.

were asserted by Francis II., he was a sickly youth, inheriting neither the talents nor the judgment of his father. The nominal power of France and Scotland, both passed into the hands of Mary Stuart's uncles, the princes of Lorraine and Guise; but the rival factions, both political and religious, by which they were opposed and impeded on every side, deprived them of the means of injuring Elizabeth, who, on her part, actively employed agents, as numerous as the arms of Briarius, in sowing the seeds of discord, and nursing every root of bitterness, that sprang up in those unhappy realms. The fulminations of John Knox against female government had incited the reformed party, to resist the authority of the queen dowager, Mary of Lorraine, to whom the regent Arran, had in 1555, reluctantly resigned his office. The queen-regent after an ill-judged, fruitless struggle to crush the progress of the Reformation, summoned the earl of Arran, who had recently accepted the French dukedom of Chatelherault, to her aid, as the most powerful peer in Scotland, and the next in succession to the throne, on which, in fact he had, from the first, cast a longing regard. He was the head of the potent house of Hamilton, but his designs had been checked by the rival faction of the earl of Lenox, and subsequently by the more popular and able party of the young queen's illegitimate brother, the earl of Murray; and now, although he gave his lukewarm succour to the queen-regent in her need, he suffered himself to be deluded by the English cabinet, with the idea that the crown might be transferred, from the brows of his absentee sovereign to his own, or rather, to those of his heir the earl of Arran, to whom queen Elizabeth had been offered in her childhood, by her father Henry VIII.[1]

There is every reason to believe, that Cecil seriously meditated uniting the island crowns by a marriage between his royal mistress and young Arran, if the Hamilton party in Scotland had succeeded, in deposing queen Mary, and placing him on the throne. The young earl, who had been colonel of the Scotch guards at Paris, had,

[1] Forbes' State Papers. Lingard. Sharon Turner.

in anticipation of a more brilliant destiny, embraced the reformed religion, and, as it was supposed, at the suggestion and with the aid of Throckmorton, Elizabeth's ambassador at Paris, absconded from the French service; and after visiting Geneva, to arrange his plans with the leaders of that church, he came privately to England. The secret and confidential conference which he held with queen Elizabeth, on the 6th of August,[1] must have taken place at the ancient palace of Eltham, where she arrived on the preceding day. Arran was young and handsome, but weak-minded; at times, indeed, subject to the direful malady which clouded the mental perceptions of his father and brothers, just the subject for the royal coquette, and her wily premier, to render a ready tool in any scheme, connected with hopes of aggrandizement for himself.

As the plan and limits of this work will not admit of launching into the broad stream of general history, the events of the Scotch campaign, which commenced with Elizabeth sending an army and a fleet to aid the insurgent lords of the congregation, in defending themselves against the French forces, called in by the queen-regent, and ended by giving her a predominant power, in the councils of that distracted realm, cannot be detailed here. The MSS. in the State Paper office attest the fact, that the lord James, Mary's illegitimate brother, (afterwards so celebrated as the regent Murray,) and the principal leaders of the popular party, were the pensioners of Elizabeth. The treaty of Edinburgh was framed according to her interest, and proved, of course, unsatisfactory to the queen of Scots and her consort. "I will tell you freely," said Mary's uncle, the cardinal of Lorraine, to the English ambassador Throckmorton, "the Scots do perform no part of their duties; the king and queen have the names of their sovereigns, and your mistress hath the effect and obedience."[2]

The congregational parliament had dispatched a solemn embassy to Elizabeth, consisting of Lething-

[1] Lingard.
[2] State Paper MS. letter of Throckmorton to Elizabeth.

ton and the earls of Morton and Glencairn, to entreat her to join in marriage with the earl of Arran; the cardinal Lorraine, in allusion to the errand of these nobles, said to Throckmorton—"This great legation goeth for the marriage of your queen with the earl of Arran. What shall she have with him? I think her heart too great to marry with such a one as he is, and one of the queen's subjects."[1]

It was not in Elizabeth's nature to return an immediate or direct answer, in any matter of state policy, especially, if involving a proposal of marriage. The unexpected death of the royal husband of the queen of Scots, probably, hastened Elizabeth's decision with regard to her Scottish suitor, and she declined the offer in terms of courtesy; thanking the nobles at the same time for their goodwill, "in offering her the choicest person they had."[2] Arran immediately afterwards became, as doubtless Elizabeth was aware he would, the suitor of his own fair sovereign, the widowed Mary Stuart.

It will now be necessary to return to the chronological order of the personal history of Elizabeth, which we have a little antedated, in putting the reader in possession of the result of the earl of Arran's courtship. The queen had many wooers in the interim, both among foreign princes and her own subjects. Of these, Henry Fitzalan earl of Arundel, claims the first mention as the foremost in rank and consequence. He was the premier earl of England, and at that time there was but one peer of the ducal order, his son-in-law Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk. As the last male of the illustrious house of Fitzalan, he boasted the blood of the Plantagenets and of the ancient royal line of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and he was nearly allied in blood to the queen as a descendant of Woodville earl of Rivers; his possessions were proportioned to his high rank and proud descent. He had been materially instrumental in placing the crown on the head of the rightful heiress, queen Mary, at the time

[1] State Paper MSS., Throckmorton to Elizabeth.
[2] Tytler.

of the brief usurpation of the hapless lady Jane Gray; and, though his ardent loyalty to the late queen and his zeal for the old religion, had induced him at first to take part against Elizabeth, at the time of the Wyat rebellion; we have shewn how soon his manly heart revolted in her favour, and that she was in all probability indebted to his powerful protection, for the preservation of her life, from the malignant and lawless practices of Gardiner and his party. It is certain that he forfeited the favour of Mary, by the boldness with which he afterwards stood forth in the court, the council, and the senate, as the advocate of the captive princess, and that he was employed in embassies to foreign courts, to keep him from dangerous enterprises at home.[1] His only son, whom he had offered to contract to Elizabeth in marriage, in the time of her great adversity, was no more, and the stout earl, who had not exceeded his forty-seventh year, recalling perchance some of the artful compliments to himself, with which the royal maid had declined to enter into an engagement with his heir, hastened home from Brussels, on the death of her sister, and presented himself as a candidate for her hand. Of all the lovers of Elizabeth, his attachment was probably the most sincere, as it commenced in the season of persecution. He now, as lord-steward of the royal household, enjoyed many opportunities of preferring his suit, and, albeit the maiden majesty of England had no intention of becoming the third wife of one of her subjects, old enough to be her father, she gave him sufficient encouragement to excite the jealousy of the other courtiers, if not to afford himself reasonable hopes of success.

About the 8th of August, 1559, the queen honoured him with a visit at Nonsuch,[2] one of the royal residences

[1] State Paper Records.

[2] This sylvan palace, which was built by Henry VIII., at a great expense, for his pleasure and retirement, combined elegance, with all that magnificence could bestow. It was adorned with many statues and casts, and situated in the midst of parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellis works, cabinets of verdure, with many columns and pyramids of marble, and two fountains of great beauty. In the grove of Diana, was the fountain of the goddess turning Actæon into a stag, be-

of which he appears to have obtained a lease from queen Mary. Here, on the Sunday night, he entertained her majesty with a sumptuous banquet, and a mask accompanied with military music, till midnight. On Monday a splendid supper was provided for the royal guest, who previously, from a stand erected for her in the further park, witnessed a course. At night, the children of St. Paul's school, under the direction of their music-master, Sebastian, performed a play, which was succeeded by a costly banquet with music. The queen was served on richly gilded plate, the entertainment lasted till the unusually late hour of three in the morning, and the earl presented her majesty with a cupboard of plate, which was the first of those expensive offerings, Elizabeth habitually accustomed herself to receive, and sometimes almost extorted, from her nobles. By feeding the hopes of Arundel, Elizabeth obtained his vote and influence in the council and senate, whenever she had a point to carry, even with regard to the peaceful establishment of the reformed church.[1] The royal weapon of coquetry was also exercised, though in a playful and gracious manner, towards her former cruel foe Paulet, marquis of Winchester, the lord treasurer, by whom she was splendidly entertained, at his house at Basing, soon after her accession to the throne; at her departure, her majesty merrily bemoaned herself that he was so old, "for else, by my troth," said she, "if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find it in my heart to have him for my husband before any man in England."[2]

When the announcement of the marriage of her former suitor, Philip II., with her fair namesake of France, was made to Elizabeth, she pretended to feel mortified, and complained to the ambassador of the inconstancy of his master, "who could not," she said, "wait four short months to see if she would change her mind."[3] She always kept the portrait of this prince by her bedside, it

sides another pyramid of marble full of concealed pipes to spirt on all, who came, unawares, within their reach. It was situated near Ewel, in Surrey, and has long since been demolished.

[1] Lingard. [2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i.

[3] Records of Simança, quoted by Lingard.

has been said, as a token of regard, but the probability is, that she found it there, when she took possession of the state apartments occupied by the late queen her sister.

The person, however, who held the most conspicuous place in her majesty's favour, and through whose hands the chief preferments and patronage of her government flowed, was lord Robert Dudley, at that period a married man. He was born, in the same auspicious hour with the queen, with whom his destiny became inseparably connected from the time they were both prisoners in the Tower.[1] From the first month of her accession to the throne, Elizabeth, so remarkable for her frugal distribution of rewards and honours, showered wealth and distinctions on him. She conferred the office of master of the horse on him, in the first instance, with the fee of 100 marks per annum, and the lucrative employment of head commissioner for compounding the fines of such as were desirous of declining the order of knighthood, and he was soon after invested with the garter, and made constable of Windsor Castle and forest, and keeper of the great park during life.[2] His wife, Amy Robsart, a wealthy heiress, whom he had wedded with great pomp and publicity during the reign of Edward VI., was not allowed by him to appear among the noble matronage of Elizabeth's court lest she should mar the sunshine of his favour, by reminding his royal mistress of the existence of so inconvenient a personage. Elizabeth's undisguised partiality for the handsome Dudley, excited the jealousy of the other members of her council, and even the politic Cecil could not forbear hazarding a biting jest to Elizabeth on the subject, when he told her of the misalliance of her cousin Frances, duchess of Suffolk, with her equerry, Adrian Stokes. "What!" exclaimed her majesty, "has she married her horse-keeper?" "Yea, madam," replied the premier, "and she says you would like to do the same with yours."[3]

[1] Camden, who attributes it to a mysterious conjunction of their planets.
[2] Sidney Papers.
[3] In Mr. Wright's valuable collection of documents of the "Life and Times of Queen Elizabeth," there is a pretty letter from this lady, written,

Cecil's inuendo was undoubtedly meant to warn the queen, that her intimacy with Dudley was likely to prove injurious to her reputation, and derogatory to the dignity of the crown. Sir Thomas Chaloner, her majesty's representative at the court of Spain, had, in a private postscript to one of his despatches, addressed the following intimation to the premier on this delicate subject:—

"I assure you, sir, these folks are broad-mouthed, where I spoke of one too much in favour, as they esteem; I think ye guess, whom they named—if ye do not, I will, upon my next letter, write further. To tell you what I conceive, as I count the slander most false, so a young princess cannot be too wary, what countenance or familiar demonstration, she maketh more to one than another. I judge no man's service in the realm worth the entertainment with such a tale of obloquy or occasion of speech to such men, as of evil will are ready to find faults."[1]

Chaloner goes on to express the vexation he, as an attached servant of the queen, feels at the impediment such reports are likely to cause in her majesty's marriage, to the detriment of her whole realm, ministering matter for lewd tongues to descant upon, and breeding contempt. All this, he states, is written in strict confidence to his friend Cecil, and entreats him to keep it to himself. He then alludes to an overture of marriage which had been made to the queen by the king of Spain, in behalf of his cousin, the archduke Charles, the emperor Ferdinand's second son, a prince of noble qualities and stainless reputation. He was a catholic, and Elizabeth on that account, probably, or mistrusting the quarter whence the proposal came, had returned an evasive and unsatisfactory answer. Chaloner evidently considered, that the indifference of the queen proceeded from her predilection in favour of the person, to whom he had just alluded, and appears anxious lest the honourable alliance should be lost.[2]

during the absence of her lord, to one of his agents, touching the pasture of some of their flocks, and the sale of their wool, for which she wishes to obtain six shillings per stone, and evinces a housewifely care to make the most of everything. "The Amy Robsart," observes the talented editor, "busy about the affairs of her husband's household, is another character from the Amy Robsart of sir Walter Scott." Her tragical death at Cumnor Hall occurred in the year 1560, fifteen years before the "princelie pleasures of Kenilworth."

[1] Burleigh Papers. [2] Burleigh Papers; Haynes, 212.

"Consider," says he, "how ye deal now in the emperor's matter; much dependeth on it. Here they hang in expectation, as men desirous it should go forward, but as yet they have small hope. In mine opinion (be it said to you only) the affinity is great and honourable; the amity necessary to stop and cool many enterprises. Ye need not fear his greatness should overrule you. He is not a Philip, but better for us than a Philip."[1]

The suit of this accomplished prince was afterwards preferred in due form to Elizabeth, by count Elphinstone, the emperor's ambassador, and she protested openly, that of all the illustrious marriages that had been offered to her, there was not one greater, or that she affected more than that of the archduke Charles, and expressed a desire to see him in England. It was generally expected, that the prince would come under an assumed character, to visit the court of England, and obtain a first sight of his royal lady by stealth,[2] but this chivalric project, well worthy of the poetic age, which gave birth to Spenser, Shakspeare, and sir Philip Sidney, was never carried into effect. The differences as to their jarring creeds, as Elizabeth demanded conformity to the protestant form of worship, appeared insuperable, and for a time put an end to the negotiations, though they were subsequently renewed, as will be related in due course.

Meantime the suit of a royal candidate, of the reformed religion, for her hand, was renewed by the king of Sweden, in behalf of his heir, prince Eric. The ambassador chosen to plead his cause was John, duke of Finland, the second son of the Swedish monarch, a prince of singular talents and address, and possessed of great personal attractions. On the 27th of September, this distinguished envoy landed at Harwich; and, on the 5th of October, he was met and welcomed at Colchester, in the name of the queen, by the earl of Oxford and lord Robert Dudley, by whom he was conducted to London. At the corner of Gracechurch-street, Leadenhall, he was received by the marquis of Northampton, lord Ambrose Dudley, and a fair com-

[1] Burleigh's State Papers. [2] Lingard.

pany of ladies, as well as gentlemen, in rich array, with the escort of 100 yeomen on horseback, with trumpets sounding. He proceeded over London-bridge to the bishop of Winchester's palace,[1] which was appointed for his abode, it being the custom, in the "good old times," to quarter any foreigner of distinguished rank, and his train, on some wealthy noble or prelate, for board and entertainment.

Seven days after, the prince of Sweden came by water to the court, with his guard, and was honourably received by many noble personages at the hall door, where the guard stood, in their rich coats, in a line which extended to the presence-chamber, where the queen received him with the honours due to a royal visitor, and welcomed him with great cordiality. Whenever he went in state to court he threw handfuls of money among the populace, saying, "*he* gave silver, but his brother would give gold."[2]

"The Swede, and Charles the son of the emperor," observes bishop Jewel, "are courting at a most marvellous rate. But the Swede is most in earnest, for he promises mountains of silver in case of success. The lady, however, is probably thinking of an alliance nearer home."[3]

In November, there were great jousts at the queen's palace, the lord Robert and lord Hunsdon were the challengers, who wore scarfs of white and black, the defendants were lord Ambrose Dudley, and others, wearing scarfs of red and yellow sarsenet. On the last day of the merry year of 1559, a play was acted in the court before the queen, but we learn that the licence usually allowed on such occasions, being abused in this instance, they acted something so distasteful to her majesty, that they were commanded to break off, and were superseded by a mask and dancing.[4]

On the 1st of January, prince John of Sweden came, gorgeously apparelled, to the court, to offer the new

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Holinshed.
[3] Zurich Letters, published by the Parker Society.
[4] Citizens' Journal.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

year's greetings to her majesty. His retinue wore velvet jerkins and rich gold chains; it was an equestrian procession, and his guards carried halberts in their hands. That day, her majesty's silk-woman, mistress Montague, brought her for her new year's gift a pair of knit black silk stockings. The queen, after wearing them a few days, was so much pleased with them, that she sent for mistress Montague, and asked her, "From whence she had them? and if she could help her to any more?"

"I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty," said she, "and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand."

"Do so," replied the queen, "for indeed, I like silk stockings well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, and henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." And from that time to her death, the queen never more wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings.[1]

These knit silk stockings were imitations of some which had been previously sent from Spain, perhaps manufactured by the Moors.

It may be observed, that Elizabeth, on her accession to the throne, considering it no longer expedient to mortify her inordinate love of dress, by conforming to the self-denying costume of the more rigid order of reformers, who then began to be known by the name of Puritans, passed from one extreme to the other, and indulged in a greater excess of finery and elaborate decoration, than was ever paralleled by any other queen of England, regnant or consort. Horace Walpole, speaking of her portraits, observes, "that there is not one that can be called beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded, are marks of her continual

[1] Stowe, p. 867. The good annalist continues to explain this point of costume: "For you shall understand that king Henry VIII. did only wear cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broad taffety, or if, by great chance, there came a pair of silk stockings from Spain. King Edward VI. had a pair of Spanish silk stockings sent him as a great present." Stowe betrays here knowledge of his own profession of the needle, by which he gained his living; the intelligence, is, however, at least as interesting to the world in general, as slaughters in battle.

fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius, than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns, and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Elizabeth. It is observable that her majesty thought enormity of dress a royal prerogative, for, in 1579, an order was made in the star-chamber, 'that no person should use or wear excessive long cloaks, as of late be used, and before two years past hath not been used in this realm; no persons to wear such great ruffs about their necks, to be left off such monstrous undecent attiring.' In her father's reign, who dictated everything from religion to fashions, he made an act prohibiting the use of cloth of gold, silver, or tinsel, satin, silk, or cloth mixed with gold, any sable fur, velvet, embroidery in gowns or outermost garments, except for persons of distinction—dukes, marquises, earls, or gentlemen and knights that had 250*l.* per annum. This act was renewed 2nd of Elizabeth. No one who had less than 100*l.* per annum, was to wear satin or damask, or fur of conies; none not worth 20*l.* per annum, or 200*l.* capital, to wear any fur, save lamb, nor cloth above 10*s.* the yard."

The record of presents made by Elizabeth to the ladies of her court is scanty, especially at the early part of her reign, but in a curious MS. wardrobe book of that queen, in possession of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., appears this item:—

"Delivered the 30th of April, anno 4 regina Elizabeth, to the lady Wodehouse,—one loose gown of black velvet, embroidered overthwart, and cut between the borders with a lozenge cut, lined with sarcenet and fustian, and edged with luzarns, and one French kirtle of purple satin, raised, lined with purple taffeta belonging to the late queen Mary."

Before Elizabeth had given any decided answer touching the Swedish match, the aged king Gustavus died, and her suitor Eric succeeded to the throne of that

realm, and having become jealous of his brother, whom he suspected, not without reason perhaps, of playing the wooer on his own account, he recalled him, and sent an ambassador to renew the matrimonial negotiations in his name. The arrival of the new plenipotentiary, Nicholas Guildenstiern, caused great excitement among the Londoners, for it was reported, that he had brought two ships laden with treasure as presents for the queen.[1] Eighteen large pied horses and several chests of bullion, it seems, were actually presented to her majesty, in the name of her royal wooer, with an intimation, "that he would quickly follow in person, to lay his heart at her feet." This announcement caused a little prudish perplexity to Elizabeth and her council, about the manner in which the king of Sweden should be received on his arrival in the palace, "the queen's majesty being a maid."[2] As Eric was the handsomest man in Europe, if he had come in person, it is possible that with Elizabeth's admiration for beauty, the result might have been different, but she was not to be won by proxy courtship. As, however, it had pleased her to accept the king's presents, he was naturally regarded by the nation as her bridegroom elect. The desire of some of the speculative pictorial publishers of the day, to be the first to gratify the loyal public, with united resemblances of the illustrious couple, occasioned the following grave admonition to be addressed, by the secretary of state, to the lord mayor:—

"It may please your lordship, the queen's majesty understandeth, that certain bookbinders and stationers do utter certain papers, wherein be printed the face of her majesty and the king of Sweden, and although her highness is not miscontented, that either her own face or the said king's should be printed or *portraited*, yet to be joined in the same paper with the said king, or with any other prince, that is known to have made any request for marriage to her majesty, is not to be allowed. And therefore her majesty's pleasure is, that your lordship should send for the wardens of the stationers, or for the wardens of any other men, that have such papers to sell, and to take order with them, that all such papers be taken and packed up together, in such sort, that none be permitted to be seen in any part. For otherwise her majesty might seem touched in honour by her own subjects, that would in such papers declare an allowance to have herself

[1] Strype. Nichols. [2] Burleigh's State Papers.

joined, as it were, in marriage with the said king, where indeed her majesty hitherto cannot be induced (whereof we have cause to sorrow) to allow of marriage with any manner of person."[1]

One of these contraband engravings, if in existence, would at present be readily purchased at its weight in gold.

About the same period, that the united resemblances of Elizabeth and her comely northern suitor, were thus peremptorily suppressed, her old preceptor, Roger Ascham, whom she had continued in the post of Latin secretary, and occasionally made her councillor, on matters of greater importance than the niceties of the learned languages, informs his friend Sturmius that he had shewn her majesty a passage in one of his letters relating to the Scotch affairs, and another on the interesting subject of her marriage—Sturmius, it seems, having undertaken, through the medium of the Latin secretary, to advocate the suit of Eric, king of Sweden, to the regal spinster. "The queen read, remarked, and graciously acknowleged in both of them," writes Ascham, "your respectful observance of her. Your judgment in the affairs of Scotland, as they then stood, she highly approved, and she loves you for your solicitude respecting us and our concerns. The part respecting her marriage she read over thrice, as I well remember, and with somewhat of a gentle smile, but still preserving a modest and bashful silence. Concerning that point indeed, my dear Sturmius," pursues he, "I have nothing certain to write to you, nor does any one truly know what to judge. I told you rightly in one of my former letters, that in the whole ordinance of her life, she resembled not Phædra but Hippolyta, for by nature, and not by the counsels of others, she is thus averse and abstinent from marriage. When I know anything for certain, I will write it to you as soon as possible; in the meantime, I have no hopes to give you respecting the king of Sweden."

After this confidential passage, the preceptor-secretary launches forth into more than his wonted encomiums, on

[1] Haynes' State Papers, 368.

the learning of his royal pupil, declaring "that there were not four men in England, either in church or the state, who understood more Greek than her majesty;" and, as an instance of her proficiency in other tongues, he mentions "that he was once present at court, when she gave answers at the same time to three ambassadors,—the Imperial, the French, and the Swedish,—in Italian, French, and Latin—fluently, gracefully, and to the point."

Elizabeth, who was perfectly aware of the important influence of men of learning united with genius on the world at large, paid Sturmius the compliment of addressing to him a letter, expressing her sense of the attachment he had manifested towards herself and her country, promising withal "that her acknowledgments shall not be confined to words alone."

While Elizabeth was yet amusing herself with the addresses of the royal Swedes,—for there can be little doubt that Eric's jealousy of the brother, who finally deprived him of his crown, was well founded, with regard to his attempts to supplant him in the good graces of the English queen—the king of Denmark sent his nephew, Adolphus duke of Holstein, to try his fortune with the illustrious spinster. He was young, handsome, valiant and accomplished, and in love with the queen, but though one of the busy-bodies of the court wrote to her ambassador in Paris, "that it was whispered her majesty was very fond of him," he was rejected like the rest of her princely wooers; she, however, treated him with great distinction, made him a knight of the garter, and pensioned him for life. "The duke of Holstein has returned home," says Jewel, "after a magnificent reception by us, with splendid presents from the queen, having been elected into the order of the garter, and invested with its golden and jewelled badge. The Swede is reported to be always coming, and even now to be on his voyage, and on the eve of landing; but as far as I can judge he will not stir a foot."

Elizabeth, it appears, thought otherwise, for it is recorded by that pleasant gossip, Allen, in a letter written

from the court, that her majesty was, in the month of September, in hourly expectation of the arrival of her royal suitor, and that certain works were in hand in anticipation of his arrival at Westminster, at which the workmen laboured day and night, in order to complete the preparations for his reception. After all, Eric never came, having reasons to believe that his visit would be fruitless; and he finally consoled himself for his failure in obtaining the most splendid match in Europe, by marrying one of his own subjects.[1]

The death of the favourite's wife at this critical juncture, under peculiar suspicious circumstances, gave rise to dark and mysterious rumours, that she had been put out of the way to enable him to accept the willing hand of a royal bride. Lever, one of the popular preachers of the day, exhorted Cecil and Knollys to investigate the matter, because "of the grievous and dangerous suspicion and muttering of the death of her that was the wife of my lord Robert Dudley." Some contradictory statements as to the manner in which the mischance (as it was called) happened to the unfortunate lady were offered by the sprightly widower and the persons in whose care, or rather we should say in whose custody, the deserted wife of his youth was kept at Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, and it was declared by the authorities to whom the depositions were made, that her death was accidental. So little satisfactory was the explanation, that even the cautious Cecil expressed his opinion "that Dudley was infamed by the death of his wife."[2] Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, was so thoroughly mortified at the light in which this affair was regarded on the continent, that he wrote to Cecil, "The bruits be so *brim* and so maliciously reported here, touching the marriage of the

[1] A beauty of humble degree, called Kate the Nut-girl, with whom his majesty fell in love, from seeing her occasionally selling her nuts in the square before his palace. He found her virtue impregnable, and made her his queen. She proved a model of conjugal tenderness and faith, especially in his reverse of fortune, when supplanted in his royal office by his brother John, by whom he was finally murdered.

[2] Haynes' State Papers, 362.

lord Robert and the death of his wife, that I know not where to turn me nor what countenance to bear."[1] In England, it was generally believed that the queen was under promise of marriage to Dudley, and though all murmured, no one presumed to remonstrate with her majesty on the subject. Parry, the unprincipled confidant of the lord admiral Seymour's clandestine courtship of his royal mistress, and whom she had, on her accession to the throne, made a privy-councillor, and preferred, though a convicted defaulter, to the honourable and lucrative office of comptroller of her household, openly flattered the favourite's pretensions, who now began to be distinguished in the court by the significant title of "my lord," without any reference to his name,[2] while daily new gifts and immunities were lavished on him. Meantime the jealous rivalry of the Earl of Arundel led to open brawls in the court; and as the quarrel was warmly taken up by the servants and followers of these nobles, her majesty's name was bandied about among them in a manner degrading, not only to the honour of royalty, but to feminine delicacy. On one occasion Arthur Guntor, a retainer of the Earl of Arundel, was brought before the council, on the information of one of Dudley's servants, to answer for the evil wishes he had invoked on the favourite for standing in the way of his lord's preferment in the royal marriage, to which both aspired. Guntor made the following confession :—

"Pleaseth your honours to understand that, about three weeks since, I chanced to be hunting with divers gentlemen, when I fell in talk with a gentleman named Mr. George Cotton, who told me 'that the queen's highness being at supper, on a time, at my lord Robert's house, where it chanced her highness to be benighted homeward, and as her grace was going home by torch-light, she fell in talk with them that carried the torches, and said, 'that she would make their lord the best that ever was of his name.' Whereupon, I said, 'that her grace must make him then a duke,' and he said, 'that the report was, that her highness should marry him,' and I answered, 'I pray God all be for the best, and I pray God all men may take it well, that there might rise no trouble thereof,' and so have I said to divers others since that time."[3]

[1] Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i. p. 121.
[2] Rapin.
[3] Burleigh's State Papers.

It must be evident to every person of common sense, that Dudley's man was playing upon the credulity of the choleric servant of Arundel, or, in vulgar phraseology, hoaxing him with this tale, since it was absolutely impossible for her majesty—who on such occasions was either in her state carriage, on horseback surrounded by her own officers of the household, or, which was most probably the case, carried in a sort of open sedan, on either side of which marched the principal nobles of her court, and her band of pensioners with their axes—to have held any such colloquy with Dudley's torch-bearers, even, if she had felt disposed to make such disclosures of her royal intentions, in the public streets. In another examination, Guntor affirmed, "that Cotton said it was rumoured, that his lord (Dudley) should have the queen;" to which Guntor replied, "that, if it pleased her highness, he thought him as meet a man as any in England." Then Cotton asked him "if he had heard of any parliament towards?" Guntor said, "No; but of course every nobleman would give his opinion, and some disputes would naturally rise on the subject." Cotton asked, "Who were Dudley's friends in the matter?" Guntor replied, "the lord marquis of Northampton, earl of Pembroke, Mr. Treasurer, and many more;" adding, "I trust the White Horse (Arundel) will be in quiet, and so shall we be out of trouble; it is well known that *his* blood, as yet, was never attaint."[1]

This remark was in allusion to the ignominious deaths of the favourite's grandfather, Edmund Dudley the extortioner; his father, the duke of Northumberland; and his brother, lord Guildford Dudley,—all three of whom had perished on a scaffold. It was reported that Leicester's great-grandfather was a carpenter, and his enemies were wont to say of him, "that he was the son of a duke, the brother of a king, the grandson of an esquire, and the great-grandson of a carpenter; that the carpenter was the only honest man in the family, and the only one who died in his bed."

A person who well knew the temper of Elizabeth,

[1] Burleigh Papers.

notwithstanding the undisguised predilection she evinced for the company of her master of the horse, predicted, "that the queen would surely never give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley—noble only in two descents, and in both of them stained with the block." The event proved that this was a correct judgment.

"'Touching lord Robert,' continues Guntor, 'I have said to Mr. Cotton that I thought him to be the cause that my lord and master (Arundel) might not have the queen's highness, wherefore I would that he had been put to death with his father, or that some ruffian would have despatched him by the way he has gone, with dagge or gun. Further, I said, if it chanced my lord Robert to marry the queen's highness, then I doubted whether he would not remember some old matter passed to my lord and master's hindrance and displeasure.'

"Guntor made very humble submission and suit to her majesty for pardon, stating, 'that he had been very properly punished for uttering such lewd and unbefitting words.'"[1]

This matter was evidently brought before the council by Dudley, for the purpose of shewing how publicly his name was implicated with that of the queen, in a matrimonial point of view, and with the intent of ascertaining how his colleagues stood affected towards his preferment in that way.

Elizabeth passed the matter over with apparent *nonchalance*, and when Throckmorton, annoyed past endurance at the sneers of his diplomatic brethren in Paris, took the bold step of sending his secretary, Jones, to acquaint her majesty, privately, with the injurious reports that were circulated touching herself and Dudley, she received the communication without evincing any of that acute sensibility to female honour, which teaches most women to regard a stain as a wound. She sometimes laughed, perhaps, at the absurdity of these *on dits*, and occasionally covered her face with her hands; and when the secretary, who had been charged with this delicate commission, brought his communication to a close, she informed him, "that he had come on an unnecessary errand, for she was already acquainted with all he had told her; and that she was convinced of the innocence of lord Robert Dudley of the death of his wife, as he was in her own court at the time it happened, which

[1] Burleigh's State Papers.

had so fallen out that neither his honour nor his honesty were touched therein."[1]

Notwithstanding the honest warning of Throckmorton to his royal mistress, the favourite continued in close attendance on her person. It is related that one of his political rivals, who is generally supposed to have been Sussex, gave him a blow at the council-board, in presence of the queen. Elizabeth, who was well fitted to rule the stormy elements over which she presided, told the pugnacious statesman, that he had forfeited his hand, in reference to the law which imposed that penalty on any one who presumed to violate the sanctity of the court by the commission of such an outrage. On which Dudley rejoined, "that he hoped her majesty would suspend that sentence till the traitor had lost his head," and the matter went no further. It is shrewdly remarked by Naunton, that this influential noble ever kept clear from quarrels with the queen's kinsmen, Henry Carey lord Hunsdon,[2] and sir Thomas Sackville, for of them he was wont to say, "that they were of the tribe of Dan, and were *noli me tangere*."

Among the preparations for the Easter festival, in 1560, queen Elizabeth kept her Maunday after the old Catholic fashion, in her great hall, in the court at Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which her majesty officiated on this occasion. The queen drank to every woman, in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon, in St. James's Park, she gave a public alms of two-pence each to upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, both whole and lame. The royal gift was in silver coins, and the value was from sixpence to eight-pence of the present money. Nothing endeared the sovereign more to the people than the public exercise of these acts of personal charity, which afforded them at once a holiday and a pageant, making glad the

[1] Hardwick Papers, 165.

[2] They were both of the Boleyn blood. Hunsdon was the son of the queen's aunt, Mary Boleyn; Sackville of her great aunt, the sister of sir Thomas Boleyn.

hearts of the poor with a gift, to which inestimable value would be attached. Abject, indeed, would be the recipient of the royal bounty, who did not preserve the fair new coin to wear as a precious amulet about the neck, and to transmit, as a lucky heirloom, to a favoured child, in memory of their gracious queen. There were no sources of licensed temptation to destroy the health and virtues of the working-classes, in the shape of gin-palaces, under the glorious domestic government of England's Elizabeth.

The queen was careful to redress all causes of disaffection among the operative classes, so that royalty should be found no burden to those, whom she regarded as the bones and sinews of the realm. In a preceding volume of this work, the extortions and robberies committed by the royal purveyors, in the name of the sovereign, have been mentioned, and that to a certain degree they were still practised in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, is evidenced by the following humorous tale, which is recorded on the authority of an eye-witness.

One of her purveyors having been guilty of some abuses, in the county of Kent, on her majesty's remove to Greenwich, a sturdy countryman, watching the time when she took her morning walk with the lords and ladies of her household, placed himself conveniently for catching the royal eye and ear, and when he saw her attention perfectly disengaged, began to cry, in a loud voice, "Which is the queen?"[1] Whereupon, as her manner was, she turned herself towards him, but he continuing his clamorous question, she herself answered, "I am your queen, what wouldst thou have with me?" "You," rejoined the farmer, archly gazing upon her with a look of incredulity, not unmixed with admiration—"you are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in our parish, though short of you; but that queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons, that I am not able to live." The queen, who was exceedingly indulgent to

[1] Osborne's Traditional Memoirs of Elizabeth.

all suits, offered through the medium of a compliment, took this homely admonition in good part, inquired the purveyor's name, and finding that he had acted with great dishonesty and injustice, caused condign punishment to be inflicted upon him; indeed, our author adds that she ordered him to be hanged, his offence being in violation of a statute-law against such abuses.[1]

Great hospitality was exercised in the palace, which no stranger who had ostensible business there, from the noble to the peasant, ever visited, it is said, without being invited to either one table or the other, according to his degree. No wonder that Elizabeth was a popular sovereign, and her days were called "golden."

In May, 1560, the new pope Pius IV., a prince of the house of Medici, made an attempt to win back England, through her queen, to the obedience of the Roman see, by sending Parpaglia, abbot of St. Saviour, to the queen, with letters written in the most conciliatory style, and beginning, "dear daughter in Christ," inviting her "to return into the bosom of the church," and professing his readiness to do all things needful for the health of her soul, and the firm establishment of her royal dignity, and requesting her to give due attention to the matters which would be communicated by his dear son Vincent Parpaglia. What the papal concessions were, on which this spiritual treaty was to be based, can only be matter of conjecture, for Elizabeth declined receiving the nuncio, and the separation became final and complete.[2]

In the autumn of the same year, Elizabeth's great and glorious measure of restoring the English currency to sterling value was carried into effect. "A matter, indeed, weighty and great," says Camden, "which neither Edward VI. could, nor Mary durst attempt, since Henry VIII. was the first king that ever caused copper to be mingled with silver, to the great disgrace of the kingdom, damage of his successors and people, and a notable token of his excessive expense, since his father had left

[1] Historical Memoirs of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James. London, 1658.

[2] Camden's Annals.

LIBRARIES

him more wealth, than any other king ever left his successors, and likewise he had drawn abundance of money by the means of tribute and imposts, besides all the revenues, gifts, and goods, belonging to the monasteries."

This mighty and beneficial change, was effected by the enlightened policy of Elizabeth, without causing the slightest inconvenience or distress to individuals. The old money was called in, and every person received the nominal value of the base coin, in new sterling money, and the government bore the loss, which was, of course, very heavy, but the people were satisfied, and their confidence in the good faith and honour of the crown, richly repaid this great sovereign for the sacrifice. She strictly forbade melting or trafficking with the coin in any way—a precaution the more necessary, inasmuch as the silver was better and purer in England, during her reign, than in full two hundred years before, and than any that was used in any other nation of Europe in her own time.[1] The reformation of the currency extended to Ireland, and the joy of that distressed people was expressed in the following popular ballad, which has been preserved by Simon, in his "Essay on Irish Coins."

"Let bonfires shine in every place,
Sing, and ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live her grace
To be the good queen of Ireland.

"The gold and silver, which was so base
That no man could endure it scarce,
Is now new coined with her own face,
And made to go current in Ireland."

Well had it been for Ireland, and England also, if the subsequent policy of Elizabeth, towards that portion of her dominions, had been guided by the same maternal and equitable spirit.

The gold coins of Elizabeth are peculiarly beautiful, they were sovereigns, half-sovereigns, or rials, the latter word being a corruption from royals, nobles, double-nobles, angels, half-angels, pieces of an angel and a half and three angels, crowns, and half-crowns. One pound

[1] Camden.

of gold was coined into twenty-four sovereigns, or thirty-six nominal pounds, for the value of the sovereign was thirty shillings, the value of the royal, fifteen shillings, and that of the angel, ten. On the sovereign appeared the majestic profile portrait of Elizabeth, in armour and ruff, her hair dishevelled and flowing over her breast and shoulders, and crowned with the imperial crown of England, similar in form to that worn by all her successors, including our present fair and feminine liege lady. It is impossible, however, for the lovers of the picturesque and graceful not to regret the want of taste, which induced the Tudor sovereigns to abandon the elegant garland-shaped diadem of the Saxon and Plantagenet monarchs of England, for the heavy double-arched regal cap, which so completely conceals the contour of a finely shaped head, and the beauty of the hair. The legend round Elizabeth's sovereign, on the side charged with her bust, is, "ELIZABETH D. G. ANG. FRA. ET HIB. REGINA." Reverse—the arms of England and France. She bore the latter at the very time she signed the death doom of her cousin Mary Stuart, for quartering the first, though entitled by her descent, from Henry VII., to bear them, as the duchess of Suffolk, Frances Brandon did, without offence. The arms on the reverse of Elizabeth's sovereign are flanked by the initials E. R., and this inscription as defender of the faith—"SCUTUM FIDEI PROTEGET EAM."

The double-rose noble, which is esteemed the finest of her coins, has on one side, the queen in her regal costume, with crown, sceptre, and ball, seated on her throne with a portcullis at her feet, signifying her descent from the Beauforts; same legend as the sovereign. On the reverse, a large rose enclosing the royal arms, with the motto chosen by Elizabeth when her accession was announced to her—"A DNO. FACTU. EST. ISTUD. ET MIRAB. OCCUL. NRIS"—"The Lord hath done it, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Queen Elizabeth's silver money are crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, pennies, half-pennies, and farthings. There

was no copper money coined before the reign of king James.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties with which she had to contend, on her accession to the throne, Elizabeth very early assumed the proud position of protectress of the reformed church, not only in England, but throughout the world. She supplied the Huguenot leaders in France privately with arms and money, and afterwards openly with a military force, under the command of lord Robert Dudley's eldest brother, the earl of Warwick.[1] She also extended her succour, secretly, to the Flemish Protestants, and excited them to resist the oppression of their Spanish rulers. The reformed party in Scotland were in her pay, and subservient to her will, although her dislike to John Knox was unconquerable, having been provoked by his abuse of the English Liturgy, in the first place, and in the second, by his work entitled, "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment (meaning government) of Women." It is true that this fulmination was published during her sister's reign, and was more especially aimed against the queen-regent of Scotland and her daughter, the youthful sovereign of that realm, but Elizabeth considered, that the honour of the whole sex was touched in his book, and that all female monarchs were insulted and aggrieved by it. It was in vain, that he endeavoured, by personal flattery to herself, to excuse his attack upon the folly and incapacity of womankind, in general. He assured her, "that she was an exception to the sweeping rule he had laid down, that her whole life had been a miracle, which proved, that she had been chosen by God, that the office which was unlawful to other women, was lawful to her, and that he was ready to obey her authority;" but the queen was nauseated with the insincerity of adulation from such a quarter, and notwithstanding the persuasions of Cecil and Throckmorton, refused to permit him to set a foot in England on any pretence.[2]

On the 18th of January, 1561, the first genuine English

[1] Camden.
[2] Strype. Tytler. Lingard.

tragedy, in five acts, composed on the ancient tragic model, with the interlude of assistant choruses, in lyric verse, was performed before queen Elizabeth, whose classic tastes must have been much gratified by such a production. It was the joint composition of her poetic cousin, sir Thomas Sackville, (who shared the literary genius of the Boleyn family,) and Thomas Norton, and was called "Ferrex and Porrex, or Gorbaduc." Probably the quaint and impertinent representation of the whole life and reign of the royal Blue-beard, Henry VIII., which, it is said, was among the popular dramatic pageants of the reign of Edward VI., would have given an unsophisticated audience more genuine delight, than all the lofty declamations of the imitator of the Greek drama. Elizabeth caused a stage to be erected at Windsor Castle for the regular performance of the drama, with a wardrobe for the actors, painted scenes, and an orchestra, consisting of trumpeters, luterers, harpers, singers, minstrels, viols, sagbuts, bagpipes, *domeflads*, rebecks, and flutes,—and very queer music they must have made.

Queen Elizabeth passed much of her time at Windsor Castle on the spacious terrace erected by her, for a summer promenade, in the north front of the castle. She generally walked for an hour before dinner, if not prevented by wind, to which she had a particular aversion. Rain, if it was not violent, was no impediment to her daily exercise, as she took pleasure in walking under an *umbrella* in rainy weather, upon this commanding and beautiful spot.

In the neighbouring park she frequently hunted, and we have the following testimony, that her feminine feelings did not prevent her from taking life with her own hand, as this letter, written by Leicester at her command, will testify:—

"To the right honorable and my singular good lord my lord of Canterbury's grace, give these.

"My lord,

"The queen's majesty being abroad hunting yesterday in the forest, and having had very good hap, beside great sport, she hath thought good to remember your grace with part of her prey, and so commanded me to send you a great fat stag, killed with *her own hand;* which, because the

weather was wet, and the deer somewhat chafed and dangerous to be carried so far without some help, I caused him to be *parboiled, for the better preservation of him*, which, I doubt not, will cause him to come unto you as I would be glad he should. So having no other matter at this present to trouble your grace withal, I will commit you to the Almighty, and with my most hearty commendations take my leave in haste.

"Your grace's assured,

"At Windsor, this iiii of September.[1] "R. Dudley."

While Elizabeth kept court at her natal palace of Greenwich, she, on St. George's day, celebrated the national festival with great pomp, as the sovereign of the order of the Garter, combining, according to the custom of the good old times, a religious service with the picturesque ordinances of this chivalric institution. "All her majesty's chapel came through the hall in copes, to the number of thirty, singing, 'O God the Father, of heaven,' &c., the outward court to the gate being strewed with green rushes. After came Mr. Garter, and Mr. Norroy, and Master Dean of the chapel, in robes of crimson satin, with a red cross of St. George, and after eleven knights of the garter in their robes; then came the queen, the sovereign of the order, in her robes, and all the guard following, in their rich coats, to the chapel. After service, they returned through the hall to her grace's great chamber. The queen and the lords then went to dinner, where she was most nobly served, and the lords, sitting on one side, were served on gold and silver. After dinner, were two new knights elected—viz., the earl of Shrewsbury and lord Hunsdon."[2]

On the 10th of July, the queen came by water to the Tower, to visit her mints, where she coined certain pieces of gold with her own hand, and gave them away to those about her. Katharine Parr's brother, the marquis of Northampton, and her own cousin, lord Hunsdon, each received one of these memorable pieces. About five she went out at the iron gate, and over Tower-hill, in great state, on horseback, with trumpeters, and her gentlemen-pensioners, heralds, serjeants at arms, gentlemen, and nobles preceding her, lord Hunsdon bearing the

[1] No other date, but it must have been before the year 1564, when he was created earl of Leicester.

[2] Hist. Order of the Garter, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. i. p. 189.

sword of state before her majesty, and the ladies riding after her. In this order, the maiden monarch and her train proceeded by the way of Aldgate, down Hounds-ditch and Hog-lane,[1] places little accustomed, now, to behold royal equestrian processions, with gorgeous dames and courtly gallants, sweeping in jewelled pomp through those narrow, dusky streets; but Elizabeth, whose maternal progenitors had handled the mercer's yard and wielded the civic mace, was peculiarly the queen of the city of London, where she was always hailed with enthusiastic affection. As long as the Tower was a royal residence, our sovereigns did not entirely confine the sunshine of their presence to the western quarter of the metropolis, but gave the city, in turn, a share of the glories of regality. Elizabeth and her train, on the above occasion, proceeded, we are told, through the fields to the Charter-house, the splendid residence of the lord North, where she reposed herself till the 14th, when Burleigh has noted in his diary the following entry:—"The queen supped at my house in Strand (the Savoy), before it was finished, and she came by the fields from Christ-church." Here her council waited on her grace, with many lords, knights, and ladies. Great cheer was made till midnight, when she rode back to the Charter-house, where she lay that night.

The next day, Elizabeth set forth on her summer progress into Essex and Suffolk. All the streets of the city, through which she was to pass, were freshly sanded and gravelled, and the houses hung with cloth of arras, rich carpets, and silk; but Cheapside, then proverbially called the Golden Chepe, made a display of magnificence in honour of the passage of the sovereign, which we should vainly look for in these days of flimsy luxury, being hung with cloth of gold and silver, and velvets of all colours.[2] All the crafts of London were ranged in their liveries from St. Michael the Quern as far as Aldgate. The aldermen, in their scarlet robes, had a distinguished place in the royal procession, nearer to her majesty's person than her nobles and officers of state,

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Ibid.

save my lord Hunsdon, who bore the sword of state before her, and was immediately preceded by the lord mayor, who bore the sceptre. At Whitechapel, the lord mayor and aldermen took their leave of her grace, and she proceeded on her way towards Essex, and is supposed to have lodged that night at Wansted-house, in the forest.[1] On the 19th of July, Elizabeth reached Ingatestone, the seat of sir William Petre, one of her secretaries and privy councillors. She had had the wisdom, as well as the magnanimity, to overlook his former inimical proceedings in the time of her adversity, regarding them probably as political rather than personal offences. She remained at his house two days, and then passed on to Newhall, one of the seats of her maternal grandfather, sir Thomas Boleyn, where Henry VIII. had ofttimes visited, and wooed her fair, ill-fated mother, during the fervour of his passion. Over the portal, the words, *Viva Elizabetha*, and a complimentary Italian quatrain, still bear record of her visit.

She visited Colchester during this progress,[2] and arrived at Harwich, August 2nd, where she enjoyed the sea breezes for several days, and was so well pleased with the entertainment she received, that she inquired of the mayor and corporation if she could do anything for them. They returned humble thanks to her majesty, but said, "they did not require anything at that time." When the queen departed, she looked back at Harwich, with a smile, and said, "A pretty town, and wants nothing."[3]

Her majesty arrived at Ipswich, August 6th, the inhabitants of which, like the other towns through which she passed, had been assessed for the expenses of her entertainment. She found great fault with the clergy for not wearing the surplice, and the general want of order observed in the celebration of divine service.

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] Queen Elizabeth relished the Colchester oysters so greatly, which she probably tasted for the first time during her visit to the town, that they were afterwards sent for by horse-loads by the purveyors of the royal table.—Corporation Records of Colchester.

[3] Taylor's History of Harwich.

The bishop of Norwich, himself, came in for a share of the censure of the royal governess of the church, for his remissness, and for winking at schismatics. Above all, she expressed her dislike of the marriage of the clergy, and that in cathedrals and colleges there were so many wives and children, which she said, was "contrary to the intention of the founders, and much tending to the interruption of the studies of those who were placed there."[1] She even proceeded to issue an order, on the 9th of August, addressed to the archbishop of Canterbury for his province, and to the archbishop of York for his, forbidding the resort of women to the lodgings of cathedrals or colleges on any pretence. Her indignation at the marriage of her bishops carried her almost beyond the bounds of delicacy, and when archbishop Parker remonstrated with her on what he called, the "Popish tendency," of a prohibition, which was peculiarly offensive to him as a married man, she told him, "she repented of having made any married bishops," and even spoke with contempt of the institution of matrimony altogether.[2] It is well known, that the first time the queen honoured the archiepiscopal palace with a visit—on which occasion an enormous expense, and immense trouble and fatigue, had been incurred by the primate and his wife—instead of the gracious words of acknowledgment, which the latter naturally expected to receive at parting from the royal guest, her majesty repaid her dutiful attention with the following insult:—"And you," said she, "madam I may not call you, mistress I am ashamed to call you, and so I know not what to call you; but, howsoever, I thank you."[3]

Elizabeth looked as sourly on bishops' daughters as she did on their wives; and having heard that Pilkington, bishop of Durham, had given his daughter in marriage a fortune of 10,000*l.*, equal to the portion bequeathed by her father, Henry VIII., to her and to her sister, she scotched the see of Durham of a thousand a year, and devoted the money to her garrison at Berwick.[4]

[1] Strype's Parker, p. 106. [2] Strype. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

During her majesty's sojourn at Ipswich, the court was thrown into the greatest consternation by the discovery that the lady Katharine Gray, sister to the unfortunate lady Jane, was on the point of becoming a mother, having contracted a clandestine marriage with Edward earl of Hertford, the eldest son of the late protector Somerset. The matter was the more serious, because the young lady, was not only of the blood-royal, but, as the eldest surviving daughter of Frances Brandon, to whose posterity the regal succession stood entailed by the will of Henry VIII., regarded by the party opposed to the hereditary claim of Mary queen of Scots as the heiress presumptive to the throne. Lady Katharine held an office in the queen's chamber, which kept her in constant attendance on her majesty's person, but having listened to the secret addresses of the man of her heart, love inspired her with ingenuity to elude the watchfulness of the court. One day, excusing herself, under pretence of sickness, from attending her royal mistress to the chase, she employed the time, not like her accomplished sister, the unfortunate lady Jane Gray, in reading Plato, but in hastening with lady Jane Seymour, one of the maids of honour, the sister of her lover, to his house, where lady Jane Seymour herself procured the priest, who joined their hands in marriage. Hertford left England the next day; lady Jane Seymour died in the following March, and thus poor lady Katharine was left to meet the consequences of her stolen nuptials. The queen, forgetful of her own love passages, when princess, with the late lord admiral, uncle to this very Hertford, and the disgraceful disclosures which had been made in king Edward's privy council, scarce ten years ago, treated the unfortunate couple with the greatest severity. Her premier, Cecil, whose cold heart appears, at all times, inaccessible to the tender impulses of sympathy for beauty in distress, in a letter to the earl of Sussex, sums up the leading circumstances, as far as they had then proceeded, in this piteous romance of royal history, in the following laconic terms: "The 10th of this, at Ipswich, was a great mishap discovered."

After naming the situation of the unfortunate lady Katharine, in the coarsest language, he adds, "as she saith, by the earl of Hertford, who is in France. She is committed to the Tower; he is sent for. She saith that she was married to him secretly before Christmas last."

The reader will remember, that the father of the husband of lady Katharine Gray was the first great patron of this climbing statesman, and herself the sister of the illustrious victim whom he had acknowledged as his sovereign. "The queen's majesty," pursues he, "doth well, thanked be God, although not well quieted with the mishap of the lady Katharine." It was in vain that the unfortunate sister of lady Jane Gray, in her terror and distress, fled to the chamber of the brother of lord Guildford Dudley, lord Robert, and implored him to use his powerful intercession with their royal mistress in her behalf. The politic courtier cared not to remind the queen of his family connexion with those, who had endeavoured to supplant her in the royal succession; and lady Katharine was hurried to the Tower, where she brought forth a fair young son. Her husband, on his return, was also incarcerated in the Tower. They were in separate prison lodgings, but he found means to visit his wedded love, in her affliction. She became the mother of another child, for which offence he was fined in the star chamber 20,000*l.*, the marriage having been declared null and void, as the sister of Hertford, lady Jane, the only efficient witness, was no more. Elizabeth was obdurate in her resentment to her unfortunate cousin; and, disregarding all her pathetic letters for pardon and pity, kept her in durance apart from her husband and children, till she was released by death, after seven years of doleful captivity.[1] Her real crime was being the sister of lady Jane Gray, which queen Mary had overlooked, but Elizabeth could not; yet lady Katharine was a Protestant.

After Elizabeth had relentlessly despatched her hapless cousin to the Tower, she proceeded on her festive pro-

[1] See Ellis' Letters of English History. Camden. Mackintosh.

gress to Smallbridge House, in Suffolk, the seat of Mr. Waldegrave, a catholic gentleman, who with his lady and some others, had been committed to the Tower for recusancy. He was at that very time a prisoner there, and there died, on the first of the following September. From thence she passed on to Helmingham Hall, the fair abode of sir Lionel Tollemache, then sheriff for Norfolk and Suffolk, and honoured him by standing godmother to his heir, and left the ebony lute, inlaid with ivory and gems, on which she was accustomed to play, as a present for the mother of the babe. This relic, which has the royal initials "E. R." is carefully preserved by the family, and proudly exhibited among the treasures of Helmingham Hall. It was a customary thing for a king or queen of England to leave some trifling personal possession, as a memorial of the royal visit at every mansion where majesty was entertained. Hence, so many embroidered gloves, fans, books of devotion, and other traditionary relics of this mighty queen are shewn in different old families, with whom she was a guest during her numerous progresses. She returned through Hertfordshire this year, and revisited the abode of her childhood, Enfield House; and on the 22nd of September came from Enfield to London. She was so numerously attended on her homeward route, that from Islington to London, all the hedges and ditches were levelled to clear the way for her; and such were the gladness and affection manifested by the loyal concourse of people who came to meet and welcome her, "that," says the contemporary chronicler, "it was night ere she came over Saint Giles's in the Fields."

Before Elizabeth left town on her late progress, the widowed queen of Scots, after the death of her consort, Francis II. of France, sent her French minister, D'Oisell, to ask her for a safe conduct to pass into Scotland, either by sea, or, if compelled by indisposition or danger, to land in England, and travel without let or hindrance to her own realm.

It had been considered the height of inhumanity in that brutal monarch, Henry VIII., when he denied a

like request, which had been proposed to him in behalf of the bride of his nephew James V., the beautiful Mary of Lorraine, whom he had passionately desired for his own wife; but that one lady should refuse so small an accommodation to another, had certainly not been anticipated. Elizabeth, however, acted like the true daughter of Henry VIII. on this occasion, for though D'Oisell presented the queen of Scotland's request in writing, she delivered her answer to him in the negative at a crowded court, with a loud voice and angry countenance, observing, "that the queen of Scots should ask no favours till she had ratified the treaty of Edinburgh."[1]

When this discourtesy was reported to the youthful sovereign of Scotland, and dowager of France, then only in her nineteenth year, she sent for the English ambassador, Throckmorton; and having, in the first place, to mark her own attention to the conventional forms observed, even by hostile princes, in their personal relations towards each other, waved her hand as a signal to the company to withdraw out of hearing, she addressed to him a truly queenly comment on the insult that had been offered to her, on the part of his royal mistress.[2]

"My lord ambassador," said she, "as I know not how far I may be transported by passion, I like not to have so many witnesses of mine infirmity, as the queen your mistress had, when she talked, not long since, with monsieur D'Oisell. There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself, as to have asked of her a favour, which I could well have done without. I came here, in defiance of the attempts made by her brother Edward to prevent me, and, by the grace of God, I will return without her leave. It is well known that I have friends and allies who have power to assist me, but I chose rather to be indebted to her friendship. If she choose, she may have me for a loving kinswoman and useful neighbour; for I am not going to practise against her with her subjects, as she has done with mine, yet I know there be in her realm those, that like not of

[1] Camden. Chalmers. D'Oisell's Report, State Paper Office.
[2] Throckmorton's Letter to Queen Elizabeth, apud Cabala.

LIBRARIES

the present state of things. The queen says, I am young, and lack experience: I confess I am younger than she is, yet I know how to carry myself lovingly and justly with my friends, and not to cast any word against her, which may be unworthy of a queen and a kinswoman; and, by her permission, I am as much a queen as herself, and can carry my courage as high, as she knows how to do. She hath heretofore assisted my subjects against me; and now that I am a widow, it may be thought strange that she would hinder me in returning to my own country." Mary, then, in a few words stated that the late king, her husband, had objected to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh; that while he lived, she was bound to act by his advice; and now her uncles had referred her to her own council, and the states of Scotland, for advice in a matter in which they, as peers of France, had no voice; and she was too young and inexperienced to decide of herself, even if it had been proper that she should do so.

Throckmorton, in reply, adverted to the old offence of Mary and her late husband, having assumed the title and arms of England. "But," rejoined the young queen, with great *naïveté*, "my late lord and father king Henry, and the king my late lord and husband, would have it so. I was then under their commandment, as you know, and since their death I have neither borne the arms, nor used the style of England."[1]

The attempt of Elizabeth to intercept and capture the youthful widow, on her voyage to Scotland, has been contested by some able writers of the present day; but it is certain that the traitors, Lethington and Murray, counselled the English cabinet to that step.[2] An English squadron was, at this critical juncture, sent into the north sea, under pretext of protecting the fishers from pirates; and Cecil, in his letter to Sussex, after stating the fact, significantly observes, "*I think they will be sorry to see her pass.*" The royal voyager passed the English ships in safety, under the cover of the thick fog; but they captured one vessel, in which was the young earl of Eglinton, and carried him into an English port. On finding their

[1] Throckmorton's Letter to Elizabeth, in Cabala. [2] Camden. Tytler.

mistake, they relinquished the prize; and apologised for the blunder they had committed.[1] Safe conduct having been peremptorily denied to Mary, by Elizabeth, it was impossible for her to place any other construction on the seizure of one of her convoy, than the very natural one she did. Elizabeth, however, without waiting to be accused, proceeded to justify herself from so unkind an imputation, in a formal letter to her royal kinswoman, in which she says, "It seemeth that report hath been made to you, that we had sent out our admiral with our fleet to impede your passage. Your servants know how false this is. We have only at the desire of the king of Spain, sent two or three small barks to sea, in pursuit of certain Scotch pirates."[2]

The young queen of Scotland accepted the explanation with great courtesy, and though perfectly aware of the intrigues that had been, and continued to be, practised against her in her own court by Elizabeth, she pursued an amicable and conciliatory policy towards her, entered into a friendly correspondence, and expressed the greatest desire for a personal interview. Mary's youngest uncle, the grand prior of France, who had accompanied her to Scotland—a bold military ecclesiastic of the class of Walter Scott's Brian de Bois Guilbert, asked and obtained leave to visit the court of England, on his return to France.[3] He was a victorious admiral, and was commander-in-chief of the French navy, and, being the handsomest and the most audacious, of his handsome and warlike race, probably felt no alarm at the possibility of being detained by the maiden queen. He was, in fact, the sort of paladin likely to captivate Elizabeth, who became animated with a livelier spirit of coquetry than usual, at the sight of him, and soon treated him with great familiarity. "I have often heard the queen of England address him thus," says Brantome: "Ah, mon Prieur, I love you much;[4] but I hate that brother Guise

[1] Tytler's Scotland. [2] Robertson's Appendix.

[3] Probably early in September, 1561, as he had landed his niece, Mary queen of Scots, in the middle of August, at Leith.

[4] "Je vous aime fort," are the words Brantome uses. Les Hommes Illustrés, 2nd part, p. 399.

of yours, who tore from me my town of Calais." He danced more than once with her, for she danced much—all sorts of dances.

"The testimony of an eye-witness," says a modern French biographer, "can never be useless or devoid of interest, when, like the pigeon of La Fontaine, he can truly say—

'J'etais la, telle chose m'advint.'"

Such was the testimony of the chivalrous biographer, Brantome, who with more than a hundred other gentlemen of rank, in attendance on the grand prior and constable of France, were guests at the courts of England and France, and saw and spoke to both the island queens, when in the height of their beauty and prosperity. Next to female dress, a Frenchman is the most sedulous critic on female beauty; and, surely, Brantome bears witness that, at twenty-seven, Elizabeth possessed a considerable share of personal charms. "This queen gave us all one evening," says he, "a supper, in a grand room hung round with tapestry, representing the parable of the ten virgins of the Evangelists. When the banquet was done, there came in a ballet of her maids of honour, whom she had dressed and ordained to represent the same virgins.[1] Some of them had their lamps burning, and full of oil; and some of them carried lamps which were empty; but all their lamps were silver, most exquisitely chased and wrought; and the ladies were very pretty, well behaved, and very well dressed. They came in the course of the ballet, and prayed us French to dance with them, and even prevailed on the queen to dance, which she did with much grace, and right royal majesty; for she possessed then no little beauty and elegance."

"She told the constable of France, "that of all the monarchs of the earth, she had had the greatest wish to behold his late master, king Henry II., on account of his warlike renown. He had sent me word," pursued

[1] Brantome, Les Hommes Illustrés, second partie, p. 60. He mentions the tapestry of the ten virgins in another of his historical recollections. It is probable that this fête was at the celebration of her birthday, September 7th—that the grand chamber was at Greenwich Palace, the room queen Elizabeth was born in, which was hung with such tapestry.

she, "that we should meet very soon, and I had commanded my galleys to be made ready to pass to France, for the express purpose of seeing him." The constable replied, "Madame, I am certain you would have been well pleased with him, if you had seen him, for his temper and tastes would have suited yours, and he would have been charmed with your pleasant manners, and lively humour; he would have given you an honourable welcome, and very good cheer."

"There are at present alive, besides the constable," continues Brantome, "M. de Guiche, M. de Castelnau, Languedoc, and M. de Beloiz, besides myself, who heard queen Elizabeth speak thus; and we all right well remember her, as she was then."

It has been customary for the learned chroniclers of Elizabeth's life and reign, from Camden downwards, to diverge at this period of her annals into the affairs of Scotland, and for the succeeding seven years to follow the fortunes of the fair ill-fated Mary Stuart, rather than those of our mighty Tudor queen, who is certainly a character of sufficient importance to occupy at all times the foreground of her own history.

It is, however, requisite to point out the first germ of the personal ill-will so long nourished by Elizabeth against Mary. This seems to have arisen from the evil report brought by Mrs. Sands, Elizabeth's former maid of honour, when she returned from France, at the accession of her royal mistress. The exile of this lady has already been mentioned. As she was forced from Elizabeth's service on account of her zeal for the protestant religion, it was not very probable that she would be admitted to the confidence of Mary Stuart, who was then queen consort of France. Yet Mrs. Sands affirmed that queen Elizabeth was never mentioned by Mary without scorn and contempt.[1] Such was the beginning of that hatred which never diminished while the troubled existence of Mary Stuart continued.

Elizabeth was too deeply skilled in the regnal science, not to be aware, that a country is never so sure of enjoy-

[1] State Paper in Cecil's handwriting, Sadler Papers, vol. i.

ing the blessings of peace, as when prepared for war, and therefore, her principal care was bestowed in providing her realm with the means of defence. Gunpowder was first manufactured by her orders and encouragement in England; which all her predecessors had contented themselves with purchasing abroad. She sent for engineers, and furnished regular arsenals in all fortified towns along the coast and the Scottish borders, increased the garrison of Berwick, and caused a fort to be built on the banks of the Medway, near Upnor, where the ships should ride in shelter, and increased the wages of the mariners and soldiers, to encourage them to serve her well.[1] She not only caused ships of war to be built for the increase of her navy, but she encouraged the wealthy inhabitants of sea-ports to emulate her example; so that, instead of hiring, as her father and others of her predecessors had done, ships from the Hans towns and Italian republics, she was, in the fourth year of her reign, able to put to sea a fleet with twenty thousand men at arms. Strangers named her *the queen of the sea*, and the north star—her own subjects proudly styled her the restorer of naval glory.[2]

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Elizabeth's persecutions of Nonconformists—Her visit to St. Paul's—Displeasure with the dean—New year's gift—Predictions of her death—Parliament petitions her to marry or declare her successor—Her irritability—She prevents the queen of Scots' marriage—Her letter to Warwick—Her Cambridge progress—Offers Robert Dudley's hand to the queen of Scots—Creates him earl of Leicester—Levity of her behaviour—Marriage offer of Charles IX.—Discourses of Leicester and French ambassadors—Elizabeth imprisons lady Mary Gray—Takes offence with Leicester—Her favour to Cecilia of Sweden—The queen gives Leicester hopes—Her irresolution—Her manner of receiving the sacrament—Cruelty to Heath—Her deceitful treatment of the Scotch rebels—Renewal of matrimonial negotiations with the archduke Charles—Hopes and fears of Leicester—Elizabeth's vexation at the birth of Mary Stuart's son—Visit to the University of Oxford—Tries to cut short Dr. Westphaling's oration—His pertinacity—Her whimsical reproof—Dispute with parliament—Her encouragement of alchemists and conjurors—Adventures with Dr. Dee—Her patronage of him—Her wardrobe—Remonstrates with Mary Stuart—Her letter to Catherine de Medicis—Description of the archduke Charles—Arrival of Mary queen of Scots in England—Crooked policy of Elizabeth—Conferences at York—Norfolk's suspected correspondence with Mary—Elizabeth's reply to Lady Lenox.

THE evidences of history prove that religious persecution generates faction, and lends the most formidable weapons to the disaffected by dignifying treason with the name of piety. Thus was it in the Pilgrimage of Grace, in the reign of Henry VIII.; with Kett's rebellion, in that of Edward VI.; and the Wyatt insurrection, in that of Mary. Whether under the rival names of Catholic or Protestant, the principle was the same, and the crown

of martyrdom was claimed, by the sufferer for conscience-sake, of either party.

The experience of the religious struggles, in the last three reigns, had failed to teach Elizabeth the futility of monarchs attempting to make their opinions, on theological matters, a rule for the consciences of their subjects. Her first act of intolerance was levelled against the anabaptists, by the publication of an edict, in which they and other heretics, whether foreign or native, were enjoined to depart the realm within twenty days, on pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods.[1] Subsequently, in a fruitless attempt to establish uniformity of worship throughout the realm, she treated her dissenting subjects, of all classes, with great severity, as well as those who adhered to the tenets of the church of Rome. The attempt to force persons of opposite opinions to a reluctant conformity with the newly-established ritual rendered it distasteful to many, who would probably, if left to the exercise of their own discretion, have adopted it, in time, as the happy medium between the two extremes of Rome and Geneva. In Ireland, coercive measures were followed by disaffection and revolt, and opened the door to plots and perpetual enterprises against the queen's person and government both from foreign powers, and those within her own realm, who were desirous of being governed by a sovereign of their own creed.

On the first day of 1562, the queen went in state to St. Paul's cathedral. The dean, having notice of her intention, had been at some pains and great expense in ornamenting a prayer-book with beautiful prints, illustrative of the history of the apostles and martyrs, which were placed at the epistles and gospels appointed to be read by the church of England, on their commemorations. The book, being intended as a new year's gift for her majesty, was richly bound, and laid on the cushion for her use.[2] A proclamation had, indeed, lately been set forth, to please the puritan party, against images, pictures, and Romish relics, but as Elizabeth continued to retain a large silver crucifix over the altar of the chapel royal,

[1] Camden. [2] Fox.

with candlesticks and other ornaments, the use or disuse of which might be regarded rather as a matter of taste than religion, the dean supposed, that her majesty did not object to works of art on scriptural subjects, as embellishments for her books of devotion. Elizabeth, however, thought it expedient to get up a little scene on this occasion, in order to manifest her zeal against Popery before a multitude. When she came to her place, she opened the book, but, seeing the pictures, frowned, blushed, and shut it (of which several took notice), and calling to the verger, bade him, "bring her the book she was accustomed to use." After the service was concluded she went straight into the vestry, where she asked the dean, "how that book came to be placed on her cushion?" He replied, "that he intended it as a new year's gift to her majesty." "You never could present me with a worse," rejoined the queen. "Why so?" asked the dean. Her majesty, after a vehement protestation of her aversion to idolatry, reminded him of her recent proclamation against superstitious pictures and images, and asked "if it had been read in his deanery." The dean replied "that it had, but he meant no harm in causing the prints to be bound up in the service-book." She told him, "that he must be very ignorant indeed to do so, after her prohibition." The poor dean humbly suggested, "that if so her majesty might the better pardon him." The queen prayed, "that God would grant him a better spirit and more wisdom for the future;" to which royal petition, in his behalf, the dean meekly cried, "Amen." Then the queen asked, "how he came by the pictures, and by whom engraved?" He said,[1] "he bought them of a German;" and her majesty observed, "it is well it was from a stranger; had it been any of our subjects we should have questioned the matter."[1] The menace, implied in this speech, against native artists, who should venture to engrave plates from scriptural subjects, naturally deterred them from copying the immortal works of the great Flemish, Italian, and Spanish masters, which were chiefly confined to themes from sacred history or saintly lore, and may well explain the otherwise unaccountable fact,

[1] Fox.

that the pictorial arts in England retrograded, instead of improved, from the accession of Elizabeth till the reign of Charles I.

About this time, Margaret countess of Lenox, the queen's nearest relation of the royal Tudor blood, and who stood next to the queen of Scots in the hereditary order of the regal succession, was arrested and thrown into prison. Her ostensible offence was, having corresponded secretly with her royal niece, the queen of Scots; but, having been the favourite friend of the late queen, who was at one time reported to have intended to appoint her as her successor, to the prejudice of Elizabeth, that princess had cherished great ill-will against her, and she now caused her to be arraigned on the formidable charges of treason and witchcraft. The countess was, with four others, found guilty of having consulted with pretended wizards and conjurors, to learn how long the queen had to live.[1] The luckless lady, being perfectly aware that the royal animosity proceeded from a deeper root, addressed the following curious letter in her own justification to Mr. Secretary Cecil:—

"Good Master Secretary,

"I have received your answer, by my man Fowler, upon the queen's words to you, whereby the queen hath been informed, and doth credit the same, that I, in the time of her highness's trouble in queen Mary's reign, should be rather a means to augment the same than diminish it, in putting it then in queen Mary's head, that it was a quietness for the times to have her shut up. Master Secretary none *on live* (alive) is able to justify this false and untrue report, made of me, among others the like, as therein I will be sworn if I were put to it, that never, in all my life, I had, or meant to have said such words touching the queen's majesty, nor I, for my part, bare no such stroke to give any advice in any such weighty matter.

"But what should I say? even as my lord and I, have had extremity shewed upon the informations, most untruly given unto the queen's majesty of us so late! I, for no other, but the continuance thereof, as long as her highness doth hear and credit the first tale, without proof to be tried, and, as it appeareth, discrediteth my answers any way made to the contrary, how true soever they be. But if my lord and I might find the queen's majesty so good and gracious to us, as to hear our accusers and us, face to face, I would then be out of doubt to find shortly some part of her highness's favour again, which I beseech you to be a means for, and to participate the contents of this my letter to her majesty, in which doing ye give me occasion to be ready to requite the same as my power shall extend.

"And so, with my hearty commendations, I bid you likewise farewell. From *Sheathys*, the second of October, your assured friend to my power,

"MARGARET LENOX AND ANGUS."

[1] Camden.

Margaret had some cause of alarm when she penned this earnest letter, for her life lay at the mercy of the queen, and the accusation of sorcery against royal ladies had hitherto generally emanated, either from the hatred or rapacity of the sovereign.

In the autumn of 1562, the queen was attacked with a long and dangerous illness, and an astrologer named Prestal, who had cast her nativity, predicted that she would die in the ensuing March. This prophecy, becoming very generally whispered abroad, inspired two royally-descended brothers of the name of Pole, the representatives of the line of Clarence, with the wild project of raising a body of troops, and landing them in Wales, to proclaim Mary Stuart queen, in the event of her majesty's death, in the hope that the beautiful heiress of the crown would reward one of them with her hand and the other with the dukedom of Clarence. This romantic plot transpired, and the brothers with their confederates were arraigned for high treason. They protested their innocence of conspiring against the queen, but confessed to having placed implicit reliance on the prediction of Prestal, and that their plot only involved the matter of the succession.[1] It appears probable that this political soothsaying was connected with the misdemeanor of lady Lenox. Cecil laboured hard to construe the visionary scheme of the deluded young men into a confederacy of the Guises and Mary queen of Scots, but the notion was too absurd. They were condemned to die, but Elizabeth, having no reason to suppose they had practised against her life, revolted at that time from the thought of shedding kindred blood on the scaffold, on a pretence so frivolous. She graciously extended her pardon to Arthur Pole and his brother, and allowed them to pass beyond sea.[2]

On the last of December this year, Mistress Smytheson, her majesty's launderer, was presented by the royal command with a kirtle of russet satin, edged with velvet and lined with russet taffeta.[3] The materials of this rich

[1] Strype.

[2] Burleigh and Mason's Letters in Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times."

[3] MS. Wardrobe Book of queen Elizabeth, in the possession of sir

but simple dress prove that the office of laundress to the sovereign was held by a gentlewoman, whose duty it was to superintend the labours of the operative naiads of the royal household.

The queen in her royal robes, with her bishops and peers, rode in great state, from her palace, January 12th, 1563, to open the parliament at Westminster. She proceeded first to the Abbey, and alighting at our Lady of Grace's chapel, where she and her noble and stately retinue entered at the north door, and heard a sermon preached by Noel, the dean of St. Paul's; and then a Psalm being sung, she proceeded through the south door to the parliament chamber, then evidently held in the chapter house.

The first step taken by this parliament, after the choice of a speaker, was to petition the queen to marry; this, indeed, appeared the only means of averting the long and bloody successive wars, with which, according to human probability, the rival claims of the female descendants of Henry VII. threatened the nation, in the event of Elizabeth dying without lawful issue of her own. The elements of deadly debate, which Henry VIII. had left as his last legacy to England, by his arbitrary innovations in the regular order of succession, had been augmented by Elizabeth's refusal to acknowledge the rights of the queen of Scots, as the presumptive inheritor of the throne. The cruel policy which had led her to nullify the marriage and stigmatize the offspring of the hapless representative of the Suffolk line, had apparently provided further perplexities and occasions of strife. With this stormy perspective, the people naturally regarded the life of the reigning sovereign as their best security against the renewal of struggles, no less direful than the wars of the Roses. In this idea Elizabeth wished them to remain, and it was no part of her intention to lessen the difficul-

Thomas Phillipps, Bart. From the same MS. we find, that on the 13th of January, anno 5 R. Eliz., ten yards of black satin were delivered from the queen's great wardrobe to make Dr. Cæsar a gown; and on the 14th of February, (anno 6,) eight yards of black satin, and the same of black velvet, were delivered to the lady Carew, out of the great wardrobe, to make hoods.

ties in which the perilous question of heirship to the crown was involved.

"Oh, how wretched are we," write Bishop Jewel, to his friend at Zurich, "who cannot tell under what sovereign we are to live!" Elizabeth briefly replied to the remonstrance of her parliament on this subject, and that of her marriage—"that she had not forgotten the suit of the house, nor ever could forget it, but it was a matter in which she would be advised."[1] Elizabeth was just then, too busily occupied in traversing every proposal of marriage that was made to the queen of Scots, to have leisure to think much of her own.

Since the widowhood of Mary Stuart, all Elizabeth's rejected suitors had transferred their addresses to the younger and fairer queen of the sister realm, and nothing but the political expediency of maintaining the guise of friendship she had assumed towards Mary prevented her from manifesting the jealousy and ill-will, excited in her haughty spirit by every fresh circumstance of the kind. Mary very obligingly communicated all her offers to her good sister of England, having promised to be guided by her advice on this important subject, and all were equally objectionable in Elizabeth's opinion. Mary, in the morning freshness of youth, beauty, and poetic genius, cared for none of these things; her heart was long faithful to the memory of her buried lord, and she allowed Elizabeth to dictate refusals to her illustrious wooers with perfect unconcern, in the hope that in return for this singular condescension her good sister would be won upon to acknowledge her right to succeed to the crown of England, in the event of that queen dying without lawful issue.[2]

Elizabeth was inflexible in her refusal to concede this point. She replied, "that the right of succession to her throne should never be made a subject of discussion; it would cause disputes as to the validity of this or that marriage," in allusion to the old dispute of Henry VIII.'s marriage with her mother, which was, in truth, the source

[1] Strype.

[2] Camden. Haynes' State Papers. Tytler. Lingard.

of Elizabeth's jealousy of all her royal kindred. Mary consented to acknowledge, that the right to the English crown was vested in Elizabeth and her posterity, if, in return, Elizabeth would declare her claims to the succession as presumptive heiress. Elizabeth in reply said, "that she could not do so without conceiving a dislike to Mary," and asked, "How it were possible for her to love any one whose interest it was to see her dead?" She enlarged withal on the inconstancy of human affections and the proneness of men in general to worship the rising sun. "It was so in her sister's reign," she said, "and would be so again if she were ever to declare her successor."[1] It was then proposed that the two queens should meet, and settle their differences in an amicable manner. Mary, with the confiding frankness that marked her character, agreed to come to York for this purpose, and a passport was even signed for her and her retinue, of a thousand horse; and when Elizabeth, for some reason, postponed the meeting to an indefinite time, the young sovereign of Scotland, in her romantic infatuation wept with passionate regret at her disappointment.

Elizabeth had at this time much to harass and disquiet her. The expedition which she had been persuaded to send out to the shores of Normandy, had been anything but successful; much treasure and blood had been uselessly expended, and the city of Rouen, after it had been defended with fruitless valour, was taken by the royalist forces, and two hundred brave English auxiliaries put to the sword. On lord Robert Dudley the unwelcome task devolved, of imparting the news of this misfortune to her majesty. He had the presumption to conceal the fact that the city had actually fallen, but represented it to be in great distress, and artfully persuaded his royal mistress, that if the worst happened, her parsimony would have been the cause.[2] Elizabeth was in an agony at the possibility of such a calamity, and despatched reinforcements and supplies to Warwick, with a letter of encouragement

[1] Spotiswood. [2] Forbes.

from her council, to which she added the following affectionate postscript in her own hand :—

" My dear Warwick,

" If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot, that I would, I will do, that I may and will rather drink in an ashen cup, than you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all. Yours as my own,

" E. R."[1]

There is an honest, generous warmth, in this brief note, which does Elizabeth more honour than all her laboured, metaphorical, epistolary compositions. She felt what she wrote, in this instance, and the feeling, that she would rather drink out of an ashen cup, than her suffering soldiers, on foreign service, should want succour, is worthy of being inscribed on her monument. The supplies could not prevent the secret negotiation between the royalists and the Huguenots, by which the English allies were sacrificed. The plague breaking out in the garrisons of Newhaven and Havre de Grace, caused such ravages, that the earl of Warwick found himself compelled to surrender Havre to the French, and bring the sickly remnant of his army home. They brought the infection with them, and twenty thousand persons died in the metropolis alone.[2] The pestilence lasted nearly a year, which caused the queen to withdraw her court to Windsor. The approach of the maiden monarch was hailed by the youthful classics at Eton with rapturous delight; and in the fervour of their loyal enthusiasm they proclaimed an ovation to queen Elizabeth, and offered their homage in every variety of Latin verses and orations, which were very graciously received by her majesty. Elizabeth was always on the most affectionate terms with this royal nursery of scholars, was much beloved and honoured by them.[3]

Cecil, in his diary, proudly recalls the fact, that the queen's majesty on the 6th of July, 1564, stood for his infant daughter, to whom she gave her own name.

[1] Archæologia, vol. xiii. p. 201.

[2] Stowe.

[3] MS. Harleian. Nichols.

Lady Lenox appears, not only to have obtained her liberty at that time, but to have regained her standing at court, as first lady of the blood-royal; for we find, that she assisted her majesty on that occasion as the other godmother. The same summer, the queen decided on visiting the university of Cambridge, at the request of sir William Cecil, who, in addition to his other high offices, was also chancellor of this university. He was unluckily attacked with what he termed "an unhappy grief in his foot"—no other than a painful fit of the gout—just at the time when he was nervously anxious that all things should be arranged, in the most perfect manner, for the honour of his sovereign and *alma mater*. The energy of his mind prevailed over the malady, so far, that he went with his lady in a coach on the 4th of August, to overlook the preparations for her majesty's reception. The next day the queen came from Mr. Worthington's house at Hastingfield, where she had slept on the preceding night. She was met by the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Sussex, the bishop of Ely, and an honourable company, by whom she was conducted towards the town. The mayor and corporation met the sovereign a little above Newnham, and there alighted and performed their *devoir*, and the recorder made an oration in English. Then the mayor delivered the mace with a fair standing cup, which cost 19*l.*, and twenty old angels in it, which her majesty received, gently returned the mace to the mayor, and delivered the cup to one of her footmen. When she came to Newnham mills, being requested to change her horse, she alighted, and went into the miller's house for a little space. Then she and all her ladies being remounted, proceeded in fair array; and as they neared the town, the trumpeters by solemn blast declared her majesty's approach. When they entered Queens' College, and her majesty was in the midst of the scholars, two appointed for the purpose knelt before her, and, kissing their papers, offered them to her grace; the queen, understanding that they contained congratulatory addresses in prose and verse, received and delivered them to one of her footmen.

When they reached the doctors, all the lords and ladies alighted, her majesty only remained on horseback.

"She was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinked (cut velvet), and had a caul upon her head set with pearls and precious stones, and a hat that was spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers. When her majesty came to the west door of the chapel, sir William Cecil kneeled down and welcomed her, and the beadles kneeling, kissed their staves, and delivered them to Mr. Secretary, who, likewise kissing the same, delivered them into the queen's hands, who could not well hold them all, and her grace gently and merrily re-delivered them, willing him and all the other magistrates of the university "to minister justice uprightly, or she would take them into her own hands, and see to it;" adding, "that though the chancellor halted, his leg being sore, yet she trusted that Justice did not halt."

All this time Elizabeth was on horseback, and before she alighted came master W. Masters, of King's College, orator, making his three reverences, kneeling down on the first step of the west door (which was with the walls outward covered with verses), and made his oration, in length almost half an hour, in effect as follows. First, he praised many and singular virtues set and planted in her majesty, which her highness not acknowledging, bit her lips and fingers, and sometimes broke into passion, and interrupted with these words, "*Non est veritas.*" But the orator praising virginity, she exclaimed, "God's blessing on thine heart, there continue!"

When he had finished, the queen much commended him, and marvelled that his memory did so well serve him to repeat such divers and sundry matters, saying, "that she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak false Latin, and then they would laugh at her." But in fine, in token of her contentment she called him to her, offered him her hand to kiss, and asked his name.

She was lodged in King's College, the best chambers and gallery being devoted to her use. The fellows of King's resigned their monastic dormitories for the accom-

modation of lady Strange and the fair maids of honour of the virgin queen.

The next day was Sunday, and the queen went in great state to King's College chapel; she entered at the Litany under a canopy, carried over her head by four doctors of divinity. Dr. Perne preached the sermon, and when he was in the midst of it, her majesty sent the lord Hunsdon to will him to put on his cap, which he wore to the end. At which time, ere he could leave the pulpit, she sent him word by the lord chamberlain "that it was the first sermon she had ever heard in Latin, and she thought she should never hear a better." When the music of the choir concluded, she departed by the private way into the college, the four doctors bearing her canopy.[1]

At evening prayer, the queen was not expected at the chapel, therefore the singing commenced, but, being informed her majesty was then coming through the private passage, it stopped; and when she was seated in her traverse, even-song commenced anew, which ended, she departed by her usual way, and went to the play. This, by the protestants who surrounded Elizabeth, must have been considered a desecration of the Sabbath evening, if Cambridge did not at that time follow an ancient practice, (prevalent in some parts of Europe,) where the Sabbath was considered to commence on the Saturday evening, and to end on the Sunday after evening prayer. The customs and manners of an age and people must always be considered charitably, before violent blame is incurred; and it is possible, from so many traces that exist of Elizabeth's uproarious mode of spending our Sabbath evening, that some such reckoning of time was in vogue in her days.

She went to see one of Plautus' plays—the "Aulularia,"—"for the hearing and playing of which, at her expense a vast platform was erected in King's College church." The performance of a pagan play in a Chris-

[1] Which the footmen, adds the Cambridge Diary, claimed as their fee, and it was redeemed for £3. 6*s*. 8*d*.

tian church, on the Sunday evening, was no great improvement on the ancient Moralities and Mysteries, which, in retrospective review, are so revolting to modern taste. Those who glance over the Mysteries must feel displeased at finding that sacred subjects could be so absurdly dramatized, yet these Mysteries were listened to with reverential awe by a demi-savage people, who saw nothing ridiculous or profane in the manner of shewing the Creation, the history of Noah, or of Joseph, the intention being to make them comprehensible to the eye, when the untaught ear refused to follow the thread of sacred history. But Elizabeth and Cambridge had more knowledge, if not more wisdom, and ought to have banished their pagan play from the walls of a Christian temple.[1]

When all things were ready in the church for this play, the lord chamberlain and Cecil came in with a multitude of the guard bearing staff torches, no other lights being used at the play. The guard stood on the ground, bearing their torches on each side of the stage; and a very curious pictorial effect must the glaring torch-light have thrown on the groups of spectators standing or sitting among the pillars and deep Gothic arches of that church-playhouse. At last, the queen entered with her ladies and gentlewomen, lady Strange carrying her train, and the gentlemen pensioners preceding her with torch staves. She took her seat under a canopy of state, raised on the south wall of the church opposite to the stage, where she heard out the play fully, till twelve o'clock, when she departed to her chamber in the order that she came.

Next day the queen attended the disputations at St. Mary's church, where an ample stage was erected for the purpose. All the scholars had been ordered previously to enclose themselves in their colleges and halls; none but those who had taken a degree were permitted to appear, and among these, great inquisition

[1] The stage was at first erected in King's College Hall, but was not considered large enough, and therefore taken down, and erected in the *church* by the queen's orders.

was made regarding dress, for the queen's eyes had been roaming, during sermon time the preceding day, over the congregation, and she found sharp fault with sundry ragged and soiled hoods and gowns, likewise she was displeased that some of the doctors' hoods were lined with white silk, and some with miniver.

"At the ringing of the university bell the queen's majesty came to her place with royal pomp. As she passed, the graduates kneeled, and cried, modestly, 'Vivat Regina!' and she thanked them." She then questioned the chancellor, her minister Cecil, on the degrees and difference of every person present.

The question whether "monarchy were better than a republic," was the leading subject of the disputation, which was moved by the celebrated Dr. Caius. But, as the voices of the three doctors who disputed were low, the queen repeatedly called to them, "Loquimini altius." But finding this did no good, she left her seat and came to the edge of the stage, just over their heads, yet she could hear little of the disputation. Her own physician, Dr. Hyckes, a doctor of the college, decided the disputation, "with whom her majesty merrily jested when he asked licence of her grace." After his oration concluded, the queen departed merrily to her lodging, about seven o'clock. At nine she went to another play, acted in the church, called Dido. Her entertainment at King's ended next evening with another play in English, called Ezechias, and she liked her entertainment so well "that she declared if there had been greater provision of ale and beer she would have remained till Friday."[1]

Her visit to Cambridge was however not concluded, she was entertained at various colleges, and at Christ's received a pair of gloves, in memory of her great-grand-dame, lady Margaret, the foundress, mother of Henry VII. As she rode through the street to her lodging, she talked much with divers scholars in Latin, and, at alighting from her horse, dismissed them in Latin.

The day before she quitted Cambridge, at the con-

[1] She seems to have continued to use her sleeping apartments at King's during her whole stay.

clusion of a disputation in St. Mary's church, the duke of Norfolk and lord Robert, kneeling down, humbly desired her majesty "to say somewhat in Latin," who at first refused (mark, she had a set Latin oration ready prepared and conned by heart for the occasion), and said, "that if she might speak her mind in English, she would not stick at the matter." But understanding by Mr. Secretary that nothing might be said openly to the university in English, she required him rather to speak, "because he was chancellor, and the chancellor is the queen's mouth." Whereunto he answered, "that he was not *her* chancellor, but chancellor of the university." Then the bishop of Ely, kneeling, said "that three words of her mouth were enough." So being pressed on every side, she complied, and made a very sensible speech, in which, among other things, she raised the expectations of the university with respect to some royal foundation, which, however, she never thought fit to gratify.

Her speech began thus:—

"Although womanly shame-facedness, most celebrated university, might well determine me from delivering this my unlaboured oration before so great an assembly of the learned, yet the intercession of my nobles and my own good will towards the university, impel me to say somewhat."

It contained nine other sections. The conclusion was—

"It is time, then, that your ears, which have been so long detained by this barbarous sort of an oration, should now be released from the pain of it."[1]

At this speech of the queen's, the auditors, being all marvellously astonished, brake forth in open voice, "Vivat Regina!" But the queen's majesty responded to this shout, "Taceat Regina!" and moreover wished "that all those who heard her had drank of Lethe."

She departed from Cambridge on the 10th of August, passing from King's college by the schools. Dr. Perne, with many of the university, knelt, and, in Latin, wished her majesty a good journey. To whom she mildly answered with a distinct voice, "Valete omnes"—"Farc-

[1] Translation by Mr. Peck. The whole is drawn from a diary in MS., and collated by Mr. Nicholls in his "Progresses of Elizabeth," with a contemporary MS. in the Harleian Collection.

well all." The master of Magdalen was ready with a Latin oration of farewell, which she declined on account of the heat of the day; and rode forward to dinner at the bishop of Ely's house at Stanton. All the benefaction she bestowed at this visit was 20*l.* per annum to a handsome student who had acted Dido much to her satisfaction.

The report that her former suitor, the archduke Charles, was in treaty for the hand of the queen of Scots, filled Elizabeth's mind with jealous displeasure, for of all the princes of Europe he was esteemed the most honourable and chivalric, and Elizabeth's rejection of his suit appears to have been only for the purpose of obtaining concessions on the subject of his religion more consistent with her own profession. She made very earnest remonstrances to the queen of Scots on the unsuitableness of this alliance; and Cecil, at the same time, wrote to Mundt,[1] one of the pensionaries in Germany, to move the duke of Wirtemburg to advise the emperor to repeat the offer of his son to the queen of England. The duke performed his part with all due regard to the honour of her maiden majesty, for he sent an envoy to entreat her to permit him to name a person whom he considered would make her very happy in the wedded state, at the same time that he preferred his private mission to the emperor. Elizabeth replied, with her usual prudery on the subject of marriage, "that although she felt no inclination towards matrimony, she was willing, for the good of her realm, to receive the communication of which the duke had spoken;" unfortunately, however, the emperor had taken umbrage at the previous rejection of his son's addresses, and declared "he would not expose himself to a second insult of the kind."[2] When Elizabeth found she could not withdraw the archduke from Mary, she determined to compel Mary to resign him. Accordingly, she gave that queen to understand that she could not consent to her contracting such a marriage, which must prove inimical to the friendship between the two crowns, and that, "unless Mary would marry as she desired, she

[1] Haynes. [2] Ibid.

would probably forfeit all hope of a peaceful succession to the English crown." Mary had the complaisance to give up this accomplished prince, who was, perhaps, the only man in Europe worthy of becoming her husband, and professed her willingness to listen to the advice of her good sister, if she wished to propose a more suitable consort.

Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador, suggested that an English noble would be more agreeable to his royal mistress than any other person. Mary requested to be informed more clearly on this point, for it was generally supposed, that the young duke of Norfolk, being the kinsman of the queen, and one of the richest subjects in England, was the person intended for this signal honour by his sovereign.[1] Elizabeth electrified both courts by naming her own favourite, lord Robert Dudley. Mary replied, "that she considered it beneath her dignity to marry a subject," and told her base brother, Murray, who repeated her unlucky witticism to the English ambassador, "that she looked on the offer of a person so dear to Elizabeth, as a proof of good-will rather than of good meaning."[2] Elizabeth, soon after, complained, that Mary had treated the proposal of lord Robert Dudley with mockery,[3] which Mary, in a letter to her own ambassador at Paris, affirms that she never did, and wondered "who could have borne such testimony, to embroil her with that queen." If, however, Mary forbore from mockery at this offer, no one else did, for it was a theme of public mirth and satire, in England, Scotland, and France. Dudley, who had the presumption to aim at a still higher mark, and had been encouraged, by the extraordinary tokens of favour lavished upon him by his royal mistress, to conceive confident hopes of success, was surprised and offended at his own nomination to an honour, so infinitely above the rank and pretensions of any person of his name and family. In fact, he regarded it as a snare laid in his path by Cecil, who was jealous of his influence with Elizabeth, and would, he suspected,

[1] Keith. [2] Ibid.
[3] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i.

avail himself of this pretence to remove him from her court and presence. Elizabeth was flattered at Dudley's reluctance to wed her fairer rival, and redoubled her commendations of his various qualifications to the favour of a royal lady; she even offered to acknowledge Mary as her successor to the crown of England, on condition of her becoming his wife.[1] The hope of obtaining this recognition was artfully held out to Mary, as the lure to draw her into the negotiation, and so far it succeeded. although the royal beauty was not sufficiently an adept in diplomatic trickery, to conceal, at all times, the scorn with which she regarded a suitor so infinitely beneath her. Meantime she was secretly courted by her aunt, lady Lenox, for the young Henry lord Darnley, and was believed to incline towards that alliance.

At the very time Elizabeth was recommending her handsome master of the horse to her good sister of Scotland, she had so little command over herself, that she was constantly betraying her own partiality for him to sir James Melville, Mary's envoy, who, in his lively "Historic Memoirs" gives a succession of graphic scenes between Elizabeth and himself. "She told me," says his excellency, "that it appeared to her as if I made but small account of lord Robert, seeing that I named the earl of Bedford before him, but ere it were long she would make him a greater earl,[2] and I should see it done before me, for she esteemed him as one, whom she should have married herself, if she had ever been minded to take a husband; but being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished that the queen, her sister, should marry him, for with him she might find it

[1] Melville.

[2] In her fifth year, the queen granted lord Robert Dudley the castle and manor of Kenilworth and Astel-grove, the lordships and manors of Denbigh and Chirk, with other possessions, and a licence for transporting cloth, which he sold to John Mark, and others, of the company of merchant-adventurers; the next year, the queen recommended him for a husband to Mary queen of Scots, which, however, only seems to have been an excuse for lavishing new honours and immunities upon him, for she then advanced him to the dignity of earl of Leicester and baron of Denbigh, with a plurality of offices and privileges too numerous to detail here.—See Sidney Papers.

in her heart to declare queen Mary second person, rather than with any other; for, being matched with him, it would best remove out of her mind all fear and suspicion of usurpation before her death."[1]

Elizabeth would not permit sir James Melville to return home till he had seen Dudley created earl of Leicester and baron of Denbigh. This was done with great state at Westminster; "herself," says Melville, "helping to put on his robes, he sitting on his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour, but as for the queen she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to tickle him, smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her.[2] Then she asked me, 'how I liked him?' I said, 'as he was a worthy subject, so he was happy in a great prince, who could discern and reward good service.' 'Yet,' replied she, 'ye like better of yon lang lad,' pointing towards my lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, that day bare the sword before her. My answer again was, 'that no woman of spirit would make choice of sic a man, that was liker a woman than a man, for he was lusty, beardless, and lady-faced.' I had no will that she should think I liked him, though I had a secret charge to deal with his mother, lady Lenox, to purchase leave for him to pass to Scotland.

"During the nine days I remained at court," pursues Melville, "queen Elizabeth saw me every day, and sometimes thrice a day; to wit, aforenoon, afternoon, and after supper; she continued to treat of queen Mary's marriage with Leicester, and meantime I was familiarly and favourably used; sometimes she would say, 'that since she could not see the good queen her sister, she should open a good part of her inward mind to me, that she was not offended with queen Mary's angry letter, in which she seemed to disdain the marriage with Leicester, and she should set the best lawyers in England to search out, who had the best right to the crown of England, which she would wish to be her dearest sister rather than any other.' I replied, 'there could be

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 119. [2] Ibid.

no doubt on that head, but lamented, that even the wisest princes did not take sufficient notice of the partialities of their familiar friends and councillors, except it were sic a notable and rare prince as Henry VIII., her father, who of his own head was determined to declare his sister's son, James V., (at which time Elizabeth was not born, but only her sister, queen Mary,) heir apparent to the crown of England, failing the heirs of his own body, for the earnest desire he had to unite the whole island.' She said, 'she was glad he did not;' I said, 'he had but then a daughter, and was in doubt to have any more children, and as yet had not so many suspicions in his head.' And added, 'that her majesty was out of all doubt regarding her children, being determined to die a virgin.'

"She said, 'she was never minded to marry, except she were compelled by the queen her sister's hard behaviour to her.' I said, 'Madam, ye need not tell me that. I know your stately stomach. Ye think, gin ye were married, ye would be but *queen* of England, and now ye are king and queen baith,—ye may not suffer a commander.'

"She appeared to be so affectionate to queen Mary, her good sister, that she had a great desire to see her, and because that could not be, she delighted oft to look on her picture. She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little *lettroun*, (perhaps a desk,) where there were divers little pictures wrapped in paper, their names written with her own hand. Upon the first she took up was written, 'My lord's picture.' This was Leicester's portrait. I held the candle, and pressed to see my lord's picture. Albeit, she was loth to let me see it, but I became importunate for it, to carry home to my queen; she refused, saying, 'she had but one of his.' I replied, 'She had the original.' She was then at the further end of her bed-chamber, talking with Cecil. Elizabeth then took out my queen's (of Scots) miniature, and kissed it." Melville kissed her hand in acknowledgment of the great fondness she manifested to Mary.

"She shewed me," he continues, "a fair ruby, great like

a racket ball. I desired she would either send it to my queen, or the earl of Leicester's picture. She replied, 'If queen Mary would follow her counsel she would get them both in time, and all she had, but she would send her a diamond as a token by me.' Now, as it was late, after supper she appointed me to be with her next morning at eight, at which time was her hour for walking in the garden; she talked with me of my travels, and invited me to eat with her dame of honour, my lady Stafford, one honourable and godly lady, who had been banished to Geneva in the reign of queen Mary of England."

In the course of Melville's conferences with queen Elizabeth, the female costume of different countries was discussed, and how they became the persons of women. She told him she had the weeds (costume) of every civilized country, and gave proof of it by appearing in a fresh one every day, and asking the Scotch ambassador which was most becoming. "I said, 'The Italian weed,'" continues Melville, "which pleased her well, for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair by wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was redder than yellow, and curled apparently by nature." Then she inquired "what coloured hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was the best, and which of the two was the fairest?"[1]

Melville's answer was perplexing in its ambiguity, he said, "The fairness of both was not their worst faults." Elizabeth was not to be baffled by an oracular compliment, she came again to the question direct, and was earnest for Melville to declare, which of them both he thought the fairest.

Melville answered, "'You are the fairest queen in England and ours the fairest queen in Scotland.' Yet," he continues, "was she earnest." The poor ambassador then declared, "They were both the fairest ladies in their courts; that she was the whitest, but that our queen was very lovely." She inquired "'which of them was the highest stature.' "I answered 'our queen.' 'Then she is over high,' returned Elizabeth, 'for I am neither

[1] Meaning the most beautiful woman.

too high nor too low.' Then she asked how she (queen Mary) exercised and employed her time. I answered, 'When I left Scotland on my embassy, our queen was newly come from the Highland hunting; but that when she had leisure, she read in good books, the histories of divers countries, and would sometimes play on the lute and virginals.' Elizabeth," continues Melville, "speered (asked) whether Mary played well."

"Reasonably well for a queen," was the very discreet answer. This conversation occasioned a droll little scene of display and vanity to be got up by Elizabeth. The same day after dinner, Lord Hunsdon, Elizabeth's cousin, drew Melville into a retired gallery to hear some music. He whispered, as a secret, "that it was the queen playing on the virginals."

The ambassador listened awhile, and then withdrew the tapestry that hung before the doorway, boldly entered the room, and stood listening in an entranced attitude near the door, and heard her play excellently well. Her back was to the listener, at length she turned her head, affected to see him, and left off, coming forwards as if to strike him with her hand, as pretending to be ashamed; alleging "that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to eschew melancholy, and asked 'how I came there?' I replied, 'that as I was walking with my lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard *sic* melody, which raised and drew me into the chamber, I wist not how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, and that I was now willing to endure any punishment it would please her to lay on my offence.'" This expert flattery had its expected effect. The royal coquette sat herself down low on a cushion, to imbibe another dose of it, and the audacious flatterer placed himself on his knee beside her. She gave him, with her own hand, a cushion to place under his knee; Melville protested against such an innovation on the rules of gallantry, but the queen compelled him, and called in my lady Stafford out of the next chamber to chaperon the conference, for hitherto she had been tête-a-tête with the Scotch ambassador. This arrangement having

been happily made, her majesty proceeded to display the rest of her accomplishments. First, she demanded "whether she or the queen of Scot's played best?" "In that," says Melville, "I gave her the praise. She said my French was good, and speered whether I could speak Italian, which she spake reasonably well. Then she spake to me in Dutch, but it was not good; she would know what kind of books I liked best, whether theology, history, or love matters, I said, 'I liked weel of all the sorts.' I was earnest to be despatched, but she said 'that I tired sooner of her company than she did of mine;' I said, 'Albeit there was no occasion to tire, yet it was time to return.' But two days longer was I detained, that I might see her dance; *quhilk* being done, she inquired *at* me, 'whether she or my queen danced best?' I said, "my queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did.'" Whereby it may be gathered that Mary danced like an elegant woman; but surely the elaborate dancing of a vain affected person could scarcely be better defined than by Melville.

"Elizabeth wished that she might see the queen of Scotland at some convenient place of meeting. I offered," pursues Melville, "to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed in the disguise of a page, that she might see our mistress, as king James V. passed in disguise to France, to see the duke of Vendome's sister, that should have been his wife." Melville carried on this romantic badinage, by proposing, "that queen Elizabeth should give out that she was sick and kept her chamber, and none to be privy to her absence but my lady Stafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She said, 'Alas, would she might do it!' and seemed to like well of that kind of language." This scene took place at Hampton Court, where Melville at last received his dismissal, and departed with Leicester, by water, to London. On their voyage, Leicester apologised for his presumptuous proposal for the hand of the queen of Scots, which he assured her ambassador, apparently with sincerity enough, "was a wily move of Mr. Secretary Cecil, designed to ruin him with both queens."[1]

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 126. Sept., 1564.

Elizabeth appears to have pressed this marriage on her royal kinswoman of Scotland, without any real intention of resigning her favourite to that queen, but rather for the purpose, it has been supposed, of paving the way for her own marriage with him, by having proved that she esteemed him worthy of being the consort of another female sovereign. If Mary could have been induced to signify her consent to accept Leicester for her husband, then probably it was intended for him to declare the impossibility of his resigning the service of his royal mistress, even to become the spouse of the queen of Scots, and this would have afforded Elizabeth a really popular opportunity of rewarding him for the sacrifice, with her own hand. Matters never reached this point; for when Mary was urged to accept the newly created English earl, the queen mother of France, and her kinsmen of the house of Guise, expressed the utmost contempt at the idea of so unsuitable an alliance, and assured her, that Elizabeth intended to marry him herself.[1] This opinion must have had some weight when united with Melville's report, of the indecorous manner in which the English queen had committed herself, in toying with Leicester, during the ceremonial of his investiture, unrestrained even by the presence of the foreign ambassadors. Meantime, peace having been established with France, a regal suitor was offered to Elizabeth's acceptance in the person of Charles IX., the youthful monarch of that realm, who had been recently declared by the states of France to have attained his majority, although his mother, Catherine de Medicis, continued to govern in his name. He was, at this time, about sixteen, and Elizabeth with great propriety replied to Michel Castelnau, the ambassador by whom the proposal was submitted to her, "that she was greatly obliged for the signal honour that was done her by so mighty and powerful a king, to whom, as well as to the queen, his mother, she professed herself infinitely beholden, but that she felt this difficulty—the most Christian king, her good brother, was too great and too small—too great, as a monarch of such a realm, to

[1] Camden.

be able to quit his own dominions to cross the sea and remain in England, where the people always expected their kings and queens to live. Too small," she explained by saying, "that his majesty was young and she was already thirty, which she called old." Castelnau, not being accustomed to Elizabeth's coquettish manners, far from suspecting that this depreciatory remark on her own age, was a trap for a complimentary rejoinder, on his part, gave her credit for meaning what she said, and adds with great simplicity, "She has said the same thing ever since her accession to the throne, although there is not a lady in her court who surpasses her in her endowments of mind and body."[1]

The English nobles suggested to Castelnau, that the young duke of Anjou, Charles IX.'s brother, would be, in point of situation, a more suitable consort for the queen than Charles, as neither France nor England could permit the absence of their respective sovereigns. The French, they said, would not like their king to reside in England, nor would the English permit their queen to live in France. Elizabeth gave no encouragement, at that time, to overtures for her union with either of the royal brothers of Valois, and Castelnau proceeded to Scotland to offer the younger prince to the other island queen, Mary Stuart, of whom he speaks, in his despatches to his own court, in the most lively terms of admiration and respect.[2]

A matrimonial union between the crowns of England and France, was too brilliant a chimera to be hastily or lightly abandoned by that restless intriguante and shallow politician, Catherine de Medicis, and she subsequently empowered the resident French ambassador de Foys, to renew the proposal for a marriage between her eldest son, the youthful sovereign of France, and the maiden monarch of England. To this second overture, Elizabeth replied[3]—

"I find myself, on the one hand, much honoured by the proposal of the French king; on the other, I am

[1] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau, folio edition.
[2] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau. [3] Despatches of de Foys.

older than he, and would rather die than see myself despised and neglected. My subjects, I am assured, would oppose no obstacle, if it were my wish, for they have more than once prayed me to marry after my own inclination. It is true they have said, 'that it would pleasure them if my choice should fall on an Englishman.' In England, however, there is no one disposable in marriage but the earl of Arundel,[1] and he is further removed from the match than the east from the west; and as to the earl of Leicester, I have always loved his virtues." The ambassador was too finished a courtier, it seems, to interrupt her majesty by asking her to point these out—a question, which certainly would embarrass the most partial apologist of the crimes, of this bold, but not brave, bad man. "But," pursues Elizabeth, "the aspirations towards honour and greatness which are in me, cannot suffer him as a companion and a husband."

After this confidential explanation of her feelings towards the two rival earls, her subjects, her majesty, in allusion to the extreme youthfulness of her regal wooer, added, laughing, "My neighbour, Mary Stuart, is younger than I am; she will perhaps better please the king." "This has never been spoken of," replied de Foys, "she having been the wife of his brother." "Several persons," rejoined Elizabeth, "and among others, Lethington, have tried to persuade me that such a plan was in agitation, but I did not believe it."

A few days after, Elizabeth sent for de Foys again, and repeated her objections to the marriage with his

[1] This great peer was at that time under the cloud of his royal mistress's displeasure. He had stood her friend, in the season of her utmost peril, at the risk of his life and estate. He had been made her tool in polities and her sport in secret. His vast fortune had proved unequal to support the expenses he had incurred, in presents and entertainments suited to the magnificent tastes of the lofty lady, on whom he had had the folly to fix his heart, and he was involved in pecuniary difficulties. At length, irritated by the undisguised preference the queen daily manifested towards those, who had no such claims on her consideration, he haughtily returned his staff of office, as lord high steward, to her majesty, with sundry offensive speeches, which she took in such ill part, as to constitute him a prisoner in his own house. He then solicited, and after a time obtained, leave to travel in Italy to recruit his ruined fortunes. See Cecil's letter in Wright, i. 180.

boy-king. De Foys endeavoured to convince her they were of no weight, but, after a little courtly flattery had been expended, the negotiation was broken off.[1]

This summer Elizabeth honoured Leicester with her first visit to his new manor of Kenilworth, in the course of her progress through the midland counties.

When she entered the city of Coventry, the mayor and corporation who had met and welcomed her, presented her with a purse supposed to be worth twenty marks, containing a hundred pounds in gold angels. The queen, on receiving it, said to her lords, "It is a good gift; I have but few such, for it is a hundred pounds in gold." The mayor boldly rejoined, "If it like your grace, it is a great deal more." "What is that?" asked the queen. The mayor answered, "It is the faithful hearts of all your true loving subjects." "We thank you, Mr. Mayor," said the queen; "that is a great deal more indeed."[2] She invited the mayor and corporation to visit her at Kenilworth, on the following Tuesday, which they did, and were admitted to kiss her hand. She gave them thirty bucks, and knighted the recorder.

If Elizabeth, at this period, were not in love with Leicester, the proverb which affirms that "of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," must go for nought; for she was always talking of him, and that not only to those sympathizing listeners, her ladies of the bedchamber, but to such unsuitable confidants as the ambassadors—ergo, accredited spies, of foreign potentates. Well might the wily son of Burleigh observe of this queen, "that if to-day she was more than man, to-morrow she would be less than woman."[3]

De Foys' reports appear to have convinced his own court, that it was Elizabeth's positive intention to give her hand to Leicester, for Catherine de Medicis enjoined him to cultivate the good-will of this favoured peer, and entitle the royal family of France to his gratitude, by advocating the match with the queen of England. "I told queen Elizabeth," writes de Foys, in reply to the queen-mother,

[1] De Foys' Despatches. [2] Dugdale's Warwickshire.
[3] Sir R. Cecil's Letter, in Harrington's Nugæ.

" that she could do nothing better for the welfare, repose, and content of her kingdom, than to espouse one of the great peers of England, and that she would put an affront upon the king and your majesty, if she were to wed any other foreign prince, after having finally grounded her rejection of the king on the plea that a stranger would be unwelcome to the English." Elizabeth replied, " that she was not yet decided whom to marry," observing, " that even if she espoused a person without extensive possessions, his marriage with her would give him the means of engaging in pernicious schemes and intrigues. For this reason," continued she, " I will never concede to a husband any share in my power;" and added, " that but for the sake of posterity and the good of her realm, she would not marry at all. If she did, however, she did not mean to follow his advice by wedding a subject; she had it in her power to wed a king if she pleased, or a powerful prince so as to over-awe France."[1] This was in allusion to the archduke Charles, who having been decisively rejected by Mary of Scotland, was renewing his suit to her. She complained " that Charles IX. took part with the queen of Scots, while Darnley was writing her submissive letters and seeking her protection." This reproachful observation proves that Elizabeth and Darnley were already secretly reconciled. She had vehemently opposed his marriage with Mary Stuart, and yet had permitted him to visit the court of that queen.

The hitherto impregnable heart of the beautiful widow, had surrendered itself at first sight of " the beardless, lady-faced boy," and Darnley paid no heed to the peremptory mandates of his sometime English sovereign, to return at peril of outlawry, and forfeiture of his English inheritance. He kept the field of his new fortunes, and was a thriving wooer.

De Foys, as soon as he heard the queen of Scots had resolved on the marriage with her cousin Darnley, went to Elizabeth with the intention of defending Mary; he found the queen at chess, and said, profiting by the op-

[1] From the Despatches of de Foys, August, 1565.

portunity of introducing the subject, "This game is an image of the words and deeds of men. If, for example, we lose a pawn, it seems but a small matter; nevertheless, the loss often draws after it that of the whole game." The queen replied, "I understand you; Darnley is but a pawn, but may well check-mate me, if he is promoted."

After these words she left off playing, complained much of the disloyalty of Darnley and his father, and made evident her intentions of dealing, if it were possible, hostilely by them.[1] The only means she had, however, of testifying her anger effectively, was by sending Margaret countess of Lenox to her old quarters in the Tower.[2]

Two, out of the four royal ladies, who stood in immediate proximity to the throne, were now incarcerated on frivolous charges, and on the 21st of August, a third of this luckless quartette, Lady Mary Gray, was added to the list of fair state prisoners, for no greater crime than stealing a love-match, like her sister, lady Katharine. Cecil, in a letter to Sir Thomas Smith, relates the circumstance in the following words: "Here is an unhappy chance and monstrous. The serjeant-porter being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the lady Mary Gray, the least of all the court. They are committed to several prisons. The offence is very great."[3] Both the meek inoffensive sisters of lady Jane Grey, were thus torn from their husbands, and doomed to life-long imprisonment by the inexorable queen. Their piteous appeals to her compassion, may be seen in Ellis's royal letters. Can any one suppose that she would have scrupled to shed the blood of either or both of these broken-hearted victims, if their names had been used to excite an insurrection in her metropolis?

In a foregoing passage of the letter, wherein Cecil relates the disgrace of lady Mary Gray, he favours his absent colleague with the following important piece of secret information, which is partly written in cipher:—"You may perchance, by some private letter hereafter, hear of a strange accident here, and therefore I will, in

[1] Raumer, from the despatches of de Foys. [2] Camden.
[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i. p. 207.

a few words, give you some light. The queen's majesty is fallen into some misliking with my lord of Leicester, and he therewith much dismayed. You know how busy men in court will be to descant hereupon. The queen's majesty letteth it appear, in many overt speeches, that she is sorry for her loss of time, and so is every good subject."[1] In what other way can this sentence be explained than that Elizabeth, having quarrelled with her presumptuous favourite, repented of the impediment which her flirtations with him had opposed in her matrimonial treaties with foreign princes?

"What shall follow of this," pursues her anxious premier, "God knoweth. For my part, I will do that becometh an honest man, not to procure harm to him, though I know he hath not lacked procurers for my harm. But God forgive them! for I fear none of them, having so good a conscience of my well meaning both to her majesty and her realm. If I were as evil disposed as others, I could make a flame of this sparkel; but *fiat voluntas Dei!* The queen's majesty, thanked be God, is well disposed towards marriage. The emperor's ambassador is departed with an honourable answer, and himself well satisfied, and common opinion is, that the archduke Charles will come; which if he do, and will accord with us in religion, and shall be allowable for his person to her majesty, then, except God shall continue his displeasure against us, we shall see some success."

In another letter to Smith, Cecil declares, "that the queen's majesty will marry with none without sight of his person, nor with any that shall dissent in religion; that the articles of marriage are to be much the same as in the treaty between Philip and Mary, and expresses his opinion that the archduke will come. He considers that the nobility approve of the match, and notices that my lord of Leicester hath behaved himself very wisely to allow of it."[2] The very day on which this letter is dated, August 30th, the premier inscribed the following sentence in his private diary:—"The queen seemed to be very much offended with the earl of Leicester, and so she wrote an obscure sentence in a book at Windsor." This oracular sentence was probably her Latin epigram, on the presumption of a bear presuming to cherish hopes of mating with the lion.[3]

[1] Wright's Elizabeth, vol i. p. 207. [2] Ibid. p. 208.

[3] Among other impudent assumptions, Leicester and his parvenu brothers helped themselves to the right noble cognizance of the Beau-

The quarrel between Leicester and his royal mistress, is, by some authors, supposed to have originated in the following incident, which is related by sir Thomas Naunton, as an evidence that the influence of that nobleman was not so great as many have represented:—Bowyer, the gentleman of the black rod, having been expressly charged by the queen to be very particular as to whom he admitted into the privy chamber, one day prevented a very gay captain, and a follower of Leicester's, from entrance, because he was neither well known nor a sworn servant of the queen's; on which the other, bearing high on his patron's favour, told him "that he might perchance procure him a discharge." Leicester, coming to the contest, said publicly, which was contrary to his custom, "that Bowyer was a knave, and should not long continue in his office," and turned about to go to the queen; but Bowyer, who was a bold gentleman, and well beloved, stepped before him, fell at her majesty's feet, and related the story, humbly craving her grace's pleasure, and whether my lord of Leicester was king, or her majesty queen? On which the queen, turning to Leicester, exclaimed, with her wonted oath, "God's death, my lord! I have wished you well, but my favour is not so locked up in you that others shall not participate thereof, for I have many servants, unto whom I have and will, at my pleasure, confer my favour, and likewise reassume the same; and if you think to rule here, I will take a course to see you forthcoming. I will have here but one mistress and no master, and look that no ill happen to him, lest it be severely required at your hands." "Which so quailed my lord of Leicester," pursues Naunton, "that his feigned humility was long after one of his best virtues."[1] Small, however, at the utmost, were Leicester's claims to this rare quality. Lloyd observes of him, "His treasure was vast, his gains unaccountable, all passages to preferment being in his hand,

champ-Nevilles, the bear and ragged staff, relinquishing their own cognizance—a green lion with two tails. This gave rise to a Warwickshire proverb, in use at this day, "The bear wants a tail, and cannot be a lion."

[1] Fragmenta Regalia.

at home and abroad. He was never reconciled to her majesty under 5000*l.*, nor to a subject under 500*l.*, and was ever and anon out with both."

Just at this period, Elizabeth lavished much regard on a royal female guest, the lady Cecilia of Sweden, daughter to the great Gustavus Vasa, and sister to Elizabeth's former suitor, Eric. She and her husband, the margrave of Baden, had recently encountered many perils and hardships during eleven months' wanderings in the northern parts of Germany. At length, they landed in England, and, four days after, the lady was delivered of a son. This child was, on the last day of September, christened in the chapel royal at Whitehall, the queen herself standing godmother in person, the godfathers being the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Norfolk. The queen gave the little stranger the name of Edward Fortunatus,[1] "for that God had so graciously assisted his mother in her long, dangerous journey, and that she regarded it as an auspicious circumstance that he was born in her realm." The queen took such great delight in the company and conversation of the Swedish princess, that when the margrave returned to his own dominions, she persuaded the lady Cecilia to remain with her, and not only allowed her very honourable *bouche*, or table, at her court, three messes of meat twice a day for her maids and the rest of her family,[2] but allowed her husband a pension of two thousand crowns a year as long as he would permit his consort to reside in her court. This lady was given the entrée of the queen's chamber, and enjoyed sufficient influence with Elizabeth to excite the jealousy of her watchful premier, Cecil, who, in a letter to sir Thomas Smith, betrays some anxiety to discover the real object of her coming to England:

"Of the lady Cecilia of Sweden," writes he, "your son can report how bountifully she liveth here; of whom also there are sundry opinions; some that she meant to set on foot her brother's former suit of marriage, but perceiving that not to be found probable, some now say that she will further my lord of Leicester; but if she shall find no success there, then

[1] Stowe.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations.

some will say as they list; and thus, you see, all things are subject to reports."[1]

In the same letter, Cecil observes, "that there are rumours that the lords of the court do not agree among themselves, that Leicester was not so much in favour as heretofore, that Sussex and he were on strange terms, that the duke of Norfolk, the lord chamberlain, and lord Hunsdon were opposed to Leicester."[2] These three peers and Sussex, also, were the kinsmen of the queen, through her grandmother, lady Elizabeth Howard. Mr. Heneage is also mentioned, by Cecil, "as reported to be in very good favour with her majesty, and so misliked by my lord of Leicester. To tell you truly," continues the watchful premier, "I think the queen's favour to my lord of Leicester is not so manifest to move men to think that she will marry with him, and yet his lordship hath favour sufficient, as I hear him say, to his good satisfaction."[3] This letter is dated October 16th. A few days later, the queen manifested an increase of regard for Leicester, such as made his enemies hasten to effect a reconciliation with him.[4] He received their advances in a conciliatory manner, and took a more subtle revenge on Cecil than if he had exerted his renewed influence to effect his fall, by honouring him with a provoking offer of his patronage, in a tone that could not fail to recal to the mind of the man who ruled the destinies of Protestant Europe, and feared not to controvert and bend to his own policy the declared will of the lion-like sovereign herself, the time when he was an underling official in the train of his own parvenu father, the duke of Northumberland.

"I have long known your good qualities," said Leicester, "your conscientiousness, and knowledge of business. I have, on these accounts, always loved you, although I know that you would fain marry the queen to a foreign prince. I will now tell you plainly that I am a claimant for the hand of the queen, and it seems to me that she looks upon no one with favour but myself. I therefore

[1] Wright, vol. i. p. 211.
[2] Ibid. p. 29.
[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times.
[4] De Foys' Despatches.

beseech you that you will lay aside all other projects, and then I will always give you my hand, and not only keep you where you are, but take care for your further elevation as you deserve, and as the service of the state may require."[1] Cecil had sufficient command over his feelings to thank the favourite for his good opinion and apparent good will.

During the period of Elizabeth's transient coolness to Leicester, he had manifested some degree of sullenness, and it is supposed, that he testified his resentment by soliciting to be sent on a diplomatic mission to France. When De Foys, through whom Leicester had chosen to prefer his request, mentioned it to the queen, she was surprised and offended that the earl should wish to absent himself. She caused him to be summoned to her presence, and asked him, if he really wished to go to France? On his replying, "that, with her permission, it was one of the things he most desired," she told him, "that it would be no great honour to the king of France were she to send a groom to so great a prince;" and then she laughingly observed to the ambassador, "I cannot live without seeing him every day; he is like my lap-dog, so soon as he is seen any where, they say I am at hand; and wherever I am seen, it may be said, that he is there also."

Elizabeth had formerly condescended to discuss with Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, the scandalous reports then prevalent, not only on the continent, but in her own court, regarding her intimacy with Dudley. She even forgot the dignity of a gentlewoman and a sovereign so far, as to demonstrate the improbability of what was said, by shewing him the situation of her sleeping apartment and that of the favourite. Subsequently, however, she found that her favourite's health was likely to be impaired by the dampness of the room he occupied in the lower story of the palace, and assigned him a chamber contiguous to her own.[2]

[1] De Foys, from Raumer.

[2] Sharon Turner considers this arrangement was a prudential measure, for the defence of the royal person against the attempts of those, who

De Foys, in his report of the 19th of December, says, "Leicester has pressed the queen hard to decide by Christmas on her marriage. She, on the other hand, has entreated him to wait till Candlemas. I know, from good authority," pursues he, "and have also learned from the most credible persons, that she has promised him marriage before witnesses. Nevertheless, if she chooses to release herself from such promise, no one will summon her to justice, or bear witness against her."[1]

At Christmas, Leicester was in close attendance on the queen, even while she was in the solemn act of communicating at the altar, and was one of her assistants in that holy rite. The ceremonials observed, on that occasion, have been thus recorded by a contemporary,[2] and are highly curious:—

"On Christmas day her majesty came to service, very richly apparelled in a gown of purple velvet, embroidered with silver, very richly set with stones, and a rich collar set with stones. The earl of Warwick (Leicester's brother) bore the sword, the lady Strange (the daughter of the queen's cousin, lady Eleanor Brandon) bore her train. After the creed, the queen went down to the offering, and having a short bench with a carpet and a cushion laid by a gentleman usher, her majesty kneeled down. Her offering was given her by the marquis of Northampton; after which she went into her traverse, where she abode till the time of the communion, and then came forth and kneeled down on the cushion and carpet. The gentlemen ushers delivered the towel (or communion cloth) to the lord chamberlain, who delivered the same to be holden by the earl of Sussex on her right hand, and the earl of Leicester on the left.[3] The bishop of Rochester served her majesty both with the wine and

sought her majesty's life. No attempts of the kind, however, are on record, till after she excited the ill will of a portion of her subjects, by her unjust detention of Mary Stuart, and her unfeminine cruelty to that princess.

[1] Von Raumer.

[2] Donation MS. 4812, No. 8, lib. W. Y. 193, British Museum.

[3] This cloth was to be held up before the queen's face the moment she had received the elements: it was a remnant of the catholic ceremonial.

bread. Then the queen went into the traverse again, and the lady Cecilia, wife to the marquis of Baden, came out of the traverse, and kneeled at the place where the queen had kneeled, but she had no cushion, only one to kneel on. After she had received, she returned to the traverse again. Then the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chamberlain received the communion with the mother of the maids, after which the service proceeded to the end. The queen returned to the chamber of presence, and not to the closet. Her majesty dined not abroad."

Elizabeth was fond of jesting, and now and then perpetrated a pun. This year she sent Man, dean of Gloucester, as ambassador to Philip of Spain, whose envoy at the English court was Gusman, dean of Toledo. Elizabeth thought meanly of the person and abilities of dean Man, and this opinion gave rise to a very bad pun by her majesty. She said, "King Philip had sent Gooseman (Gusman) to her, and she, in return, had sent a *Man* to him not a whit better than a *goose*." She also made the following quaint rhyming rebus on a gentleman of the name of Noel:—

> "The word of denial and letter of fifty
> Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty."[1]

A few of the less pleasing traits of Elizabeth's character developed themselves this year, among which may be reckoned her unkind treatment of the venerable Dr. Heath, the nonjuring archbishop of York, and formerly lord chancellor. It has been shewn, that he performed good and loyal service for Elizabeth, whose doubtful title was established, beyond dispute, by his making her first proclamation a solemn act of both houses of parliament. Subsequently, in 1560, he was ordered into confinement in the Tower, because he would not acknowledge Elizabeth's supremacy over the church. He remained there till he was sent into a sort of prison restraint at one of the houses belonging to his see in

[1] Collins, in Gainsborough.

Yorkshire. His mode of imprisonment permitted him to take walks for exercise. These rambles could not have been very far, for he was turned of eighty. They were regarded with jealousy, and the following order of council exists, in answer to a letter from lord Scrope, relative to the examination by him to be taken of Nicholas Heath, with whom his lordship is required to proceed somewhat sharply withal, "to the end, that he should declare the full truth why he wandereth abroad; and if he will not be plain, to use some kind of torture to him, so as to be without any great bodily hurt, and to advertise his (lord Scrope's) doings herein."[1]

The old man had been on terms of friendship with the queen, had done her worthy service, he had been considered an opponent of persecution, yet could Elizabeth, then little turned of thirty, sit in her conclave, and order the unfortunate prisoner to be pinched with the torture, to reveal some vague and indefinite crime, which perhaps only existed in the suspicions of his enemies.

Elizabeth had ordered her ministers at the court of Edinburgh, Throckmorton and Randolph, to foment the disaffections there, and especially to encourage Murray and his party, in their opposition to the marriage of Mary with Darnley; in consequence of which, they at length took up arms against their sovereign. They were defeated, and forced to retreat into England. Murray proceeded to London, and requested an interview with the queen; considering, doubtless, that he had a claim to her favour and protection, having acted in secret understanding with her ministers.

The queen, however, refused at first to see him, or any of the confederates. Murray complained to Cecil, and others, "that he had been moved to what he had done by the instigation of queen Elizabeth, whereby he

[1] Council Register, Reign of Elizabeth, No. 1, p. 196. At this black privy council there is noted as present, June 22, 1565, queen Elizabeth, the lord keeper Bacon, marquis Northampton, earl of Leicester, secretary Cecil, Mr. Cave, Petre, and Sackville. It is edited by the late Mr. Howard of Corby, in his Supplement to the Howard Memorials.

had lost all in Scotland." Elizabeth caused it to be represented to him, that this was very displeasing to her, and that she would only see him and his friends on condition of their exonerating her from any share in the plot against his own government. When they had received their lesson, they were admitted to an audience, in the presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, and falling on their knees, they declared, that "the queen was innocent of the conspiracy, and had never advised them to disobey their sovereign lady."

"Now," replied Elizabeth, "ye have spoken truth. Get from my presence; traitors, as ye are."[1] Thus did she outwit, and trample on her own abased instruments. However, she gave Murray a pension, secretly. Throckmorton was so indignant at her attempting to treat his intrigues with the unsuccessful Scottish rebels, as if unauthorized by herself, that he exposed the secret orders on which he had acted; which was never forgiven by Elizabeth and Leicester, although he had been, as the reader has seen, one of the oldest and most trusty of the friends of her youth. To those she was, generally speaking, attached and grateful. Sir James Crofts she promoted very highly in his military capacity, and after the death of sir Thomas Parry, made him comptroller of her household. Saintlow, the captain of the yeomen of her guard, who was confined in the Tower at the same time with herself, on suspicion of being a confederate in the plots against queen Mary, continued in her household after her accession to the throne. She was not always very gracious to him; but condescended, nevertheless, to obtain from him a horse, for which she only paid him with fair words. This is his account of the matter in a letter he wrote to his wife:[2] "The queen, yesterday, her own self riding upon the way craved my horse, unto whom I gave him, receiving openly many goodly words." Elizabeth quarrelled with him the next time

[1] Keith. Chalmers. Lingard. Melville.

[2] After Saintlow's death, his wife, commonly called Bess of Hardwick, married the earl of Shrewsbury, and obtained infamous celebrity as the treacherous castellaine of Mary queen of Scots. See Lodge's Illustrations.

they met; all which he thus relates to his better half: "The queen found great fault with my long absence, saying, 'that she would talk with me further, and that she meant to chide me.' I answered, 'that when her highness understood the truth and cause, she would not be offended.' To which she said, 'Very well, very well.' Howbeit, hand of hers I did not kiss."

This year Elizabeth having appointed sir Henry Sidney to the government of Ireland, addressed to him the following sapient, but pedantic letter, on the occasion of the feud between the earls of Desmond and Ormond, in which she prescribes the part, he is to take, in a series of quaint punning aphorisms, not always *apropos* to the subject; and rather reminding us, of what lord Byron called "hints and howls, by way of an oration."

HARRY,

If our partial, slender managing of the contentious quarrel between the two Irish rebels, did not make the way to cause these lines to pass my hand, this gibberish should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worser hap to come, I *rede* (advise) you take good heed. * * * * Make some difference between tried, just, and false friends. Let the good service of well deservers, be never rewarded with loss. Let their thanks be such, as may encourage more strivers for the like. Suffer not that Desmond's daring deeds, far wide from promised works, make you trust to other pledge than himself, or John, for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you, trust him no farther than you see one of them. Prometheus let me be; and Prometheus hath been mine, too long. I pray God your old straying sheep, late as you say, returned into fold, wore not her woolly garment upon her *wolfy* back. You know a kingdom knows no kindred. *Si violandum jus regnan di causa.* A strength to harm, is perilous in the hand of an ambitious head. Where might is mixed with wit, there is too good an accord in a government. Essays be oft dangerous, specially where the cup bearer hath received such a preservative, as whatsoever betide the drinker's draught, the carrier takes no pain thereby. Believe not, though they swear that they can be full sound, whose parents sought the rule that they full fain would have. I warrant you, they will never be accused of bastardy; they will trace the steps that others have trod before. If I had not espied, though very late, *legerdemain* used in these cases, I had never played my part. No, if I did not see the balances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh-house. I hope I shall have so good customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If aught have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not, nor do you consult so long, that advice come too late. Where, then, shall we wish the deeds, while all was spent in words. A fool too late bewares when all the peril is past. If we still advise, we shall never do, yea, and if our web be framed with rotten handles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin. God

send the weaver true prentices again, and let them be denizens. I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such too as your ancients, aldermen, that have, or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behaviour. Let this memorial be only committed to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode than the leisure of the reading thereof; yea, and no mention made thereof to any other wight, I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have had but secretaries' letters from me.

"Your loving *maistres*,
"ELIZABETH R."[1]

Early in the new year arrived Rambouillet, an envoy-extraordinary from Charles IX., to invest any two of her majesty's great nobles, whom it might please her to point out, with the insignia of Saint Michael, the national order of France, which had never before been bestowed on any English subject, save Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. Elizabeth named her kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, who then held a distinguished place in her favour, and the earl of Leicester.[2] It had occasioned great wonder, in the first year of her reign, when this nobleman was chosen as one of the knights of the garter; but so many honours and privileges had since been conferred on him, that this was regarded as a matter of course; and every one expected that his next preferment would be to the crown-matrimonial of England. Elizabeth had promised to give him a decided answer at Candlemas; but when that time came, she still hesitated. Cecil had bided his time; and when he found her dubious, he suggested six important objections to the marriage.[3] 1st. Leicester could bring neither riches, power, nor estimation. 2nd. He was deeply involved in debt, notwithstanding all that had been lavished upon him. 3rd. He was surrounded by needy and rapacious dependents who would engross all the favour, and all the patronage of the crown. 4th. He was so violent and mutable in his passions; one day so jealous, and another so indifferent, that the queen could not expect to live happily with him. 5th. He was infamed, by the death of his wife; and, 6th. His marriage with his sovereign, would be taken as a confirmation of all the scandalous

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Stowe.
[3] Von Raumer. Lingard.

reports that had been so long and confidently circulated, both at home and abroad.[1]

The wedded misery of the queen of Scots, and the ingratitude, ambition, and misconduct of Darnley, probably operated as a warning to the wary Elizabeth, of the danger she might encounter if she married a subject; and, above all, she knew Leicester too well to trust him.

The state of excitement in the court and the scandalous reports that were in circulation, may be gathered from the careful manner in which the cautious premier guards his colleague at the court of France, sir Thomas Smith, from giving credit to the gossip that may have been collected by the servant, whom he had lately sent to England with his letters.

"Of my lord of Leicester's absence," writes he, "and of his return to favour, if your man tell you tales of the court or city, they be fond (foolish), and many untrue. Briefly, I affirm, that the queen's majesty may be by malicious tongues not well reported; but in truth she herself is blameless, and hath no spot of evil intent. Marry, there may lack specially in so busy a world, circumspections to avoid all occasions"[2]—of giving room for invidious observations—Cecil might have added, had he closed the sentence; but he evidently refers with some annoyance to the levity of carriage in his royal mistress, which rendered it necessary for him to render serious testimony to her ambassador in a foreign court, that however her reputation might have suffered, she was herself innocent of actual misconduct.

Cecil's letter is dated the 26th of March, 1566, and at that time he appears seriously anxious to promote Elizabeth's marriage with the archduke, if only to put an end to the disreputable flirtation, which was still going on, with the man whom she probably loved, but was too proud, too cautious to marry.

"The matter of Charles," pursues the premier, "is of her surely minded; but the progress therein hath many lets. My lord of Norfolk hath shewed himself a very noble man, and wise."

[1] Haynes. [2] Wright, vol. i. 225.

Norfolk was an earnest advocate of the Austrian marriage; and his disdain of Leicester was never forgiven by the favourite. The rest of the nobility were also anxious for the alliance with Charles.

"God direct the queen's marriage in some place," concludes Cecil, "for otherwise her regiment will prove very troublesome and unquiet." By the expression, her *regiment*, the premier seems to imply her rule, or guidance; but whether the trouble he anticipates would be to himself, in managing his sovereign, or to herself in ruling her aspiring lord, is not quite so clear.

Where crowns and sovereigns are at stake, the game must needs be delicately played, by those who hope to win; but Leicester's egotism led him to forget the respect due to his royal mistress, so far as to unbosom himself without reserve to the new French ambassador, La Forêt, who, on the 6th of August, 1566, communicated the following particulars to his own court: "The earl has admitted to me, laughing and sighing at the same time, 'that he knows not what to hope or fear, that he is more uncertain than ever whether the queen wishes to marry him or not; that she has so many, and great princes suitors, that he knows not what to do, or what to think.' Subsequently he has said, 'I believe not in truth that the queen will ever marry. I have known her, from her eighth year, better than any man upon earth. From that date she has invariably declared that she would remain unmarried. Should she, however, alter that determination, I am all but convinced she would choose no other than myself. At least, the queen has done me the honour to say as much to me, and I am as much in her favour as ever.'"[1]

While these doubts and fears, hopes and misgivings, on the subject of love and matrimony were agitating the mighty Elizabeth, her ambitious favourite, her anxious premier, and jealous kinsmen,—Mary Stuart, on the 19th of June, had given birth to a son, who was one day to unite the Britannic Isles in one peaceful and glorious empire. Sir James Melville was despatched in all haste to announce this joyful event to Elizabeth.

[1] Depêches de la Forêt.

The court was then at Greenwich; and Cecil hastening to the royal presence before Melville was admitted, approached her majesty, who was dancing merrily in the hall after supper, and whispered the news in her ear. The mirth and music ceased; for all present were startled at the sudden change which came over the queen, who, unable to conceal her vexation, sat down, leaning her head on her hand, and then burst out to some of her ladies, who anxiously inquired what ailed her grace—"The queen of Scots is lighter of a fair son; and I am but a barren stock!"[1] This extraordinary lamentation for a maiden queen was duly reported to Melville; when he came next morning to his official audience, his spies and friends told him, withal, that the queen had been earnestly counselled to conceal her chagrin, and "shew a glad countenance." However, she rather overacted her part, if Melville bears true witness, since, at his introduction, he says, "She welcomed me with a merry *volt*," which certainly must mean, that she cut a caper at the sight of him. "She then thanked me for the despatch I had used, and told me 'the news I brought had recovered her from a heavy sickness, which had held her fifteen days!' All this she said and did, before I delivered my letter of credence. I told her, when she had read it, 'that my queen knew of all her friends, her majesty would be the gladdest of the news, albeit, her son was dear bought with peril of her life;' adding, 'that she was so sair handled in the meantime, that she *wisset* she had never married.' This I said to give the English queen a little scare of marrying; she boasted sometimes that she was on the point of marrying the archduke Charles, whenever she was pressed to name the second person, or heir to the English crown. Then I requested her majesty to be a gossip to our queen; for cummers, or godmothers, are called gossips in England. This she granted gladly. Then, I said, her majesty would have a fair occasion to see our queen, which she had so oft desired. At this she smiled, and said, 'she wished that her estate and affairs might per-

[1] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 158-9.

mit her,' and promised to send honourable lords and ladies to supply her place."[1] She sent the earl of Bedford as her representative to congratulate the queen, and to present her splendid christening gift, a font of gold worth 1000*l.*, which she expressed some fear that the little prince might have over-grown. "If you find it so," said she, "you may observe that our good sister has only to keep it for the next, or some such merry talk." Elizabeth appointed Mary's illegitimate sister, the beautiful countess of Argyle, to act as her proxy at the baptism of the heir of Scotland, which was performed according to the rites of the church of Rome. The royal infant received the names of Charles James, though he reigned under that of James alone.

Elizabeth was the principal cause of the unfortunate husband of Mary not being present at the baptism of his royal infant, because she had positively enjoined her ambassador to refuse to acknowledge his conventional title of king of Scotland.

This summer the feuds between Sussex and Leicester ran so high, on the subject of her majesty's marriage, that neither of them ventured abroad without a retinue of armed followers. Sussex, whose mother was a Howard, was the kinsman of the queen, and his high sense of honour rendered him jealous of the construction that was placed on her intimacy with her master of the horse, combined with her reluctance to marry. He was urgent with her to espouse the archduke Charles, and with him were banded all of the Howard lineage and Lord Hunsdon, her maternal relatives. Cecil, her premier, went with them as far as his cautious nature would permit. In June there was an attempt to shake his credit with the queen, and he has noted briefly, and without comment, the following incidents in his diary:—

"June, 1566, Fulsharst, a fool, was suborned to speak slanderously of me at Greenwich to the queen's majesty, for which he was committed to Bridewell."

"16th, a discord between the earls of Leicester and Sussex at Greenwich, there appeased by her majesty."

[1] Melville's Memoirs.

"21st, Accord between the Earls of Sussex and Leicester before her majesty at Greenwich."

They were reconciled after the fashion of persons, who are reluctantly bound over to keep the peace, for their hatred was deadly and unquenchable. The queen went soon after in progress into Northamptonshire and to Woodstock. On the 31st of August she paid a long-promised visit to the University of Oxford, of which Leicester had been elected chancellor. She was received at Walvicote by the earl of Leicester, and a deputation of doctors and heads of colleges in their scarlet gowns and hoods. The staffs of the superior beadles were delivered to her by the chancellor and restored again. Mr. Roger Marbeck, the orator of the University, made an elegant speech to her majesty, who was graciously pleased to offer her hand to be kissed by the orator and doctors. When Dr. Humphreys, the leader of the puritan party, drew near, in his turn, to perform that homage to his liege lady, she said to him, with a smile, "Mr. Doctor, that loose gown becomes you well, I wonder your notions should be so narrow."[1]

About a mile from the town, her majesty was met and welcomed by the mayor and corporation. The mayor surrendered his mace into her hands, which she returned, and he presented to her, in the name of the city, a cup of silver, double gilt, in which was forty pounds in old gold. She entered at the north gate, called Brocardo, from which place to Christ Church Hall, the University was ranged in order, according to their degrees, and each order presented her majesty with Latin verses and orations. The scholars, kneeling as she passed, cried "*Vivat regina,*" and she, with joyful countenance, responded "*Gratius ego.*" When she came to Carfax, an oration was made to her in Greek, by Mr. Lawrence, to which she made a suitable reply, in the same language. A canopy was borne over her, by four senior doctors, as she entered the church. On the second of September her majesty heard the first half of an English play, called Palamon and Arcite,[2] "which had such tragical success," observes old Stowe, "as was lamentable, three persons

[1] Hist. and Antiq. Oxon, lib. i. 287.

[2] Neal's visit of queen Elizabeth to Oxford, MS. Harl. 7033, f. 139.

being killed by the fall of a wall and part of the staircase, on account of the over-pressure of the crowd, which the queen understanding, was much concerned, and sent her own surgeon to help those, who were now past remedy. On the fourth of September the queen heard the remainder of Palamon and Arcite,[1] to her great content,

[1] The author of this admired play was Richard Edwards, master of the children of her majesty's chapel royal. He had previously written the tragedy of Damon and Pythias. His verses were much esteemed in the court, and the following complimentary description of eight of Elizabeth's maids of honour can scarcely be unacceptable to the reader :—

I.

" Howard is not haughty,
But of such smiling cheer,
That would allure each gentle heart
Her love to hold full dear.

II.

" Dacres is not dangerous,
Her talk is nothing coy,
Her noble stature may compare
With Hector's wife of Troy.

III.

" Baynam is as beautiful
As nature can devise ;
Steadfastness possess her heart,
And chastity her eyes.

IV.

" Arundel is ancient
In these her tender years,
In heart, in voice, in talk, in deeds—
A matron wise appears.

V.

" Dormer is a darling,
Of such a lively hue,
That whoso feeds his eyes on her
May soon her beauty rue.

VI.

" Coke is comely, and thereto
In books sets all her care,
In learning, with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

VII.

" Bridges is a blessed wight,
And prayeth with heart and voice,
Which from her cradle hath been taught,
In virtue to rejoice.

VIII.

" These eight now serve one noble queen ;
But if power were in me,
For beauty's praise, and virtue's sake,
Each one a queen should be."

Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

in the common hall of Christ's College. When it was ended, she, who well knew the art of pleasing, and rarely omitted those gracious courtesies which cost a sovereign nothing, but are precious, beyond description, to those to whom they are vouchsafed, sent for the author, and gave him thanks for the pleasure she had received, with promises of reward, and before her whole court condescended thus to prattle to him of the characters which had afforded her two nights' entertainment in the hall. "By Palamon," said her majesty, "I warrant he dallied not in love, being in love indeed. By Arcite, he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face. By Trecotio, God's pity, what a knave it is! By Pirithous, his throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander by would have stayed by the arm with an oath."[1] This circumstance appears to have amused Elizabeth exceedingly, for it seems, that the youthful part of the audience, being new to the excitement of dramatic entertainments, took some of the most lively incidents in the play for reality, without pausing to reflect on the absurdity of a pagan knight, of the court of Theseus, being in possession of the cloak of the royal Anglo-Saxon saint. It is, however, certain, that the fair Emilia, whose part was enacted by a handsome boy of fourteen, appeared on that occasion, not only in the costume, but the veritable array of the recently defunct majesty of England, queen Mary, as we find from the following item in one of the wardrobe books of queen Elizabeth: "There was occupied and worn at Oxford, in a play before her majesty, certain of the apparel that was late queen Mary's; at what time there was lost one fore-quarter of a gown without sleeves, of purple velvet, with satin ground," &c.[2]

Notwithstanding the abstraction of so important a portion of the royal gaberdine of her sister and predecessor, with which the roguish representative of the Athe-

[1] Anthony A Wood. Warton. Nichols.

[2] The highly curious MS. from which this fact is derived is in the valuable collection of my learned friend, sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., of Middlehill.

nian princess, had doubtless guerdoned himself, for his trouble, queen Elizabeth, in token of her approbation of his performance, gave him eight pounds in gold. In the same play was introduced the cry of hounds on the train of a fox, in Theseus' hunting party, which being imitated with good effect, not on the stage, but the quadrangle of the college, the young scholars standing in the windows were so greatly excited, that they cried out, "There, there! he's caught, he's caught!"

"Oh, excellent!" cried the queen, merrily, from her box, "These boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds."[1]

On the fifth of September were disputations in physic and divinity, in St. Mary's church, from two o'clock till seven, before the queen, at which time Dr. Westphaling prolonged his oration to so unreasonable a length, that her majesty, who intended herself to speak in the evening, sent word to him, "to make an end of his discourse without delay."[2] The doctor, having possession of the public ear, paid no heed to the royal mandate, but held forth for half-an-hour more, to the infinite indignation of the queen, who was not only especially bored by his interminable prosing, but prevented from making the learned display she had herself meditated, having been earnestly solicited to speak, by the Spanish ambassador, who was present, which she had promised to do when the disputations were over. It was so late before Dr. Westphaling concluded his harangue that her majesty was compelled to put off her own speech till the next morning. She sent an angry message to Westphaling, inquiring, "how he durst presume to go on with his discourse to so unreasonable a length, after she had sent her commands for him to bring it briefly to a close?" The learned doctor replied, with great humility, that having committed it all to memory, he found it impossible to omit any part in order to shorten it, lest he should put himself so entirely out

[1] Anth. A Wood. Ath. Ox., vol. i. p. 288. Nichols' Progresses.
[2] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

of cue that he should forget all the rest, and so be brought to shame before the university and court. Her majesty laughed heartily, when she understood the parrot-like manner in which the poor doctor had learned his theme, so that he feared to leave out one sentence, for fear of forgetting the rest.

On the following morning, she made her own oration, in Latin, before the whole university, "to the great comfort and delectation of them all;" but in the midst of it, observing her secretary of state, Cecil, standing on his lame feet, she broke off, by ordering one of her attendants to bring him a stool, and when she had seen him conveniently seated, she resumed her oration, and went on to the end as fluently as if she had not interrupted herself. This, it is supposed, she intended as a hint to Westphaling on her superior powers of eloquence and memory.[1]

Her majesty was feasted, eulogized, and entertained at Oxford for seven successive days. On the last, the commissary and proctors presented her majesty, in the name of the whole university, with six pair of very fine gloves, and to the nobles and officers of her household, some two pair, and others one, which were thankfully accepted. After dinner, a farewell oration was addressed to her majesty in Christ Church, and the very walls of Oxford were papered with verses in honour of her visit. She was conducted, by the mayor, aldermen and heads of colleges, as far as Shotiver-hill, where the earl of Leicester informed her their jurisdiction ended, and Mr. Roger Marbeck made a final oration to her majesty, on the glories to which learning was likely to arrive under so erudite a sovereign. Elizabeth listened with pleasure, returned a gracious answer, and looking back on Oxford with all possible marks of tenderness and affection, bade them farewell.[2]

From Oxford she proceeded to Ricote, the seat of Sir Henry Norris, and then returned to London, to await

[1] Sir John Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] Hist. and Antiquities Acad. Oxon. Anthony A Wood. Holinshed. Nichols.

the opening of the parliament, which, after six lengthened prorogations, she had reluctantly summoned to meet for the purpose of replenishing her empty exchequer.

The birth of a son to the queen of Scots had strengthened the party of those who were desirous of seeing the succession settled on the hereditary claimants who would ultimately unite the crowns of England and Scotland in peace and prosperity. On the other hand, the protestant community, dreading a renewal of persecution if the sceptre passed into the hands of a catholic sovereign, desired the marriage of Elizabeth, in the hope of continuing under monarchs of her own immediate lineage.

When the parliament met, both parties united in addressing her majesty on the two subjects most distasteful to her—her marriage and the settlement of the royal succession. She heard them with fierce impatience, and, like a true daughter of Henry VIII., bade them "attend to their own duties, and she would perform hers." They were of a different spirit from the men, who had crouched to her father's bad passions and ill manners, for they exerted the independence of the national senate by refusing to grant the supplies, on the grounds that her majesty had not performed the conditions, on which the last were given, and passed a vote that nothing of the kind should be done, till she thought proper to accede to the wishes of the nation, by settling the succession.[1]

A deputation of twenty peers addressed the queen on the evils resulting from her silence. She answered, haughtily, "that she did not choose that her grave should be dug while she was yet alive; that the commons had acted like rebels, and had treated her as they durst not have treated her father." She added, with infinite scorn, "that the lords might pass a similar vote if they pleased, but their votes were but empty breath without her royal assent." She called them "hair-brained politicians, unfit to decide on such matters," and referred herself to a committee of six grave and discreet councillors of her own choosing, "by whose advice," she said, "she intended to be guided."[2]

[1] D'Ewes' Journals, 12. [2] Ibid., 124.

This intemperate and despotic language did not suit the temper of the times, and was followed by the first serious opposition and censure of the conduct of the sovereign, that had been heard for centuries in the national senate. Leicester, provoked probably at the determination of the queen, not to risk bestowing a share in her power and privileges on a consort, took a leading part in this debate, which so offended her that she forbade him and the earl of Pembroke her presence.[1] Party recriminations ran high on this subject; Leicester had avenged the opposition of Cecil to his marriage with their sovereign, by causing it to be generally circulated, that the jealousy of the premier was the real obstacle, which deterred her majesty, from fulfilling the wishes of her people, and great ill-will was expressed to the minister on this account, and public curses were bestowed on Huick, the queen's physician, for having said something, in his professional character, which had deterred her majesty from matrimony. On the 27th of October, a general petition was addressed to her majesty by both houses of parliament, entreating her either to choose a consort or name a successor. Elizabeth assured them "that she had not bound herself by any vow of celibacy never to trade (as she termed it) in that kind of life called marriage." She acknowledged "that she thought it best for private women, but, as a prince, she endeavoured to bend her mind to it, and as for the matter of the succession, she promised that they should have the benefit of her prayers." The commons were not content with this oracular declaration, and passed a vote, that the bill for the supplies should be incorporated, with a bill for the settlement of the succession. The queen was exasperated at this novel step in the provision of ways and means, and when it was communicated to her, by a deputation from the lower house, she hastily scribbled at the foot of the address her sentiments on the occasion, which, according to a notation in cipher, added by sir William Cecil, she repeated, by way of answer,[2] to Mr. Speaker and thirty

[1] Burleigh papers.

[2] The paper written on, in her hurried running hand, is still to be seen

members of the house of commons, who brought up the unlucky address, Nov. 14, 1566. It is to be hoped her speech was more perspicuous than her notes of it, or little could the commons learn further, than that their liege lady was in a rage:—

"I know no reason why any my private answers to the realm should serve for prologue to a subsidy vote; neither yet do I understand why such audacity should be used to make without my licence an Act of my words. Are my words like lawyer's books, which now-a-days go to the wire-drawers, to make subtle doings more plain? Is there no hold of my speech without an act to compel me to confirm! Shall my princely consent be turned to strengthen my words, that be not of themselves substantives? Say no more at this time, but if these fellows—(we fear she meant the members of the House of Commons by this irreverent word *fellows*)—were well answered, and paid with lawful coin, there would be no fewer counterfeits among them!"

The commons regarded this intimation as a breach of their privileges, and allowed the bill for the supplies—that business to which alone her majesty was desirous they should direct their attention, to remain unnoticed. They maintained with unwonted independence, "that since the queen would not marry, she ought to be compelled to name her successor, and that her refusing to do so, proceeded from feelings which could only be entertained by weak princes and faint-hearted women."[1] Elizabeth was mortified at this language, but felt that she reigned solely by the will and affections of her own people, whose representatives she had insulted. France, Spain, Scotland, Rome, were ready to unite against her if she took one false step; and she was without money. It was not in her temper to retract, but she well knew how to cajole, and sending for thirty members from each house, she assured them of her loving affection and desire to do all that her subjects' weal required, and that, understanding that the house was willing to grant her an extra subsidy if she would declare her successor; she could only say, "that half would content her, as she considered that money in her subjects' purses was as good as

among the Lansdowne MSS., Brit. Museum, No. 1236, fol. 42. A sentence or two, unconnected in sense, precedes those we have quoted. A specimen of this autograph is engraved in Netherclift's autographs of illustrious women of Great Britain,—a work of great merit.

[1] D'Ewes' Journals of Parliament.

in her own exchequer."[1] This popular sentiment obtained from the parliament the really ample grant of one fifteenth and one tenth from the people, and four shillings in the pound from the clergy, unfettered by any conditions whatsoever. When Elizabeth had gained this point, she dismissed her parliament without delay, in a half pathetic, half vituperative speech from the throne; observing in the commencement of her harangue, "that although her lord keeper (Bacon) had addressed them, she remembered that a prince's own words bore more weight with them than those that were spoken by her command." She complained bitterly of "the dissimulation that she had found among them when she was herself all plainness. As for her successor," she said, "they might, perhaps, have a wiser or more learned to reign over them, but one more careful for their weal they could not have, but whether she ever lived to meet them again, or whoever it might be, she bade them beware how they again tried their prince's patience as they had done hers. And now, to conclude," said her majesty, "not meaning to make a Lent of Christmas, the most part of you may assure yourselves that you depart in your prince's grace."[2]

At the very period of this stormy excitement, Elizabeth was secretly amusing herself with the almost exploded chimeras of alchemy, for Cecil, in his diary has noted that, in January, 1567, "Cornelius Lanoy, a Dutchman, was committed to the Tower for abusing[3] the queen's majesty, in promising to make the elixir." This impostor had been permitted to have his laboratory at Somerset house, where he had deceived many by promising to convert any metal into gold. To the queen a more flattering delusion had been held forth, even the draught of perpetual life and youth, and her strong intellect had been duped into a persuasion that it was in the power of a foreign empiric to confer the boon of immortality upon her. The particulars of this transaction would doubtless afford a curious page in the personal

[1] D'Ewes. Rapin. Camden. [2] D'Ewes. Rapin.
[3] i.e., *abusing*, in old English, meant deceiving.

history of the mighty Elizabeth. That she was a believer in the occult sciences, and an encourager of those who practised the forbidden arts of divination and transmutation, no one who has read the diary of her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, can doubt. It is probable that he was an instrument used by her to practise on the credulity of other princes, and that, through his agency, she was enabled to penetrate into many secret plots and associations in her own realm, but she placed apparently an absurd reliance on his predictions herself. She even condescended with her whole court and privy council to visit him one day at Mortlake, when it was her gracious intention to have examined his library, and entered into further conference, but understanding that his wife had only been buried four hours, she contented herself with a peep into his magic mirror, which he brought to her.[1] "Her majesty," says Dee, "being taken down from her horse by the earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall, at Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her majesty's great contentment and delight."[2]

A strange sight, in sooth, it must have been for the good people of Mortlake, who had witnessed in the morning the interment of the wizard's wife in the churchyard, to behold in the afternoon the maiden majesty of England, holding conference with the occult widower under the same church wall, on the flowery margin of the Thames. Nay, more, alighting from her stately palfrey, to read a forbidden page of futurity in the dim depths of his wondrous mirror[3]—ebon framed, and in shape and size resembling some antique hand-screen—while her gay and ambitious master of the horse, scarcely refrained, perchance, from compelling the oracle to reflect his own handsome face to the royal eye, as that of the man whom the fates had decided it was her destiny to wed. Many, however, were the secret consultations Dee held with queen

[1] Diary of Dr. Dee, edited by James O. Halliwell, Esq., published by the Camden Society. Dee's Compendious Memorial. [2] Ibid.

[3] Last summer, this identical mirror attracted much attention at the private view of Horace Walpole's collection, at Strawberry-hill, and was sold, after great competition, for fifteen guineas.

Elizabeth at Windsor, and Richmond, and even at Whitehall; and when she passed that way she honoured him with especial greetings.

"September 17th," says he, "the queen's majesty came from Richmond, in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down towards my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, she stood there a good while, and then came into the street at the great gate of the field, where, espying me at my door making obeisances to her majesty, she beckoned me to come to her coach side; she very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss, and to be short, asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to wete (know) when I came there."[1] He also had flattered Elizabeth with promises of perennial youth and beauty, from his anticipated discovery of the elixir of life, and the prospect of unbounded wealth, as soon as he should have arrived at the power of bringing to practical purpose his secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold.

After years of false but not fruitless trickery, he professed to have arrived at the point of projection, having cut a piece of metal out of a brass warming-pan, and merely heating it by the fire and pouring on it a portion of his elixir, converted it into pure silver. He is said to have sent the warming-pan with the piece of silver to the queen, that she might see with her own eyes the miracle, and be convinced that they were the veritable parts that had been severed from each other, by the exact manner in which they corresponded after the transmutation had been effected.[2] His frequent impositions on the judgment of the queen, did not cure her of the partiality with which she regarded him, and after a long residence on the continent, she wooed him to return to England, which he did, travelling with three coaches, each with four horses, in state, little inferior to that of an ambassador. A guard of soldiers was sent to defend him from molestation or plunder on the road. Immediately on his arrival, he had an audience of the queen,

[1] Dee's Diary. [2] Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.

at Richmond, by whom he was most graciously received. She issued her especial orders that he should do what he liked in chemistry and philosophy, and that no one should on any account interrupt him. He held two livings in the church, through the patronage of his royal mistress, though he was suspected by her loyal lieges of being in direct correspondence and friendship with the powers of evil. Elizabeth finally bestowed upon him the chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral.[1]

The very accurate accounts that were kept, by the officers of Elizabeth's wardrobe, of every article of the royal dress and decorations, are evidenced by the following amusing entry, from the highly curious MS. pertaining to that department, to which we have referred before:—

"Lost from her majesty's back the 17th of January, anno 10 R. Eliz. at Westminster, one aglet of gold enamelled blue, set upon a gown of purple velvet, the ground satin; the gown set all over with aglets of two sorts, the aglet which is lost being of the bigger sort. Mem., That the 18th of April anno 8, R. Eliz. her majesty *wore* a hat having a band of gold enamelled with knots, and set with twelve small rubies or garnets, at which time one of the said rubies was lost. Item, Lost from her majesty's back at Willington, the 16th of July, one aglet of gold enamelled white. Item, One pearl and a tassel of gold being lost from her majesty's back, off the French gown of black satin, the 15th day of July, at Greenwich."[2]

These aglets were ornamental loops, or eylets, of goldsmiths' work, with which Elizabeth's robes appear to have been thickly besprinkled; they were movable, and changed from one dress to another, according to pleasure, and she had various sets of them of different colours and patterns; some gold enamelled white, some blue, others purple, and some enriched with pearls and gems. Manifold are the entries in the said wardrobe book, of the losses her majesty sustained in these decorations; in one instance the record is entered in regal style. "Item—lost from the face of a gown, in our wearing the same at Cheynes, July anno 12., one pair of small aglets, enamelled blue, parcel of 183 pair." The inference of the reader would naturally be, that her majesty's yeo-

[1] Godwin's Life of Dee.
[2] Ex. MSS. Phillipps' Middle Hill Collection.

men of the robes must have performed their duties very negligently to allow such insecure stitching to be used in her service; but we remember to have seen in a contemporary MS., that when the queen dined in public on one of her progresses, some of those that stood about her cut aglets from her majesty's dress, and that not out of a pilfering disposition, but from feelings of loyal enthusiasm for the sake of possessing something that had been worn by their adored liege lady. Her losses of jewellery were not confined to aglets. At Oatlands, in the month of June, she was minus four buttons of gold, enamelled white and blue; and at Hampton court, in the month of January, in the following year, four pair of pomander buttons.

"Item, Lost from her majesty's back, the 25th of December, anno 15, one tassel and one middle piece of gold from a knotted button, containing three pearls in *de pece*. Lost from her majesty's back, 17th of November, one eft of gold."

Pope's sarcastic lines on the habit of mind of some females, who seem to employ equal depth of stratagem on matters of trifling import as on the government of a state, never sure received completer historical illustration, than when the acute heads of Elizabeth and Cecil plotted together to obtain surreptitiously the services of a tailor, employed by the queen-regent of France, Catherine de Medicis. The *goût* with which the prime minister of England enters into this intrigue, rather authenticates the statement of Parsons, the Jesuit, that he was the son of an operative tailor,[1] being in the same predicament with Pepys, whose affectionate instincts towards his paternal craft have more recently diverted all the world.

"The queen's majesty," wrote Cecil to Sir Henry Norris, the ambassador at Paris, "would fain have a tailor that had skill, to make her apparel both after the Italian and French manner, and she thinketh that you might

[1] The highest preferment his father, Richard Cecil, ever obtained, was yeoman of the robes; he had previously served Henry VIII. and Edward VI., in some wardrobe vocation, but whether he had ever handled shears and needle according to the statement of Parsons, must remain matter of speculation.

use some means to obtain some one that serveth the French queen, without mentioning any manner of request in our queen's majesty's name. First cause your lady to get such a one." The gist of the intrigue was, that the tailor was to be enticed into England by the agency of Lady Norris, without Catherine de Medicis knowing the matter, lest that queen should formally offer the services of the man of stitch, and thus entail a political obligation on the majesty of England.

The time and talents of this profound statesman were also employed by Elizabeth in devising a truly ludicrous proclamation to prevent unskilful painters, gravers, and printers from doing injustice to the goodly lineaments of her gracious countenance, by presuming to attempt portraitures of her till some cunning person should have made such a perfect representation as might serve for a pattern meet to be followed. But even when this state pattern was provided, none were to be allowed to copy it but persons of understanding, nor even such as were, unless duly authorized by a licence. As for the ill-favoured portraits of her majesty that had already been rashly perpetrated, they were absolutely prohibited, as contraband articles, and were not permitted to be exposed for sale, "till such should be reformed as were reformable."[1]

Elizabeth, though drawing is said to have been one of her accomplishments, was so little acquainted with the principles of art, that she objected to allow any shades to be used by her court painter, as she considered all dark tints injurious to the fairness and smoothness of complexion and contour; hence, the Chinese flatness and insipidity which is generally the prevailing characteristic of her portraits.

In February, 1567, the horrible and mysterious murder of the unfortunate husband of Mary queen of Scots took place, under circumstances, artfully contrived by the perpetrators of this atrocious deed, to fling a strong suspicion of the crime on their hapless sovereign. Elizabeth's first impulse, on learning this tragic event, was

[1] Aikin's Elizabeth.

to send lady Howard and lady Cecil to her ill-treated cousin, lady Lenox, whom she had detained now two years a close prisoner in the Tower, to break to her the agonizing news of the calamity that had befallen her. In the evening, she sent her own physician, Dr. Huick, to visit her, and the dean of Westminster to offer her consolation.[1] It is possible that if this experienced lady had been allowed to join her husband and son in Scotland, on the marriage of Mary with the latter, her councils and mediation might have operated to prevent most of those unhappy differences between the royal pair, which were fomented by their mutual foes. Now that the worst that could befal had happened, Elizabeth restored lady Lenox and her youngest son, Charles, to liberty, and treated her with tenderness and consideration. Both the countess and her husband having been led to believe that the Scottish queen was deeply implicated in the murder of their son, appealed to Elizabeth for vengeance, and especially to bring Bothwell to an open trial for his share in the transaction.

Elizabeth wrote, in the energetic spirit of a daughter of the Plantagenets, to her unhappy cousin Mary Stuart, conjuring her to act as became her in this frightful crisis. She says:—"For the love of God, madame, use such sincerity and prudence in this case, which touches you so nearly, that all the world may have reason to judge you innocent of so enormous a crime—a thing, which unless you do, you will be worthily blotted out from the rank of princesses, and rendered, not undeservedly, the opprobrium of the vulgar; rather than which fate should befal you, I should wish you an honourable sepulchre, instead of a stained life."[2] This letter was written at the instance of Darnley's father, the earl of Lenox, who was desirous of having Bothwell's trial postponed till he could obtain further proofs of his guilt, but Mary was in the hands of Bothwell and his faction. Elizabeth's letter fell into the possession of Maitland, whose interest it was to suppress it, and there is reason to believe that

[1] Cecil to Norris in Aikin's Elizabeth.
[2] Robertson's Appendix.

it never reached her at all. Maitland attended Bothwell on his trial, and he was acquitted.[1] Elizabeth, of course, received no answer to her letter, which might have led so acute a princess to suspect that it had been intercepted or detained, especially when she understood that it had passed into hands so suspicious as those of Maitland, whose falsehood she had good reason to know. However, it suited her policy to consider Mary as a state criminal, and she eagerly received the strong tide of circumstantial evidence as confirmation of her guilt. On the subject of Mary's marriage with Bothwell, Elizabeth expressed herself with great severity, not only on account of its appearing an outrage against every proper feeling, but because she anticipated that an immediate league between the new consort of the Scottish queen and France would be the result.[2] There can be little doubt but this would have been the case if Mary's marriage with that ruffian had been her own choice, or anything but the offspring of dire necessity. Mary's kindred and the court of France treated him, by the advice of the ambassador, Du Croc, who was the friend and confidant of the hapless queen, with the scorn he merited.[3] They would not acknowledge him in any way, therefore Elizabeth was very soon relieved from her apprehension of a dangerous coalition between Bothwell and France.

Relentlessly as Elizabeth had laboured to undermine the throne of Mary Stuart, she no sooner beheld it in dust, and the queen a degraded and heart-broken captive in the hands of the fierce oligarchy, whom her machinations and her gold had spirited up against their sovereign, than her mind misgave her. The blow that had been successfully struck at her hated rival might rebound upon herself, by demonstrating to her own subjects the fact that crowned heads were amenable to the delegates of the people, not only for misgovernment, but for personal crimes—a principle which no Tudor

[1] Tytler. Lingard. [2] Tytler.

[3] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. i., new edition, pp. 50, 51, published by Colburn. See likewise the document in the old French in Mr. Tytler's Appendix to History of Scotland.

sovereign could desire to see established in England. Yet she, Elizabeth, the most despotic monarch, save and except her father, that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm, had nourished the spirit of revolt against regal authority in the dominions of her neighbour, and for the sake of personal vengeance on a fairer woman than herself, had committed a political sin against her own privileged and peculiar class, by teaching others to set at nought

"The divinity
That hedges in a king."

The recent proceedings in Scotland, the movements of the Huguenots in France and in Flanders, were signs of the tendency of the times towards a general emancipation from the restraints which governments and state creeds had imposed on the minds of men. The spiritual yoke of Rome had been broken in England and Scotland, and the elements of political revolution were agitating the western nations. Elizabeth had fed the flame for the sake of embarrassing the hostile sovereigns, who were ready to impugn her title to the crown she wore, but she was the most arbitrary of all in her determination to crush the same spirit in her own realm. A party was, however, struggling into existence, whose object was to establish the right of senates to hold the sovereign in check, and Elizabeth already began to feel its influence.

Her own parliament had recently opposed her will, and attempted to dictate to her the line of conduct they considered it was her duty to adopt, and if encouraged by the example of the successful revolt of Mary Stuart's subjects, they might ere long treat herself with as little ceremony. In the first revulsion caused by these reflections, Elizabeth despatched Throckmorton to Scotland, on a mission of comfort to the captive queen, and of stern remonstrance to her former tools and pensioners—Murray and his triumphant faction. While Mary was exposed to every bitter insult and indignity, during her woful incarceration at Lochleven, Elizabeth wrote to the queen-regent of France, Catherine de Medicis, the following letter, which casts a peculiar light on the ap-

parent inconsistency of her political conduct at this period with regard to her royal kinswoman :—

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honourable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the queen of Scots, I rejoice me very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honour, her example would seem too terrible for neighbours to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king my good brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks, and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the meantime, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October (1567).

"Your good sister and cousin,

"Elizabeth."[1]

The commiseration affected by Elizabeth in this letter for the troubles she had industriously fomented in the dominions, both of Mary Stuart and Charles IX., was, doubtless, galling in the extreme to the proud Catherine de Medicis. In her answer, some months afterwards, that princess retorts, in the keenness of Italian sarcasm, her own words upon the English queen.[2]

[1] This remarkable letter is translated from the original French, and has never before been introduced into Elizabeth's biography, being one of the precious transcripts from the royal autographs in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, which by gracious permission, were transmitted to me last November, by Mr. Atkinson, librarian to the emperor. See also Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 55, 56.

[2] Catherine's bitterly sarcastic reply to this letter, in the succeeding May, when her daughter-in-law, the fugitive queen of Scots, was a prisoner in Elizabeth's dominions, may be seen at full length in the chain of historical correspondence embodied in the letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 71—73.

Elizabeth was at this time amusing herself with the matrimonial negotiations which were actively renewed for her marriage with the accomplished archduke Charles, youngest son of the emperor Ferdinand I., and brother to Maximilian II., the reigning emperor of Germany. The religion of the archduke was the only impediment to an alliance, which Elizabeth is supposed to have considered with more complacency than any other of her numerous offers. The earl of Sussex, her grand chamberlain, the well-known opponent of Leicester, was the ambassador in the treaty, and prosecuted his mission with great zeal, in hopes of giving a check to the absorbing favouritism of his adversary. The letters of this magnificent noble are worthy of his high character; he draws, for his mistress's information, a very graphic picture of her suitor:—[1]

"His highness," writes Sussex to the queen, "is of person higher, surely, a good deal than my lord marquis (of Baden) his hair of head and beard, a light auburn; his face well proportioned, amiable, and of a very good complexion, without shew of redness or over paleness; his countenance and speech cheerful, very courteous, but stately. His body very well shaped, without deformity or blemish; his hands very good and fair; his legs clean, well-proportioned, and of sufficient bigness for his stature; his foot as good as may be. So as, upon my duty to your majesty, I find not one deformity, misshape, or anything to be noted worthy of misliking in his whole person; but contrariwise, I find his whole shape to be good in all respects, and such as is rarely found in a prince. His highness, besides his natural language of Dutch (German), speaketh, very well, Spanish and Italian, and, as I hear, Latin. His dealings with me are very wise; his conversation such as much contents me, and, as I hear, not one returns discontented from his company. He is greatly beloved here of all men. The chiefest gallants of these parts are his men, and follow his court, and truly we cannot be so glad to have him come to us as they will be sad here to have him go from them. He is reported to be valiant and of great courage in defending all his countries from the Turks, and in making them keep his rules. And he is universally (which I most weigh) noted to be of such virtue that he was never spotted or touched with any notable vice or crime, which is much in a prince of his years, endowed with such qualities. He delights much in hunting, riding, hawking, and exercise of feats of arms, and hearing of music, whereof he hath very good. He hath, as I hear, some understanding in astronomy and cosmography, and takes pleasure in clocks that set forth the course of the planets. He hath for his portion the countries of Styria, Carniola, Trieste, and Istria, and the government of what remains in Croatin, where he may ride, without entering any other man's territories, 300 miles.

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. 448.

" Since the writing of my other letters," continues Sussex, " I took occasion to go to the archduke in order to sound him in all causes, and to feel whether what he had uttered to me proceeded from him *bona fide*, or were but words of form. At my coming, his highness willed me to go into his bed-chamber, where, the doors being shut and no person present, we had long talk, the effect whereof I will recite to your majesty as near as I can. You, I said, were free to marry where it should please God to put you in the heart to like, and you had given no grateful ear to any motion of marriage before this, although you had received sundry great offers from others, I would therefore be as bold with his highness as I was with your majesty, and therefore beseeched him to let me, on his honour, understand whether he earnestly desired for love of your person, and had determined in his heart for this marriage, or else to satisfy others that procured him thereto, and cared not what became thereof, for in the one I would serve your majesty and him truly, and in the other I was not a person of that quality to be made a convenient minister.

" His highness answered, ' Count, I have heard by the emperor of your dealing with him, and I have had dealings with you myself, wherewith he and I rest very well contented, but, truly, I never rested more contented than I do of this dealing, wherein, besides your duty to her who trusted you, you shew what you are yourself, for which I honour you as you are worthy,' (pardon me, interpolates Sussex, I beseech your majesty for writing the words he spake of myself, for they serve to set forth his natural disposition.) ' Although,' continues the archduke, ' I have always had good hope of the queen's honourable dealing in this matter, yet I have heard so much of her disposition not to marry as might give me cause to suspect the worst; but, by your manner of dealing with me, I do think myself bound (wherewith he put off his cap) to honour, love, and serve her majesty while I live, and will firmly credit what you, on her majesty's behalf, have said. Therefore, if I might have hope that her majesty would bear with me for my conscience (on account of his being a Catholic) I know not that thing in the world I would refuse to do at her commandment. And surely I have from the beginning of the matter settled my heart upon her, and never thought of other wife, if she would think me worthy to be her husband.'

" I thanked his highness for his frank dealing, wherein I would believe him, and deal likewise. And now I am satisfied in this, I beseech your highness to satisfy also me in another matter, and bear with me, though I seem somewhat busy, for I mean it for the best."

Sussex, with more diplomacy than seems consistent with his manly character, proceeded to give the archduke a hint that some indecision had been attributed to him on the point of religion. In plain language, that he meant to act according to the fashion of the times, and adopt the creed that best suited his interest and aggrandizement.

" If this be true," continued Sussex, " trust me, sir, I beseech you, I will not betray you, and let me know the secret of your heart, whereby you may grow to a shorter end of your desire. On my oath I assure you I will never utter your counsel to any person living, but to the queen my

mistress, and I deliver you her promise, upon her honour, not to utter it to any person without your consent; and if you will not trust me therein, commit it to her majesty by letter, and she will not deceive you."

The answer of the archduke is noble and sincere:—

"Surely," said his highness, "whoever has said this of me to the queen's majesty, or to you, or to any other, hath said more than he knoweth. God grant he meant well therein. My ancestors have always holden the religion that I hold, and I never knew other, therefore I never could have purpose to change. I trust when her majesty shall consider my case well my determination herein shall not hurt my cause. For, count," continued he (to the earl of Sussex), how could the queen like me in anything if I should prove so light in changing my conscience? Therefore I will, myself, crave of her majesty, by my letters, her grant of my only request, and I pray you, with all my heart, to further it all you may."

"In such like talk his highness spent almost two hours with me, which I thought my duty to advertise your majesty. Hereupon I gather that reputation rules him much in the case of religion, and that if God couple you together in liking, you shall find in him a true husband, a loving companion, a wise councillor, and a faithful servant, and we shall have as virtuous a prince as ever ruled. God grant (though you are worthy a great deal better than he, if he were to be found) that our wickedness be not such as we be unworthy of him, or of such as he is.—From Vienna, this 26th of October, 1567. Your majesty's most humble and faithful subject and servant,

"T. Sussex."

In succeeding conferences, the archduke agreed to conform so far as to be present with Elizabeth at the service of the church of England, and that neither he nor his would speak or do the least thing to the disparagement of the established religion; and that if he were allowed the use of a chapel for the rites of his own, no Englishman should ever be present at mass. But Elizabeth shewed her usual sagacity in the rejection of his hand. She knew if she married a catholic, however wise and moderate he might be, she should instantly lose the confidence of the great mass of her protestant subjects who kept her on the throne, and that she should be forced, with her husband, to join entirely with the catholic party, very few of whom could consider her birth as legitimate. Sussex continued to describe the personal gallantry of the archduke when riding at the ring, and other chivalric exercises, in the contemplation of which his royal mistress delighted. "In the afternoon," he said, "the emperor rode in his coach to see the archduke run at the ring, who commanded me to run at his

side, and my lord North, Mr. Cobham, and Mr. Powell to run on the other side; and after our running was done, the archduke mounted a courser of Naples, and surely his highness, in the order of his running, the managing of his horse, and the manner of his seat, governed himself exceedingly well, and so as, in my judgment, not to be amended."[1]

Elizabeth, notwithstanding, knew her duty too well, as queen of England, to introduce more jealousies among her people, than those which were already fermenting around her. She ultimately refused the accomplished German, on account of diversity of religion. Sussex attributed the ill success of his mission to the paramount influence of Leicester, saying, "he knew who was at work in the vineyard at home, but if God should ever put it into his dear mistress's heart to divide the weeds from the grain, she would reap the better harvest here." Leicester's party had already whispered that the archduke was devotedly attached to a German lady, and had a family of young children, for whose sake he would never marry.

While this negotiation was yet proceeding, events occurred in the sister realm of Scotland, which gave a new and strange colouring to the next twenty years of Elizabeth's life and reign. The unfortunate queen of Scots having effected her escape from Lochleven castle, her faithful friends rallied round her standard, but being intercepted and cut off by the rebel lords in her retreat to Dumbarton, she suffered a decisive defeat, May 13th, 1568, at the battle of Langside. She took the fatal resolution of throwing herself on the protection of queen Elizabeth, to whom she wrote a touching letter from the abbey of Dundrenan, assuring her that her sole dependence was on her friendship. "To remind you," concludes the royal fugitive, "of the reasons I have to depend on England, I send back to you, its queen, this token of

[1] The archduke bore the reputation of one of the greatest generals in Europe, and is mentioned with the utmost respect as such by Henry the Great (Mem. de duc de Sully). In his tastes for clocks and astronomy he resembles his great uncle, the emperor Charles V. He died July 1, 1590, aged 50.

her promised friendship and assistance."[1] This was a diamond, in the form of a heart, which had been sent to her by Elizabeth as a pledge of her amity and good-will.

Contrary to the advice of her friends, Mary, with the rash confidence of a queen of tragedy or romance, crossed the Frith of Solway in a fishing boat, with lord Herries and her little train, and, on the 16th of May, landed at Workington, in Cumberland. The next day she addressed an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, detailing briefly and rapidly the wrongs to which she had been subjected, her present sore distress, even for a change of apparel, and entreated to be conducted to her presence.[2] Mary was recognised by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and received an honourable welcome; and she was conducted to Carlisle with sufficient marks of affection and respect, to excite the jealous ill-will of Elizabeth, who sent her own trusty kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, and lord Scroop, ostensibly to congratulate the royal fugitive in her name on her escape, but in effect to constitute her a prisoner. The hard, uncourteous manner in which, after a few deceitful compliments, this pair of statesmen behaved, is sufficiently proved by the testimony of their own letters. Yet it is impossible to read those of Knollys without being struck with his sagacious foresight of the evil results arising from Mary's detention. Although his comments are personally malicious to the queen of Scots, and he omitted nothing that was calculated to excite Elizabeth's jealousy and suspicion against her, still he wisely deprecated her imprisonment in England, as alike impolitic and dishonourable.[3]

Elizabeth, not contented with the detention of her unfortunate guest, endeavoured, by all the means she could devise, to obtain possession of Mary's infant son, the heir, as he subsequently proved, of both their realms. Could she have succeeded in getting this babe into her

[1] See the Letters of Mary, queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, new edition, vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

[2] Ibid. p. 71.

[3] Ibid. vol. ii., Sir F. Knollys' Letter in Appendix.

LIBRARIES

hands, she would then have had every living creature who stood in the line of the regal succession in her power. The broken-hearted lady Katharine Gray was dead, but her orphan infants, though stigmatized as illegitimate, were still regarded by a strong party, whom the queen could neither silence nor awe, as the representatives of the line to which the crown had been entailed by Henry VIII. There had been an attempt by Hailes, the clerk of the hanaper, to advocate the claims of these children to the succession. Elizabeth's acute minister, Nicholas Bacon, was implicated[1] in this project, and had been for a time under the cloud of the royal displeasure. The presence of the heir-male of the elder line, under the immediate tutelage of Elizabeth, would effectually silence the partizans of the persecuted descendants of the house of Suffolk, besides guarding the sovereign from any attempts on the part of the royal line of Lenox-Stuart. Murray would not, however, resign the infant prince, in whose name alone he could exercise the regal power of Scotland; for well he knew that Elizabeth's next step would be to make herself mistress of Scotland, under the pretence of asserting the rights of the lawful heir. Independently of this, her favourite project, Elizabeth, as the umpire chosen to decide the controversy between Mary Stuart and the faction by whom that queen had been dethroned, and branded with the crimes of adultery and murder, had a mighty political advantage in her power, if she could have resolved to fulfil her promises of friendship and protection to her hapless kinswoman. She was exactly in that position which would have enabled her to name her own terms with Mary, as the price of re-establishing her on the throne of Scotland. The predominant faction, for it was no more, (since Mary had a strong party in her favour, ready to peril all in her behalf, and others willing to befriend her, yet fearing to expose themselves to the malice of her enemies, unless some visible protection encouraged them,) dared not have acted in opposition to the fiat of the armed umpire they had chosen,

[1] Camden.

whose troops were ready to pour over the border, and even then occupied some of the fortresses of the frontiers. Elizabeth could have negotiated a pardon for her old confederates and pensioners—could have replaced Mary in a moderate exercise of the regal power of Scotland, and established herself in the dignity maintained by the monarchs of England in the olden times, even that of Bretwalda, or paramount-suzerain, of the Britannic empire. She preferred gratifying personal revenge to the aggrandizement of her realm, and the exaltation of her glory both as a sovereign and a woman, and committed an enormous political blunder, as well as a crime, by the useless turpitude of her conduct to Mary Stuart.

From the moment, too, that she resolved on the unjustifiable detention of the royal fugitive, her own peace of mind was forfeited; she had sown the hydra's teeth in the hitherto peaceful soil of her own realm, and they sprang up to vex her with plots, foreign and domestic, open revolts, and secret confederacies, in which her ancient nobility were deeply involved. The loving welcome that merry Carlisle and its neighbouring magnates, the chivalric aristocracy of the border, had given to the beautiful and fascinating heiress-presumptive to the crown, early filled Elizabeth and her council with jealous uneasiness, and Mary was removed, sorely against her will, to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of lord Scroop, to whose charge she was consigned.[1]

In August, contrary to her first decision, and to the advice of her faithful councillors, Mary agreed to submit her cause to the decision of the English commissioners appointed by Elizabeth. The conferences were opened at York, where Murray and his confederates urged not only their old accusations against their sovereign, but produced the far-famed silver-gilt casket and its contents, the sonnets and letters which they asserted Mary had written to Bothwell.[2] They refused to allow Mary herself to see these, neither was she permitted to appear,

[1] Labanoff's Chronology. Letters of Mary, queen of Scots.

[2] For particulars of these, see Letters of Mary, queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 129 to 142, and Tytler the Elder's Dissertation.

according to her own earnest desire, to confront and cross-question her accusers. So impressed, however, was the president of the commission, the premier peer of England, Elizabeth's maternal kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, of the innocence of the Scottish queen, that he was willing to trust his own honour in her hands, and actually pronounced the fullest sentence of acquittal that mortal judge could do, by seeking her for his wife. It is true, that he had seen her at Carlisle, and was captivated by her beauty; but if any portion of the horrible and vulgar letters purporting to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, could have been proved, a revulsion of feeling in the breast of Norfolk must have been the result, which would have taught him to regard her with sentiments of horror, instead of the love and reverence for her virtues, which attended him to the block, and was transmitted by him as a legacy to his equally unfortunate son, Philip, earl of Arundel. Elizabeth herself, after she had considered the evidences, pronounced that she had seen nothing proved on either side, and broke up the conferences.

As early as November, 1568, Norfolk disclosed to Maitland his desire of a union with the captive queen, and suffered himself to be deluded by his pretended friendship, and the wiles of the treacherous Leicester and Murray, who induced him to believe that they were desirous of bringing this matter to pass. The project was revealed by them to Elizabeth, who caused Mary to be immediately transferred from the keeping of lord Scroop, whose lady was the sister of the enamoured duke, to the gloomy and noxious fortress of Tutbury, where she was subjected to many harsh restraints, her train diminished, and herself placed under the ungentle gaolership of the earl and countess of Shrewsbury.

The letters of the earl of Shrewsbury unrol a long diary of concealed history.[2] The injustice with which

[1] See Labanoff's Chronology. Letters of Mary, queen of Scots.

[2] They form the most important feature of Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. Hist.

Elizabeth treated her hapless heiress seems to have produced most baleful fruits to whoever partook of it. The earl of Shrewsbury himself was greatly to be pitied; he was more honourable and humane than many of his contemporaries, and most lamentably he entreated his royal mistress to relieve him of his charge. Elizabeth, who cantoned Mary and her attendants on him, because she was jealous of the report of his enormous wealth, at first either refused to pay him anything for the board of the royal captive and her followers, or paid him very meanly, and the magnificent earl was forced to raise piteous plaints of poverty, and of being utterly devoured, whenever he dunned for remittances to Leicester or Cecil. The earl was, in truth, converted into a wretched gaoler, who inflicted and received a life of domestic misery. His intriguing, proud, and cruel wife, whose temper could not be restrained by any power either on earth or in heaven, soon became jealous of the lovely and fascinating prisoner, and led her husband, a noble of exemplary gravity and a grandsire, a terrible life. The reports that originated from his own fireside caused Elizabeth to be exceedingly suspicious, in her turn, of the stout earl, on whom she set spies, who reported his minutest actions.

Writers have been found to justify the injurious treatment to which Mary Stuart was subjected in England, on the plea that she, as a foreign sovereign, might, by the laws of nations, be constituted a prisoner, because she entered Elizabeth's realm without having obtained permission to do so. Cecil, her great enemy, far from using so paltry an excuse, has written in his barristerial argument on her side, "She is to be helped because she came willingly into the realm, upon trust of the queen's majesty." Secondly, he says, and this convicts Elizabeth of perfidy, which requires no comment, "She trusted in the queen's majesty's help, because she had, in her trouble, received many messages to that effect."[1]

If all the pens in the world were employed in the

[1] Cecil's Notes pro Regina Scotorum et contra Reginam Scotorum, in Anderson.

defence of Elizabeth's conduct, they could not obliterate the stain which that incontrovertible record of her treachery has left upon her memory.

In justice to Elizabeth, however, be it recorded, that when the countess of Lenox, with passionate tears, presented a petition to her, entreating, in the name of herself and husband, that the queen of Scots might be proceeded against for the death of their son, lord Darnley, the natural subject of the English sovereign, her majesty, after graciously soothing the afflicted mother, told her, "that she could not, without evident proof, accuse a princess, and her near kinswoman, of so great a crime, significantly reminding her that the times were evil, and hatred blind, imputing often offences to persons of exalted rank of which they were innocent."[1] The countess of Lenox was ultimately convinced that her daughter-in-law, the queen of Scots, was wholly guiltless of Darnley's death, and continued, till she died, in friendly correspondence with her.[2]

[1] Camden's Elizabeth.

[2] See Queen of Scots' Letters on this subject, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii., new edition, p. 7.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Elizabeth's deportment to foreign ambassadors—Her first interview with La Mothe Fenelon—Her coquettish remarks on Philip of Spain—She puts the Spanish ambassador under arrest—Compares Alva's letter to a Valentine—Speaks angrily of the queen of Scots—Writes to that princess—Warns the duke of Norfolk—Negotiations for Elizabeth's marriage with the king of France—Flattery of the ambassador—Indecorum of Leicester at Elizabeth's toilet—Remonstrances of the nobles on the same—Arrest of Norfolk — Northern rebellion — Elizabeth's poem — Her sanguinary orders—Elizabeth excommunicated by Pius V.—Conspiracies against her—Attempts to renew matrimonial treaty with the archduke—Anger at his marriage—Henri of Anjou proposed to her—Her wish of accepting him—Demurs of her council—Her anger—Confidential remarks to her ladies—Her visit to sir Thomas Gresham—Names the Royal Exchange—Her conversation with the French ambassador on marriage—Her new favourite, sir Christopher Hatton—Her angry letter to the bishop of Ely—Intrigues against her marriage—Reluctance of her suitor—His uncourteous observations—Elizabeth's remarks on the portrait of the queen of France—Forbids George Strickland to appear in his place in parliament—Contumaciousness of the duke of Anjou—Vexation of his mother—Archduke Rodolph offers to Elizabeth—Flatteries of the French ambassador—Elizabeth sends her portrait to Anjou—Her remarks on his portrait—Fills her work-basket with apricots for the French ambassador—Her message to him—Sends him a stag slain by herself—Manner of Elizabeth's visit to Hunsdon House.

Elizabeth, generally speaking, appears, like Talleyrand, to have considered that the chief use of language was to conceal her real meaning. The involved and mystified style of her letters proves that such was the case; and in consequence, she frequently deceived those whom it was her interest to enlighten—namely, her own ambassadors

and deputies. On the other hand, her artifices amounted to mannerism, and were quickly penetrated by the representatives of other sovereigns whom she admitted to personal conferences.

With all her pride and caution, she was a great talker, and very excitable. It was no difficult matter to put her in a passion, and then she spoke her mind freely enough, if we may rely on the reports of the various ambassadors resident at her court. Her vanity and coquetry, if skilfully played upon, often carried her beyond the bounds of prudence, and rendered her communicative on some points on which private gentlewomen generally maintained some degree of reserve. The reader has seen the free and easy terms on which sir James Melville contrived to establish himself with this haughty princess, and the singular confidences with which, both she and Leicester, favoured two successive French ambassadors, de Foys and La Forêt; the recent publication of the despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, enables us to unfold many a rich scene between that statesman and our royal heroine, which are now, for the first time, translated from the original French, and interwoven in her biography.[1]

Elizabeth honoured this ambassador, who was one of the deepest intriguers of the age, and of course one of the most agreeable flatterers, with an audience at Hampton Court, November 14th, 1568. She gave him a very gracious reception, but expressed some regret for the departure of La Forêt, of whom she made honourable mention. She made particular inquiries after the health of the king of France and the queen mother, and asked, "If it were true that they had been visited with the heavy affliction of the death of the queen of Spain, Elizabeth of France?" La Mothe replied, "that it was only too true that their majesties were overwhelmed with grief, and that they and their whole court were in mourning on that sorrowful occasion, which was the reason why he presented himself before her majesty in that dress." Elizabeth, like her father and her brother Edward, entertained the

[1] The literary world is indebted to the learning, research, and industry of J. Purton Cooper, Esq., for the publication in modern French of this valuable contribution to the history of queen Elizabeth, and her royal contemporaries of France and Scotland.

greatest aversion to the sight of "doole," or anything that could remind her of the uncertainty of human life.[1] She was pleased, however, to make a very courteous response, and said, "that she regretted the death of the queen of Spain with all her heart, and that she should wear mourning for her, as if she had been her sister, and that she felt very much for their majesties, knowing for a certainty how great their sorrow must be for this sad event; and she prayed God to give them some other good consolation in compensation for their loss." She observed, "that she had not yet been informed of this misfortune, either by the king of Spain or his ambassador; for if she had had the proper intimation of it, she would have had the obsequies of the queen of Spain celebrated in England, as well as elsewhere." These complimentary solemnities in honour of the departed catholic queen, were performed according to the rites of the protestant church of England, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the same manner that the obsequies of Henry II. of France and those of the emperor had formerly been celebrated there by her command.

Elizabeth told the French ambassador that she had "paid this respect to the memory of the queen of Spain out of regard to her mother the queen-regent of France, and her brother Charles IX.," and added, "that all Christendom had cause to weep for this princess, and that she herself had listened with tears to the account which had been given of her virtues by the countess of Feria, an English lady, formerly in her own service, who had recently come from Spain, and she doubted not but her late majesty was now one of the brightest angels in heaven, having been a very holy queen on earth;" and she prayed monsieur de la Mothe to write to the queen of France, that she had given orders for the said obsequies more than a month ago, although the Spanish ambassador had not thought proper to communicate the death of the queen to her, and that she had even sent to remind him that it was the custom on such an occasion to notify it officially, either by a letter or a gentleman sent express for the purpose." Fenelon said, "he imagined the duke of Alva had the letter already in his hands for that purpose." Elizabeth coquettishly rejoined with a smile, "that she supposed the king of Spain

[1] See Life of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.

did not wish to write to her, or rather that the duke of Alva had detained the letter, under the notion that it was not quite decent that so soon after the death of the queen his wife, he should be sending letters to an unmarried girl, like her, but that she had waited still some days, and then ordered the obsequies for the deceased queen to be made."

"I thanked her," says monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon, "and only added, that the king of Spain was still young enough to take a fourth wife."[1]

Elizabeth was at that time on terms approaching to open hostility with Spain. She had opened her arms as a protectress to the fugitives of the reformed faith, whom the cruelties of the terrible Alva, in the Low Countries, had compelled to abandon their homes. The persecuted Hollanders fondly regarded her as the representative of her royal ancestress, queen Philippa, one of the co-heiresses of William, count of Holland and Hainault. The first movements of the furious war which separated "those whom the rod of Alva bruised," from the crown of Spain, commenced in this year.[2]

Meantime, Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Philip II., Dr. Man, whom she had not inaptly termed a *man goose*, instead of attending to the business of his legation, had, in a fit of spiritual Quixotism, defied the Pope, in such undiplomatic terms of vituperation, that he was prohibited from appearing at the court of his catholic majesty, and banished to a very uncivilized village, where he was compelled to hear mass.[3] The English flag had also been insulted in the gulf of Mexico, by the attack and capture of three ships in the fleet of the mercantile adventurers, commanded by the famous—or, rather. we should say, the infamous sir John Hawkins, since he was the first man who brought the odious stain of the slave trade on this nation—a traffic that to her eternal disgrace was sanctioned—nay, even encouraged, by queen Elizabeth. The high spirit of this princess was greatly chafed at the twofold affront she and her subjects had received from Spain, nor was it long before she had an opportunity of making reprisals.

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. i.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 465. [3] Camden.

Four Spanish vessels bound to Flanders, laden with specie, were chased by French pirates into the ports of Plymouth, Falmouth, and Southampton. Don Guerran d'Espes, the new Spanish ambassador, applied to the English government for further protection for these vessels, which was granted; but the French adventurers having made a fresh attempt to seize the ships, the queen ordered the treasure to be brought to London, for she had ascertained that it was the property of a company of Genoese merchants, who were about to establish a bank at Antwerp, and to assist Alva with a loan. No sooner did she understand this arrangement, than she determined to frustrate it, by appropriating the loan to her own use. D'Espes, in great anger, informed Alva, of the seizure of the money; and Alva, exasperated at the disappointment, wrote a brief and peremptory letter to Elizabeth, demanding restitution. She replied, very coolly, "that she understood the treasure was private property, and had borrowed it; but if the king of Spain could prove that it belonged to him, she would restore it."

Alva retorted, by laying an embargo on all English subjects and English property in Antwerp; and Elizabeth, not to be outdone, put all the Spaniards in her dominions under arrest, not even excepting the person of the ambassador, whom she constituted a prisoner in his own house, and appointed three gentlemen of her court to keep guard over him.[1]

The French ambassador, monsieur de la Mothe, who visited Elizabeth a few days after these events, gives the following amusing particulars of his conversations with her at that period. "Her majesty," says he, "was then at Hampton Court, and apparently full of sorrow for the death of lady Knollys, her cousin, whom she loved better than all the women in the world; notwithstanding which, she favoured me with a gracious reception, and after saying a few words expressive of the regret she felt for the loss of so good a relative, observing that the mourning habit which she had assumed could manifest but a small part of the greatness of her grief, she demanded incontinently of me the news."

[1] Camden. Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

The ambassador proceeded to detail to her, matters of which she was doubtless as well, if not better informed than himself—namely, the recent movements of the warring parties in France. On which she protested her great affection for the king, his master, and said, "she prayed God that she might hear better news of his affairs, than that which had been told her within the last two days, which made her regret that his majesty had despised her counsel, although it was but that of a woman, which she had given him, for the peace of his realm."[1]

She expressed herself sharply against the authors and fomenters of wars, saying, "that princes ought to pursue to the death all such, as enemies to themselves, and pernicious to their states." Then she spoke of the Spanish ambassador, "who had," she said, "already kindled a war between his master's country, and hers;" adding, that "she had been deceived in that personage, having always considered him as very honest and moderate, and could never have thought that, while she was treating so courteously with him on the affair of the Spanish rialls, he had, by his letters (of which she had a copy) caused the seizure of the goods and persons of the English, at Antwerp."

She complained also, "that he had written of her in a different manner from what he ought, he having named her Oriana,[2] in some of his letters; at which she was so indignant, that, if he had been her subject, she would have pursued him with the utmost rigour of the law. The duke of Alva had been too hasty in believing him; and of him, the duke, she must say, that he had behaved both arrogantly and lightly; arrogantly, in having only deigned to write her one little letter, which," pursues monsieur de la Mothe, "the said lady compared to a Valentine." An expression which one would scarcely have expected from the lips of this great female sovereign, during a grave political discussion with a foreign minister.

His excellency, in his official report of the conversation, considers it necessary for the information of his royal master, to subjoin the following explanation, in the form of a marginal note, after mentioning the word "Valentine." "This

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Camden states that D'Espes had written some shameful libels of Elizabeth, under the title of Amadis Oriana.

term, which the English employ, in the style familiar, answers exactly to our word '*poulet, billet de gallanterie.*'" He then proceeds with Elizabeth's indignant description of the duke of Alva's letter, which only contained four or five words of credence for the ambassador, and she said, "he had acted lightly, by executing on such trivial grounds, an act of open hostility against her subjects;" adding, with some degree of scorn, "that the duke was neither so great, herself so little, or the affair so unimportant, but that he might have troubled himself to write more at length to her, and to have made proper inquiries before he attempted such an outrage against her and her subjects. She concluded by expressing a hope that the king of Spain would neither sanction what the duke of Alva had done, nor that which his ambassador had written to him."

La Mothe observed, as soon as he could get a word in, "that she ought to consider that the duke of Alva was naturally irritated at the loss of the money, which was intended to pay his troops, who were likely to mutiny, if he did not make his disbursements with punctuality;" and facetiously reminded her, "that the king of Spain, being once more a widower, and in search of a suitable consort, would not for the world offend an unmarried princess like her; neither, for the same cause, should she quarrel with him who was on that pursuit."

She replied, with a smile, "that she could be very well assured of the friendship of the king of Spain, as she might have married him at the beginning of the war, if she had chosen."[1]

La Mothe seriously remonstrated with her, on the rash step she had taken in arresting the Spanish ambassador, telling her, "that since God had established the kingdoms, and powers of the world, ambassadors had always been respected, and their persons held inviolate; even in the midst of the fiercest wars, care had been taken not to touch them, or to treat their persons otherwise than honourably, that she had accepted this gentleman as the representative of a great king, and ought to be cautious in what she did with regard to him. Not," continued La Mothe, "that he has requested me to plead for him, but because we both hold the like office towards your majesty; and therefore, I entreat

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

that you will allow me to visit him, at least once a week, in the presence of gentlemen who have him in ward."

She replied, "that seeing the terms on which D'Espes had been the means of placing her with the king, his master, she had taken measures for his protection, lest he should be attacked; but she had merely confined him to his lodgings, under the guard of three gentlemen, whom she had commanded to bear themselves courteously towards him. That formerly, on a less occasion, her ambassador, Throckmorton, had been much worse treated in France." She then prayed La Mothe not to visit him for some days, because she would not be seen to approve or justify any of the evil he had done, by permitting him to be visited by a person who represented the king of France.

This conversation took place on the 20th of January, 1568; on the 24th arrived an envoy from the duke of Alva, named Assolveville, to enter into explanations with the queen, on the subject of the recent misunderstanding. Elizabeth was encouraged by this indication of placability, to assume a more offensive attitude, and to shew that she was prepared for war, and that she considered it was already commenced. Before Assolveville could present his credentials, she caused him to be arrested at Rochester, where he was detained two days, that he might see her grand arsenal, the activity of her military preparations, and the great number of workmen, who were employed in building her mighty ships of war at Chatham. She then had him conducted to London, separated him from all his people, and placed him in a lodging of her own providing, under a strict guard, without allowing him to see or speak to any one, much less the Spanish ambassador, with whom he was of course desirous of conferring, before he proceeded to open a negotiation with the queen.[1]

Assolveville, guessing what the event would be, had previously written a letter to D'Espes, which he smuggled to him under cover to the French ambassador, and another addressed to queen Elizabeth, requesting to be informed of the time and place, where he might present his credentials. This, however, was forcibly torn by Cecil, from the hand of the Spanish gentleman, who was waiting in the queen's presence-chamber for an opportunity of presenting

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

it, warning him, rudely enough, not to be found there any more. The object of all this was, to compel the poor envoy to unfold his business to some of the council, before he had received his cue from his own ambassador, who was still a prisoner in his own house; but Assolveville, with laudable obstinacy, refused to open his lips to any one, till he had communicated with D'Espes.

Elizabeth, meantime, indited an elaborate letter to Philip II., in Latin, in which, after commending herself for the care she had taken "to save his money from the pirates, and put it out of danger," she imputed all that the duke of Alva and his ambassador had done, to the evil counsel of those who would wish to see a breach in the amity and good faith which had hitherto united them."[1]

Philip, however, assumed a high tone, and approved of all that had been done by Alva and D'Espes, and demanded the restitution of his money, under the threat of a war. Elizabeth was at that moment in an awkward predicament; she had, by her intrigues with the insurgents in France, so embroiled herself with that government, that hostilities appeared inevitable, and, at the same time, a formidable rebellion was organizing among the old catholic nobility in her own realm, while her merchants loudly complained of the injury done to commerce by the seizures of English property, which had been heedlessly provoked in the ports of France and Spain.

In fact, it appeared scarcely possible to avoid a war with both. Each sovereign complained of mutual grievances. Elizabeth aided the queen of Navarre incipiently, her subjects helped her openly, and this princess was virtually queen of the south, and of all the Protestants in France. The goldsmiths in England, it was supposed, had lent the queen of Navarre money on her jewels; and, after the disastrous battle of Moncortour, Elizabeth had offered, in case the king of France proved too strong for the protestant cause, to give refuge to her and her daughter Catherine, the princess of Condé, and her little ones in England.

On the other hand, the king of France, by way of reprisal, supported the partizans of Mary queen of Scots, who was regarded as the rightful queen by most of the Roman Catholics in the British islands.

[1] Depêches de La Mothe Fenelon, vol. i.

On the 10th of February, La Mothe Fenelon, in an audience with Elizabeth, informed her, that a gentleman, in the service of the queen of Scots, had complained to him of the rigour with which his royal mistress had been treated, on her compulsory removal from Bolton to Tutbury. His excellency, with manly plainness, represented "that those who advised her majesty to put constraint, not only on the will, but the royal person of a sovereign and her kinswoman, made her do a wrong to her own reputation." He then besought her "to cause the Scottish queen to be treated in such a manner, in the place where she had compelled her to go, that she might have occasion to speak of her with praise in her letters to the king and queen of France."[1]

Elizabeth replied, with some choler, "that she had neither used force nor violence to the queen of Scotland, having merely removed her to a place where she would be better treated than at Bolton, where all the necessaries of life were scarce." She also gave, as a reason for what she had done, that Mary had written into Scotland a letter which had fallen into her hands, requiring some of the lords of her country to take up arms and make an inroad to where she was at Bolton—that she had, in the same letter, accused her of having treated with the earl of Murray to have him declared legitimate, with several other things equally false.

Elizabeth told La Mothe, that he might assure their majesties of France, that the queen of Scots received nothing else but good treatment at her hands, and although it was not for her to render account to any person in the world for her actions, it was her wish to justify herself to all the world in respect to her usage of the queen of Scots, that all other princes might know that she proceeded with such rectitude that she had no cause to change her pale hue for anything that could be brought against her on that account. "Would to God," added she, "that the queen of Scots had no more occasion to blush at that which could be seen of her."

La Mothe replied, "that her majesty had it in her power to convince the world of the unprincipled ambition of the adversaries of the said lady, and to explain all that they

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. i. p. 188.

could urge against her; and if she acted as the duty of queen to queen, and relation to relation prescribed, it would prove that she was innocent of all the unkindness that had been imputed to her."

Elizabeth, instead of making any direct reply to this home stroke, merely observed, "that she had never had any praise from the queen of Scots for any of the good offices she had rendered her," and then turned the conversation to the subject of Rouen, and the seizure that had been made of English property by the French government.

"On another occasion," says La Mothe, "she told me that she had taken pains to be more than a good mother to the queen of Scots, yet she, on the contrary, had continually practised intrigues in her kingdom against her, and that those who did not know how to behave to a good mother, merited no other than the cruellest step-dame. She then summoned her council and the bishop of Ross, to whom she recited in French most of what I had told her, and the reply she had made me. Then she uttered in English many complaints of the queen of Scots; and in conclusion, menaced the most active, and the greatest among them, with being made shorter by the head."[1]

The fierce jealousy which had been excited in Elizabeth against Mary Stuart by the assumption of the royal arms and style of England in her name, by her ambitious father-in-law, Henry II. of France, was not the only cause of the enmity of that queen. There was a still deeper root of bitterness in this matter, for Henry II. had obliged his young daughter-in-law, during a dangerous fit of sickness, to sign a testamentary paper bequeathing her rights to the kingdom of Scotland, and her claims on the succession of England—if she died without children—to his heirs. Queen Elizabeth became fully aware that such instruments existed in the year 1568-9, and discussed the point with the French ambassador, La Mothe Fenelon;[2] she likewise wrote to Mary the following letter, which she commences with insincere professions of her grief for Mary's dangerous illness just before:—

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 169.

[2] At the end of vol. i. of the Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, all these documents are quoted.

Elizabeth Queen of England to the Queen of Scots.[1]

"May 25, 1569.

"Madame,—To my infinite regret I have learned the great danger in which you have lately been, and I praise God that I heard nothing of it until the worst was past; for, in whatever time or place it might have been, such news could have given me little content; but if any such bad accident had befallen you in this country, I believe, really, I should have deemed my days prolonged too long, if, previous to death, I had received such a wound.

"I rely much on His goodness who has always guarded me against mal-accidents, that he will not permit me to fall into such a snare, and that He will preserve me in the good report of the world till the end of my career. He has made me know, by your means, the grief I might have felt if anything ill had happened to you; and I assure you, that I will offer up to Him infinite thanksgivings.

"As to the reply that you wish to receive by my lord Boyd, regarding my satisfaction in the case touching the duke of Anjou,[2] I neither doubt your honour nor your faith, in writing to me that you never thought of such a thing, but that perhaps some relative,[3] or rather some ambassador of yours having the general authority of your signature, to order all things for the furtherance of your affairs, had adjusted this promise as if it came from you, and deemed it within the range of his commission.

"Such a matter would serve as a spur to a courser of high mettle; for as we often see a little bough serve to save the life of a swimmer, so a slight shadow of claim animates the combatant. I know not why they (*the royal family of France*) consider not, that the bark of your good fortune floats on a dangerous sea, where many contrary winds blow, and has need of all aid to obviate such evils, and to conduct you safely into port. And if so be they are able to serve you in aught, still you can in honour deny the intention (*of transferring her rights to young Anjou;*) for if this right abides in them, then to me pertains the wrong.

"Forasmuch I entreat you to have such consideration for me, (to whom the like right only pertains, who have merited, on your part, true guerdon and honourable opinion,) with such deeds as may preserve the true accord of harmony with mine, who, in all my actions towards you, will never fail of right dealing.

"Howbeit, this bearer will declare to you more amply what I wish in this case. Moreover, if you desire some reply as to the commission given to my lord Ross (*the bishop of Ross*), I believe that you forget how near it touches me if I tamper with aught that I am satisfied touches your honour and my safety. Meantime, I will not fatigue you with this letter longer than that, with my cordial commendations, I pray God to preserve you in good health, and give you long life. From Greenwich."[4]

[1] Translated from vol. ii. pp. 59, 60, Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon. Elizabeth's letter seems to have been originally composed in French.

[2] This was the cession supposed to have been made by Mary to Anjou.

[3] Meaning her mother, Mary of Guise, queen-regent of Scotland, or the regent Arran.

[4] La Mothe Fenelon states the highly curious fact, that the point of the cession, Mary queen of Scots had been supposed to have made of her kingdom to the duke of Anjou, was first inquired into in parliament by the duke of Norfolk, ostensibly on account of the public benefit, but with a secret regard to his own interest, as he was engaged to marry Mary.

This letter is certainly one of the most remarkable ever penned by Elizabeth. The reader will observe her recurrence, in the midst of her caresses, to the leading object of her thoughts, perpetual jealousy of her title.

Mary willingly executed the instrument required, and, at her request, the duke of Anjou renounced any benefit he might hereafter have claimed from the deed of cession extorted from the youthful Mary by his sire; but, after all, the cession had never been made to him in particular, but to the heirs of Henry II. Charles IX. was, therefore, the party by whom the grant should have been renounced. As Mary did all that Elizabeth required of her, this was the precise point where good policy should have prompted Elizabeth to permit Mary's retirement from England. She ought by that time to have perceived the profound mistake she had committed by detaining her in the heart of England, where she served as a rallying point to every seditious movement. Elizabeth ought to have recollected, that in the height of Mary's prosperity, when backed by all the power of France, and living at Paris as queen consort, and queen regnant of Scotland, no injury had been effected to England. It was not probable that Mary could do more against her, if she had suffered her to retire to France, blighted as she was now by calumny and ill health, and dethroned from her realm.

The glory of Elizabeth's reign was dimmed from the hour Mary was detained a prisoner, not only in a moral sense, but, politically and statistically speaking, it was a false step, which placed England in an incipient state of civil war, during the whole life of the queen of Scots, and she became, with good cause, jealous of her own subjects, even those among her nobility who were most nearly connected with herself by the ties of blood.

On one occasion, she observed, significantly, "that as long as the duke of Norfolk lived, the queen of Scots would never want an advocate." On the return of Norfolk from the Scotch conferences, she had given him a very ungracious reception, in consequence of the reports that had been conveyed to her by the persons who had first of all suggested to him the flattering chimera of a marriage with the Scottish queen. Norfolk entered into the subject with his sovereign, and told her, "that the project had not originated

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

with him, and that he never had given it any encouragement. "But would you not," said Elizabeth, "marry the Scottish queen, if you knew that it would tend to the tranquillity of the realm, and the safety of my person?"

If Norfolk had not been deficient in moral courage, he would have replied, frankly, "that if her majesty were disposed to think so, he would be ready to conform to her wish, but that he had already assured Murray, and the others who had suggested this marriage to him, that it was a matter in which he could not engage himself without the consent of his sovereign." He, however, knew the deep dissimulation of Elizabeth, and suspecting that it was her design to entangle him in his talk, replied, with answering insincerity, "Madam, that woman shall never be my wife who has been your competitor, and whose husband cannot sleep in security on his pillow."[1] This artful allusion to the injurious reports against Mary's honour, though most unworthy of the man who was secretly pledged to become her husband, had the desired effect of lulling Elizabeth's suspicions to sleep, and restoring her to good humour. She had, however, ere long, sufficient reason to be convinced that the enamoured duke was every day involving himself more deeply in the snares, which were thrown in his way by those, who were tempting him to his ruin, by their pretended schemes for the accomplishment of his wishes.[2]

Elizabeth's great dread, in the perilous year for Protestantism, 1569, was a catholic coalition throughout Europe in behalf of her royal prisoner, Mary queen of Scots. Ireland was in a state of revolt, the northern counties progressing to the same; the Protestant cause had received two severe blows, the retreat of the prince of Orange, and the victory of the duke of Anjou at Jarnac. Jealousy between the courts of France and Spain had proved her

[1] Haynes. Lingard.

[2] Miss Aikin has very finely observed, with regard to the habitual dissimulation of Elizabeth, and her contemporary of evil memory, Catherine de Medicis, "that in mistaking the excess of falsehood for the perfection of address, the triumphs of cunning for the master-pieces of public wisdom, they did but partake the error of the ablest male politicians of that age of states men. The same narrow views of the interest of princes and of states governed them all. They seem to have believed that the right and the expedient were constantly opposed to each other."

safeguard hitherto, but there was a prospect of a new bond of union, in the proposed marriages of Charles IX. and Philip II. with the daughters of the emperor Maximilian.

Elizabeth thought it possible to prevent this brotherly alliance by a little coquetry, on her own account, with Charles IX. Her hand had been twice solicited by the plenipotentiaries of that prince, and she had declined because of his tender youth. His majesty was now really marriageable, though much too young to be a suitable consort for her; yet she might, without committing herself too deeply, contrive to lure him from his imperial *fiancée.* Catherine de Medicis' favourite project was to marry her second son, the duke of Anjou, to Elizabeth; and that able intriguer, La Mothe Fenelon, had instructions to bring this matter to pass, if possible. With this design constantly in view, the conversations between him and her majesty of England invariably turned to the subject of matrimony.

The conference in which Elizabeth threw out her first lure for the young king of France, as related by La Mothe, has almost dramatic interest. The queen began by asking news of the marriages between Charles IX. and Philip of Spain with the daughters of the emperor, which appeared to give her uneasiness. La Mothe fully exemplified sir Henry Wotton's character of an ambassador, whom he defined to "be a person sent to lie abroad for the service of his country," for he denied any knowledge of his master's intended marriage. Elizabeth told him "that she had heard for certain that the marriages were concluded," and repeated the eulogiums she had heard "of the fine stature and martial appearance of Charles and his brother, and of their vigorous constitutions and excellent dispositions;[1] how Charles IX., in martial bearing and skill in horsemanship, resembled Henry II., his father, who was the most accomplished warrior of any prince in his times; and that his brother had exchanged all his boyish diversions at court for heroic and difficult enterprises, and that everybody wonderfully commended him." She concluded this flourish by observing, "that as the princess of Portugal[2] had been proposed as a

[1] Depêche de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] The princess of Portugal was daughter of Emanuel the Great, king of Portugal, and Leonora of Austria, queen of Francis I. She must have been born before 1525.

match, first to the king, and afterwards to Anjou, she herself could not be considered as too old."

"I told her," said La Mothe Fenelon,[1] "that all the world stood amazed at the wrong she did to the grand endowments that God had given her of beauty, wisdom, virtue, and exalted station, by refusing to leave fair posterity to succeed her. It was a duty she owed to God, who had given her power of choice, to elect some partner, and that she could not find a prince more worthy of such distinction, than one of the three sons of the late king of France, Henry II. The eldest of them was the true successor of his father, the second, royal in all conditions, excepting being crowned, and the third would, without doubt, in time be equal to his brethren." This last was the young Alençon, to whom Elizabeth was almost married when she was many years older; but the point, to which all this expert flattery tended, was to persuade her to wed the handsome duke of Anjou. Elizabeth pretended to discuss the possibility of wedding the elder of these much-lauded princes, and, for the purpose of eliciting a stronger dose of flattery from the ambassador, replied, "That the king, Charles IX., would none of her, for he would be ashamed to show, at an entry into Paris, a queen for his wife so old as she was, and that she was not of an age to leave her country, like the queen of Scots, who was taken young to France."

The ambassador replied, "If such a marriage could happen, then would commence the most illustrious lineage that had been known for the last thousand years; but that previously she had been objecting to the age of his king, and now she was finding fault with her own. Meantime, she had so well spent her years, that time had carried away none of her beauties; while king Charles and the duke of Anjou had so well profited by time, that they had acquired beauty, strength, and stature, so that no men could be more perfect. And the king certainly ought to desire the queen of England to make her entry into Paris as his wife, for it was there she would be the most honoured, most welcome, and most blessed by all the good people and nobility of France; and if she suffered with passing the sea, nevertheless

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 118, 119.

she would find it a most happy voyage, from which she would ultimately receive great pleasure and satisfaction."

At the time of uttering this flourish, the ambassador was as well convinced as the queen herself, that Charles IX. was almost married to Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the emperor.

"I know not," rejoined Elizabeth, "if the queen (Catherine de Medicis) would approve of it, for it is possible she might choose to have a daughter-in-law whom she might mould to her pleasure."

"I know," answered the ambassador, "that the queen-mother is so benign, and of such humane and gracious conversation, that nothing in the world would be more agreeable than for you to be together: witness the honour and respect in which she has always held the queen of Scotland, and that she now bears to her."

When this interview was over, Cecil came to discuss with him the projected marriage of the king of Spain with the eldest daughter of the emperor. "I was far enough from giving him a hint respecting the marriage of the youngest,"[1] added the ambassador, "but declared I would treat with him touching another marriage, which would be the most apropos in the world for the aggrandizement of two realms, and for the universal peace of Christianity.

A future day was then appointed for queen Elizabeth to receive another repast of these frothy compliments. The French ambassador subjoined to his despatches a dissertation on the queen's real intentions regarding marriage, and it is certain the result bore out his view of the subject. "It is the general opinion," he wrote, "that queen Elizabeth will never marry; but when her subjects press her to name her successor, she meets the inconvenient proposal by a feigned intention of entering into some marriage she never means to conclude;" and he brought, as an instance, the late futile negotiation regarding the archduke Charles.

The earl of Arundel, who had been for many years a suitor for the hand of queen Elizabeth, made no scruple of declaring, that the intimacy between her and the earl of Leicester was the reason of her refusing all her suitors, whether they were foreign princes or English peers. This great noble, according to the report of the French ambas-

[1] Elizabeth of Austria, soon after married to Charles IX.

sador,[1] instigated his son-in-law, the duke of Norfolk, to call Leicester to a sharp account for familiarities with the queen, which they affirmed disgraced them all, as Englishmen, as well the crown she wore, and that neither the English nobility nor her subjects in general would permit the continuance of such proceedings. They then taxed Leicester with using his privilege of *entrée* into the queen's bed-chamber unbecomingly, affirming that he went there before she rose, and that he took upon himself the office of her lady in waiting, by handing to her a garment which ought never to have been seen in the hands of her master of horse. Moreover, they charged him with "kissing her majesty when he was not invited, thereto."

It is very evident that the first queens-regnant of England had many officers in attendance in their private apartments, the same as if they had been kings; and in this instance the fault found was, not that Leicester had the right of *entrée* into the royal sleeping apartment, but that he used it at improper times, and took freedoms which the premier duke and the premier earl of England, deemed derogatory to the decorum which ought to be observed towards the female sovereign of their country. They proceeded to exhort Leicester "to be candid, and say if the queen really wished to marry him, and then they would both unite their influence with the nobility and the rest of the nation to sanction their honourable union, and stop all this scandal."

Leicester, the arrogant Leicester, seems to have assumed the humble tone of a chidden inferior to these two great peers. He thanked them both for their offer and for their warning; he acknowledged "that the queen had shewn him such good affection, as had emboldened him to use some well-intentioned familiarities, in the hope of espousing her;" he assured the duke of Norfolk "that he had, by this offer of assistance, laid him under the greatest obligation in the world, and at the same time had done his duty well to the queen and the crown, as a faithful vassal and councillor ought, and during the remainder of his life he would never forget the same." Neither, according to bishop Goodman, did he ever forget that Norfolk had once bestowed on him a box on the ear.

Till Norfolk subsequently laid his head on the block,

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 120.

there is little doubt this conversation was duly remembered by Leicester, as well as the unlucky box on the ear. He assuredly understood the intentions of Norfolk and Arundel as well as they did themselves. Arundel had long wooed queen Elizabeth; Norfolk, who had previously married his heiress, was the father of a son, who was, at the same time, heir of Arundel, and a mutual bond between them; Norfolk was a widower, and the secret suitor of Mary queen of Scots. Thus a strong family compact already existed between these noblemen, the two greatest of the ancient English aristocracy; and if the earl wedded queen Elizabeth, the actual possessor of the English crown, and the duke the queen of Scotland, and heiress of the whole island, they might well deem that their united strength might have defied the sons of little men, whom the Tudor monarchs had called from the shears and the forge, to guide the civil and religious government of England.

As for Leicester's freedoms in the chamber of the queen, there is no reason for implicit belief that they ever occurred, merely *because* we find them in a French ambassador's despatch; but that such were the current reports at the English court is indubitable; and when the intentions of Norfolk and his father-in-law, Arundel, in regard to the marriages they projected with queen Elizabeth and her captive heiress, are considered, the fact that they held this conversation with the favourite, and taxed him with the scandals circulating at court, becomes highly probable, and is in consonance with other facts, which are narrated by eye-witnesses, both as to her past and future conduct.[1]

It was the policy of the two great nobles, Norfolk and Arundel, to clear their path of the favourite, as a matrimonial pretender to the hand of Elizabeth; and, according to La Mothe's letter, this measure was speedily effected. "Some days after," he resumes, "the *said lady* (meaning queen Elizabeth), being earnestly pressed to declare her intentions respecting the earl of Leicester, resolutely answered, 'that she *pretended* not to marriage with him.' Since this reply, both have conducted themselves more modestly, and he has withdrawn the expensive parade he made while he had hopes of success in his enterprise."

[1] See various passages in Melville's Memoirs, already quoted, regarding Elizabeth's behaviour to Leicester.

Perhaps Elizabeth was far more incensed, at this forced *eclaircissement* of her intentions, than Leicester. Although she did not intend to bring their courtship to the serious termination of matrimony, she evidently liked Leicester to flutter about her as a declared pretender to her hand. On the contrary, he wished to be at liberty to marry, which he afterwards did, and was, withal, suffering cruelly in his property, from the gorgeous display he was expected to keep up at court while he sustained the character of the queen's suitor, whom her realm expected, hourly, she would declare to be her spouse. There are very evident indications that for some time subsequent to this crisis, occasional agitating scenes passed between the queen and Leicester, while the endless negotiations for her marriage with Anjou were proceeding. Leicester, in one of his letters to Walsingham, then ambassador at Paris, declares that his queen was in good health, "save some *spice*, or show, of hysteric fits. These fits did not trouble her more than a quarter of an hour, yet this little in her hath bred strange bruits (gossip) here at home. God send her, I beseech him, a long life."[1]

The treachery of Leicester's conduct with regard to the duke of Norfolk, and the other noblemen he had been the means of drawing into the snare he had planned for their destruction, by his pretended desire of the marriage of Norfolk to the queen of Scots, appears a dark picture of the principles of Elizabeth's cabinet. Leicester had a two-fold object in view—the destruction of his great enemy, Sussex, as well as that of Norfolk. Sussex, who was related in the same degree by his mother, lady Elizabeth Howard, to Norfolk and to the queen, had undoubtedly favoured the idea of a marriage between Norfolk and the queen of Scots; but when he found the dangerous tendency of some of the ramifications of the plot, he recoiled from it, as inconsistent with his duty to his sovereign.[2] Elizabeth was, at first, incensed against him, but though not honest herself either in word or deed, she knew how to estimate those who were, and finally confided to her plain-dealing kinsman the command of the forces appointed to quell the northern insurgents.

[1] Complete Ambassador, Letter of the Earl of Leicester, p. 288.
[2] See Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by sir C. Sharp.

Leicester had encouraged the duke to hope for the accomplishment of his wishes by undertaking to obtain the queen's consent, but put off, from day to day, mentioning the matter; Cecil observing the perplexity of the duke, advised him to seek her majesty, and reveal to her the matter he had on his mind, whatever it might be. If Norfolk could have resolved to do this, it would probably have saved his life; but instead of acting without delay on this judicious advice, he sought counsel of Leicester, who dissuaded him from that course, and promised to name it to her majesty, the next time she went to walk in the fields. Norfolk himself records, "that when the court was at Guildford, he came unaware into the queen's privy chamber, and found her majesty sitting on the threshold of the door, listening with one ear to a little child, who was singing and playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester, who was kneeling by her side."[1] The duke, a little confused, no doubt at interrupting a party so conveniently arranged, drew back; but her majesty bade him enter.

Soon after Leicester rose, and came to Norfolk, leaving the queen listening to the child, and told him, "that he was dealing with the queen in his behalf when he approached;" to which the simple peer responded, "If I had known so much, I would not have come up;" and eagerly inquired, "how he found her majesty disposed?" Leicester replied, "Indifferently well;" adding, "that the queen had promised to speak to him herself at Thornham, at my lord of Arundel's." "Before her highness came to Thornham," says Norfolk, "she commanded me to sit down, most unworthy, at her highness's board, where at the end of dinner her majesty gave me a nip, saying, 'that she would wish me to take good heed to my pillow.'"[2]

Like many of Elizabeth's *bon mots*, this sharp inuendo cut two ways, conveying as it did a threat of the block, and a sarcastic allusion to the unworthy expression he had condescended to use, when endeavouring to persuade her that

[1] The Duke of Norfolk's Confession, State Paper MSS.

[2] State Paper MSS. The words that historians have generally imputed to Elizabeth, on this occasion, are—"That she advised him to beware on what pillow he rested his head;" but the above is from Norfolk's own confession, and doubtless, his version is the true one. The man in whose ear that ominous warning was spoken by his offended sovereign, was not likely to make any mistake in repeating them. They "nipped" too closely to be forgotten.

he had no intention of becoming the husband of the Scottish queen.

Then followed the contemptible farce of Leicester's feigned sickness at Tichfield, and his message to the queen that he could not die in peace without confessing his faults, and obtaining her pardon for his guilt. Elizabeth hastened to his bedside, and he acknowledged with many sighs and tears, how deeply he had sinned against her, by being privy to a design of marrying her foe, the queen of Scots, to the duke of Norfolk;[1] and under pretence of making a clear conscience, put her into possession of the whole of the circumstances of the plot, in which many of the principal nobles of the realm were implicated.

There was no proof, however, that any attempt against either the life or government of Elizabeth was contemplated; it was simply a plan for the restoration of Mary to liberty, and royal dignity, by becoming the wife of the great Protestant English peer, whom her own rebels of the reformed faith had first solicited to unite himself with her.[2] The treacherous Leicester, probably led Elizabeth to suppose that much more was intended. The next time her majesty saw the duke, she called him to her in the gallery, and sharply reprimanded him for presuming to attempt a match with the queen of Scots without her cognizance, and commanded him on his allegiance, to give over these pretensions. The duke promised to do so, and proudly added, "that his estate in England was worth little less than the whole realm of Scotland, in the ill state to which the wars had reduced it; and that when he was in his own tennis-court at Norwich, he thought himself as great as a king."[3]

The next day the queen refused the suit of the Spanish ambassador, for the liberation of her royal prisoner, observing, at the same time, "that she would advise the queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she might chance to find some of those on whom she relied, shorter by the head."[4]

Norfolk now found his situation at court intolerable. The queen regarded him with looks of anger and disdain, and Leicester and all his former associates treated him with

[1] Camden.
[2] Howard Memorials. Camden. Haynes.
[3] Camden. [4] Ibid.

studied insolence. He endeavoured to avoid collision with those who sought to force a quarrel, by returning with his father-in-law, the earl of Arundel, and the earl of Pembroke, first to London, and afterwards to his princely seat at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, whence he wrote an apologetic letter to the queen, attributing his departure "to the pain he felt at her displeasure, and his mortification at the treatment to which he had been subjected by the insolence of his foes, by whom he had been made a common table talk."[1]

The queen sent a peremptory order for his return to court, which the duke obeyed, and was arrested by her order at Burnham, three miles from Windsor, and committed to the Tower. He was subjected to an examination before lord-keeper Bacon, Northampton, Sadler, Bedford, and Cecil; but they reported to her majesty that the duke had not put himself under the penalty of the law, by any overt act of treason, and that it would be difficult to convict him without this.

"Away!" she replied; "what the law fails to do, my authority shall effect." Her rage was so ungovernable that she fell into a fit, and they were forced to apply vinegar and other stimulants to revive her.[2]

The queen of Scots naturally felt the ill effects of the treachery of her supposed friend, Leicester. His denouncements placed her, as well as her friends, in a most perilous position; and the earl of Huntingdon, Leicester's brother-in-law, the immediate descendant of George, duke of Clarence, and, like all of that line, a covert pretender to the regal succession, was associated with the earl of Shrewsbury, in the ungracious office of gaoler to the royal captive. Mary's terror at this appointment is described in a lively manner in the letters written by her at this period, and also her distress of mind at the peril to which Norfolk was exposed for her sake;[3] but the details belong to *her* life, and not to that of Elizabeth, who must perforce, occupy the foreground of her own history.

The arrest of Norfolk precipitated the disastrous rising

[1] Howard Memorials.
[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.
[3] See Mary queen of Scots' Letters, vol. i., new edition, p. 182, to p. 186.

in the North, under the luckless earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland.[1] The re-establishment of catholicism in England, was the object of this insurrection; and it may be regarded as a second part to that ebullition of misdirected zeal and patriotism, the pilgrimage of grace, six and thirty years before; and it is a curious fact, that the persons engaged in the Northern Rebellion, were the sons of those who figured as pilgrims. Wordsworth, in a few of his graceful lines, appears to have given a very clear and correct view of the case. No apology can be required for quoting them, pleasingly illustrative as they are of the period in question:—

> "It was the time when England's queen,
> Twelve years had reign'd a sovereign dread,
> Nor yet the restless crown had been
> Disturb'd upon her virgin head.
> But now the inly working North
> Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
> A potent vassalage to fight,
> In Percy's and in Neville's right.
> Two earls fast leagued in discontent,
> Who gave their wishes open vent,
> And boldly urged a general plea,
> The rites of ancient piety,
> To be triumphantly restored,
> By the dread justice of the sword."[2]

Mary Stuart, as the catholic heiress of the crown, and exciting by her beauty and misfortunes, her persecutions and her patience, the deepest interest among the chivalry of the north, who were chiefly professors of the same creed, was the watchword and leading point of the association. Whether the plot was fomented by her is doubtful. It has, however, been generally supposed, that Shakspeare's mysterious lines, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, imply, "that some seductions had been used by the captive queen to charm the northern magnates from their duty to their own sovereign:[3]—

[1] For the particulars of this insurrection, compiled from inedited documents, the reader is referred to the "Memorials of the Northern Rebellion," by sir Cuthbert Sharp, a most valuable contribution to the history of Elizabeth's reign.

[2] White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons.

[3] The real cause of Northumberland's disaffection, is attributed by Camden to the appropriation of a rich copper mine by Elizabeth, which had been discovered upon his estate in Cumberland. Westmoreland's wife, lady Jane Howard, the daughter of Surrey, and sister of Mary's affianced husband Nor-

"Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea maid's music."

The rebel earls entered Durham in warlike array, November 14th; Richard Norton, of Norton Conyers, who had married the sister of queen Katharine Parr's second husband, Neville, lord Latimer, a hoary-headed gentleman, aged seventy-one, bore the banner of the cross before the insurgents.

"The Nortons ancient had the cross,
And the five wounds our lord did bear."

The principal exploits of the misguided multitude, who followed this banner, consisted in burning the translations of the Scriptures and the liturgies, in all the towns they passed through. They had neither plan, order, nor money, to maintain themselves in the rash position they had assumed. A few days sufficed the earl of Sussex to crush the insurrection. The two earls fled; Northumberland to Scotland, where, falling into the hands of Murray, he was sold to the English government, and brought to the block; Westmoreland took refuge in Flanders, and died in exile.[1]

The calamities of the Percys, Nortons, Dacres, and Nevilles, and other noble ancient families, who took part in this disastrous rising, inspired some of the noblest historical ballads, and metrical romances in our language. Elizabeth herself became malignly poetical on the occasion, and perpetrated the following sonnet, as it is styled:—

"The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy,
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if Reason ruled, or Wisdom wove the web;
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope, supposed, the root of ruth will be;
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as ye shall shortly see.
These dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood binds.

folk, was one of the most beautiful, learned, and accomplished ladies of that age, and probably influenced her weak husband to espouse the cause of Mary, although she was herself a zealous Protestant, having been, like her brother, the pupil of the historian of the Reformation, Fox.

[1] Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by sir C. Sharp.

The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain, where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort;
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy.'[1]

Elizabeth made good the threats with which this unfeminine effusion concludes; for, besides the executions of such of the leaders of the rebellion as fell into her hands, she compelled her victorious general, Sussex, to deluge the northern counties with the blood of the simple, unreflective peasants, who had been induced to join the revolt. The learned research of sir Cuthbert Sharp, has brought to light some hideous facts, in the contemporary documents preserved among the Bowes MSS.[2] Staunch, indeed, must be the admirers of good queen Bess, who can calmly peruse the following order for the hangings in Richmondshire, without a shudder:—

THE EARL OF SUSSEX TO SIR GEORGE BOWES.

"SIR GEORGE BOWES,—I have set the numbers to be executed down in every town, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences and fitness for example; so as, in the whole, you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freeholds, or noted wealthy, for so is the queen's majesty's pleasure. By her special commandment, 10th of January, 1569-70. T. SUSSEX."

Under the list of those who joined from each town and village, the earl of Sussex has written the number to be executed, amounting to every fifth man. The fearful order was tardily executed, and Sussex wrote to spur on the reluctant ministers of the royal vengeance. In his letter, of the 19th of January, addressed to sir George Bowes, he says,[3]—

"I received, yesternight, letters from the court, whereby, I perceive, that the queen's majesty doth much marvel that she doth not hear from me that the execution is yet ended, and that she is disburthened of her charges that was considered for that respect; and, therefore, I heartily pray you to use expedition, for I fear this lingering will breed displeasure to us both."

[1] Puttenham's Art of Poetry, published in Elizabeth's own reign.
[2] Published in the "Memorials of the Northern Rebellion," by Sir C. Sharp.
[3] On the 23rd, Sussex, who evidently loathed the duty that had been imposed upon him, wrote in bitter sarcasm to Cecil—"I was first a lieutenant; I was after little better than a marshal; I had then nothing left to me but to direct hanging matters."

The richer sort purchased their lives, but no less than eight hundred of the working classes perished by the hands of the executioner! Leicester had expressed a great wish to march against the rebels, but the queen detained him as her principal adviser and protector, in case of danger.

Early in the spring of 1570, pope Pius V. published his bull of excommunication against queen Elizabeth, and on the morning of May 15th a copy of this anathema against the sovereign was found fixed on the gates of the bishop of London's palace, in St. Paul's. After strict search, a duplicate was discovered in the possession of a student of Lincoln's-inn; who, being put to the torture, confessed that he received it from Mr. Felton, a rich catholic gentleman of Southwark. Felton, on being apprehended, not only acknowledged that he had set up the bull, on the bishop of London's gate, but gloried in the daring act, bore the rack without betraying his accomplices, and went to the scaffold in the spirit of a martyr. As the purport of the bull was to deprive Elizabeth of the title of queen, and the allegiance of her subjects, Felton gave her no other title than "the pretender;" but, at his execution, he said, "he begged her pardon if he had injured her," and drawing a magnificent diamond ring, value four hundred pounds, from his finger, requested the earl of Sussex, who was present, to give it to her in his name, as a token that he died in peace with her, bearing her no malice for his sufferings and death.[1]

This bull caused little mischief, but great annoyance to Elizabeth; she even condescended to solicit the emperor Maximilian to procure its revocation.[2] A sarcastic query from the pontiff in reply to the imperial intervention was the only result of this undignified proceeding on the part of the head of the protestant church. In August, the plague broke out in London, and some deaths having occurred in the Tower, Elizabeth was induced to release the duke of Norfolk, on his promising to give up all future correspondence with the queen of Scots, and attempts in her behalf. He was then allowed to return to his own mansion at the Charter-house, where he remained for a time as a prisoner at large, under the charge of his friend, sir Henry Neville. A sort of riot

[1] Camden. [2] Lingard.

had taken place, in his behalf, among his loving tenantry and servants at Harleston-fair, in his territorial county of Norfolk; some of the nobles and gentry in that neighbourhood were supposed to have encouraged the outbreak, but it was merely regarded as the effects of pot-valour on the part of the men of Harleston, and no injury resulted to the duke from their injudicious way of manifesting their affection.[1]

On the assassination of the Scottish regent, Murray, Elizabeth was urged by the friends of the captive queen of Scots, both in France and Scotland, to reinstate her in her royal authority, under certain conditions, which might have been rendered of great political advantage to England, but those demanded by Elizabeth were neither in Mary's power, nor consistent with her honour to perform, especially as the *sine qua non* was, that she should give up her infant son, who had been crowned king of Scotland, as her principal hostage.[2] The possession of this princely babe had been the great object of Elizabeth's intrigues, almost from the time of his birth, but neither Mary nor the lords of the congregation would hear of trusting him to her keeping. "The times," says Camden, "were then full of suspicions and conspiracies," for Thomas and Edward Stanley, the two younger sons of the earl of Derby by the duke of Norfolk's daughter, with sir Thomas Gerard, Rolston, Hall, and others of the county of Derby, conspired to free the queen of Scots out of prison, but Rolston's son betrayed the confederacy, and the parties were arrested, except Hall, who fled to Scotland, where he was afterwards taken, at the fall of Dumbarton castle, and put to death in London. Mary's ambassador, the bishop of Ross, being implicated in this plot was once more sent to the Tower. Elizabeth had taken a terrible vengeance on the border counties of Scotland, for the encouragement the partisans of the queen of Scots, there, had given to the rebels in the north of England, for she caused Sussex, with a military force, to burn and lay waste nearly three hundred villages.[3] These cruelties were regarded as so many triumphs, by those who heard of the progress made by the unresisted bands of England,

[1] Camden. Howard's Memorials. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid.

and saw not the misery caused by the inglorious work of destruction that was perpetrated.

The twelfth year of Elizabeth's reign being now completed, the anniversary of her accession was celebrated as a general festival throughout her dominions. The aspect of public affairs was, however, still gloomy, the unsettled state of the succession was more alarming to the nation than ever, and Elizabeth herself began to consider, that the only chance of putting an end to the plots and intrigues of the partisans of Mary Stuart, would be the birth of heirs of her own. Her attempt to attract the young king of France from the Austrian princess had only procured a few empty compliments from the ambassador; and, even if the king had not been too deeply pledged to his affianced bride to avail himself of the opening she had given him, Elizabeth was well aware that the obstacles to such a union were insuperable. But that she did regret having been induced by Cecil and Leicester to trifle with the addresses of the archduke Charles, there is abundant proof, and even that she was anxious "to lure the tercel gentil back again."

In the secret minutes of the affairs of the court of England, prepared by the sieur de Vassal, one of Fenelon's spies, for the information of the queen-mother of France, it is stated, that after the announcement had been made to her that the marriages of her two rejected royal suitors, the kings of France and Spain, with the daughters of the emperor, were concluded, Elizabeth became very pensive; and when she retired to her chamber, with her ladies, she complained, "that, while so many honourable marriages were making in Europe, not one of her council had spoken of a match for her, but if the earl of Sussex had been present, he, at least, might have reminded them of the archduke Charles."[1]

This being repeated, by one of the ladies, to the earl of Leicester, he was compelled, on the morrow, to endeavour to please her, by taking measures to renew the negotiations with the archduke; the son of sir Henry Cobham was forthwith despatched, on a secret mission to Spires, for that purpose. In the meantime, she shewed more and more inclination to marry, and spoke with so much affec-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 466.

tion of the archduke, that the earl repented having taken any further steps in the matter.

The juvenile appearance of the functionary, whom Elizabeth had selected for this delicate business, excited some surprise, both at home and abroad, for it was said that, "if so grave and experienced a statesman as the earl of Sussex had failed to arrange a matrimonial treaty to her majesty's satisfaction, it was scarcely to be expected that a beardless boy, of no weight, would be able to effect much."[1] The youthful Mercury, however, opened the object of his mission, to the emperor with all possible solemnity, by informing him, "that his royal mistress had sent him to continue the same negotiation that had been commenced, three years before, by the earl of Sussex; that she had not been able, till the present moment, to render a decisive answer on the proposal of the archduke, by reason of frequent illnesses, the wars in France and Flanders, and other impediments; but this delay had not, she trusted, put an end to the suit of his imperial majesty's brother, and if he would be pleased to come to England now, he should be very welcome; and, as to the differences in their religion, she hoped, that her subjects would consent that he and his attendants should have such full exercise of their own, and that he would be satisfied."[2]

The emperor replied, "that his brother was very sorry that her majesty had been so tardy in notifying her good intention to him, for which he was nevertheless very much obliged, but that the prince, not supposing that her majesty would have delayed her answer for three years, if she had intended to accept him, had turned his thoughts on another match, and was now engaged to a princess, his relation and a catholic, with whom there could be no disputes on the subject of religion, but that he regretted that he had not been accepted by the queen at the proper time, and hoped that she would henceforward regard him in the light of a brother." His imperial majesty concluded with a few compliments, on his own account, to the queen, and dismissed young Cobham with the present of a silver vessel.[3]

[1] Secret Memorial for the French Court, by Vassal. Despatches of Fenelon, vol. iii. 466.

[2] Secret Memorial of M. de Savran for the queen-mother of France, in Fenelon, vol. iii. 424.

[3] Ibid.

This reply was taken in such evil part by Elizabeth, that she exclaimed, in her first indignation, "that the emperor had offered her so great an insult, that if she had been a man instead of a woman, she would have defied him to single combat."[1]

Our authority goes on to report the contents of an intercepted letter, written by one of the lords of the English court to another, in which the following passage occurs:—"The cause of the grief and vexation of our queen, is assuredly the marriage of the archduke Charles with the daughter of his sister, the duchess of Bavaria, either because she had fixed her love and fantasy on him, or that she is mortified that her beauty and grandeur have been so lightly regarded by him, or that she has lost this means of amusing her people for the present, and fears that she will now be pressed by her states and her parliament not to defer taking a husband, which is the principal desire of all her realm."

Elizabeth had, however, reached that point, when, in common with every childless sovereign, who is on ill terms with the successor to the crown, she felt that her power was checked, and her influence bounded within comparatively narrow limits, by the want of heirs of her own person. This consideration appears, if we may believe her own assertion, to have inclined her to encourage thoughts of marriage, and the offer of the young, handsome Henry of Valois came at the seasonable juncture, when she was burning with indignation at the marriage of the archduke Charles. "After the said Cobham had returned with the answer of refusal," says the sieur de Vassal, "she began to listen with more affection to the proposal of monsieur."

This prince was the second surviving son of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, and had just completed his eighteenth year. Elizabeth was turned of thirty-seven, and had been, in her infancy, proposed as a wife for his uncle, Charles duke of Angoulême. The project for her marriage with the duke of Anjou seems to have been first suggested by the cardinal Chastillon, who, notwithstanding his high rank in the church of Rome, came to England for the pur-

[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Savran to their majesties of France. Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. 425.

pose of soliciting the mediation of Elizabeth in a pacific treaty between the king of France and the Huguenots.[1]

It is probable that this liberal-minded ecclesiastic imagined, that the union of the heir of France with the protestant queen of England, would procure a general toleration for persons of her religion in France, and that her influence and power would be amicably exerted, to compose the stormy elements, whose strife was pregnant with every species of crime and misery.

He took the first opportunity of touching on this project during a private conference with Elizabeth at Hampton Court, as soon as the fact of the archduke's marriage transpired, and received sufficient encouragement to induce him to open the matter to the queen-mother, who, on the 20th of October, wrote to La Mothe Fenelon, "That the cardinal de Chastillon had spoken to her son, the duke of Anjou, of an overture of marriage between him and the queen of England, and she was earnest with him to give it all the encouragement in his power."

Towards the end of December, La Mothe Fenelon paid a visit to the queen at Hampton Court; he was introduced into her privy chamber by Leicester, "where he found her better dressed than usual, and she appeared eager to talk of the king's (Charles IX.) wedding." La Mothe told her, "that he could wish to congratulate her on her own." On which she reminded him, "that she had formerly assured him that she never meant to marry," but added, "that she regretted that she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should be only one of a royal house, of suitable rank to her own."[2]

On this hint, the ambassador could not forbear from recommending the duke of Anjou to her attention, as the most accomplished prince in the world, and the only person who was worthy the honour of her alliance.[3]

She received this intimation very favourably, and replied, "that monsieur was so highly esteemed for his excellent

[1] It is an interesting fact that this cardinal de Chastillon was the brother of the illustrious protestant leader, admiral de Coligny, whose family name was Chastillon. The cardinal used his influence, like a good man, to moderate between the infuriated parties. (See Brantome, Les Vies des Hommes Illustres, 3me Partie, p. 151.)

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. [3] Ibid. vol. iii. p. 418.

qualities, that he was worthy of the highest destiny the world could bestow, but that she believed his thoughts were lodged on a fairer object[1] than her, who was already an old woman, and who, unless for the sake of heirs, would be ashamed to speak of a husband; that she had formerly been sought by some who would wish to espouse the kingdom, but not the queen; as, indeed, it generally happened among the great, who married without seeing one another." She observed, "that the princes of the house of France had a fair reputation for being good husbands, much honoured by their wives, and not less beloved." She said many more things to the same purpose, but La Mothe, in reporting this conversation, in a private letter to the queen-mother, expresses himself as doubtful whether she will ever carry any marriage into effect, having frequently promised her people to marry, and then, after entertaining a proposal for a long while, found means to break it off. However, he recommends the offer to be made.

The first time Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, after the marriage of Charles IX., she asked him, "how his master found himself as a married man?" and added many questions as to the probability of his being happy with his young queen. La Mothe replied, "that his sovereign was the most contented prince in Christendom, and the greatest pleasure he had was being in her company."

Elizabeth cynically observed, "that the record of the gallantries of his majesty's father and grandfather, Francis I. and Henry II., inclined her to fear that he would follow their example." "And thereupon," pursues the ambassador, slily, to his sovereign, "she revealed to me a secret concerning your majesty, which, sire, I confess I had never heard before."[2] So much better was our maiden queen acquainted with the scandals of her royal neighbour of France than his own ambassador, although monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon was a notorious gossip.

We are indebted to his lively pen, for many rich details of her sayings and doings, relative to the successive matri-

[1] The beautiful princess of Cleves, with whom Henry of Anjou was passionately in love at that time.

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii.

monial negotiations between her and Henry duke of Anjou, and subsequently with his younger brother Francis, alias Hercules, duke of Alençon, also for a variety of anecdotes of this great queen, which are new to all but those who have studied his despatches. In a private letter, dated January 18th, 1571, he informs the queen-mother, that on the preceding Sunday, he was conducted by the earl of Leicester into the presence of the queen of England, when the conversation having been led to the subject of the private overtures for the marriage with the duke of Anjou, the queen acknowledged, "that she objected to nothing but his age." To which it was replied, "that the prince bore himself already like a man." "But," said the queen, "he can never cease to be younger than me."

"So much the better for your majesty," rejoined Leicester, laughing, and Elizabeth took this freedom from her master of the horse in good part. Then the ambassador took the word, and, after adverting to the wedded happiness of his recently-wedded king and queen, said, "that he would advise any princess, who wished to acquire perfect felicity in wedlock, to take a consort from the royal house of France." Elizabeth replied, "that madame d'Estampes and madame de Valentinois made her fear, that she would be only honoured by her husband as a queen, and not loved by him as a woman." This interesting conversation was interrupted by the entrance of cardinal Chastillon, on which Fenelon and Leicester withdrew, and her majesty remained a considerable time in private conference with him.

As soon as the cardinal retired from her presence, Elizabeth summoned her council, and communicated her matrimonial prospects to them in a truly original style. She began by informing them, "that the cardinal Chastillon had inquired of her three things: 'first, if she were free from all contracts, with power to marry where she pleased? secondly, whether she intended to marry within her own realm, or to espouse a foreigner? and, thirdly, in case it was her will to take a foreigner for her consort, if she would accept monsieur, brother to the king of France?' and that she had replied to these questions, 'that she was free to marry, but that she would not marry one of her subjects, and that she would, with all her heart, enter into a marriage

with monsieur, on such conditions as might be deemed advisable.'"[1] She then went on to say, that the cardinal had presented his credentials from the king, and prayed her, as the affair was of great consequence to the world, that she would communicate with her council on the subject before it went any further. "But this," her majesty said, "she could tell them plainly, she had not thought good, and had replied, 'that she was queen sovereign, and did not depend on those of her council, but rather they on her, as having their lives and their heads in her hand, and that they would, of course, do as she wished;' but inasmuch as he had represented to her the inconveniences which had been considered to result to the late queen, her sister, for having chosen to treat of her marriage with the king of Spain, without consulting her council, she had promised him, that she would propose it to them, and she willed that they should all promptly give her their advice."

The members of the council hung their heads in silence, being scarcely less startled at the gracious terms in which their maiden monarch had thought proper to signify her intentions, with regard to this new suitor, than astonished at the fact, that the affair had proceeded to such lengths; for so secretly had the negotiations been kept, that very few of them had an idea that such a thing was in agitation. At length, after a considerable pause, one of the most courageous ventured to say, that "Monsieur appeared to be very young for her majesty."

"What then!" exclaimed Elizabeth, fiercely interrupting him, "if the prince be satisfied with me?" and then, apparently desirous of averting the unwelcome discussion of her age, she concluded by saying, "that the cardinal, after shewing his credentials, had proposed several articles of an advantageous nature, which she considered well worthy of attention."[2]

The reason of Elizabeth's imperious language to her council on this occasion may be attributed to the displeasure she had cherished against those, who opposed obstacles to her marriage with the archduke, which had ended in his abandoning his suit to her, and wedding the Bavarian princess. Far from concealing her feelings on this subject,

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 439, 440. [2] Ibid. p. 440.

she spoke, among her ladies, in a high tone of the ill treatment, she considered that she had experienced from her cabinet, with regard to the various overtures that had been made by foreign princes for her hand, observing, with emphatic bitterness, "that her people had often pressed her to marry, but they, her ministers, always annexed such hard conditions to the treaty, as to keep her from it, and that she should know now who were her good and faithful subjects, and they might note well, that she should hold as disloyal those who attempted to cross her in so honourable a match." When one of her ladies regretted that monsieur were not a few years older, she replied, "He is twenty now, and may be rated at twenty-five, for everything in his mind and person beseems a man of worth;"[1] and when my lord chamberlain proceeded to relate an anecdote of the prince, which some of the ladies of the bed-chamber considered rather alarming on the score of morality, her majesty only turned it off with a joke. But however favourably disposed she might be to her new suitor, she could not forget or forgive the slight which she considered she had received from him, by whom she had been forsaken.

If we may believe the sieur de Vassal and La Mothe Fenelon, when the baron de Vualfrind was presented to her, she expressed herself with mingled jealousy and disdain on the subject of the archduke's nuptials. She inveighed with strong reprobation on a marriage between such near relations as uncle and niece, observing, "that the king of Spain, as a great prince, possibly considered that his example might be a law to the world, but that it was a law against Heaven." According to the same authority, she so far forgot the dignity of the queen and the delicacy of the woman, as to add, "that the archduke was much obliged to her for refusing him, since he had found a better than her, and where love could not fail, for if they could not love each other as spouses, they might love as relations; and that she also hoped, on her part, to find better than him, and so the regret would cease on both sides." Then she went on to say, "that she had not refused him, but only delayed her answer, and he had not been willing to wait; but, nevertheless, she loved and ho-

[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches, vol. iii. p. 467.

noured the emperor and all his house, without any exceptions."

When the baron left her majesty's presence, he inquired of the writer of this memorial, "whether the queen had spoken thus of the archduke from affection and jealousy, or by way of a device?" and said, "he repented of not having proposed prince Rodolph, the emperor's eldest son to her, as he was already seventeen." The sieur de Vassal told him, "that the mission of young Cobham to the emperor shewed plainly, that if the archduke had been willing to wait the queen's leisure, he would have been accepted." On which the baron expressed much regret, that the archduke had been so hasty in plighting himself to the Bavarian princess; but observed, "that the conditions to which they would have obliged him, if he had married the queen, were so hard that it was shameful to impose such on a king."[1]

One of the proudest and happiest days of Elizabeth's queenly life, was the 23rd of January, 1571, when she came in state into the city, to dine with that prince of English merchants, sir Thomas Gresham, who had invited her to open the new Bourse, on Cornhill, which he had built at his own expense, for the benefit of his fellow-citizens.[2]

The queen had not visited the city of London for upwards of two years, on account of the pestilence; of

[1] That title would, of course, have been conferred on any prince whom Elizabeth had thought proper to honour with her hand; and it was guaranteed to her two successive suitors, the princes of France, but only for the term of her life; and we shall see that it was contended for Henry of Anjou, that if he survived her, he should retain a shadow of this matrimonial dignity, by bearing the style of king-dowager of England.

[2] Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to call this great and good man "her merchant." La Mothe Fenelon mentions him, in his despatches to his own court "as *Grasson*, the queen's factor." He was related to the queen through the Bolcyns; and he and his father had amassed great wealth during the reigns of the Tudor sovereigns. On the death of his only son, he declared his intention of making his country his heir, and wisely endeavoured to divert his grief for his irreparable loss, by the erection of a public building for the transaction of mercantile business, such as he had seen in the great commercial cities abroad; and which was indeed a public want in the rich city of London, where the merchants, not having a proper place of assembly, were accustomed to congregate in Lombard-street, to the great inconvenience of passengers in that narrow thoroughfare; and when the weather was unpropitious, they adjourned to the nave of old Saint Paul's to complete their bargains, with no more reverence to a Christian church, than was exhibited by the money-changers and sellers of doves in the temple at Jerusalem.

which, like her father, Henry VIII., she was always in great dread. The welcome which she received on this occasion, from her loving lieges in the east, was enthusiastically affectionate. La Mothe Fenelon, who accompanied her majesty, as an invited guest, to "the festival of the Bourse," as he terms it, bears testimony, in his letters to his own court, to the magnificence of the preparations that had been made in the city, in honour of her coming, "which," he says, "were no less splendid than on the day of her coronation. She was received everywhere by throngs of acclaiming people; the streets were hung and garlanded; and all things in the same order, as at her first public entrance. It gave her great pleasure," continues he, "that I assisted on this occasion, because it shewed more of her grandeur, that such a display should be so suddenly arranged, than if it had been premeditated, and got up some time beforehand. The said lady did not omit to make me remark the affection and devotion with which she is looked upon by this great people."[1]

Elizabeth dined in company with Fenelon, at sir Thomas Gresham's house, in Bishopsgate Street; where, though every costly viand that wealth could procure, and refined luxury devise, were provided for her entertainment, her greatest feast appears to have been that, which neither Stowe, Holinshed, or any of our pleasant civic chroniclers of that day were at all aware her majesty enjoyed—namely, the choice dose of flattery, which the insinuating French diplomat administered. In his private letter to the queen-mother of France, he says, "the queen of England took pleasure in conversing a long time with me after dinner; and, among other things, she told me, 'that she was determined to marry, not for any wish of her own, but for the satisfaction of her subjects; and also to put an end, by the authority of a husband, or by the birth of offspring, (if it should please God to give them to her,) to the enterprises which she felt would perpetually be made against her person and her realm, if she became so old a woman that there was no longer any pretence for taking a husband, or hope that she might have children.'"[2]

She added, "that in truth, she greatly feared not being

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 450.
[2] Depêches, vol. iii. p. 454.

loved by him, whom she might espouse, which would be a greater misfortune than the first, for it would be worse to her than death, and she could not bear to reflect on such a possibility."

"I told her, in reply," continues monsieur de la Mothe, "'that to such prudent considerations, I had nothing to say, except, that in the course of a year she might remedy all that, if before next Easter she would espouse some royal prince, the choice of whom would be easy for her to make, as I knew of one who combined in himself every virtue, by whom there was no doubt but she would be singularly beloved and greatly honoured; and then I hoped that in due time she would find herself the mother of a fair son, and being thus rendered happy in a consort and an heir, she would by that means prevent any more evil plots being devised against her.' She approved of this very much, and pursued the subject with joyful and modest words for a considerable time. The cardinal Chastillon was also at this festival, but she did not speak with him apart."[1]

The time chosen by sir Thomas Gresham, for her majesty's visit to his patriotic foundation, was evening, "and the whole of the buildings of that fair cloister, the Bourse," as it is called by the old translator of Camden, were brilliantly illuminated, and adorned in an appropriate manner, for the occasion;[2] neither pains nor expense had been spared to render it worthy of her attention.

The munificent founder had secured a grand and unbroken coup-d'œil, by offering the shops rent free for a year, to such as would furnish them with goods and wax-lights against the coming of the queen. Thus everything was new and fresh, and effectively arranged; and a splendid display was made of every variety of the most costly and splendid wares, that native industry could produce, or commerce supply.

The queen, attended by the principal nobles and ladies of her court, and the friendly representative of the king of France, on her homeward route through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and visited with great interest every part of the edifice, in which she beheld, not only a monument of the generosity and public spirit of her civic

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 455.
[2] Stowe.

LEWIS & PUBLIC LIBRARIES

kinsman, but a pledge of the increasing greatness of her city of London; and after expressing herself with eloquent and gracious words in commendation of all she saw, especially the Pawn, where the richest display was made, she gave it the name of the ROYAL EXCHANGE,[1] and caused proclamation to that effect to be made by sound of trumpet. She remained till about eight o'clock, and was escorted in great state through the illuminated streets, which were lined on each side by torch-bearers; the whole population, indeed, supplied themselves with torches on this occasion to do her honour, and surrounded and followed her with tumultuous acclamations of joy.

Her majesty asked monsieur De la Mothe, "if this did not, in a small way, remind him of the late rejoicings in Paris, at the public entrance of the king his master?" She then observed, "that it did her heart good to see herself so much beloved and desired by her subjects;" and added, "that she knew they had no other cause for regret, than that they knew her to be mortal, and that they had no certainty of a successor, born of her, to reign over them after her death.'" The courteous statesman replied, with an outpouring of compliments to this pathetic boast, "that her majesty would be without excuse to God and the world, if she deprived her subjects of the fair posterity she had it in her power to provide for them."[2]

Soon after the opening of the Royal Exchange, Elizabeth created sir William Cecil lord of Burleigh (indifferently spelt Burghley), and made him lord high treasurer. Her uncle, lord William Howard, exchanged the office of lord chamberlain for that of lord privy seal; the earl of Sussex succeeded him as chamberlain; sir Thomas Smith was made principal secretary of state, and Christopher Hatton, esq., captain of her majesty's guard. The latter gentleman, who has been described by Naunton as a mere vegetable of the court, that sprang up at night and sank again at his noon, was soon after preferred to the office of vice-chamberlain, sworn of the privy council, and, lastly, made lord chancellor. He was indebted for his good fortune to his fine person, insinuating manners, and grace-

[1] Stowe's Survey. Camden.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 454.

ful dancing. He was bred to the law, and entered the court, as his great enemy, sir John Perrot, used to say, "by the galliard," for he first appeared there among the gentlemen of the inns of court in a mask, at which time her majesty was so charmed with his beauty and activity, that she took him into her band of pensioners, who were considered the tallest and handsomest men in England.[1]

The extraordinary marks of favour lavished by the queen on her new favourite, excited the jealousy of the whole court, and most especially that of Leicester, who, for the purpose of depreciating the accomplishment which had first attracted Elizabeth's notice to the handsome young lawyer, offered to introduce to her attention a dancing master, whose performance of the same dances, in which Hatton's caperings had been so much admired, was considered much more wonderful, and worthy of the encouragement of her smiles. "Pish!" replied Elizabeth, contemptuously, "I will not see *your* man; it is his trade." Not only her partiality for Hatton, but her good taste, led her to prefer the easy grace of the gentleman to the exhibition of the professor of the art.

Scandal did not spare Elizabeth on the score of sir Christopher Hatton, but as he was not only the beau ideal of a queen's vice-chamberlain, but acquitted himself very well in his high and responsible office of lord chancellor, we may fairly conclude that his royal mistress preferred him for his talents to those places, rather than from the improbable weakness which has been attributed to her.

Hatton, though of mild and gentle manners, was rapacious, and coveted a slice of the bishop of Ely's noble garden, which consisted of twenty acres of richly planted ground on Holborn-hill and Ely-place.[2]

Dr. Cox did not like his see to be despoiled, and resisted this encroachment, though backed by the queen's private orders. This refusal produced the following unique epistle from her maiden majesty:—

"Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God.

"ELIZABETH."

[1] Naunton's Fragmenta.

[2] Fuller.

This letter had the desired effect of inducing the bishop of Ely to resign a large proportion of the estate of the see, —the gate-house of his palace on Holborn-hill, and several acres of land, now Hatton-garden, reserving to himself and his successors free access, through the gate-house, of walking in the garden, and leave to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly, therein.[1] Twenty bushels of roses gathered on Holborn-hill!—what a change of time, place, and produce since. How perplexed would the denizens of Ely-place and Hatton-garden be, if the present bishop of Ely were to demand his twenty bushels of roses, and admission to gather them in Hatton-garden? It was this bishop of Ely who remonstrated with Elizabeth for retaining the crucifix and lighted tapers in her chapel; for which she never forgave him. Soon after, her fool, set on by one of her courtiers, put out the wax-lights; but though she suffered them to be abolished in general, she ever retained them on her own domestic altar.

Fenelon informs Catherine de Medicis, that there were four lords of queen Elizabeth's court and cabinet, who influenced the decisions of all the others, and even those of their royal mistress. He does not name this junta, but they appear to have consisted of Leicester, Cecil, Walsingham, and the lord keeper Bacon. In his letter of the 6th of February, he writes to Catherine, "that these four statesmen had met in council to deliberate on what course they should advise the queen to pursue, touching the proposed marriage with the duke of Anjou. The first of these approved of it as good and honourable; the second opposed it as perilous to the protestant religion, calculated to provoke jealousy in other princes, and full of danger to the realm; the third was of the same opinion as the second; and the fourth held with the first, but only so far that he considered the match was for the honour of her majesty and the realm, yet, if it could be broken without personal offence to monsieur, by means of such conditions being

[1] Elizabeth's bishops appear to have been great horticulturists. Edmund Grindal, bishop of London, sent her an annual present of grapes from his vineyard at Fulham, but had nearly forfeited her favour for ever, by sending his last offering at the time there had been a death in his house, which caused a report that he had endangered her majesty's person, by sending from an infected place. He wrote a piteous letter, denying that the plague was in his house.

annexed as would be refused by the king of France, it would be the means of creating a division and enmity between the royal brothers, which would be advantageous to England."

The queen, when she was informed of these adverse opinions of her council, assembled them together, and said, with a tear in her eye, " that if any ill came to her, to her crown, or her subjects, from her not having espoused the archduke Charles, it ought to be imputed to them, and not to her;"[1] adding, " that they had been the cause of giving umbrage to the king of Spain—that they had embroiled her with the Scotch—and that, through their intrigues with the Rochellers, a war with the king of France would have ensued if she had not prevented it, and she prayed them all to assist her now to smooth all these evils in the only way they could, which was by forwarding her marriage with monsieur, and that she should hold every one as a bad subject, an enemy to this realm, and disloyal to her service, who in any way crossed her in it." No one present, of course, presumed to contradict or oppose her in her sad and passionate mood.

It appears to have been the rule with Elizabeth's ministers to listen, with profound reverence, to every rating it pleased her to bestow upon them, but without altering, except in a few deceitful compliances of trifling and temporary import, the line of conduct which had provoked her displeasure.

It was the decided opinion of that minute observer, La Mothe Fenelon, that it was not the intention of those who ruled the councils of the queen, and overawed the ancient aristocracy of her realm, to permit their royal mistress to marry. Leicester, from whom he had much of his information, whether true or false, but most probably a mixture of both, informed him, " that such of the lords of the council as were in the interest of Spain were greatly opposed to the match between her majesty and monsieur, so also he said was Mr. Secretary Cecil (Burleigh), who did not choose that his mistress, after the fashion of the world, should have any husband but himself, for he was more the sovereign than she was." So earnestly, indeed, was Cecil bent on diverting Elizabeth from the French marriage, that

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 462.

he even ventured the daring experiment of tampering with her suspected passion for Leicester, by gravely soliciting her to accept him for her husband, as the person who would give the greatest satisfaction to the whole realm, but she treated the notion with deserved contempt.

Leicester, on his part, assured La Mothe Fenelon, "that, knowing full well that Burleigh had no good meaning in this, and that he only devised it, as a *ruse*, to hinder the queen from entering into a matrimonial treaty with the French prince; he had replied, "that when the time was favourable for him in that matter, Burleigh had opposed and prevented him; but now that the time was unpropitious for it, he pretended to assist him; but those who would now attempt such a thing were neither good servants to her majesty nor true friends to him, their only aim being to interrupt the proposition of Monsieur, for which he (Leicester) owed them no good-will, nor would render them thanks, not choosing to become their tool."[1]

The queen, meantime, having apparently set her mind entirely on the French marriage, complained to lady Clinton and lady Cobham of the difficulties that some of her ministers made to her marriage with monsieur, on account of his being too young, and she conjured them, "to tell her freely their opinions, as she esteemed them as two of the most faithful of her ladies, and placed more confidence in them than in all the ladies in the world, and therefore did not wish them to dissimulate with her in anything." Then the lady Clinton, being an old courtier, and well knowing that her majesty did not wish to hear a repetition of the same sentiments which had displeased her in her uncomplying council, replied by praising the perfections of her majesty, and encouraging her in her design of marrying, and highly approving of her choice of monsieur, "whose youth," she said, "ought not to inspire her with fear, for he was virtuous, and her majesty was better calculated to please him than any other princess in the world."[2]

Her majesty received this agreeable answer with such evident satisfaction, that lady Cobham, not daring to say anything in opposition, merely observed, "that those mar-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii.
[2] Secret Memorial of Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches.

riages were always the happiest when the parties were of the same age, or near about it, but that here there was a great inequality!" Elizabeth interrupted her, by saying, "that there were but *ten* years difference between them." Now, although both the ladies were aware that it was nearer twenty, neither ventured to correct the royal calculation, and her majesty said, in conclusion, "that it might possibly have been better if the prince had been the senior, but since it had pleased God that she was the oldest, she hoped that he would be contented with her other advantages."[1]

But while the mighty Elizabeth, laying aside the dignified restraints of the sovereign, endeavoured, like a perplexed and circumvented woman as she was, to find, among her favoured confidants of the bedchamber coterie, sentiments and advice more in accordance with her wishes than the unwelcome opposition she had encountered from her privy councillors, and was soothed by their flattery into so happy an idea of her own perfections, that she anticipated no other obstacle to her marriage with the handsome Henry of Anjou, than that which proceeded from the jealousy of her own cabinet, the possibility of a demur arising on his part appears never to have entered into her imagination. Unfortunately, however, the overtures for this marriage had been made by the scheming politicians of France, and the negotiations pursued by the desire of the ambitious queen mother, Catherine de Medicis, up to the present point, without the necessary preliminary of obtaining the assent of the said Henry of Anjou, to the disposal of his hand in wedlock to her majesty of England.

When matters were so far advanced, that it was absolutely necessary for the nominal suitor to come forward, in *propriæ personæ*, the royal youth, with all the reckless wilfulness of his age, expressed his disapproval of the mature bride elect, who had been so warmly wooed in his name, and protested "that he would not marry her, for she was not only an old creature, but had a sore leg." This infirmity, though a new feature in the personal description of queen Elizabeth, was not altogether the invention of her refractory suitor; it seems she really had a temporary affliction of the kind, for, in the preceding June, La Mothe Fenelon in-

[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches.

formed his court, in his official report, that he could not have an audience, on business, with Elizabeth, for she was ill, and, the truth to say, something was the matter with her leg.

On the 26th of the same month, she gave the French ambassador an audience in her chamber, dressed in a wrapping-gown, with the leg laid in repose. First, she discussed her malady, and then the affairs of Europe, and she vowed, "if she were lame, France and Scotland would find her affairs did not halt."[1]

The next month, her lameness was not amended, and she was forced to make her summer progress in a coach. Nevertheless, in September, she was not only on her feet, but pursuing her old diversions of the chase. She received La Mothe, he says, in a sylvan palace, not far from Oxford, surrounded by forests which, though he calls it by the unintelligible name of *Vuynch*, could be no other than Woodstock. She gave him audience, not in the main building, but in a lodge in the wilderness, where toils were pitched, that she might shoot deer with her own hand, as they defiled before her. "She took the cross-bow and killed six does; and," says the ambassador, "she did me the honour to give me a share of them."

Early in February, 1571, the repugnance of young Anjou assumed a graver and sterner form, and finding that his ill-mannered railing against the royal bride, who had been provided for him, was only regarded by his mother as boyish petulance, he appealed to the king, his brother, against the marriage, on such startling grounds, that the wily queen-mother, deeming it useless to proceed further with the negotiation in his name, wrote an agitated letter to monsieur de la Mothe, informing him of the contumacy of Henry, and imploring him to do his best, to prevail on the queen of England, to accept his younger brother, the duke of Alençon, in his place. After telling the ambassador, "that she would not confide the purport of what she is about to write to any other hand than her own," she says, "I assure myself that you will conduct this affair so secretly and dexterously that we shall not incur the danger I apprehend, if the queen of England, thinking herself disdained or scorned, should avenge herself by making war upon us, either openly or underhand, as she has done be-

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. pp. 219, 220.

fore now. To come to the point, my son (Anjou) has let me know, by the king his brother, that he will never marry the queen of England, even if she be ever so willing to have him—so much has he heard against her honour, and seen in the letters of all the ambassadors who have ever been there (in England), that he considers he should be utterly dishonoured, and lose all the reputation he has acquired. But still, hoping to make him yield to reason, I would wish you to continue to write in the same strain as at present, till I can decide what to do; letting the affair proceed, lest she should bear us ill-will, and feel resentful at being refused. I declare to you, that if she expresses a willing mind, I shall feel extreme concern at the opinion he has taken. I would give half my life-blood out of my body could I alter it, but I cannot render him obedient in this matter.

"Now, monsieur de la Mothe," continues the royal maternal speculator, "we are on the point of losing such a kingdom and grandeur for my children, that I shall feel great regret—see if there be no means, as I formerly asked you, of inducing her to adopt one of her female relatives as her heiress, whom one of my sons could espouse."[1] The ignorance betrayed by Catherine de Medicis in this modest suggestion, is scarcely less laughable than her absurd egotism, since, if Elizabeth could have been guilty of the folly of involving her realm in a succession war, for the sake of thus aggrandizing one of the cadet princes of France, there was no surviving marriageable lady descended from Henry VII., save Elizabeth herself and the captive queen of Scots.

Catherine had, however, another project, scarcely less chimerical, by which she hoped to secure the crown of the Plantagenets and Tudors to her own precious offspring—"Not very easy," as she herself admits in the said letter to La Mothe, but still possible to be accomplished through his surpassing powers of persuasive eloquence. Her majesty discloses this darling scheme in the following anxious query—"Would she (queen Elizabeth) have my son Alençon?—As for him, he wishes it. He is turned of sixteen, though but little of his age.[2] I deem she would

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. pp. 178, 179.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. pp. 170—180.

make less difficulty of it, if he were of stately growth, like his brethren, then I might hope somewhat; for he has the understanding, visage, and demeanour of one much older than he is; and, as to his age, there are but three years between his brother and him."

This doughty candidate for the hand of the greatest female sovereign the world had ever seen, was born in March, 1555, consequently he was two and twenty years younger than Elizabeth, and his diminutive mean figure, and prematurely old face, were rendered more ridiculous by the fact that he had received the potent name of Hercules at the baptismal font; though, at the death of his elder brother, it had been judiciously changed for that of Francis. To make the case worse, he was scarred with the small pox, his nose was so disproportionately large as to amount to deformity, and the conditions of his mind were as evil as those of his inconvenient little body. These circumstances were the more unpropitious, as Elizabeth was a decided admirer of beauty, and entertained the greatest antipathy to ugly and deformed people; she even carried her fastidiousness, on this point, to such an extreme that she refused the place of a gentleman-usher to an unexceptionable person for no other objection than the lack of one tooth, and whenever she went abroad, all ugly, deformed, and diseased persons were thrust out of her way, by certain officers whose business it was to preserve her majesty from the displeasure of looking on objects offensive to her taste. La Mothe Fenelon, who was aware of all her peculiarities, in his reply to Catherine, positively refused to insult Elizabeth by the offer of such a consort as the ugly urchin, whom he was requested to recommend to her acceptance, and requested leave to return to France. He advised the queen mother, withal, to wait till the duke of Alençon should have grown a little, before she caused him to be proposed to the queen of England, or that princess would consider that it was done in mockery, and might possibly retaliate by some serious political injury. In reply to the evil reports alluded to by the duke of Anjou, he affords the following noble testimonial of Elizabeth's character:

"They can write and speak very differently of this princess from the hearsay of men, who sometimes cannot forgive the great qualities of their betters; but in her own court

they would see everything in good order; and she is there very greatly honoured, and understands her affairs so well, that the mightiest in her realm, and all ranks of her subjects fear and revere her; and she rules them with full authority, which, I conceive, could scarcely proceed from a person of evil fame, and where there was a want of virtue. Nevertheless, I know what you have heard; and that there is an opinion that she will never have children."

At the end of February, the importunities of Catherine de Medicis had wrung from Anjou a declaration, that he was not only willing to wed queen Elizabeth, but that he earnestly desired it. She wrote indefatigably with her own hand to forward the marriage, and gave the most earnest advice to Elizabeth to wed Anjou while he was in the mind. She exerted all her diplomatic skill in a dialogue she had with lord Buckhurst, queen Elizabeth's relative, and ambassador extraordinary at Paris; but to her infinite vexation she found him perfectly acquainted with the reluctance of the bridegroom, for his refrain to all her fine speeches was—

"But why is monsieur so unwilling?"

On the return of Norris, her ambassador, to the court of France, Elizabeth questioned him very minutely as to the personal qualifications of Henry of Anjou; and received such a favourable description of his fine figure, handsome face, and graceful mien, that conceiving a great wish to see him, she ordered Leicester to make a discreet arrangement for that purpose with La Mothe Fenelon, without committing her maidenly delicacy. The plan proposed was, for her to direct her progress towards the Kentish coast, and then, if her princely suitor wished to see her, he might cross the channel incognito, by a morning tide, and return by the next tide, provided he had no inclination to remain longer to cultivate the opportunity thus condescendingly vouchsafed to him of pleading his own cause.[1] Unfortunately, monsieur did not feel disposed to become the hero of the petite romance, which the royal coquette had taken the trouble of devising, by way of enlivening the solemn dulness of a diplomatic courtship with a spice of reality. She had, from first to last, declared that nothing on earth should induce her to marry a prince whom she had never seen;

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

and Henry of Anjou, though acknowledged to be one of the handsomest princes in Europe, perversely determined not to gratify her curiosity by exhibiting himself. Perhaps he had been alarmed at the well-meant, but injudicious hint conveyed by monsieur de la Mothe to his royal mother, that the queen's ladies had received instructions to watch him very diligently, in order to discover whether he evinced any genuine demonstrations of love for their mistress. A formidable ordeal, certainly, for any man to undergo, who was expected to play the wooer to a royal spinster of Elizabeth's temper; and who was so many years his senior. Elizabeth, though disappointed of a personal interview of monsieur, requested to see his portrait; and two were sent for her inspection, by the queen-mother.

In her official instructions to Walsingham, on the subject of the preliminary negotiations for her marriage with Anjou, Elizabeth expresses herself sincerely disposed to take a consort for the good of her realm; enlarging at the same time on her natural preference for a maiden life, she says[1]—"In the beginning of our reign it is not unknown how we had no disposition of our own nature to marry, no otherwise than it is manifestly known, that when the king, our dear father reigned, and many times pressed us earnestly to marry; nor when, in the late king, our brother's time, the like was renewed unto us, even for such as were then in real possession of kingdoms. When we lived but in a private state as a daughter, or a sister to a king, yet could we never induce our mind to marry; but rather did satisfy ourself with a solitary life." Who the regal suitors were, by whom the hand of Elizabeth was sought during her father's life, might have been known to herself, but no historian, or documentary evidence, has ever recorded their names. Small, however, would have been the attention vouchsafed by Henry VIII. to her reluctance to espouse any person on whom he might have felt disposed to bestow her in marriage. The evidences of history sufficiently prove, that, from the time of her mother's first decline in the favour of the capricious tyrant, Henry, the young Elizabeth was at discount in the royal matrimonial market; and even the earl of Arran neglected to secure her, when offered as a

[1] Complete Ambassador, by sir Dudley Digges, folio 63.

bride for his son. The scene was changed, as she felt, when a kingdom became her portion; and her contempt for the interested motives of the numerous princely wooers, by whom she was then surrounded, was open and undisguised. But as the princes of the royal house of France were not marriageable, till some time after her accession to the crown, she received the successive proposals of the three brothers, with more civility than sincerity. She had a great political game to play; and in entertaining the matrimonial overtures from the court of France, she disarmed every direct hostile attempt that might otherwise have been made in favour of her royal prisoner, Mary Stuart.

She directed Walsingham to say, in her name, "that, considering the king is married, there can be no greater nor worthier offer made by the crown of France, than monsieur d'Anjou; and therefore we do thankfully accept it." On the terms of the marriage she bids him say, "that he thinks no less can be offered for conditions, than was by the emperor Charles with king Philip, for queen Mary." On the matter of religion, Walsingham was privately to inform the queen-mother, "that though she did not mean to put any force on the conscience of her son, yet she could not permit his exercising that form of religion in England, which was prohibited by the laws of her realm; and that she should require his attendance upon her at such churches and oratories as she frequented."

She adds, "that she is contented to have this matter kept secret for the present;" meaning to make no one privy to it, but such members of her council whom she has most reason to trust, both for fidelity and secrecy; "to wit, our cousin, the earl of Leicester, of whom you may say that whatsoever may be otherwise doubted, we find ready to allow of any marriage that we shall like, and withal marriages with any prince stranger—most of all this with the crown of France; the other is sir William Cecil, lord of Burleigh, and our principal secretary."[1]

This letter is given under the royal signet at Greenwich, the 24th of March, 1571. Walsingham, diplomat though he was, candidly wrote to Burleigh, "that this letter fairly perplexed him; but he thought it safest to follow the course prescribed by her majesty, whatever came of it."

[1] Digges.

LIBRARIES

Meantime, the earl of Morton, and others of his party, had arrived in England, to treat on the affairs of Scotland, in the name of the infant king James. Queen Elizabeth, who was still amusing Mary and the court of France with deceptive negotiations, for the restoration of that unfortunate princess to her liberty and her throne, required the rebel commissioners to declare the grounds on which they had deposed their queen. Instead of gratifying her, as she expected, with the repetition of all their frightful accusations against her hapless kinswoman, they favoured her majesty with a lengthy manifesto, setting forth, "that Scotland had from time immemorial been governed by male monarchs; and that they had the authority of Calvin to prove, that magistrates had power to punish wicked sovereigns, by imprisoning and depriving them of their realms; that they had shewn their queen great favour, in permitting her son to reign; and that she existed at that time only through the mercy of her people."[1] Elizabeth could not listen with even a show of patience to sentiments so opposed to her notion of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. She told the deputies that "they had not shewn, nor could she perceive, any just cause for the manner in which they had troubled their queen; and advised them to seek other means for composing the discord then raging in Scotland."[2]

When Morton refused to agree to the articles of the treaty with Scotland, which had been proposed by the commissioners of Elizabeth, she told the four commissioners who brought his answer to her, "that she perceived in that answer, the arrogance and hardness of a very obstinate heart; and that she knew that Morton himself had not brought such a one to her country, but that he had acquired it here, from some of the members of her council, of whom she could well say, that they were worthy of being hanged at the gate of the castle, with a copy of their advice about their necks; and that it was not her will that Morton should stir from London, or his suite from her court, till some good conclusion had been made in this affair."[3]

On the 23rd of March, 1571, queen Elizabeth held a council at Greenwich, at which the affairs of Mary queen

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.
[3] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 20.

of Scots were debated in her presence, and the articles of the treaty, then on the tapis, caused such a fierce contention among these statesmen, that her majesty was compelled to interpose for the restoration of order. This she did in the very tone of old Henry her father, by calling one of the assembly "a fool," and another "a madman."[1] The French ambassador had been invited to attend this council, as a matter of courtesy to Mary's royal kindred in France, and entered just at the moment the discussion had reached this interesting climax. His arrival gave a different turn to the scene, for instead of proceeding with the subject, his excellency paid his compliments to the queen, "and told her it was a long time since he had received news from France, and he came express this time to inquire of hers." She told him, with much satisfaction, "that she could inform him, that the public entry of their majesties of France had been made, on the first Monday in March, and that her ambassador, lord Buckhurst, had informed her that it was very magnificent; and also had written to her accounts of the combat at the barriers, and all the other feats that had been performed by the royal bridegroom, Charles IX., whose personal prowess he had greatly extolled, and had also praised monseigneur, his brother, and that one of her equerries whom she had sent with lord Buckhurst was already returned, and had affirmed that, without making comparisons between kings, for he had never seen any other besides his present majesty of France, it was impossible for any prince, lord, or gentleman to go beyond him, or perform his part more gallantly or with greater skill in every sort of combat, whether on horse or foot, and that he had related to her many particulars, all which had given her such pleasure to hear, that she had made him repeat them several times, not without wishing that she had been present, as a third queen, to see it all herself, and that in truth she could willingly have reserved for herself the commission which she had given to lord Buckhurst, to go and congratulate their most Christian majesties on their present felicity;" adding, "that she trusted, that by the blessing of God, the most Christian queen would be happily cured of all her sickness in the course of the next nine months."

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 30.

She then said, "she had to solicit pardon, for having sent a thief to Paris, to steal a likeness of the queen, that she might enjoy the satisfaction of possessing her portrait." She drew it forth, as she spoke, from that capacious pocket, to which she was accustomed to consign the letters of foreign potentates and despatches from her own ambassadors, with other diplomatic papers, and shewing it to monsieur de La Mothe, inquired if her most Christian majesty had quite as much *embonpoint*, and whether her complexion were as beautiful as the painter had represented.

Before the interview concluded, La Mothe said, "he was instructed to inquire how her majesty meant to proceed with respect to the queen of Scotland." On which, Elizabeth observed, "that she had doubted whether he would allow the audience to end without naming the queen of Scots to her, whom she could wish not to be quite so much in his master's remembrance, and still less in his." After this shrewd hint, she said, "that she had used her utmost diligence to have the treaty perfected, and complained that the cardinal of Lorraine had said and done various things against her which monsieur de la Mothe took some pains to explain;[1] and the interview ended pleasantly on both sides.

After an interval of five years, Elizabeth found it necessary to summon a new parliament to meet at Westminster, for the purpose of granting an enormous property tax, consisting of two-tenths and two-fifteenths, and one subsidy by the laity, and six shillings in the pound by the clergy.[2] The interference of Elizabeth in the continental wars, and the pensions she had paid for years, and continued to pay to the mercenary agitators in France, Scotland, and elsewhere, compelled her to inflict these grievous burdens on her own subjects. The spoils of the nobility and gentry, who had taken part in the late risings in the north, might have sufficed to pay the expenses of the armament, employed to crush the insurrection, but the queen had been harassed by the importunities of a greedy set of self-interested councillors and servants, who expected to be paid for their loyal adherence to her cause, out of the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.
[2] Journals of Parliament.

forfeitures of their misguided neighbours. At the head of these bold beggars, was her cousin lord Hunsdon, who, to use his own expression, was laudably anxious that her majesty's friends "may pyk a sallett" from the spoils of the house of Percy.[1] He and his sons made a good thing of the late revolt.

Nothing tends more to establish despotism in sovereigns than the unsuccessful efforts of a faction, to resist lawful authority. In consequence of the late rebellion, statutes were made for the security of the queen, which stretched the prerogatives of the crown beyond the limits to which the haughtiest of her predecessors had presumed to carry it; and the penalties against non-conformity assumed a character as inconsistent with the divine spirit of Christianity, as the religious persecutions which had disgraced the preceding reign.

In the very face of these arbitrary enactments, George Strickland, esq., one of the leaders of the Puritan party in the House of Commons, moved a reformation in the liturgy of the church of England, and his motion was supported by those members professing the same opinions. The queen was highly offended at the presumption of Strickland in daring to touch on matters, over which she, as the head of the church, claimed supreme jurisdiction.[2] But when this intimation was given to the Commons, Strickland and his party unanimously exclaimed, "that the salvation of their souls was in question, to which all the kingdoms of the earth were nothing in comparison." Elizabeth, in a transport of indignation, summoned the uncompromising northern member before her and her council, and laid her personal commands upon him not to appear any more in the house of Commons. This arbitrary interference with the proceedings of the representatives of the great body of her subjects, excited murmurs both deep and loud in the house, which, for the first time, entered the lists with royalty, on the subject of violated

[1] So much offended was Hunsdon, at not being gratified with the picking of the salad, on which he had set his mind, that he refused to carry the unfortunate earl of Northumberland to be executed at York, with this remark:—"Sir John Forster hath both the commodity and profit of all his lands in Northumberland, and he is fittest to have the carriage of him to York."—Appendix to Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by sir Cuthbert Sharp.

[2] Journals of Parliament.

privilege, and in defence of that palladium of English liberty—freedom of debate. They maintained, withal, the constitutional truth, that it was neither in the power of the sovereign to make laws singly, nor to violate those that were already established. Elizabeth had the wisdom to relinquish the struggle, and Strickland triumphantly resumed his place in the house, where he was received with shouts of congratulation.[1]

If we may trust the reports of La Mothe Fenelon, Elizabeth was heard to say, "that she was tired of parliaments. None of her predecessors," she observed, "had held more than three during their whole lives, while she already had had four, and she had been so much tormented in the last about marrying, that she had resolved on two things—the first was, never to hold another parliament; the other, never to marry; and she meant to die in this resolution."[2] But, as concerned holding the parliament, it was easier to make that resolution, than to abide by it.

One of the statutes of this parliament rendered it penal, even to speak of any other successor to the crown of England, than the issue of the reigning queen. Elizabeth's fastidious delicacy in refusing to have the word lawful annexed, as if it were possible that any other than legitimate children *could* be born of her, gave rise not only to unnecessary discussions on the subject, but some defamatory reports as to her motives for objecting to the customary word. "I remember," says Camden, "being then a young man, hearing it said openly by people, that this was done by the contrivance of Leicester, with a design to impose, hereafter, some base son of his own upon the nation, as the queen's offspring." In the preceding August, a

[1] D'Ewes' Journals. That queen Elizabeth did not scruple to send members of parliament to the Tower for saying what she did not like, is evident from what befel Mr. Wentworth. A brief abstract of her dealings with him is as follows. "Wentworth, a member of the House of Commons, reflecting on the queen for ordering Mr. Strickland to forbear coming to the House last sessions, was sent to the Tower, February 8, 1575."—Toone's Chronology, second edition. Again, in February, 1587, several of the most zealous members of the House of Commons were sent to the Tower, by an order from council, for bringing in a bill to establish Puritanism against the church of England.—(Toone, vol. i. p. 184.) Again, in September, 1588, a book of devotion being presented to the House of Commons by four members of parliament, the queen committed to prison the four members who presented it.—(Toone, vol. i. p. 185.)

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

Norfolk gentleman, of the name of Marsham, had actually been tried for saying, "that my lord of Leicester had two children by the queen," and was condemned to lose both his ears, or else to pay a hundred pounds; both punishments combined would have been a trifling mulct for the propagation of so injurious a scandal of a female sovereign.

Early in April, 1571, signor Guido Cavalcanti arrived in England, bearing a joint letter from Charles IX. and Catherine de Medicis, addressed to queen Elizabeth, in which a formal tender of the duke of Anjou's hand was made to her. Cavalcanti was stopped at Dover by order of the queen, and conducted, under a guard, to the house of lord Burleigh, in London, where she had a secret interview with him, on the subject of his mission, before he was permitted to see the French ambassador, to whom the office of delivering the royal letter to her majesty was assigned by his own court. The next day, April 12th, La Mothe Fenelon obtained an audience of her majesty, who received him in a retired part of her gallery, and, after a few observations had been exchanged on other subjects, he made the proposal in due form, and delivered to her the letter from the king and queen-mother of France. She received it, according to Fenelon, with evident satisfaction, and replied modestly, but expressed herself so desirous of the accomplishment of the marriage, that he was fully convinced of her sincerity. She referred him to Leicester and Burleigh, as the chosen councillors by whom the conditions of the marriage were to be arranged on her part.[1]

The limits of this work will not admit of the insertion of the official correspondence, on the preliminaries of this marriage, that was exchanged on the part of their majesties of France and queen Elizabeth, but it is among the richest documentary specimens of deceit. The state papers of France abound in professions of the true love and esteem which impelled Charles and Catherine to solicit the hand of the queen of England, for her "devoted servant, monsieur," together with a few apologies, for not having come to a positive declaration sooner, "having been informed that her majesty was determined never to take a consort, and that she was accustomed to deride and mock every one, who pre-

[1] Depêches de Fenelon, vol iv. p. 58.

tended to her hand, which had deterred their most Christian majesties from preferring the suit of their said son and brother, and had made monsieur very sad and sore at heart."[1]

Elizabeth, in her reply, gravely defended herself from the charge of "ever having mocked or trifled with any of the princely candidates for her hand." She availed herself, at the same time, of the opportunity of enumerating a few of the most considerable of those. "When the king of Spain first proposed to her," she said, "she immediately excused herself on a scruple of conscience, which would not permit her to espouse one, who had been her sister's husband; and as to the princes of Sweden and Denmark, she had, within eight days, replied to them, 'that she had no inclination then to marry,' so that they had no occasion to wait; and as for the proposal of the king, Charles IX., which was made when he was very young, she had also done all that was proper to let him understand her mind. The archduke, she must confess, had been kept longer in suspense, because of the troubles and hindrances that were happening in the world; but it might nevertheless be seen that she had used no deceit towards him." She artfully hinted, with regard to Scotland, "that when monsieur should be her lord and husband, the prosperity and peace of England would be his concern no less than hers, and he would see that, the dangers, caused by the intrigues of the queen of Scots, would be more easy to parry while she was in her care, than if she were at large."[2]

On the 13th of April, articles were presented, by the French ambassador and Cavalcanti, as preliminaries, among which it was proposed, that the marriage might be solemnized without the ceremonies prescribed by the catholic ritual; that monsieur and his domestics should have free exercise of their religion; that, immediately the marriage was concluded, monsieur should govern jointly with the queen; and that, the day after the consummation of the marriage, he should be crowned as the husband of the queen, and received by her subjects as king, and sixty thousand livres a year should be granted for his maintenance. It was replied, on the part of Elizabeth, "that she could not concede the exercise of his religion to the duke, but that

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 64, 65.
[2] Ibid. p. 64.

she would promise, that neither he nor his servants should be compelled to use those of her church. The title of king," of which she notices, "there was precedent in the case of her sister's husband, king Philip, she was willing to allow." With regard to the pension, she objected, but did not refuse it, observing, "that king Philip had no manner of thing allowed him, but sustained all his own charge, and gave also to noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomen of our nation good entertainment."[1]

She then made some inquiries as to the dominions of the prince, and in what manner they were to be inherited, whether by daughters as well as sons. She notices that the ambassador had earnestly required "that if the duke should survive her, and have a child living, that should be heir to the crown, he might retain the regal title, with this modification, to be called 'rex pater;' and if no child should be surviving, then to be called 'rex dotarius' (king-dowager)." Of this very original clause, her majesty contents herself with observing, "that she considers it rather matter of form than substance, and meeter to be thought of when greater matters are accorded than in the present stage of the business."[2]

In a conference between Walsingham and monsieur de Foix, on the subject of the disputed articles, when Walsingham told de Foix that the difference on religion appeared the principal obstacle, the other replied, "that it was necessary, both for the prince's happiness and honour, that he should have some religion, and that he believed him to be well disposed in that way, yet not so assuredly grounded but that some change might be effected in time, and with the queen's good persuasions; whereof," continued the catholic negotiator, "we have seen good experience of woman's virtue in that way. Constantine was converted by his mother Helena, the king of Navarre by the queen his wife, and therefore can I not doubt but, this match proceeding, monsieur will be turned by his wife." To this it was replied, on Elizabeth's part, "that although it would be a glory to her to imitate the empress Helena in so great a thing, yet it by no means followed that such would be the case with regard to monsieur, for there were to the full

[1] Instructions to Walsingham, in the Complete Ambassador, 84.
[2] Ibid.

as many wives converted by their husbands, as husbands by their wives."[1]

As to the articles submitted to her on the part of their majesties and monsieur, she found the greatest difficulty in those which related to religion, and she wished some of the ceremonials, required by the prince, in the marriage service to be omitted. The reply to this was, "that her majesty's marriage with monsieur ought to be dignified with all the solemnities suited to their relative positions, and that the king and queen of France were sure she would not treat the prince so unkindly, as to wish to deprive him of the exercise of his religion; neither could she esteem him, if, for the sake of worldly advantages, he were to dispense with it." To this Elizabeth very obligingly responded, "that she had herself been sacred and crowned according to the ceremonies of the catholic church, and by catholic bishops, without, however, assisting at the mass, and that she would be sorry if she thought monsieur was willing to give up his religion, for if he had the heart to forsake God, he might also forsake her." However, she referred all to the lords Leicester and Burleigh, whom she appears to have constituted lord-keepers of her conscience in this delicate affair.[2]

In a private conversation with La Mothe Fenelon, Elizabeth observed, facetiously, "that one of her reasons for wishing to dispense with the elaborate matrimonial service of her proposed bridegroom's church, was on the score of portents, for if monsieur, in consequence of so many ceremonies, should chance to let the nuptial ring fall on the ground, she should regard it as an evil omen." She expressed a great desire for him to accompany her sometimes to prayers, that neither she nor her people might see any manifestation of ill-will on his part towards the protestant religion. "He need not doubt," she said, "of being very honourably provided for by her, in case of being the survivor, and, during her life, he and she would have all things in common."[3]

Then she spoke of the praises she had heard of the prince, with a fear, put in *par parenthèse*, that he had not received such advantageous reports of her, and fell to repeating the commendations she had heard of his sense,

[1] Complete Ambassador.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv pp 65, 66.
[3] La Mothe Fenelon.

prudence, and good grace, of his valour and magnanimity, and the beauty and elegance of his person, not forgetting to speak of his hand, which she had been told was one of the most uncommonly beautiful that had ever been seen in France; "and then," says the ambassador, "concluded, with a smile, by telling me, 'that she would have me told one day by my said lord, if things came to a good winding up, that I ought rather to have maintained, that a match with her would be more honourable for him, than with the queen of Scots.'"

Notwithstanding these flattering words, La Mothe Fenelon had his doubts, and in order to come to a clear understanding of her majesty's intentions on this subject, he endeavoured to cultivate the good-will of the countess of Lenox, who, as the first lady in the realm, next to the queen and her nearest relative, he supposed would be in the secret. All the information, however, that lady Lenox gave him, he says, only amounted to this: "That by what she could observe in the queen, she seemed to be not only well disposed, but affectionately inclined to my said lord; that she generally talked of nothing but his virtues and perfections; that her majesty dressed better, appeared more lively, and more of a belle, than was usual, on his account; but that she did not use much confidence with her ladies on this subject, reserving it entirely between herself, the earl of Leicester, and my lord Burleigh; so, if I required more light on the matter, I must obtain it from one of the twain."[1]

On this hint, La Mothe Fenelon applied himself to Leicester and Burleigh, and inquired of them, how the nobles of the realm stood affected to the match. Leicester replied, "that he had sounded the duke of Norfolk on that point, for he was the leader of the ancient nobility, and he had professed himself entirely devoted to the wishes of the king of France and his brother of Anjou." Some communication had already taken place between Norfolk and La Mothe Fenelon on the subject, and the latter had promised, that in case the duke made no objection to the matrimonial treaty between the French prince and Elizabeth, his own marriage with the queen of Scots would be facilitated, through the friendship of the court of France. Meantime, one of La Mothe's spies informed him, "that the opinion of the people was, that

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.

the queen neither could, would, or ought to espouse monsieur, and that her intention was merely to lull the French court on the affairs of Scotland, and also to induce the king of Spain to offer better conditions to her, and for the satisfaction of some of her subjects; but even if all the articles of the contract could be agreed upon, the marriage would never take effect, and that leagues were already formed to strengthen the malcontents from the dangers that might befal from this marriage."[1]

Elizabeth had, at the same time, received reports of a far more annoying nature from her spies in France, and, in her next interview with La Mothe, she complained bitterly, "that it had been said, in France, 'that monsieur would do well to marry the old creature, who had had for the last year the evil in her leg, which was not yet healed, and never could be cured; and, under that pretext, they could send her a potion from France, of such a nature, that he would find himself a widower in the course of five or six months, and after that he might please himself by marrying the queen of Scotland, and remain the undisputed sovereign of the united realms.'" She added, "that she was not so much shocked at this project on her own account, as she was from her regard for monsieur, and the honour of the regal house from which he sprang."

La Mothe, with all the vivacious eloquence of his nation, expressed his detestation of the project, and of the person by whom it had been promulgated; and entreated the queen to name him, that their majesties of France might punish him.

Elizabeth replied, with great anger, "that it was not yet the proper time to name him, but that it was undoubtedly true, and she would soon let them know more about it."[2]

The next time she vouchsafed an audience to his excellency, was, on the 10th of May, in her privy chamber, to which he was conducted by Leicester and Burleigh. When her majesty entered, she presently gave him a shrewd hint on the sore subject, by informing him "that notwithstanding the evil report that had been made of her leg, she had not neglected to dance on the preceding Sunday, at the marquis of Northampton's wedding, so she

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 85.

hoped that monsieur would not find himself cheated into marrying a cripple (*un boiteuse*), instead of a lady of proper paces."[1] That Sunday evening's performance of the royal Terpsichore, must have been well worth witnessing. How "high and disposedly" she danced on that occasion, and the energetic nature of the pirouettes she executed for the honour of England, as a public vindication of the activity of her insulted limb, may be imagined.

It was at this crisis, that Walsingham wrote to Elizabeth "that the court of France projected a marriage between the duke of Anjou, and Mary queen of Scots; and matters were so far advanced, that the pope had been applied to, and had promised to grant a dispensation; and that it was determined, if the treaty for restoring her to her liberty and royal authority did not succeed, that an expedition should be immediately prepared for taking her by force of arms from England." Elizabeth was transported with rage and jealousy at the idea, that the prince, whose addresses she had condescended to encourage, actually preferred to her and her royal dowry, the deposed, calumniated princess, whose existence hung on her fiat. This preference, though unsought by her beautiful rival, who, wrapped up in the excitement of her romantic passion for Norfolk, regarded the addresses of all other suitors with coldness and impatience, was probably the cause of the vindictive cruelty, with which the last fifteen years of the hapless Mary's imprisonment was aggravated, and the many petty mortifications which Elizabeth meanly inflicted upon her. Mary's treatment at this period was so harsh, that Charles interposed in behalf of his hapless sister-in-law, by his ambassador, who, ceasing to speak of the duke of Anjou, warned Elizabeth, "that unless she took means for the restoration of the queen of Scotland to her rightful dignity, and in the meantime treated her in a kind and honourable manner, he should send forces openly to her assistance."

Elizabeth stifled her anger at this menace, so far as to commence her reply with deceitful softness, "that she was grieved that he should always put her friendship at less account than that of the queen of Scots;" and then began angrily to enumerate a great number of offences which she

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 21.

had received from that lady, before she entered into her realm; and many, and more heinous ones since, by her intrigues with Rome, France, and Flanders, and lately with the duchess of Feria, in Spain,—of all of which she had such clear proofs in her possession, that she could not but regard her as her greatest enemy."[1]

In June, 1571, Elizabeth wreaked her long-hoarded vengeance on the hoary head of her ancient foe, Dr. Story, who had, during her time of trouble, in her sister's reign, loudly proclaimed before the convocation, "that it was of little avail destroying the branches, as long as the princess Elizabeth, the root of all heresies, was suffered to remain." On her accession, he had entered the service of Philip of Spain; but in the year 1569, he was taken on board an English ship, on his voyage to London. He was tried on the charges of magic and treason, and condemned to death. One of the charges against him was, that every day before dinner he regularly cursed her majesty, as a part of his grace. The Spanish ambassador endeavoured to save Story's life, by claiming him as a subject of the catholic king.

"The king of Spain may have his head, if he wishes it," replied Elizabeth, "but his body shall be left in England."[2]

About this time, the emperor Maximilian offered his eldest son, prince Rodolph, as a husband for Elizabeth, a youth about six months younger than the duke of Anjou; and Elizabeth gave an encouraging reply to the overture. On this, the ambitious queen-mother of France, dreading the loss of so grand a match for her son Anjou, conjured him to waive all foolish scruples, and win the prize from this powerful rival. She even entreated Walsingham to try the effect of his rhetoric on her perverse son, in a private conversation, for the purpose of prevailing on him to exchange the mass for the crown matrimonial of England.

The prince replied as evasively as Elizabeth herself could have done under such temptation, by saying, "that he rather desired to become the means of redressing incon-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Story was executed in his eightieth year. He had been the most pitiless of persecutors, and gloried in having inflicted acts of needless cruelty with his own hands.

veniences, than causing any, which he trusted would not happen." Not to be outdone by Elizabeth's boasts of the numerous matrimonial offers she had received, he added, "that though he was young, yet for the last five years there had been many overtures of marriage made unto him, but that he found in himself no inclination to yield to any, till the present; but," said he, "I must needs confess, that through the great commendations that are made of the queen, your mistress, for her rare gifts as well of mind as of body, being, as even her very enemies say, the rarest creature that has been seen in Europe these five hundred years, my affections grounded upon so good respect, make me yield to be wholly hers; and if I thought any inconvenience could ensue to her disquiet through me, I would rather wish myself never to have been." He then requested, as it touched his soul and conscience, that some private place might be accorded for the exercise of his own religion in secret. Walsingham replied, by recommending him to dispose himself to a devout attendance on the church service. On which he rejoined, "that he knew not how God hereafter would dispose his heart, therefore for the present he requested her majesty to weigh, in her own mind, what it was to do anything with scruple or remorse of conscience, and so requested Walsingham to present his most affectionate and humble commendations to her, and to assure her that she only had authority to command him."[1] A very dutiful declaration, if it had been sincere.

Elizabeth had, about the same time, the offer of the young hero and hope of the protestant cause in France, Henri of Navarre; but she gave little encouragement to his suit. Her pride was more flattered by the addresses of the princes of the royal house of Valois or Austria. She coquetted with all in turn, both amorously and politically.

Whenever Elizabeth perceived that the negotiation flagged, she said, "that her inclination for matrimony had decreased, and she had in fact never suffered such great constraint since her imprisonment in the Tower during her sister's reign, as she had done in making up her mind to marry."[2] She also caused reports to be circulated, that

[1] Complete Ambassador, p. 102.
[2] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. iv.

she was going to send sir Henry Sidney and sir James Croft into Spain, on a secret mission, touching the rival candidate for her hand, prince Rodolph. Then the indefatigable monsieur de la Mothe, alarmed at the possibility of such an alliance, redoubled his flatteries and persuasions in behalf of his recreant client, Anjou, whom neither gallantry, ambition, nor maternal authority could induce to come to England and plead his own cause.

All, however, that could be effected in the way of deputy courtship, was done by our silver-tongued diplomat, from day to day, and still the treaty advanced no further, though Leicester affected to be anxious for its completion, and her majesty appeared to be well disposed towards it. One evening, in June, she sent for La Mothe Fenelon to go with her into her park at Westminster, to witness a salvo of artillery, and a review of some arquebusiers, that the earl of Oxford had led there, when she was pleased to say, "that she should not fail to provide in good time such pleasures for monsieur; but that she was astonished at the tardy proceedings of his ambassador in coming to some conclusion."

In his despatch of the 9th of July, monsieur de la Mothe informs the queen-mother of France, "that he has many times inquired of the lords and ladies about the queen, how her majesty stood affected to the marriage, and that one of her ladies had told him, that one day when she was alone with the queen, her majesty had of her own accord commenced talking of monsieur, and had said, 'that up to the present hour, she was resolved on the match, and that she hoped much from the virtue, valour, praiseworthy qualities, and good graces that were in him; that he was reputed, wise, brave, and generous, and very amiable, like all the members of the royal house of France; that he was handsome, but not vain; and she trusted that he would deport himself so pleasantly to her subjects, that all would be agreeable between him and them, and that they two would live very happily together, although some of her nobles, who were in the interests of others, would do all they could to traverse it. For herself, she confessed, that she had been, and still was struggling with many doubts; for as he was younger than herself, she feared that he would soon despise her, especially if she should have no children, but that she hoped God, in his grace, would give

her some; and, at all events, she would place all her affection on the prince, and love and honour him as her lord and husband.'" The lady to whom these observations were made, endeavoured to encourage her royal mistress in her present disposition.

The next day, however, some of the other ladies strove to infuse scruples into the mind of the queen, by speaking of the dangers that were involved in this marriage, and prognosticating that she would have cause to repent it; on which her majesty said, "that in truth she feared the young prince would despise her, and that she neither found herself in health nor inclination for a husband, and that she wished to delay the treaty till she found herself more disposed to it." This being repeated to the French ambassador the same evening, he hastened to represent to her two male confidants, "that it would by no means be advisable for her majesty to trifle with the duke of Anjou, now matters were so far advanced, for he was not to be considered like the king of Sweden, the duke of Holstein, or the archduke, who were all poor princes, too far off to do her any harm; but monsieur was the best loved brother of a very powerful king, and that he was himself a duke and military leader of a very warlike nation; and so near a neighbour, that in ten hours he could invade her realm; and that she might be assured he would not brook such treatment as she had shewn to the other princes."

The next night, the queen, while she was undressing to go to bed, sprained her right side so severely that she was much alarmed, and in great pain with violent spasms, for more than two hours, which caused a pause in the negotiations; after which, a privy council was held at the house of the earl of Leicester, to deliberate on the old stumbling-block, the demands made by the duke of Anjou for the unrestrained exercise of his religion. As usual much was said, and little done. The queen could not grant enough to satisfy the scruples of a catholic; and she had conceded too much to please the protestant portion of her subjects. Meantime, having received a portrait of her princely suitor, she sent for the French ambassador, to discuss it with him. She said, "although it was done in crayons, and his complexion had been chafed and injured with the chalks, enough of the lineaments remained to indicate great beauty,

and marks of dignity and prudence, and she could easily see the manner of a perfect man." Then she adverted to the disparity of age between herself and the prince, and said, "that, considering her time of life, she should be ashamed to be conducted to church, to be married to any one looking as young as the earl of Oxford," who was the same age as her bridegroom elect; "but that monsieur had such a modest and dignified mien, with so great an appearance of gravity and wisdom, that no one could say but he looked seven years older than he was, and she only wished that it really were so, not because those years would have given him the crown of France, which in right of primogeniture pertained to his brother, (for would to God that she might never desire anything more,) it being well known what pain she had been in about his majesty's wound, and her fear lest it should have ended in making monsieur so great, that he would not have required the grandeur, she had it in her power to bestow upon him; her only reason for wishing him to be older was, that he might not find such a great disparity between them, for she confessed to have seen thirty-fiveyears, although neither her countenance nor her disposition indicated that she was so old."[1]

As Elizabeth was born in 1533, she was three years older than she told the ambassador; but so far from correcting her small miscalculation on the delicate point, he courteously replied, "that God had so well preserved her majesty, that time had diminished none of her charms and perfections, and that monsieur looked older than her by years; that the prince had shewn an unchangeable desire for their union, and he (monsieur de la Mothe) doubted not, that she would find in his said lord, everything that she could wish, for her honour, grandeur, the security, and the repose of her realm, with the most perfect happiness for herself." All this her majesty received with great satisfaction; and everything appeared to progress favourably towards the completion of the matrimonial treaty.

Elizabeth sent her portrait to Anjou, and ultimately declared her full determination to espouse him, and to grant him the free exercise of his religion in private; when lo! the unfortunate youth, who had relied on her caprice

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. pp. 186, 187.

and insincerity, had no other way of escape, but declaring he would not go to England, unless he could be allowed the full and public profession of the catholic religion; on which his disappointed mother-queen penned the following letter,[1] in which her hypocrisy is fully displayed; for if she had believed in the religion for which she committed so many crimes, could she have been so angry because her son refused to compromise it? or ought she to have vowed vengeance on his adviser?

"Monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon,

"As I place particular confidence in you, I will not hide from you that the humour in which I find my son Anjou, has given me great pain. He is utterly determined not to go over to England, without having a public assurance for the open exercise of his religion; and neither the king, nor I, can prevail on him to rely on the word of the queen of England. We suspect, very strongly, that Villequier, Lignerolles, or Sauret—possibly all three together—are the originators of these fantasies. If we could have *assurance* that such were the case, I can *assure* you, that they should repent of it.[2]

"For all this, I would not that we reveal it, since it is possible, we may work something on his mind, or on that of the queen, (Elizabeth.)

"If, unfortunately, matters do not accord for my son (Anjou) as I could wish, I am resolved to try all efforts to succeed with my son Alençon, who would not be so difficult. Meantime, as we propose to make a league with this queen to attach her the more to us, and distance the son of the emperor and others, let no hint of this appear; but burn this present, after having read it, and believe nothing that may be told you, and nothing that is written to you, save that which bears the king's signature, or mine;[3] and this you are told not without reason, for those who desire not that things should be as they are (thanks be to God), so well advanced and disposed to be successful, have artifices enough to write and publish which they think may hinder the good work. Praying to God for you, &c. &c.

"At Fontainebleau, this Thursday, xxv. day of July, 1571.

"CATERINE."

On the 31st of July, monsieur de la Mothe informs Catherine de Medicis, "that queen Elizabeth, on the previous Tuesday, filled one of her own little work-baskets, which always stood in her cabinet, with beautiful apricots; and desired the earl of Leicester to send it to him, with her commendations, that he might see that England was a country good enough to produce fair fruits." Leicester employed

[1] Despatches of la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. p. 234, written entirely in the queen's hand, (Catherine de Medicis.)

[2] Catherine de Medicis plays on the words *assurance* and *assure* exactly thus in the original French:—

Si nous pouvons, en avoir, aulcune asseurance, je vous asseure qu'ils en repentiront.

[3] It might be thought this caution was superfluous to an ambassador, especially to so careful a man as La Mothe.

his secretary to deliver her majesty's present and message to the ambassador, and to inquire, if he had had any news from France, for the satisfaction of the queen, whom he assured him "he had never seen in better health or spirits than at present; and that she would not go out in her coach any more to the chase, but on a fine large horse."[1]

"I replied," continues our diplomat, "that I thanked the earl very much, for the continuation of his good-will towards me; and that I entreated him to kiss her majesty's hands, very humbly in my name, and to assist me in thanking her properly for her greeting, and beautiful present," and added, 'that these fine apricots shewed very well that she had fair and good plants in her realm, where I wished the grafts from France might in time produce fruits even more perfect.'" This last compliment was intended as an allusion to the marriage, which was then in negotiation between the queen and the duke of Anjou. Some delay had occurred in the arrival of communications from France, at which it should seem her majesty was impatient; for, on the 5th of August, she sent a gentleman to the ambassador, with the present of a fine stag, which she had shot with her own hand, with an arblast, or cross-bow, and inquired again "if he had any news from France?"

"The earl of Leicester," writes monsieur de la Mothe, "has sent to me, 'that the queen, his mistress, having seen this great stag, as she was hunting at Oatlands, and wishing to kill it, that she might send me the venison of her forests, as well as the fruits of her gardens, that I might be the better able to judge of the goodness of her land, called hastily for an arblast, and with one blow from the bolt, she had herself broken its leg, and brought it down; and her old lord chamberlain had finished killing it.' I was at the time assured, that the said lady persevered in her good intentions towards monsieur; and often talked of the agreeable pleasures and exercises they should take together, in hunting and visiting the beautiful places in her kingdom; but that she considers, that your majesties are very tardy in your replies, and thinks it strange that she has not yet had the portrait of monsieur in large, and in colours." That which had been sent about a month before, was evidently only a sketch in black chalks. Two portraits from the

[1] Depèches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 200.

skilful hand of Janet were afterwards sent—one to shew the face, the other the figure of the prince; but the original, though Elizabeth had so frequently intimated how agreeable a visit from him would be, remained obstinately on the other side the water, whence reports were perpetually transmitted by Walsingham, sometimes of his projected marriage with the queen of Scots, and at others with her venerable rival the princess of Portugal.

The detection of the share the French ambassador had taken in the Norfolk plot, had the effect of suspending the negotiations, for the alliance between Elizabeth and the duke of Anjou, and though Burleigh, in one of his oracular letters to Walsingham, at this crisis, writes:—"Truly, the more matters are discovered, the more necessary it is seen that her majesty should marry"—all attempts to agitate the matter proved abortive. The reluctance of the proposed bridegroom was, in fact, insurmountable, though the farce was carried on a few weeks longer.

When Anjou told his ribald companion, the mareschal Tavannes, "that the earl of Leicester had endeavoured to forward his marriage with the queen of England," the other profanely rejoined, "My lord Robert would marry you to his friend; make him marry Chateauneuf, who is yours."[1] Leicester having importuned for a French lady of rank as a bride.

Elizabeth honoured her kinsman, lord Hunsdon, with a visit in September, 1571, at his mansion, Hunsdon House. A curious contemporary painting, in the possession of the earl of Oxford, is supposed to commemorate this event, and the manner of the royal approach. The queen is seated in a canopied chair of state, carried by six gentlemen, preceded by knights of the garter, and followed by a procession of the most distinguished ladies of the household—they are all portraits. Henry lord Hunsdon carries the sword of state before her majesty. Among the knights of the garter, Leicester walks nearest to the queen; then my lord-treasurer, Burleigh, with his white staff, and Charles Howard the admiral, afterwards earl of Nottingham; followed by Sussex, Russell, and Clinton, each adorned with a profile portrait of her majesty, pendant from a ribbon. The ladies are all richly jewelled, and Elizabeth herself, according to custom,

[1] The countess Chateauneuf was the mistress of the duke of Anjou.

LEWISTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

outdoes the queen of diamonds in her bravery. She is represented of a comely and majestic presence.

The picture is conjectured to have been painted by Mark Gerrard, Elizabeth's court painter, and it has been splendidly engraved by Virtue, among his historic prints; a posthumous portrait of Mary Boleyn, lord Hunsdon's mother, and aunt to the queen, appears in the back-ground, in a grave dark dress; lady Hunsdon is in white, and nearest to the queen. Lady Knollys, his sister, and the young Catherine Carey, his daughter, who afterwards married her cousin, Charles Howard, the lord admiral, are also among the dramatis personæ of this remarkable picture.

We find, by Stowe, that the queen was carried to St. Paul's, occasionally, after this fashion, which reminds us of the procession of a pagan goddess surrounded by her priests and worshippers, or the ovation of a Roman conqueror, rather than the transit of a Christian queen in civilized times. The semi-barbarous display of pomp and homage suited the theatrical taste of Elizabeth, who inherited the pride and vanity of both her parents, and understood little of the delicacy and reserve of an English gentlewoman, which, even in the days of Alfred, deterred royal females from exhibiting themselves to the vulgar in a manner unbefitting the modesty of their sex.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth discovers Norfolk's implication in Ridolfi's plot—Scene with the French ambassador—Her anger—Her observation touching her wedding—Anjou breaks his faith with her—His younger brother offered to her in his place—Elizabeth's vexation—Her rejoinder to the Spanish ambassador—Her reluctance to Norfolk's execution—Signs his death-warrant—Revokes it—Her angry letter to the queen of Scots—Dangerous illness of Elizabeth—Her marriage treaty with Alençon—Her Maundy—Alençon's portrait sent to her—Execution of Norfolk—Parliament urges her to execute the queen of Scots—Elizabeth's noble reply—Signs a treaty with France—Elizabeth's fêtes, &c., and Sunday amusements—Dissimulation—Flattered by La Mothe Fenelon—Alençon's letter—Elizabeth objects to his youth, ugliness, &c.—Deliberates on curing his defects—Elizabeth's praise of Catherine de Medicis—Entry into Warwick—Receives the French ambassadors there—Their flattery, and marriage discussions—Warwick fired by the fireworks at a festival in Elizabeth's honour—Her reception of the French ambassador after the massacre of St. Bartholomew—Her project for betraying the queen of Scots—Her parsimony—She continues secretly her marriage treaty with Alençon—She has the small pox—Her recovery—Facetious observations—Accepts the office of sponsor to Charles IX.'s infant—Scene in the privy-council—Love letter from Alençon to Elizabeth—Asks permission to visit her—She demurs—Court gossip—Favours the earl of Oxford—Interferes in his quarrel with sir Philip Sidney—Her progress in Kent, &c.—Her visit to Canterbury—Feasted by the archbishop of Canterbury—Treats with the French envoy—Dinner at St. Austin's Hall—Her visit to Sandwich—Entertained by mayor's wife, &c.—Surveys the dock-yards at Chatham.

While Elizabeth was deluding herself into something like an imaginary passion for the youthful heir-presumptive of France, her kinsman, the duke of Norfok, had resumed his interdicted correspondence with the captive queen of Scots, and the luckless lovers had suffered themselves to be entangled by the intriguing Florentine banker, Ridolfi, in the meshes of a political plot, of the full tendency of which they

appear not to have been aware.[1] Its ostensible object was the liberation of Mary, her marriage with Norfolk, and her restoration to her rightful throne. As this could not be effected without foreign aid, Mary and Norfolk empowered Ridolfi to apply to the duke of Alva.

Alva by no means approved of his client, whom he regarded as a chattering visionary, half madman, half knave, but as it was the policy of his sovereign to cause all the annoyance in his power to the queen of England, he promised to assist the confederates with ten thousand men in the following spring. Letters to that effect were found on the person of Baily, the queen of Scots' courier from France, and a watchful eye was kept on all parties. Meantime, Fenelon, by Mary's desire, furnished two thousand crowns in gold for the relief of her faithful friends in Scotland. These the duke of Norfolk undertook to forward, and his servant, Higford, gave the bag to a person of the name of Brown, telling him it was silver for the duke's private use, and bidding him deliver it to Banister, his lord's steward. Brown, judging by the weight of the bag that it contained gold, carried it to the council. It was opened, and letters in cipher discovered, which betrayed the whole business. Norfolk was arrested, and the letters from the queen of Scots, which Higford had been ordered to burn, but had treacherously preserved, were found under the mats of his chamber door, and the key of the cipher in which they were written under the tiles of the house.[2]

There is something peculiarly revolting in the fact, that Elizabeth should have been so callous to all the tender sympathies of the female character, as to enjoin the application of torture to extort a confession, against their unfortunate lord, from Barker and Banister, two of the duke of Norfolk's servants. She says:—

"If they shall not seem to you to confess plainly their knowledge, then we warrant you to cause them both, or either of them, to be brought to the rack; and first to move them with fear thereof, to deal plainly in their answers; and

[1] The details of this foolish business may be seen in Camden, Lingard, and other historians of Elizabeth's reign. The intelligent research of my lamented friend, the late Mr. Howard of Corby, among the records of Simancas, has brought to light many curious particulars connected with the intrigues of Ridolfi, which are printed in the last supplementary appendix of the Howard Memorials, for private circulation.

[2] Camden. Despatches of Fenelon. Lingard.

if that shall not move them, then you shall cause them to be put to the rack, *and to find the taste thereof*, until they shall deal more plainly, or until you shall think meet."[1]

Two days subsequent to the date of this warrant, sir Thomas Smith writes thus to lord Burleigh respecting Barker's, Banister's, and the other examinations:—

"I suppose we have gotten so much as at this time is likely to be had, yet to-morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them to the rack, not in any hope to get anything worthy that pain and fear, but because it is so earnestly commanded to us."[2]

Melancholy comment on the royal order!

When the confessions of Higford, and others of his servants, were read to the unfortunate nobleman, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart, "I am betrayed and undone by mine own people, for not knowing how to distrust, which is the only sinew of wisdom!"[3]

Ridolfi deposed before the council, "that the catholics were resolved to seize the queen's person, or to assassinate her, during one of her progresses in the country, and that the marquis Vitelli had offered to strike the blow." The pope, the king of Spain, and the bishop of Ross, were all stated to be cognizant of these intentions, but the duke of Norfolk passionately denied having the slightest evil intention against his royal mistress; he acknowledged that he had been undutiful in disobeying her commands, but that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than have suffered her to be harmed."[4]

The queen was greatly irritated, especially against the bishop of Ross, whom she had at one time determined to

[1] Letter of warrant, addressed to sir Thomas Smith and Dr. Wilson, MS. Cotton. Calig. c. 111, fol. 229.

[2] Murdin's State Papers. The case of Barker and Banister was not, we lament to add, a solitary instance of the use of torture in the reign of Elizabeth. The history of the Tower of London teems with records of the cruelties that were, in the years 1580–1, inflicted upon the recusants, and other state prisoners, with whom the jealous policy of her ministers had peopled its gloomy cells. Some persons were confined in a dungeon twenty feet below the surface of the earth; others in "litel ease," where they had neither room to stand upright, nor to lay down at full length. Some were put to the rack, or placed in Skivington's irons, vulgarly called the "scavenger's daughter," (*scavengeri filiam*,) an iron instrument, by which head, feet, and hands were bound together. Many were chained and fettered, while others, still more unfortunate, had their hands forced into iron gloves, which were much too small, or were subjected to the horrid torture of the boot. (Bayley's History of the Tower of London.)

[3] Camden.

[4] Ibid.

put to death. While her indignation was at its height, the French ambassador came to intercede for the bishop, and presented a letter in his behalf from Charles IX., which he prayed her majesty to take in good part. The queen read the letter, and replied, angrily, "that she could not take it in good part that the king of France should have written to her in that fashion, for the bishop had been plotting against her; to introduce foreigners as invaders of her realm, who were to be joined, she found, by some of her own subjects, and that there was a conspiracy to declare her illegitimate, and to place the queen of Scots on her throne; for which, as he had violated the character of an ambassador, she had imprisoned him." She said, "she wished to know to whom the bishop of Ross had written two letters, marked 40 and 30, since the Spanish ambassador and the queen of Scots had affirmed that it was not to them;"[1] and significantly observed, "that the king of France, who had been implicated in the confederacy against her, wished, she supposed, to exemplify the truth of this saying of Machiavelli—

"'The friendship of princes does not go beyond their convenience.'"[2]

Charles might have retorted, that all the domestic troubles by which his realm was convulsed, had been, in like manner, fomented by Elizabeth. He had been especially incensed at the protection afforded by her to the count Montgomeri, by whose erring lance his royal father had been slain at the bridal tournament twelve years before, and who had since distinguished himself as one of the Huguenot leaders. After the defeat of his party at Moncortour, Montgomeri had taken refuge in England. Charles demanded, by his ambassador, that he should be given up. "Tell your master," said Elizabeth, "that I shall answer him in this case, as his father once did my sister, when some of her traitors having fled to France, she demanded that justice might be done on them, to which he replied, 'I see no reason why I should be the queen of England's hangman;' and such is my answer touching Montgomeri."[3]

As neither Charles nor Elizabeth were prepared for open hostility, they contented themselves with doing each other

[1] La Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid., vol. iv. p. 145.
[3] Ibid., vol. iii.

all the ill turns they could, under the name of friendship, exchanging meanwhile all the compliments and affectionate professions that the deceitful tempers of either could devise. On the 11th of November, the French ambassador gave a banquet at his own house to Leicester, Burleigh, the admiral, and the other members of Elizabeth's cabinet; on which occasion, Leicester enlarged on the affection borne by his royal mistress to the king of France, and assured La Mothe, "that nothing could disunite them, unless it were interference with her majesty in the affairs of Scotland; and at the same time openly avowed, that it was not her intention ever to liberate the Scottish queen."

The court of Elizabeth was enlivened by four weddings, December 22; that of the sister of the earl of Huntingdon with the son of the earl of Worcester, the eldest daughter of the lord chamberlain with lord Dudley, the daughter of Burleigh with the earl of Oxford, and the lord Paget with a rich young widow. Elizabeth honoured the nuptials of the daughter of her premier, with the representative of the ancient line of de Vere, with her presence, and, becoming a little merry at the wedding feast, she was pleased to observe to the French ambassador, "that so many marriages at one time seemed to her a presage[1] that her own would soon take place."

Monsieur de la Mothe, though well aware of the state of the handsome and reckless Henry of Anjou's feelings towards his royal *fiancée*, made a complimentary reply to this intimation, and took care to charge the blame of the tardy progress of the treaty on her majesty's confidential advisers.

It was a singular coincidence, that the month of January, 1572, was fraught with the condemnation of Mary Stuart's affianced lover, the duke of Norfolk, and the rupture of the matrimonial treaty between the duke of Anjou and queen Elizabeth. Matters had indeed come to such a pass, that Elizabeth perceived, that if she would avoid the mortification of being refused by that prince, she must refuse him, on the grounds of religious scruples. She expressed her regrets "at the necessity that compelled her to decline the alliance, and hoped, that neither the king of France nor monsieur would consider her fickle; but, till

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.

the last communication she received from them, she had flattered herself that the disputed points might have been arranged."[1]

The plenipotentiaries of France, who had long been aware of the impossibility of inducing their wilful prince to fulfil the engagements which had been promised and vowed in his name, felt themselves relieved from an embarrassing dilemma by the declaration of Elizabeth; and the very same day proposed, as a candidate for her majesty's hand, the duke of Alençon, the younger brother of Henry of Anjou, who was disposed to be more complying on the subject of religion than the said Henry. The first hint touching this absurd alliance, was given to Burleigh and Leicester, and not, on the whole, unfavourably received, though one of them exclaimed, in his first surprise, that "the royal pair would rather remind people of a mother and son, than of a husband and wife." Particular inquiries were then made as to the prince's age, and especially what was his precise height. The artful Frenchman had no distinct remembrance on these points.

Burleigh, who was sick of an intermittent fever and cold, caught at the marriage of his daughter with the young earl of Oxford, wrote to Walsingham, the 23rd of January, 1571-2, in allusion to this new suitor of the royal house of France. "In the matter of the third person, newly offered, his age, and other qualities unknown, maketh one doubtful how to use speech thereof. The ambassador hath dealt, as he saith, secretly with me; and I have shewed no argument from one hand or the other, but fear occupieth me more in this cause of her marriage, whom God suffered to lose so much time, than for my next fit."

When the premier broke the matter to Elizabeth, and told her, "that the treaty of alliance proposed with the duke of Alençon would be attended with the same political advantages as that lately negotiated for Anjou." Her majesty replied, quickly, "that, however suitable it might be in other respects, there was too great a disproportion in age, as well as stature, between them;" and asked, "how tall the duke of Alençon was?"

"About your majesty's own height," was the reply.

[1] Depêches de La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 354.

Elizabeth was not to be put off with generalities on such important points—she insisted on date and measurement being produced. Burleigh applied to the ambassador for these, and both were promised.

Notwithstanding the semblance of indifference assumed by Elizabeth, on the rupture of the matrimonial treaty with Henry of Anjou, it was a bitter mortification to her in reality; for Burleigh writes, in confidence to Walsingham, "this matter of monsieur is here grievously (in secret) taken, and surely it was not *here* well used, in drawing it out at length, which was politically done; so hath it not *there* been friendly ordered, and yet I do not so shew mine opinion of her majesty's stomaching that part, where the amity is so needful."[1] Thus it appears that the suavity, with which the ridiculous proposal of the youngest brother of France was received, proceeded at first, not from the coquetry of Elizabeth, but the diplomacy of Burleigh, who was determined not to allow his sovereign to take an affront with the court of France. Her majesty in consequence smothered her resentment, and revenged herself by playing on the maternal ambition of the queen-mother, and tantalized her for years with delusive hopes that she might be induced to share her crown with the ugly untoward imp, Alençon.

Burleigh appears to have done all in his power to induce the queen to entertain the proposal. He even wrote out (some say, made) an astrological calculation of her majesty's nativity, by which it seemed "that the stars decreed that she was to marry a young man, a stranger, who had never been married; that she would have by him a son, healthy, famous, and fortunate in his mature age; that she would highly esteem her husband, would live with him many years, and also survive him."[2] The fact was, Burleigh did not mean the queen to marry at all, and judged that the negotiations with Alençon would amuse and prevent her from looking out for another husband, till it was too late to think of matrimony. This proved to be the case.

Early in this year arrived a deputy from Flanders, with a message from the duke of Alva, announcing to queen

[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges, p. 166.
[2] Strype's Appendix.

Elizabeth the accouchement of the queen of Spain, and informing her, "that the king, his master, who was despatching a courier to the emperor at the same time, had not had leisure to write to her, to ask her congratulations on the birth of the son which God had given him, but that he had charged the duke of Alva to do so, in his name, by a special messenger."

Elizabeth replied with infinite disdain, "that she rejoiced at the good luck of the king of Spain, but not at the fashion in which it had been made known to her; for as a courier had been despatched so far express for that purpose, he might have been delayed a few moments, or even an hour, to write the same thing which the duke of Alva had sent to her."[1]

The messenger requested leave, through the Spanish ambassador, to remain till they should receive some communication from their sovereign, to which she replied, "that in four days she would let them know her pleasure;" but before that time, she sent her orders to the ambassador to depart, but detained his maitre d'hotel as a prisoner, on a charge of having conspired against lord Burleigh.

Elizabeth held the axe suspended over her unfortunate kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, for many weeks, during which time earnest supplication was made for his life, by his mother, sister, and the French ambassador. He endeavoured himself to mollify her by his submissive deportment, though he behaved like a faithful and stainless knight, with regard to his royal love, the captive queen of Scots. Early in February, Elizabeth issued her warrant and order for his execution on the following morning; and at eleven at night her mind misgave her, and she sent to revoke it.

Burleigh, who, some months before, had offered to save the life of this great peer if he would resign his pretensions to the hand of the queen of Scots, and marry his sister, had, on his declining, though with all possible courtesy, an alliance so unsuitable in point of birth, conceived the most vindictive hatred for him, and sorely grudged at these indications of the royal disposition to mercy. In one of his letters to Walsingham, dated February 11th, he says:—

[1] Despatches of la Mothe Fenelon.

"I cannot write to you what is the inward stay of the duke of Norfolk's death, only I find her majesty diversely disposed. Sometimes, when she speaketh of her danger, she concludeth that justice should be done; another time, when she speaketh of his nearness of blood, (meaning his close degree of relationship to herself,) of his superiority in honour, she stayeth. On Saturday, she signed a warrant for the writs to the sheriffs of London for his execution on Monday; and so all preparations were made, with the expectation of all London, and concourse of many thousands yesterday in the morning, but their coming was answered with another ordinary execution of Mather and Burney, for conspiring the queen's majesty's death, and of one Ralph, for counterfeiting her majesty's hand twice, to get concealed lands. And the cause of this disappointment was this:—suddenly on Sunday, late in the night, the queen's majesty sent for me, and entered into a great misliking that the duke should die the next day, and said, she was and should be disquicted, and "that she would have a new warrant made that night to the sheriffs to forbear until they should hear further, and so they did. God's will be fulfilled, and aid her majesty to do herself good."[1]

Norfolk was nearly allied in blood to the queen, and whether from that cause, or from the consciousness of his accomplishments and great popularity, she appears to have entertained many misgivings before she could resolve to carry the sentence against him into effect. Through the incessant importunity of Burleigh and Leicester, she again signed an order for his execution on the 27th, and revoked it the next morning, two hours before day. Two other warrants were afterwards signed and revoked in the same manner."

The last letter of revocation, the original of which is written entirely in the queen's own hand, is extremely curious, and worthy of the reader's attention, it is addressed to lord Burleigh, and is as follows:—

"My lord, methinks that I am more beholden to the hinder part of my head than will dare trust the forward side of the same, and therefore sent the lieutenant and the S., as you know best, the order to defer this execution till they hear further. And that this may be done, I doubt nothing, without curiosity of my further warrant, for that this rash determination upon a very

[1] Complete Ambassador, sir Dudley Digges.

unfit day, was countermanded by your considerate admonition. The causes that move me to this are not now to be expressed, lest an irrevocable deed be in meanwhile committed. If they will need a warrant, let this suffice, all written with my own hand. Your most loving soveraine,

"ELIZABETH R."

This letter is indorsed in lord Burleigh's hand:—

"xi. Apl. 1572.
"The Q. Majy. with her own hand, for staying of the execution of the D. N. R. at 2 in the morning." [1]

Elizabeth appears to have been much exasperated, at this painful crisis, by a letter addressed by the queen of Scots to the duke of Alva, which was unfortunately intercepted. When she gave an audience to monsieur du Croc, who had just arrived on a mission from France, and wished to obtain permission to see Mary, and also to convey her to France, she told him, "she would not grant either request, and took a paper out of her pocket," says La Mothe Fenelon, "which she shewed us was a letter in cipher, and we recognised that it was really signed by the queen of Scotland's hand. She then read to us a portion of the decipherment, which was addressed to the duke of Alva, exhorting him to send ships to the coast of Scotland, to carry off the prince her son, whom she had committed to the king of Spain. Unfortunately, Mary adverted to the state of affairs in England in this letter, and said, "that she had a strong party there, and of the lords who favoured her cause, of whom, although some were prisoners, the queen of England would not dare to touch their lives." She concluded, by expressing a hope "that the whole island would, by these means, in time be restored to the catholic church."[2]

La Mothe goes on to say, that Elizabeth's comments on this decipherment were very bitter, and she enlarged angrily on all the plots, which she said "the queen of Scots had devised to deprive her of her life and royal estate."

It was this letter which, probably, decided the fate of Norfolk, for Elizabeth was not of a temper to brook the opinion, that she dared not touch the life of the mightiest

[1] Ellis' Royal Letters.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. pp. 393, 394.

in her realm, who had offended her, although the noble blood, that she was preparing to shed on a scaffold, was the same that flowed in her own veins, the duke and herself being the descendants of the same great-grandfather—the victorious earl of Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk.

Elizabeth vented a portion of the vindictive rage, that was rankling in her heart, against her royal captive, Mary Stuart, by replying in the following bitter terms to several piteous letters, of supplicatory remonstrance, which the latter had written to her from the bed of sickness:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.[1]

"February 1st, 1571-2.

"Madame,—Of late time I have received divers letters from you, to the which, you may well guess, by the accidents of the time, why I have not made any answer, but specially because I saw no matter in them that required any answer, *as* could have contented you; and to have discontented you, had been but an increase of your impatience, which I thought time would have mitigated, as it commonly doth, where the cause thereof is not truly grounded, and that it be so understood; but now, finding by your last letter, the 27th of the last (month), an increase of your impatience, tending, also, to many uncomely, passionate, and vindictive speeches, I thought to change my former opinion, and, by patient and advised words, to move you to stay, or else to qualify your passions, and to consider, that it is not the manner to obtain good things with evil speeches, nor benefits with injurious challenges, nor to get good to yourself with doing evil to another.

"And yet, to avoid the fault which, I note you have committed, in filling a long letter with a multitude of sharp and injurious words, I will not, by way of letter, write any more of the matter, but have rather chosen to commit to my cousin, the earl of Shrewsbury, the things which I have thought meet, upon the reading of your letters, to be imparted unto you, as in a memorial, in writing, he hath to shew you; wherewith I think, if reason be present with you, and passion absent at the reading, you will follow, hereafter, rather the course of the last part of your letter than the first, the latter being written as in a calm, and the former in a storm. Wishing you the same grace of God that I wish to myself, and that he may direct you to desire and attain to that which is meet for his honour, and your quietness, with contentation both of body and mind. Given at my Palace of Westminster, the 1st day of February, 1571-2.

"Your cousin, that wisheth you a better mind,

"ELIZABETH."

It is very probable that the sudden and dangerous attack of illness with which Elizabeth was seized, about the 20th of March, was caused by the mental conflict she certainly suffered at this anxious period. This illness appears

[1] MS. Cottonian Calig., c. iii. fol. 141. Endorsed "Minute of a letter sent to the queen of Scots."

to have been severe inflammation of the chest and stomach, attended with agonizing pain; and, according to the temper of the times, it was at first attributed to poison, though her majesty's physicians declared, "that it was occasioned by her contempt for physic, and utter neglect of such potions as they considered necessary to keep her in health." But, from whatever cause it originated, her illness was most alarming to her cabinet, and with good cause, considering how deeply one and all stood committed with the captive heiress of the realm. The whole court awaited the event in breathless suspense—the two whom it most concerned, Leicester and Burleigh, watched three whole nights by her bedside, and the French ambassador detained his courier, who was ready to start with his despatches, till it was decided whether her majesty would live or die. The shadow of death passed from over her, after five days of intense pain, and, as soon as she was convalescent, she again issued her mandate for the execution of the duke of Norfolk; and, for the fourth time, revoked her order. This was the 17th of April.

Meantime, a lively dialogue on the affairs of England and her queen, took place in the gardens of the royal castle of Blois, between the queen-mother of France and Elizabeth's astute ambassadors, Walsingham and sir Thomas Smith,[1] which we abstract from the official report of the latter, as affording a most amusing episode in the negotiations for the Alençon alliance.

Catherine asked, "If the duke of Norfolk were executed yet?"

"We said, 'No; not that we could learn.'

"'No!' said she, 'then belike the queen will pardon him?' We answered, 'We could not tell.' 'I would,' resumed Catherine de Medicis, 'that she were quiet from all these broils. Do you know nothing, now, how she can fancy marriage with my son the duke of Alençon?'

"'Madame, you know me of old, except I have a sure ground, I dare affirm nothing to your majesty.'

[1] The Complete Ambassador, edited by sir Dudley Digges, p. 195, dated March 17, 1571-2. Letter of sir Thomas Smith, clerk of Elizabeth's council, then temporary ambassador.

" 'Why,' rejoined Catherine, 'if your queen be disposed to marry, I do not see where she can marry better, though I, as a mother, may be justly considered partial, but as for those I have heard named, the emperor's son (the archduke Rodolph) or don John of Austria, they both be lesser than my son is, and of less stature by a good deal. If she should marry, it were pity any more time should be lost.'

" 'Madame,' quoth I, 'if it pleased God that she were married, and had a child, all these brags, and all these treasons would be soon appeased; and, if her child's father were the duke of Alençon, for my part I cared not if ye had the queen of Scots here, for ye then would be as jealous over her, for the queen my mistress' security, as we, or as she herself is.'

" 'That is true,' replied her majesty, 'and without this marriage, if she should marry otherwise, I see not how our present league and amity will be sure!'

" 'True, madame,' quoth I, 'the knot of marriage and kindred is a stronger seal than that which is printed in wax; yet all leagues have not marriage joined with them, as this may, if it please God.'

" 'I would it were done,' replied Catherine, 'then surely would I make a start over to England, and see her myself, which I most desire of all things.'

" 'Madame,' quoth I, 'if I had now as ample a commission for M. de Alençon as I had at the first for monsieur[1] (the duke of Anjou), the matter would soon, by God's grace, be at an end!'

" 'Would you had,' enthusiastically replied the royal mother of both the princes; 'and if you have such a one when you return to England, would you not come over again to execute it?'

" 'Yes, madame,' quoth I, 'most gladly, for so good a purpose would I pass again the sea, if I were never so sick!'

" 'Surely,' interposed Mr. Walsingham, 'it was not religion which made that stop in the marriage of monsieur, the duke of Anjou, but some other thing?'

[1] This passage shews, from the very highest authority, how fully determined queen Elizabeth had been to marry the duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henry III.)

" 'No, surely;' replied the queen-mother, 'my son Anjou never shewed me any other cause.'

" 'I assure you, madam,' said Mr. Walsingham, 'I can, *marvellous* hardly believe it; for, at *Gallion* (?)[1] he was so willing and well-affected, that methought it did me much good to hear him speak of the queen, my mistress; I perceived it in his words, in his countenance, and in all things; but, when he came again to Paris, all was clean changed!'

" 'It is true,' replied queen Catherine, 'and it may be much to marvel, but even at *Gallion* all things he liked well, but the religion, at which he made a little stop, yet nothing as he did afterwards. Upon this I bare him in hand, for it grieved me not a little, (and the king, my son, as you know), that he believed all evil rumours and tales that naughty persons, who wished to break the matter, spread abroad of the queen of England, and that made him so backward. I told him,' continued Catherine, 'that all the hurt which evil men can do to noble and royal women, is to spread abroad lies and dishonourable tales of us; and that we princes, who be women, of all persons are subject to be slandered wrongfully by them who be our adversaries—other hurt they cannot do us.[2] Then my son Anjou said and swore to me, that he gave no credit to them, for he knew that queen Elizabeth had so virtuously governed her realm, for this long time, that she must needs be a good woman and princess, and full of honour, and other opinion of her he could not have, but his conscience and his religion did so trouble him, that he could not be in quiet.'"[3]

Walsingham and Smith[4] were recreated with another diplomatic walk in the garden of the castle of Blois with the scheming queen-mother of France. Some curious con-

[1] Probably Galliers, a French country palace.

[2] This observation, coming so philosophically and calmly from the lips of a queen, who is more loaded with obloquy than any other woman in the world, in defence of another who had her share of scandal (from one party at least) is a great historical curiosity.

[3] The reader has been let behind the scenes as to Anjou's real reason for his insolent refusal of Elizabeth, by his mother's letter already quoted. Catherine de Medicis, who was not so cunning as she thought herself, lets out his real reasons—viz., the scandals on Elizabeth, in this remarkable speech to the acute and inimical Walsingham.

[4] Letter of Smith to Burleigh, Complete Ambassador, p. 167, dated March 22, 1571-2.

versation occurred, relating to the mutual jealousies felt by England and France, at the Ridolfi plot, the gist of which was to steal young James of Scotland from his guardians, and deliver him to Philip II. in order that marriage might be contracted between him and the young infanta. Likewise the project of Alva to free Mary queen of Scots, by an invasion of Flemish troops at Harwich.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Catherine de Medicis, "and doth not your mistress, queen Elizabeth, see plainly that she will always be in such danger till she marry? If she marry into some good house, who shall dare attempt aught against her?"

"Madame," replied sir Thomas Smith, "I think if she were once married, all in England that had traitorous hearts would be discouraged, for one tree alone may soon be cut down; but when there be two or three together, it is longer doing; for if she had a child, then all these bold and troublesome titles of the Scottish queen, or of the others, who make such gapings for her death, would be clean choked up."

"I see," observed Catherine, "that your queen might very well have five or six children."

"I would to God we had one!" devoutly rejoined the zealous Smith.

"No;" said Catherine, "two boys, lest one should die, and three or four daughters to make alliance with us again, and with other princes to strengthen the realm."

"Why, then," replied ambassador Smith, gaily, "you think that monsieur Le Duc shall speed?"

Catherine laughed, and said, "*Je le desire infinitement*, and I would then myself trust to see three or four, at the least, of her race, which would make me spare nor sea nor land to behold them myself. And if," continued she, "queen Elizabeth could have fancied my son Anjou as much as you told me, why not this (the duke of Alençon) come of the same house, and every way equal to his brother?"

Nevertheless, her majesty expressed her doubts that Alençon had stopped growing, and that he would never attain the fine stature of Anjou. She, however interrupted a remark of the English ambassador, on the height of this candidate for Elizabeth's hand, by exclaiming—

"Nay, he is not so little; he is as high as you, or very near."

"For that matter," replied Smith, "I, for my part, make small account of height, provided the queen's majesty can fancy him. Since Pipinus Brevis,[1] who married Bertha, the king of Almain's (Germany) daughter, was so little to her, that he is standing in Aquisgrave[2] or Moguerre, a church in Germany, she taking him by the hand, that his head reaches not her girdle; and yet he had by her Charlemagne, the great emperor and king of France, reported to be almost a giant in stature. And as to your *Oliver* Glesquim, the *Briton* constable,[3] that you make so much of, who lieth buried among your kings at St. Denis, if he was no bigger than there portrayed on his tomb, he must have been very short, scarcely four foot long, but yet he was valiant, hardy, and courageous, and did us Englishmen most hurt of any one."

Thus did ambassador Smith fluently vindicate the worth and valour of little men, including among them the redoubtable descendant of king Pepin, Elizabeth's small suitor Alençon, and, doubtless, himself, since Catherine de Medicis considered them nearly the same height.

"It is true," resumed her majesty, "that it is the heart, courage and activity that are to be looked for in a man, rather than his height. But, hear you no word of the queen's affection in my son's way? can you give me no comfort?"

Smith assured her he had no fresh intelligence, "for their courier had only departed on the 11th of the month, and had not yet returned."

In the midst of all these matrimonial speculations, Elizabeth kept her maundy at Greenwich, according to the ancient custom practised by Edward the Confessor, and his relatives St. Margaret, St. David, and queen Matilda Atheling the Good. This custom required, that the queen herself should wash the feet of the poor, in remembrance of our Saviour washing the feet of the apostles. Elizabeth will scarcely be blamed in modern times, because she per-

[1] Pepin, the little king of France, father of Charlemagne.
[2] So written.
[3] Probably the valiant Bertrand du Guesclin, constable of France.

formed the office daintily. The palace hall was prepared with a long table on each side, with benches, carpets, and cushions, and a cross-table at the upper end, where the chaplain stood. Thirty-nine poor women, being the same number as the years of her majesty's age, at that time, March 19, 1572, entered, and were seated on the forms; then the yeoman of the laundry, armed with a fair towel, took a silver bason filled with warm water and sweet flowers, and washed all their feet, one after the other; he likewise made a cross a little above the toes, and kissed each foot after drying it, the sub-almoner performed the same ceremony, and the queen's almoner also. Then her majesty entered the hall, and went to a priedieu and cushion, placed in the space between the two tables, and remained during prayers and singing, and while the gospel was read, how Christ washed his apostles' feet. Then came in a procession of thirty-nine of the queen's maids of honour and gentlewomen, each carrying a silver bason with warm water, spring flowers, and sweet herbs, having aprons and towels withal. Then her majesty, kneeling down on the cushion placed for the purpose, proceeded to wash, in turn, one of the feet of each of the poor women, and wiped them with the assistance of the fair bason-bearers; moreover, she crossed and kissed them, as the others had done. Then, beginning with the first, she gave each a sufficient broad cloth for a gown, and a pair of shoes, a wooden platter, wherein was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings, two manchetts, and a mazer, or wooden cup, full of claret. All these things she gave separately. Then each of her ladies delivered to her majesty the towel and the apron used in the ablution, and she gave each of the poor women one a-piece. This was the conclusion of the ladies' official duty of the maundy. The treasurer of the royal chamber, Mr. Heneage, brought her majesty thirty-nine small white purses,[1] each with thirty-nine pence, which she gave separately to every poor woman. Mr. Heneage then supplied her with thirty-nine red purses, each containing twenty shillings; this she distributed to redeem the gown she wore, which by ancient custom was given to one chosen among the number. After taking her

[1] They were made of wash leather, with very long strings.

ease on her cushion of state, and listening awhile to the choir, her majesty withdrew, for it was near sunset.

La Mothe Fenelon soon after announced, that the portrait of the duke of Alençon had been delivered, by Cavalcanti, to the earl of Leicester, who carried it into her majesty's private cabinet, and submitted it to her inspection; and he afterwards told La Mothe, "that though it was not altogether the same as monsieur, her majesty seemed to think it had somewhat of the same air and bearing; that she did not appear to dislike it, and had judged that the accident to his face would wear out in time; but when she came to read the inscription of his age, she said, 'It was just the half of hers—nineteen years to thirty-eight—and that she feared being so much his senior.'"[1]

In consequence of Elizabeth's reluctance to bring the duke of Norfolk to the block, a party was raised by the secret instigation of Burleigh, and his other equally deadly foe, Leicester, by whom her majesty was urged both privately and publicly, to cause the sentence of death to be executed on the unfortunate duke. At length, an address from parliament, assuring her that there could be no security for herself and realm till this were done, furnished her with a legitimate excuse for bringing him to the block, June 2nd, 1572.

It is impossible, however, to read Burleigh's frequent lamentations to Walsingham, on the repugnance of their royal mistress to shed her unfortunate kinsman's blood, without perceiving the real authors of his death. Well did the pitiless men by whom Elizabeth's better feelings were smothered, understand the arts of bending her stormy temper to their determined purposes.

"As to your letters to her majesty," writes Burleigh to Walsingham, "forasmuch as the duke of Norfolk had suffered upon Monday, and your letters came on Tuesday, I thought it not amiss to tell the queen, 'that I had letters from you to her, which I thought were only to shew her the opinion of wise men, and her majesty's well wishers in France, both for the queen of Scots and the duke of Norfolk;' whereupon, she bade me open the letters, and so I did, in her presence; and she being somewhat sad for the duke of Norfolk's death, I took occasion to cut off the reading thereof, and so entered into speech of the queen of Scots, which she did not mislike; and commended your care and diligence."[2]

[1] Fenelon's Despatches, vol. iv.
[2] Complete Ambassador, Digges, 212.

The death of Norfolk was intended by Elizabeth's council as a prelude to that of a more illustrious victim. The queen was told, "that she must lay the axe to the root of the evil, for that she would neither have rest or security while the Scottish queen was in existence." Elizabeth, with a burst of generous feeling, recoiled from the suggestion. "Can I put to death," she exclaimed, "the bird that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to my feet for protection? Honour and conscience forbid!"

The same parliament which had urged the execution of the duke of Norfolk, passed a bill for inflicting the punishment of death on the queen of Scots, for her share in the recent plots, but Elizabeth refused her assent both to that and another bill, which would have made it a capital offence for any one to assert the rights of that princess to the regal succession.

The tragedy of Norfolk's execution was followed by a series of brilliant fêtes, which were ordained in honour of the arrival of the duke de Montmorenci and monsieur de Foix, who came to conclude, in the name of the king of France, the solemn treaty of perpetual peace and alliance between that prince and queen Elizabeth, as well as to make an official offer to her of the hand of the boy Alençon.

On the 14th of June, the noble envoys presented their credentials to her majesty, together with private letters from the king of France, the queen-mother, and the two princes, her late suitor, and her present; all which she received graciously, but only read that from the king in their presence. The next day being Sunday, they, with the French ambassador, monsieur de la Mothe, were introduced by lord Burleigh into the chapel royal, after the prayers were ended, for the purpose of receiving a solemn ratification of the treaty from the queen.

A profusion of compliments having been exchanged, her majesty expressed her happiness at entering into a treaty of perpetual alliance with the king of France; and called "God to witness for her punishment, if in her heart he saw not a true intention of bringing forth the fruits of this concord by suitable deeds; for words," she said, "were no better than leaves." She made also a deceitful profession of her

impartial dealing with regard to Scotland, in a loud voice. She then demanded the parchment digest of the treaty with the royal seal and signature of the king of France, which was forthwith presented to her with all due ceremony, by the plenipotentiaries of his most Christian majesty. Then she approached the altar, and, laying her hand on the gospels, which were held by one of her bishops, swore solemnly "to observe all the articles contained in the treaty." She signed it on a golden desk, which was supported by four earls, in the presence of a great many French nobles, and the principal lords and ladies of her court.[1]

"On our departure from the chapel," says monsieur de la Mothe, "to whose lively pen we are indebted for these details," she took us all three into her privy chamber, and, a little after, to her hall of presence, where she would have us dine at her own table, and the other French nobles in another great hall, with the lords of her court." After dinner, she talked some time apart with the duke de Montmorenci; and then conducted the matrimonial commissioners into her privy chamber, where the more interesting business, with which they were charged, was formally opened by the duke de Montmorenci, and confirmed by De Foix, according to the royal etiquette on such occasions, after she had read the letters of the royal family of France.

Her majesty returned her thanks most graciously, "which," observes La Mothe Fenelon, "she well knows how to do;" touched on the difficulties that had attended the late negotiation, and were likely to impede the present; and, without either accepting or rejecting the new candidate for her hand, deferred her answer till such time as she should have given it proper consideration. She then did M. de Montmorenci the honour of taking him into her own bed-chamber, where she permitted him to remain for some hours, till his own was prepared for him, which was near it, being the same formerly occupied by the earls of Leicester and Sussex.[2]

"Then they came," pursues La Mothe, "and took us to see the combats of bears, of bulls, and of a horse and monkey." The latter sport appears to have been an amusement confined to the court of the maiden queen, who took peculiar delight in these pastimes. "Then," continues his

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. pp. 16, 17, 18.

excellency, "we went into the pleasure gardens, till the said lady came out, in readiness for the banquet, which was prepared with the utmost grandeur and magnificence, on one of the terraces of the palace, in a green arbour, or pavilion, very large and beautiful, and well adorned with many compartments, and with two of the richest and most splendid beaufets in Europe.

"She again made M. de Montmorenci, M. de Foix, and me, eat at her own table; and all the rest of the lords, French and English, mingled with the ladies of the court, occupied another very long table near hers. We were sumptuously entertained, and the feast was prolonged till about midnight, when she led us to another terrace, which looked into the great court of the palace, where we had not been long, when an old man entered with two damsels, and implored succour for them in her court; and immediately there appeared twenty knights in the lists—ten in white, led by the earl of Essex, and ten in blue, led by the earl of Rutland—who, in the cause of these damsels, commenced a stout combat on horseback with swords, which lasted till the dawn of day, when the queen, by the advice of the umpires of the field, declared, 'that the damsels were delivered, and gave them all leave to retire to bed.'"[1]

This royal fête champêtre and mask, took place on a midsummer Sabbath-night, at the old palace of Westminster, on the banks of the Thames. Two days after, the French ambassador accompanied the court to Windsor, where her majesty invested Montmorenci with the order of the Garter. La Mothe Fenelon informs the king of France that he and his suite travelled at the expense of the queen, and were most liberally treated. "And I have seen," says he, "in the palaces of Windsor, and Hampton Court, but especially at the latter, more riches, and costly furniture, than I ever did see, or could have imagined."

At the same time that Francis duke de Montmorenci was admitted as knight of the Garter, Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, the lord Grey of Wilton, lord Chandos, and lord Burleigh, were elected companions of the order; and at the investiture, queen Elizabeth, as a signal mark of her favour to her prime minister, Burleigh, buckled the Garter about his knee herself; which appears to have been the first time this personal favour was conferred by the hands of a

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

female sovereign.[1] Elizabeth was, however, very proud of her distinction as the sovereign of this chivalric order.

La Mothe Fenelon informs the queen-mother of France, in his letter of the 22nd of June, "that he had urged Burleigh and Leicester to entreat their royal mistress to give an early answer on the subject of the marriage, and grant a conference to himself and Montmorenci. "For this cause," pursues he, "she sent for us all three on the morrow, to come to her after dinner, in private, without ceremony. We were brought by water into her garden, and found her in a gallery, where she received us all very graciously."

Elizabeth, while she avoided saying anything that might in the slightest degree commit herself, accused the equally cautious procurators of confining themselves to generalities, and said, "she desired to enter into particularities, especially on the important subject of religion." They assured her that everything would be arranged to her satisfaction. It is impossible not to observe the malign pleasure with which Elizabeth recounts the personal defects of the unlucky boy, whom the royal intriguante, Catherine de Medicis, had the folly to propose as a suitable consort for her. She demands of the ambassador, "what compensation is to be made to her, in the marriage articles, for the injury to his face from the small-pox?" and discusses his royal highness from top to toe, with no more ceremony than is commonly used by persons, who are bargaining for the purchase of a lap-dog, a monkey, or any other animal of small account. But for the strong reasons of political expediency, which rendered it necessary for the haughty Elizabeth to keep fair with France, there can be no doubt but she would have poured the overflowing measure of her ill-concealed scorn on both mother and son; as it was, she served her own purposes, by humouring this most absurd of projects, and permitted the wily Catherine, and her agreeable agent, monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon, to fancy that they were beguiling her, while she was in reality fooling them.

It was, however, no mistake for them to suppose that their flattery had some effect on the mind of Elizabeth, for she enjoyed it so much, that it is evident she prolonged the negotiations for the purpose of having the dose more frequently repeated; but though it was not difficult for the

[1] Hist. of the Orders of Knighthood, by sir H. Nicolas.

insinuating diplomatist to persuade the vainest of princesses, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and that the laws of nature were so far reversed in her favour, that time had improved her charms, instead of injuring them, it was another matter to induce her to bestow all these perfections, in addition to her more important endowments of grandeur and regal power, on a suitor of Alençon's description. Elizabeth certainly treated the idea with mockery, at the very time that she was feasting and bestowing honours, presents, and counter-flattery on the procurators of the marriage. The fêtes and entertainments, with which she graced Montmorenci and de Foix, lasted for a whole fortnight. The queen gratified them with costly and valuable presents of plate and money at their departure. Burleigh informs Walsingham, "that the ambassadors did all they could in the matter of the duc d'Alençon, but got from her majesty neither yea nor nay, but the delay of a month, in which she was to make up her mind." He charges Walsingham, meantime, to learn all he can of the duke, his real age and stature, and conditions, his inclination to religion, and that of his followers; of all which her majesty desired to be speedily advertised, that she might resolve before the month; "and surely," observes the premier, "I cannot see any lack in this, but in opinion for his age; which defect, if it might be supplied with some other recompence, were not worthy to be thought of. I wish we might have Calais for their issue, and he to be governor thereof during his life, so as we might have security for our staple there."[1]

The next time La Mothe Fenelon had an interview with Elizabeth, on the subject of the marriage, she expressed herself doubtfully touching the disparity of their age. The ambassador assured her, "that his prince's youth would be a singular advantage, as it would enable her and her counsellors to govern him at their own discretion, and that she could not, in all Europe, find a gentleman more deserving of the love and esteem of a fair and virtuous princess than the duke, and that she did herself wrong if she doubted that she was not worthy of the love and service of the most accomplished prince in the world, and entreated her to be satisfied that no one under heaven would be so extremely

[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges.

beloved as she, if she would but accept the affection of this prince, and receive him into her good graces. Elizabeth replied, "that perhaps it might be so for a little while, but in seven or eight years he would begin to despise and hate her, which would quickly bring her to the grave."

Then the ambassador told her, "that he had found a little piece of writing among monsieur de Foix' papers, after his departure, which was part of a letter written by the duke of Alençon himself to that gentleman, on the subject of his much-desired marriage with her majesty, and though, in truth, he had no commission to shew it to her majesty, yet, if she would like to see it, he would venture to do so, as it would serve materially to dispel the doubts she had in her heart." Elizabeth immediately called for seats, and, having taken his excellency into a corner of the apartment, made him sit down by her, while she perused the paper, which had, of course, been written for this very purpose. "She read and re-read it," says La Mothe, "and pronounced it 'marvellously well done, and exactly what she hoped to find in him,' adding her praise of his beautiful and graceful style of writing, and also commended his fair penmanship."

The next day, Leicester came to inform the ambassador, that the sight of that little letter had done more with her majesty, in favour of the marriage, than all that had been said by Montmorenci and de Foix, by himself, or Burleigh, and, in short, than all the council had been able to do, and very obligingly advised La Mothe to get the duke of Alençon to write another good letter, as discreetly expressed, and full of affection, that it might be shewn to the queen, and even, if he thought proper, one to her majesty, who would not take it amiss. Leicester took the opportunity of hinting, "that if the marriage were accomplished through his good offices, he should have no objection to a noble and wealthy French match himself, and expressed a wish that the queen-mother would send him the portrait of mademoiselle de Montpensier, which he knew well was in the house of the Count Palatine."[1]

One day, Elizabeth told La Mothe, "that one of her embassy in France had written very favourably of the duke of Alençon, in all respects, and had said, 'he would not de-

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

ceive her about the injury his face had received from the small-pox, knowing what a delicate eye she had for observing everything about any one, but that he would otherwise have been much handsomer than his brothers.'"

On this hint, La Mothe Fenelon launched out into the most extravagant encomiums on the prince, declaring "that in every particular, save and except the accident to his face, he was a paragon above all the other princes in the world, and that this injury was not without remedy, for there was a physician in London, who had lately cured a person of the marks of the small-pox, who had been more frightfully seamed with it than any one in the world, and that if she would only accept the service of the duke, he would, in a few days afterwards, be rendered beautiful, and worthy of her favour." This was certainly treating Elizabeth very much like a child, but it was an age of quackery and credulity, and it is very plain that Fenelon was himself deceived by the reports of the wonderful renovations, effected by this occult practitioner, in complexions that had been spoiled by the small-pox. He spoke of this to Burleigh, who begged him to name any person within the realm, who, to his certain knowledge, had been cured by the said physician.

"I named two," writes La Mothe to the queen-mother, "one of whom is of this city of London, and the other is a country lady, and a relation of the countess of Bedford. In truth, the said doctor is a person of great learning and much experience, and has made no difficulty of it, but said, 'that the remedy has nothing in it that is noxious, and that it is very sure.'"

After La Mothe had mentioned this to Elizabeth, she smiled, and begged him to have the remedy applied by all means to the face of the duke of Alençon.[1] The earl of Lincoln, on his arrival from Paris, spoke very favourably of the young prince, and settled the two great objections, that were constantly urged against the marriage, in an off-hand way, by saying, "that his youth need not be any impediment, as he was growing older every day, and as for the scars of the small-pox, they were of no consequence, as he would soon have a beard to hide them."

On the 27th of July, Elizabeth sent the earl of Sussex, her grand chamberlain, to tell the French ambassador, "that

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

she was going, the next day, to dine at the house of the lord-treasurer, and that if he would come, he should be very welcome, and requested him to bring any letters that he had received for her, from his own court, with him." After dinner, she led him into a little compartment, out of the saloon, where she ordered seats to be brought for him and herself, and suffered no other person to approach. When she had discussed several subjects of political interest with him, he presented to her letters which he had received in his last packet addressed to her from the king and queen of France. She opened and read them with apparent satisfaction, and particularly noted every word of that written to her by the queen-mother, whom she commended as one of the wisest and most virtuous princesses in the world. She then put her letters into her pocket, and began to discuss her small suitor, the duke of Alençon, and the objections to her marriage with him, observing "that her subjects had hitherto esteemed her as somewhat wise, she having reigned over them in peace and prosperity fourteen years; but if, after she had eschewed matrimony all her life, she should, now she was an old woman, take a husband, so much too young, and especially with such a blemish in his face as that which had befallen monsieur d'Alençon, they would despise her, and deem her very ill-advised, even if she could shew them a sufficient counterpoise to atone for those great defects;" viz., his immature age and the scars of the small-pox. She added, "that she had, in the first instance, charged her council to prepare a reply in her name to that effect, the same day the proposal was made to her by monsieur de Montmorenci, and she prayed his most Christian majesty to take it in good part, and to continue to regard her as his own sister."[1]

The ambassador replied, with many compliments on her prudence, and all the fine qualities which had rendered her reign so prosperous, and assured her, "that she would study the good of her subjects, by accepting such a match as would increase her power, and that the king of France offered her the same conditions with Alençon that had been offered with monsieur, only that instead of Henry, she would take Francis, who would be contented with a less public exercise of the rites prescribed by his religion, than

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v.

the other, whose conscience would not permit him to omit anything connected with it."

He then begged permission to deliver to her majesty a letter which he had in charge to present to her from the duke of Alençon.[1] She took the letter, perused it with much satisfaction, and said, "that all he had written corresponded with what she heard in his praise." The ambassador requested that she would permit the duke to write to her again, to which she made no objection.

La Mothe Fenelon, at the conclusion of the conference, noticed, that the complexion-doctor had engaged to obliterate the disfiguring traces of the small-pox from the face of the duke, and received her majesty's gracious permission to confer with the lords of the council, on the preliminaries of the marriage, of which this cure appears to have been the leading article. An envoy extraordinary, monsieur de la Mole, was sent from the court of France, to assist in the treaty. He arrived in London on the 27th of July, and La Mothe Fenelon sent an immediate notice of this event to the queen, who had begun her summer progress to the midland counties, and had advanced forty miles on her way to Warwick. She requested the plenipotentiaries of France to meet her at Easton, the seat of the valiant and hospitable sir George Pomfret. The excitement of the chase, however, proved more interesting to Elizabeth than the discussions for her union with monsieur d'Alençon, and she kept the procurators waiting for her two days at Easton; for, having started a large swift stag on the morning previous to that appointed for their audience, she pursued it all the day, and till the middle of the night, and was so greatly fatigued in consequence, that she was compelled to keep her chamber all the next day.[2] After recovering herself a little, she proceeded on her journey, and gave monsieur de la Mole, who was presented in all due form, by monsieur de la Mothe, a gracious reception, and invited them to accompany her to Kenilworth.

On the 12th of August, she made a public entry into Warwick, travelling in her coach, attended by the countess of Warwick, and surrounded by the greatest lords and ladies of her court. Her majesty, on account of the bad-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 70.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v.

ness of the roads from heavy rains, was brought through Chesterton pastures, and approached the town by Ford Mill Hill, where the bailiff, recorder, and principal burgesses, were drawn up in order, on their knees, to receive and welcome her. The queen caused her carriage to be thrown open on every side, that all her subjects might behold her, and paused while the recorder addressed her, in a very long-winded and remarkably pedantic harangue, ending with a humble request to her majesty, to accept a small present from the town, which he compared to the widows' mites, and the drop of water which Alexander the Great condescended to accept of a poor soldier by the wayside." Then Robert Philippes, the bailiff, rising from his knees, and coming to the side of the coach, or chariot, in which her majesty sat, knelt down and offered to her a purse, very fairly wrought, and in the purse twenty pounds, all in sovereigns, on which she put forth her hand very graciously, and received it with a benign and smiling countenance; and, turning to the earl of Leicester, said, "My lord, this is contrary to your promise;" then she made the following considerate reply to the bailiff and corporation:[1]—

"Bailiff, I thank you, one and all, for your good wills, and I am very loth to take anything at your hands now, because you, at the last time of my being here, presented us, to our great liking and contentation, and it is not the manner to be always presented with gifts, and I am the more unwilling to take anything of you, because I know a mite at your hands is as much as a thousand pounds from some, nevertheless, that you may not think I mislike of your good wills, I accept it with most hearty thanks to you all, praying God that I may perform, as Mr. Recorder saith, such benefit as is hoped;" and therewithal she offered her hand to the bailiff to kiss, and when he had done so, she returned his mace to him, which he had surrendered to her majesty before the oration, and which she had kept in her lap till it was ended. When she had delivered the mace, she called Mr. Aglionby, the recorder, to her, and offering her hand to him to kiss, she said to him, with a smile—

"Come hither, little recorder, it was told me that you would be afraid to look upon me, or to speak boldly, but

[1] From a MS. called the Black Book of Warwick Corporation, fols. 60—70.

you were not so afraid of me as I was of you, and I now thank you for putting me in mind of my duty, and what should be in me."[1] And, shewing a most gracious and favourable countenance to the spectators, she said again, "I most heartily thank you all, my good people," and so was desirous to be going, but Mr. Griffin, the preacher, approached her majesty, kneeled down, and offered her a paper, to whom she said, "If it be any matter to be answered, we will look upon it, and give you our answer at my lord of Warwick's house." The paper was, however, a quaint Latin acrostic, in which her majesty was compared to Pallas, Astrea, Penelope, and Debora; a great deal of time and trouble having been expended, to compel the first letter and the last of every line in the first stanza to form the following compliment:—

"*Tu Elisabeta viro nubis, O mater eris.*"

These verses her majesty gave to the countess of Warwick, who was in the coach with her. Then the bailiff, recorder, and burgesses took to their horses, and, marshalled by the heralds, rode two and two before her majesty, till they brought her to the castle gate. The old Corporation Book,[2] from which these details are abstracted, does not omit to record that the twelve principal burgesses were clad, on this occasion, in gowns of puke colour, lined with satin and damask. The bailiff, in a gown of scarlet, rode next her majesty, on the right hand of the lord Compton, who was then high sheriff of the shire, and therefore would have carried his rod up into the town, but was forbidden by the heralds and gentlemen ushers, as contrary to etiquette on that occasion.

When her majesty reached the castle gate, they made a lane for her to pass through, who, viewing them well, gave them thanks, and pronounced them to be "a goodly and well-favoured company." She remained at Warwick from the Monday till the Wednesday, when she commenced her journey to Kenilworth, leaving her household and train at Warwick, and proceeded, by the north gate, through Mr. Thomas Fisher's grounds, and so by Woodloes, which is the fairest way to Kenilworth, where she remained from

[1] MS. Black Book of the Warwick Corporation.
[2] MS. Black Book of Warwick.

Wednesday morning till Saturday night, as the guest of the earl of Leicester.

La Mothe Fenelon, in his letters to his sovereign, speaks with great satisfaction of the princely festivities with which he and his friend, La Mole, were entertained by the earl at Kenilworth. The day after their arrival, he and De la Mole had a private conference, of an hour and a half, with the queen, on the subject of the proposal of the duke of Alençon, in which she flattered them with deceitful hopes of consenting to the marriage. After dinner, they all pursued the pastime of hunting the hart, till night, in one of the parks.

On Saturday night, very late, Elizabeth returned to Warwick, and because she would see what cheer my lady of Warwick made, she entered unexpectedly into Mr. Thomas Fisher's house, where, finding them all at supper, she sat down a little while, and, after a slight repast, rose again, leaving the rest at supper, and went to visit the good man of the house, Mr. Fisher, who was at that time grievously vexed with the gout, but chose to be brought out of his chamber into the gallery, to pay his duty to her majesty, and would have made an attempt to kneel to her, but she prevented him, and comforted him with such gracious words, that, forgetting his pain, he was on horseback to attend her majesty on the following Monday, on her return to Kenilworth.[1]

Meantime, however, she took up her abode in Warwick castle, where it pleased her, on the Sunday, to have the country people come and dance before her in the court of the castle, while she looked out from her chamber window, which pleased them, and appeared to make her very merry. On that day, the French ambassador and monsieur de la Mole, having received despatches from their own court, with letters from the royal family for her, came to wait upon her there. In her last letter, Elizabeth had intimated, that before the negotiations proceeded further, it was absolutely necessary that she should have a personal interview with her youthful suitor, but the wily queen-mother—being perfectly aware that unless Elizabeth could be induced to make a blindfold bargain, by plighting herself before she saw the prince, the match would never take place—opposed the projected meeting, as derogatory to the dignity of her

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

son, for him to come over to be looked at, at the risk of being mocked with a rejection."[1]

Elizabeth, in reply to this objection, said, "she entreated that neither the king of France, the queen-mother, nor the ambassador, would believe her to be capable of such baseness as to speak of an interview with a prince of his high rank, if she were not disposed to marry him, that it was long before she could overcome her reluctance to the wedded state; and now she had gained that victory over herself, she was disposed to use it for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of friendship between the royal house of France and herself. That she desired the said interview as much for the satisfaction of the duke, as for her own; to the end, that he might not be compelled to espouse a woman whom he could not love, and, on her own account, she wished to see if she could be loved by him, and also if the disparity of his age, and what had been reported of his face, were objections that might be overcome, and if she could not have that satisfaction, then she must beg us to tell the king and his mother, that the matter was at an end." After pronouncing these words, the queen remained silent and pensive. Then the two subtle diplomatists endeavoured, by the following flattering logic, to persuade her, "that the disparity in age between herself and their prince amounted to nothing, seeing that it was only the trifling difference of nineteen years; and as her majesty, from her charms of mind and person, appeared younger by ten years than she really was, and monseigneur the duke, in consequence of his fine manly figure and good sense, had anticipated the other nine years in his age, and looked full seven-and-twenty, they were placed on an equality."[2]

As for the interview, the king and queen of France were most anxious that it should take place, if they could be certain of her majesty's remaining in the mind to marry; but as yet she had only given doubtful and unsatisfactory answers, to the great discontent of the duke, and as she had seen his portrait, and heard by many of her own people what he was, it was necessary that she should return a more decided answer, and, at any rate, that she would sanction another conference with the lords of her council on the subject. On this, she raised her head, and replied,

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid.

with a more agreeable and cheerful countenance, "that she was content that the conference should take place, if only to prove to the king of France how greatly she valued his friendship." After insinuating that she felt more favourably disposed towards the marriage, "she withdrew," says La Mothe, "very gaily, to her chamber, telling Leicester that we were to return and sup with her, and invited us herself. When we came back, we found her playing on the spinet, and she continued to play at our entreaty, and she played again to please the sieur de la Mole. At supper, which was a sumptuous feast, she gave us, before all the company, as many marks of favour as we could desire.

"After she had drank to me, she sent the cup with what remained in it to me, that I might pledge her, and wished much that she could exchange such agreeable messages with my lord the duke. She drank also to the sieur de la Mole, with many other pleasant demonstrations and courtesies, out of compliment to his master.[1]

"When supper was concluded, at about nine in the evening, a fortress that was built up in a meadow, under the windows of the castle, was assailed by a party of the youth of the court, and defended by another party for a display of fireworks, which was a very fine spectacle; and we remained with the said lady till about midnight to see the end of it."

There is a quaint and very elaborate description of this pageant in the Black Book of the Warwick corporation, by which we learn that there were two forts, of wood and canvas, erected on the temple ditch, at convenient distances, for assailing each other with squibs and fireballs, one of the forts being manned by the towns-people, clad in such harness as could be obtained by them, to maintain a warlike show; the other was defended by the earl of Oxford, with a band of the young gentlemen of the court. And between the forts were planted twelve or fourteen field-pieces, and as many mortars, which had been brought from the Tower of London, at the expense of the earl of Warwick, with which a most especial uproar was raised, in imitation of storming a citadel. Then the earl of Oxford and his company, to the number of two hundred, shot off calivers

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., p. 96.

and arquebuses in return, and cast out divers fires, terrible," says the record, "to those who have not been in like experiences, valiant to such as delighted therein, and strange to them that understood it not, for the wildfire falling into the river Avon, would for a time lie still, and then again rise and fly abroad, casting forth many flashes and flames, whereat the queen's majesty took great pleasure," till she found her good town of Warwick was in some danger of being burned down, by this device for her honour and glory. For at the last, a flying dragon, casting out huge flames and squibs, lighted upon the fort and set fire to it, for its subversion; it chanced that a ball of fire fell on a house at the end of the bridge, and set fire to the same, so that the good man and his wife, being both in bed and asleep, were with great ado saved, but the house and everything in it were consumed; and the flames spread to some of the adjoining dwellings, which were with difficulty extinguished by the exertions of the earl of Oxford, sir Fulk Greville, and others of the courtiers and townspeople.[1]

This combustion might be good pastime for the idle gallants of the court, but it was no fun for the people of Warwick, who were in almost as much alarm and danger as if they had been bombarded by a hostile army, with the fireballs flying about the town and falling on the roofs of houses, and into their courts and back yards. Four houses in the town and suburbs were on fire at once, and it was next to a miracle that no more mischief was done. As La Mothe Fenelon does not mention these accidents, it is probable, that he might imagine the conflagrations were intended for a part of the show.

The next morning, the queen sent for the poor old man and woman whose house had been burned, and comforted them with many gracious words; and by her grace's bounty and that of her courtiers, the sum of twenty-five pounds twelve and sixpence was given towards the losses of the sufferers, which, notwithstanding the relative value of money, was rather a paltry subscription, considering the high rank of the parties.[2]

On the following day, the subject of her majesty's marriage was again discussed, and she declared, "that after having

[1] Black Book of Warwick. [2] Ibid.

heard the opinions of her council, she found herself in a greater perplexity than ever; for though they all wished her to marry, they agreed with her, that it was impossible to advance any further in the treaty till she should have seen what manner of man the duke of Alençon really was, and for herself, she was determined not to judge of him by any other witness than that of her own eyes; she was sure some ill would come of it if they married without some previous affection, such as is usually acquired by sight," and she swore, "by her Creator, that the doubts she felt made her fear and repent of having gone so far."[1]

The following day, her majesty and the French envoys returned to Kenilworth on horseback in company, "sometimes as they went following the chase, and between whiles pursuing the subject of the matrimonial treaty, to our great satisfaction," says the deluded La Mothe, who appears, at that time, to have been actually persuaded by Elizabeth that she was bent on marriage, and might be flattered into wedding the unsuitable spouse they offered her.

He writes volumes to Charles IX. and the queen-mother, relating his private conferences with Elizabeth, and the proceedings of her council while at Kenilworth, on the subject of this alliance, assuring them, "that the queen is better disposed towards it than she has yet been." He expresses his satisfaction, in particular, for the good offices which he considers have been rendered by the earl of Leicester in the negotiation, and repeats his opinion that the latter should be rewarded with a wealthy French heiress of the highest rank, in return for his services.[2] The clear-headed Burleigh condensed the actual substance of all the frothy compliments, affectations, and mystifications used by his royal mistress in her discussions with the noble French diplomats, into the following brief entry, which is inscribed by his own hand in his private diary:—

"August 22nd.—Answer given to La Mothe, at Kenilworth, when he came to move marriage for Francis, duke of Alençon, younger brother to the French king: that there were two difficulties, one for difference of religion, the other for their ages; but yet, that the articles moved in his brother, the duke of Anjou's case, might serve for him."

[1] Despatches of la Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid.

Two days after this oracular sentence was inscribed by Burleigh, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated in Paris. The tidings of this direful tragedy were received in England with feelings of generous indignation, which rendered all ranks of the people ready to take up arms, to avenge the murdered victims of the treacherous and profligate Catherine de Medicis, and the abhorrent instruments of her atrocity. The very name of a Frenchman was regarded with horror, and La Mothe Fenelon, and his suite, felt themselves the objects of popular detestation,[1] though innocent of the slightest knowledge of the crime that had been committed in the blood-stained metropolis of France. No one could be more deeply mortified at the transaction than La Mothe himself, who does not scruple to express, in plain terms, to his royal master his grief and annoyance at what had taken place, and the disgraceful light in which it had placed the monarch and people of France in the opinion of the English.

Elizabeth at first declined giving audience to the luckless ambassador, on whom the task devolved of making the most plausible story he could in extenuation of this dreadful business. After taking three days to consider whether she would see him or not, she at length decided on granting him an interview at Woodstock, where she was when the intelligence reached her. She received him in her privy chamber, in the presence of the lords of the council, and the principal ladies of her court, all of whom were, like herself, clad in the deepest mourning. A solemn silence prevailed on his entrance, and after a brief pause, the queen advanced ten or twelve paces to receive him, with a grave, stern, countenance, but with her wonted courtesy; and leading him to a window, apart from the rest, she said something apologetic for having delayed his audience, and demanded of him, "if it were possible that the strange news she had heard of the prince whom she so much loved, honoured, and confided in of all the world, could be true."[2]

La Mothe told her, "that in truth he had come to lament with her over the sad accident that had just occurred, to the infinite regret of the king, who had been compelled, for the security of his life, and that of the queen, his mother, and his two brothers, to put down the sedition and traitorous

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 123. [2] Ibid., 123, 124.

plots of those who had confederated against him many high and horrible treasons, and that what he had done, was as painful to him as if he had cut off one of his arms to preserve the rest of his body."

Elizabeth inquired, with eager curiosity, into the particulars; and lamented that the king had not proceeded against the admiral, and his adherents, according to the laws which punish treason; observing, "that although she had been unable to accept his majesty for a husband, she would always love and revere him as if she were his wife; that she was infinitely jealous of his honour, and believed that it was neither according to his disposition, nor from any premeditation of his own that these murders had happened; but from some strange accident, which time would elucidate."[1]

The convenient term "accident" was afterwards adopted by Elizabeth herself, on an occasion, when, as in the case of the royal culprits of St. Bartholomew, it implied an equivocating denial of a crime too black to be acknowledged, or defended by the perpetrator.

The French ambassador, notwithstanding the trepidation with which he had entered the presence of Elizabeth, and the chill which her first reception had given him, took courage before the audience ended, to present her with a love letter from the duke of Alençon, and she received it willingly, and read it with apparent satisfaction. She said, however, "that it had been her intention to send the most honourable ambassador that had been seen in France for a long time, to shew her respect for the most Christian queen, on the occasion of the birth of her first child, which was soon expected; but that, now, she should take care that neither Leicester or Burleigh went, knowing how much their deaths were desired by the persons, who were the instigators of what had taken place at Paris."

On leaving the queen, La Mothe had to go over the same slippery ground in explanations to the lords of her council, who were far from taking the matter as easily as their mistress had done. They would not hear of accidents or mistakes, but declared that the recent massacre was, without doubt, the most enormous crime that had been committed since the death of Jesus Christ, and loudly condemned the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. pp. 127, 128.

treachery and cruelty of those by whom it had been planned and executed.

In a letter to the king his master, dated September 29th, La Mothe describes the mortifying situation in which he and all his countrymen were placed in England, and says, "that no one will speak to him but the queen, who treats him with her accustomed urbanity."[1]

Not more atrocious, however, was the ruthless fanaticism, which prompted the butcher-work by which the day of St. Bartholomew was for ever rendered a watchword of reproach against Catholics, than the murderous spirit of cruelty and injustice which led the professors of the reformed faith to clamour for the blood of the captive Mary Stuart, as a victim to the manes of the slaughtered Protestants. Sandys, bishop of London, in a letter to Burleigh, enclosed a paper of measures, which he deemed expedient for the good of the realm, and the security of his royal mistress at that crisis, beginning with this startling article, "Forthwith to cut off the Scottish queen's head."[2] Burleigh endeavoured to prevail on Elizabeth to follow this sanguinary counsel, telling her, "that it was the only means of preventing her own deposition and murder." It is easy at all times to persuade hatred that revenge is an act of justice.

Elizabeth was beset by tempters of no common plausibility; men who had always a scripture text in readiness, to quiet the divine witness of conscience against crime. She had resisted their previous solicitations to take the life of her defenceless captive, and placed her refusal on high and noble grounds; but her resolves, whether in good or evil, were easily shaken. Her passions were stronger than her principles, and were excited without difficulty by persons of cooler temperaments than herself. Sooner or later, the inflexible Burleigh always carried his point with his stormy mistress. He had terrified her with plots and rumours of plots, till he succeeded in convincing her that she was in the utmost danger from the murderous machinations of Mary Stuart, and that it would be desirable to deprive her enemies of a rallying point, by putting that unfortunate lady to death.

Elizabeth shrunk from the idea of staining her hands with royal blood; but, like many others, had no objection to

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Ellis' Royal Letters, 2nd series, vol. iii. p. 25.

sin by deputy. A darker and more treacherous expedient than either a private or a judicial murder, in her own realm, was concocted between Burleigh, Leicester, and herself, as "the most convenient method of ridding herself," as Mr. Tytler observes, "of her hated and dangerous prisoner."[1] The Scotch had sold her fugitive rebel, the earl of Northumberland, into her hands, that she might execute her vengeance upon him; and Elizabeth in return, proposed, not to sell, but to resign their injured sovereign into the cruel hands of Morton and the regent Marr, to be dealt with in *the way of justice*—words which were tantamount to Cromwell's private memorandum, "to send such and such persons to London, to be tried and executed." There was, indeed, to be the mockery of a trial, but then the children or near kinsfolk of Morton and Marr, were to be put into the hands of the English queen, as hostages, that, trial or not, the execution of Mary was to take place within four hours after she was given up to their tender mercies.

The details of this iniquitous pact, are clearly and succinctly related by Mr. Tytler, and the actual documents may be seen in the State Paper Office.[2] The instructions for Killigrew, to whom the arrangement of "*the great matter*," as it was significantly termed by the diplomatic accomplices, was committed, are in Burleigh's own hand.[3] The muniments of history afford not a more disgraceful document; nor has the light of truth ever unveiled a blacker mass of evidence, than the correspondence between Killigrew and Burleigh, and Leicester, during the negotiation.

Mary had, however, ceased to be an object of alarm to the rebel lords; and even her deadly foe, Morton, the wily accomplice in Darnley's murder, would not undertake the office of the queen of England's hangman without a fee. Why should he and the regent Marr sell their souls for nought? They demanded money of the parsimonious Elizabeth—a yearly stipend withal, no less than the amount of the sum it cost her majesty for the safe keeping of her royal prisoner. The dark treaty was negotiated in the sick chamber of the guilty Morton; with the ardent approbation of the dying Knox; and, after nearly six weeks'

[1] History of Scotland, vol. vii. [2] Ibid. p. 310.

[3] MS. State Papers, in September, October, November, December, 1572, and in 1573.

demur, the regent Marr gave consent, but was immediately stricken with a mortal illness, and died at the end of twenty-four hours. Morton insisted on higher terms, and, more than that, an advantageous treaty, and the presence of three thousand English troops, under the command of the earls of Huntingdon, Essex, and Bedford, to assist at the execution, otherwise he would not undertake it.[1]

The last condition could not be conceded, for Elizabeth's share in the transaction was to be kept secret; and for the honour of the English character, it is doubtful whether three thousand men could have been found willing to assist at so revolting a tragedy. Eagerly as Burleigh thirsted for the blood of Mary Stuart, he dared not venture the experiment; but, in his bitter disappointment at the failure of his project, he wrote to Leicester that the queen must now fall back upon her last resource, for the safety of herself and kingdom :—

"God send her majesty," continues he, "strength of spirit to preserve God's cause, her own life, and the lives of millions of good subjects, all which are most manifestly in danger, and that only by her delays: and so consequently she shall be the cause of the overthrow of a noble crown and realm, which shall be a prey to all that can invade it. God be merciful to us!"[2]

Some natural doubts must be felt, by those, who have traced the long-hidden mysteries of these murderous intrigues, whether the person by whom they were devised, could havebelieved in the existence of that all-seeing Judge, whose name he so frequently repeats to his accomplice, in this cowardly design against the life of a persecuted and defenceless woman.

The worthy Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, to whom Elizabeth was very dear, not only as his sovereign, and the bulwark of the protestant church, but as the daughter of his unfortunate patroness, Anne Boleyn, wrote to Burleigh a marvellous account of the sayings of "a strange body," as he called some insane foreign incendiary, whom the mayor of Dover had apprehended and conducted to London, for using expressions touching the queen, Leicester, and Hatton, such as Mr. Mayor durst not commit to paper, but was ready to whisper to the premier, if he would give him the opportunity. The "strange body" had a brother in Calais, who had also said, "that he trusted to

[1] Tytler's Scotland, State Paper MSS.
[2] MS. Brit. Mus. Caligula, c. iii. fol. 386.

hear of as many throats cut in England, that winter, as had been in France, and that, within the twelvemonth, he doubted not but Henry's bones, and *maistres* Elizabeth's too, should be openly burned in Smithfield."[1] Notwithstanding all this perilous talking, the "strange body" had been discharged, and allowed to return to his own friends, being in all probability a wandering lunatic, not worth the trouble of subjecting to the torture.

The recent outrages on the Protestants in France, while they furnished Elizabeth's cabinet with an excuse for advocating the murder of Mary Stuart, rendered the negotiations for the queen's marriage with a catholic prince most distasteful to the people of England; but though apparently at an end, they were still carried on, *sub rosa*, between Elizabeth and the court of France, through the agency of monsieur de la Mothe. On the 11th of September, the queen-mother wrote to that statesman, apparently in reply to his recommendation of the English quack, who had undertaken to eradicate the traces of the small-pox, "I have seen the physician, Penna, but the visage of my son, Alençon, is much amended, and does amend every day; but I must be well certified that the said physician uses medicines such as I can see by writing what he does, so that it is evident he will do no harm. . . . . The said doctor can easily practise upon a page, and, if it does well, he can use his remedies on my son." Such were the private communications between England and France, when Elizabeth seemed publicly indignant for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.[2]

When La Mothe Fenelon communicated this interesting piece of information to Elizabeth, she said, "that she was astonished, considering the great love that Catherine had always shewn for her children, that she had not sooner endeavoured to remove so great a disfigurement as the scars which marred the countenance of the duke of Alençon."

Two or three days after this conversation, Elizabeth herself was attacked with the same malady, which had left such frightful traces of its ravages on the visage of her unlucky little suitor. The whole court were in a state of alarm, and Leicester again took upon himself the office of watch-

[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i.

[2] Letter of Catherine de Medicis, Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. p. 346.

ing her sick bed,[1] till the favourable nature of the symptoms relieved her ministers from the alarming apprehension of their being deprived of their beloved sovereign, and the yet more painful contingency of seeing her sceptre pass into the hands of Mary Stuart. The disease, however, passed lightly over Elizabeth, and she thus describes it in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, who, not without cause, had expressed great anxiety to be certified of her majesty's state:—

"Red spots began to appear in our face, like to be the small-pox, but, thanks be to Almighty God, the same vanished away."

She concludes, in her own hand—

"My faithful Shrewsbury, let not grief touch your heart for fear of my disease, for I assure you, if my credit were not greater than my show, there is no beholder would believe that I had been touched with such a malady.

"Your faithful sovereign,

"Eliz. Reg."

When Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, she thanked him for his attention during her late malady of the small-pox, and told him, "that the last time he was at Windsor, she had the stomach-ache, from taking a little mithridate, but she had given him permission to see her now, because he would be able to give their majesties of France a better account of her illness;" adding, playfully, "that she believed that when monseigneur the duke came to hear of it, he would wish that she had had just enough of it left on her face to prevent them from reproaching one another."

The complaisant ambassador replied in a high flown strain of compliment, "that the king of France, monseigneur the duke, and all connected with that crown, desired entirely the preservation of her surpassing endowments, regarding her beauty no less than those which adorned her greatness, and that they would have infinite pleasure in learning from his next despatch that she was so perfectly cured of this malady, that it had not left a vestige or trace on her countenance."[2]

His excellency added a piece of gratuitous flattery on his own account, which, from its excessive grossness, would

[1] "Her majesty hath been very sick this night," writes sir Thomas Smith, to Burleigh, "so that my lord of Leicester did watch with her all night."

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 184.

have been regarded by any lady less vain than Elizabeth, as downright impertinence. "That for his own part, he rejoiced, no less at the accident than the cure, for it was a sort of malady which shewed that her youth was not yet passed, nor ready to pass away for a long time, and that it had so greatly improved her charms, that she could never be in a better plight for matrimony than at present, nor more likely to fulfil the hopes of the nation, by continuing her illustrious line;" therefore, he besought her no longer to delay her own happiness, but to come to a favourable decision on the proposal of the duke.[1]

She rejoined, with a smile, "That she had not expected that his excellency had come to speak on that subject, just then; but rather to announce the accouchement of the most Christian queen, for already there was a report in London that she had borne a fair son, and she prayed to God that it might be so." The report was unfounded, for the queen of France brought forth a daughter on the 27th of October.

La Mothe Fenelon waited on Elizabeth to announce to her the birth of the little princess, to assure her of the continued devotion of the duke of Alençon, to inquire her intentions with regard to his proposal, and to inform her of the sentence passed by the parliament of France against the late admiral and his confederates, Briquemont and Cavagnes. The two last had been executed in the presence of the king, his mother, brethren, and the king of Navarre, by torch-light, the same day that the young queen of France had made the sanguinary monarch, Charles IX., the father of his first-born child.

Elizabeth was already well informed of a fact that had filled every heart with horror and disgust; and in her reply to the ambassador, she alluded to the circumstance with dignified and deserved censure. She said, "that his majesty could not have wished more for the safety of the queen, and her happy delivery, than she had done; that she could have desired that his felicity had been rendered more complete by the birth of a dauphin, but, nevertheless, the little princess would be very welcome in the world, and she prayed God to give her happiness equal to her illustrious rank and descent; and as she felt assured that she would

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v.

be fair and good, she regretted that her royal father should have polluted the day of her birth by so sad a spectacle, as that which his majesty had gone to see in the Grêve;" and called upon the ambassador for an explanation of that circumstance.

Heartily ashamed of the conduct of his sovereign, and too honest to defend it, La Mothe Fenelon only observed, "that the day had been marked by some evil, as well as much happiness; and that his master would not have assisted at such an act, if he had not had the example of other great kings on similar occasions."[1]

In respect to the duke of Alençon, Elizabeth said "that she had not yet received a reply to the last proposition that had been made by her ambassador, for which she had long waited; and that the picture of the state of France, as represented by him, filled her with extreme horror, for it seemed that everything was done against those of her own religion. As for the condemnation of the admiral and the others, if their ruin were the safety of the king of France, no one could be more glad than herself that they were dead."

On the 12th of November, Michel de Castelnau, sieur de Mauvissière, came over to solicit Elizabeth to accept the office of godmother to the infant princess of France, in conjunction with the empress. She gave him his first audience at Hampton Court; on which occasion he was presented by La Mothe Fenelon, and was most graciously received by the queen. He was the bearer of five letters to her majesty—from the king, the queen, the queen mother, monsieur, and the duke of Alençon. The first four he delivered to her majesty after he had recited his credence, but reserved that from Alençon till after the business, on which he came, had been discussed. The queen expressed her full appreciation of the compliment that was paid her on this occasion, and said, "that she took it as an especial mark of the king's friendship, that he should wish her to be his gossip (commère), for which she begged to thank him, and the royal mother, grandmother, and uncles of the *petite madame*, with much affection." She then made particular inquiries, as to what would be done by the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 205, 206.

empress on this occasion, and what princess she would send as her representative to perform this office for her; and went on to say, "that, for herself, she was at a loss for a person of sufficient rank to send on her part."

The countess of Lenox, as her nearest relation, and the first lady of the blood royal, would have been a proper substitute on this occasion; but her immediate connexion with the queen of Scots, and the infant king James, deterred Elizabeth from allowing her to proceed to France; and to prevent the possibility of jealousy, of any other lady of the court, whom she might have selected for this office, Elizabeth chose to be represented by a male proxy, at the baptism of the infant princess of France. William Somerset, earl of Worcester, a catholic, was the nobleman despatched by her on this mission; and her godmother's gift was a font of pure gold.

The queen kept her wily statesman, Walsingham, in France, as her ambassador, while her absurd marriage treaty was negotiating. He was eager for his recall, and his wife beset the queen, frequently with tears and lamentations, that she would permit him to come back. At last the clerk of the council, sir Thomas Smith, obtained a promise to that effect, in a dialogue related by him, in which he gives a glimpse of queen Elizabeth at her council board, not in the formal discussion of business, but in a little familiar chat, while official papers were receiving her signature:—

"At the signing of her majesty's letters to you," writes he to Walsingham, "this morning, I said to the queen—

"'Madam, my lord ambassador looks now to have some word from your majesty, respecting his return, it would comfort him very much.'"

"'Well,' said the queen, 'he shall come.'"

"'Yea,' quoth I, 'but the poor gentleman is almost dismayed; your majesty hath heard enough with what grief he doth tarry there.'"

"'Well,' said the queen, 'you may write to him that he shall come home shortly—we think, with my lord of Worcester.'"

"I said, 'indeed my lord's train would be the more honourable, if he had one ambassador to go with him, and another to return with him.'"

"'Yea,' saith her majesty, 'but there be some make

excuses that they would not go; but their excuses shall not serve them.'"

"I thanked her majesty, and came my *ways;* for she hasted to 'go *a-walking* with her ladies, because it was a frost.' It was in the pleasances of Hampton Court, she was anxious to walk that 'frosty December morning.' She hath appointed Mr. Carew, as the French ambassador, 'but he maketh great labour to the contrary, by her ladies of the privy chamber; yet, as I perceive by her last speech, he is to succeed you.' Yet, in the same letter, he says of the queen, 'ye know how long we be here a-resolving, and how easy to be altered.'"[1]

Walsingham was still detained. Sir Thomas Smith, whom he had urged to plead for the appointment of a substitute, writes thus to Burleigh on the subject:[2]—"I once again have moved the queen's majesty for Mr. Dale's going, and still she saith, 'there are other matters between her highness, and the duke (d'Alençon), which it is not fit Dale should be made privy unto.' Howsoever the matter is, I know not the reason; but, I perceive, as yet, neither his preparation, nor the loss which he is like to sustain, nor the grief of Mr. Walsingham, can make her majesty sign anything that appertaineth to his going." Smith went on to tell the queen that he had expressed a wish to Burleigh, that he would return. "Beshrew you," said she, "why did you send for him?" "Marry," replied the secretary, "madam, I did wish he were here at the departing of my lord of Worcester, to make perfect all things; first with France, and then with my lord of Desmond into Ireland." "Why," rejoined the queen, "I knew before, he would take physic at London, and then recreate himself awhile at Tongs. I beshrew you, for sending for him." "There is no hurt done," quoth the secretary, again; "madam, I will send him word again this night, what your majesty doth say; and I think then he will not be hasty to come, although I wish he were here. And then," continued he, "I had begun some instructions for my lord of Worcester, if any such questions were asked of him; for such a nobleman may not seem to be dumb, or ignorant of your high-

[1] Perfect Ambassador, by sir D. Digges. Letter of sir T. Smith to Walsingham, p. 301, December 11, 1572.

[2] Smith's Letter to Burleigh, in Wright, vol. i. p. 449.

ness's pleasure, in such things as may be asked. Otherwise, I think it be not your majesty's pleasure, that he should meddle in those—that is, for the French that be here, the marriage, and the traffic." All these her majesty liked well, but woman-like, said, "that she would have the marriage first." After Smith had submitted to her majesty some other matters of business, she bade him tell Burleigh, "that the count Montgomeri, and the vidame, had been with her, and urged her to send Hawkins, or some other, with a supply of powder to Rochelle, for the besieged Huguenots, under colour of its being driven there by stress of weather; but," she said, "that she knew not how to do that, having been solicited by the French ambassador not to aid them." "Her majesty," adds Smith, "prays you to think of it, and devise how it may be done, for she thinks it necessary; and if it were done, count Montgomeri possibly would end his life there, being weary of this idle life here."[1]

In this brief detail of the consultation between Elizabeth and her secretary of state, given by himself, to his colleague, Burleigh, we have a specimen of her manner of transacting business with her ministers, and a proof of the twofold treachery of her political conduct. She could not send the supplies to the gallant Rochellers, without infringing her friendly treaty with the king of France; but she is desirous that Burleigh should devise some underhand method of sending it, nevertheless; not from zeal to the cause of protestantism, but in the hope that she may, by that means, get rid of her inconvenient friend, the Huguenot agitator, Montgomeri.

When the earl of Worcester, and the splendid ambassade she had commissioned to assist at the christening of the little princess of France, sailed, the Huguenots, despairing of further encouragement from queen Elizabeth, sent a squadron to sea, for the purpose of intercepting her envoy, and making spoil of the rich presents with which his ship was freighted. They narrowly missed their object, but took and plundered two of the attendant vessels, and killed some of the passengers.[2]

Elizabeth was much exasperated at this outrage; but as it was attributed to pirates, she sent a fleet to clear the channel of all cruisers, and utterly refused to assist the brave

[1] Letter of Smith to Burleigh, in Wright. [2] Camden.

Rochellers with further supplies. She was now on the most affectionate terms with those *bêtes noirs* of history—Catherine de Medicis, and Charles IX., and appeared to regard the hopeful boy, Alençon, as her future husband. She again discussed the expediency of an interview, and received his letters with all due regard. The reader will probably have no objection to see a specimen of the style in which Elizabeth was addressed at this period, by her small suitor:—

FRANÇOIS DUKE OF ALENÇON TO ELIZABETH QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

"Madame,

"Whatsoever I have seen or heard, of the declaration you have made, of your good affection towards our marriage, has given me extreme pleasure and contentment, and also, that it has pleased you to plan an interview between you and I, which is a thing that I have so much at heart, that I can think of nothing but to do all that may be possible, for me to enjoy, instantly, this satisfaction, as I have had, for a length of time, the wish of offering very humble and agreeable service, in order to participate in your good graces; of this I have always assured you by my letters, but I desire to confirm it to you by word of mouth, if it be the will of God that this interview should take place, the which I hope will be in such a manner, and so favourable, that it will not pass over without the utmost pleasure to us both, as well as an advancement that will lead this negotiation to a good conclusion. The sieur de la Mothe Fenelon, ambassador of the king, my lord and brother, resident near you, has charge to inform you of some particular matters, to him I remit them.

"I will not make this letter longer than to say, that I kiss your hands very humbly, and to pray God, madame, that he will have you in his holy keeping.

"From St. Germain en Laye, the xx. of February.

"Your very obedient brother, to do you service,

"FRANCOYS."[1]

The apparent earnestness of this and other letters, written by Alençon to Elizabeth and her ministers, induced her, at length, to signify her consent for him to come to England. Scarcely had she done so, when the election of his brother Henry to the throne of Poland, caused a sudden change in her purpose. When the French ambassador, La Mothe, informed her of this event, she expressed the utmost amazement at the news; and, after offering her congratulations, she asked many questions, in a breath, on the subject, such as, "whether the emperor would take offence; whether the new king would make war against the Turks, or against the Muscovites; if he intended to espouse the princess of Poland, and if he would leave the siege of Rochelle to go

[1] I am indebted to the kindness of H. Symonds, Esq., of Exeter, for the communication of this curious royal love-letter, from the Rawlinson MSS. in Bodleian Library, Oxford.

there?"[1] This last, indeed, he did, in a manner inconsistent with his honour as a general, and his duty to his royal brother. The young Alençon succeeded to the command, but neither possessed his military talents, his experience, nor the confidence of the army.

Alençon wrote many love letters to the queen, from the camp before Rochelle, reiterating his desire to come and throw himself at her feet.[2] Elizabeth replied, "that her people liked not the business in which he was engaged, and if he came to woo her with his sword stained with protestant blood, he would be regarded by her subjects with horror; that neither she nor they could forget the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which had been perpetrated at a marriage festival." She ended by counselling him to use his influence to mediate a peace between the contending parties in France. Young as he was, Alençon was already considered a troublesome member of the royal house of France, and had acquired the jealousy and ill-will of his two elder brothers, who were most anxious to see him removed to England. It had been predicted to Catherine de Medicis, by a soothsayer, that all her children were born to become kings. Francis and Charles had successively worn the regal garland of France, Henri was elected king of Poland,—what, then, remained to fulfil the augury, but the marriage of Alençon with the queen of England?

From first to last there was, however, a suspicion that Elizabeth's preference for Leicester was the great obstacle which prevented her from concluding the matrimonial treaty with the young French prince. Mauvissière ventured to hint as much to the queen, during his embassy in 1573. "Tell your master," replied Elizabeth, "that I will never condescend to marry my subject, or make him my companion." The court of France, after this right royal declaration, despatched a special envoy, of high rank, Chateauneuf, to solicit the queen to grant a safe conduct for the royal youth to come and woo her in person, and the young gentleman seconded the request with letters, which, to use Castelnau's expression, "might have softened a

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon. [2] Camden.

frozen rock,"—they only increased the irresolution of Elizabeth.[1]

The state of the maiden court, during the merry month of May is thus described by the gossiping pen of Gilbert Talbot, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, his father. It presents anything but a pleasing picture of the jealousies, intrigues, and malignant spirit of scandal then subsisting among the gorgeous dames and statesmen, young and old, by whom the last of the Tudor monarchs was surrounded:—

"My lord of Leicester is very much with her majesty, and she shews him the same great good affection she was wont; of late, he has endeavoured to please her more than heretofore. There are two sisters now in the court that are very far in love with him, as they long have been; my lady Sheffield[2] and Frances Howard, they (striving who shall love him the best) are at great wars with each other, and the queen thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him; for this reason there are spies over him. My lord of Oxford is lately grown into great credit, for the queen's majesty delighteth more in his person, his dancing, and his valiantness, than any other. I think the earl of Sussex doth back him all he can, and were it not for his (Oxford's) fickle head, he would pass all of them shortly. My lady Burleigh has declared herself, as it were, jealous. (My lady Burleigh's daughter had married Oxford, who used her cruelly; she was, probably, jealous of the queen's coquetries with her daughter's husband.) The queen has not been a little offended with her, but now she is reconciled. At all these love matters my lord treasurer, Burleigh, winketh, and will not meddle any way."

"Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain," pursues young Talbot, "is sick still, it is thought he will hardly recover his disease, the queen goeth almost every day to see how he doth. Now, there are devices (chiefly by Leicester)

[1] A curious specimen of the characteristic, "she would and she would not," of this princess, appears in a recently-discovered letter of instruction, written by her on the subject of this safe-conduct for the duke d'Alençon, to Dr. Dale, one of her resident ministers at Paris, for which we are indebted to the learned research of Francis Worship, Esq.—Archæologia, vol. xxviii. pp. 393—398.

[2] Daughters of lord William Howard of Effingham. The secret marriage of Leicester with lady Sheffield took place soon after.

to make Mr. Edward Dyer as great as ever was Hatton; for now, in this time of Hatton's sickness, the time is convenient. Dyer was lately sick of a consumption, in great danger, and (as your lordship knows) has been in disgrace this two years. The queen was made to believe that his sickness came because of her displeasure towards him, so that unless she would forgive him, he was not like to recover; and hereupon her majesty has forgiven him, and sent unto him a very comfortable message. Now he has recovered again, and this is the beginning of the device. These things I hear of such young fellows as myself."

We are told by Howes, in his edition of Stowe, that in the 15th year of Elizabeth's reign, Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, presented her with a pair of gloves ornamented with four tufts of rose-coloured silk, and so deliciously scented, that she called it "the earl of Oxford's perfume;" and when she sat for her portrait invariably wore those favourite ornaments. This weak-minded young peer, presuming on the favour of the queen, and his all-powerful position, as the son-in-law of Burleigh, grossly insulted the accomplished sir Philip Sidney, before the French ambassador, in the Tennis-court, by calling him a puppy. Sir Philip retorted, with cutting scorn, "that all the world knew that dogs were the parents of puppies," and added his defiance. Oxford had no inclination to measure swords with the gallant Sidney, and the privy council interfered to prevent the encounter, but, as Sidney insisted on an apology, or personal satisfaction, her majesty was entreated to interpose.

Elizabeth sent for sir Philip, and told him "that there was a great difference in degree, between earls and private gentlemen, and that princes were bound to support the nobility, and to insist on their being treated with proper respect." Sir Philip replied, with a noble spirit of independence, "that place was never intended to privilege wrong—witness herself, who, sovereign though she were, must be content to govern by the laws." In respect to his adversary's superior station, he besought her majesty to remember, "that, although the earl were a great lord, yet was he no lord over him, and that the difference of degrees between free men, entitled him of the highest rank to no other homage than precedency." He then reminded her of her father's policy, in giving the gentry free and safe

appeal to the throne against the oppression of the grandees, finding it wisdom, by the stronger combination of numbers, to keep down the greater in power.

Elizabeth testified no displeasure at the boldness of her intrepid young courtier, yet he soon after retired into the country, where he employed his leisure in the composition of his elegant romance, the " Arcadia."[1]

Elizabeth left Greenwich, on the 14th of July, for her summer progress into Kent. Her first visit was to archbishop Parker, at Croydon, where she spent a week, and then proceeded to Orpington, the seat of sir Percival Hart. She was welcomed, at this mansion, by a nymph, who personated the genius of the house, and was conducted through several chambers, contrived to represent, by scenic effect, the panorama of a sea fight, 'which,' says the quaint topographer, by whom the incident is recorded, 'so much obliged the eye of this princess, with the charms of delight, that, on leaving the house, she bestowed on its master the *soubriquet* of 'Barque Hart,' in allusion to the barques and ships she had seen in his pageant."[2]

After praising the hospitality of the loyal squires of Kent, Elizabeth entered Sussex, and, on the 9th of August, reached the house of Mr. Guildford. The modern tourist will scarcely forbear from smiling at the following marvellous description, from the pen of Burleigh, of the perils of Elizabeth's journey through these counties:—" The queen had a hard beginning of her progress in the wild of Kent, and, lately, in some part of Sussex, where surely were more dangerous rocks and valleys, and much worse ground than in the peak."[3] They were then bending towards the Rye, on the way to Dover, which was to be the next resting-place, and where the premier trusted to have amends for their rugged pilgrimage.

[1] The moral beauty of the sentiments set forth by the illustrious Sidney, in the " Arcadia," affords a noble contrast to the Machiavelian policy that ruled the court and cabinet of Elizabeth. Two attractive little volumes, of exquisite maxims, have been culled, by the accomplished author of " Thaddeus of Warsaw," from the writings of sir Philip Sidney, enriched with her own editorial notes and observations, and were, many years ago, published under the title of " The Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney." It is with great pleasure we learn, that Miss Jane Porter is preparing a new edition of this beautiful work, with many additions, which will soon be forthcoming.

[2] Hasted's History of Kent.

[3] Burleigh's letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, in Strype.

Either at Mr. Guildford's house, or at Dover, Elizabeth gave audience to La Mothe Fenelon, who presented letters from the king of France, and her former suitor, Henry of Valois, requesting her to grant the latter free passage of the sea, on his voyage to take possession of his kingdom. She replied, "that to the persons of the king of Poland and his train in ordinary, and his furniture and effects, she would willingly guarantee her protection, either with, or without safe conduct, if the wind threw them on her coast, and that they should be treated as well and honourably as if they had landed on the coast of France, or in his own dominions; but as to his men-at-arms, she would freely tell him that she would not let them pass;" and, with a bitter allusion to the affront she had received in the late matrimonial negotiation, she added "that the king, and queen-mother of France, and even the prince, had undoubtedly had a great inclination for the marriage, but that the cardinal of Lorraine, for the sake of the queen of Scots, his niece, had found means to break it, and if he had had sufficient credit to do that, he might have as much in things of less consequence, and would possibly attempt some enterprise in favour of his niece, if so many soldiers were allowed to land in England."

La Mothe Fenelon said, "her majesty must pardon him, if he reminded her, that it was herself, and the people who were about her, who had interrupted and prevented her marriage with the king of Poland, and not the cardinal of Lorraine, who had always acted according to the wishes of their most Christian majesties, and counselled them for the advancement of their honour and power to which that marriage would have conduced, and also he had hoped much from it for the relief of the queen of Scotland, both personally, and in settling the affairs of her realm."[1]

Among the amusing incidents connected with Elizabeth's Kentish progress is the circumstance of the learned and amiable archbishop Parker considerately sending her premier, Burleigh, sundry tracts and treatises, illustrative of the history and antiquities of the places on the road, that he might be prepared to answer the questions, her majesty would be sure to ask him, respecting every feature of the country; and as she fancied he was a man possessed of the

[1] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. v. p. 389.

deepest knowledge and research on all subjects, it would not be desirable for her to find him at a loss on this. My lord-treasurer appears to have required, what the Eton boys term, a good deal of cramming on this occasion, for the archbishop had privately sent him before "Lambarde's Topographical Discourse of Kent," and now in addition, "the *Antiquitates Britannicæ*, and the new preface, intended by Lambarde to be added to his history of Kent, dedicated to Mr. Thomas Wotton," at whose house her majesty intended to halt; therefore the archbishop prayed Burleigh not to let him know that he had this preface in his possession.[1] He also sent him a curious history of Dover. Parker had made notes in all these works for Burleigh's better instruction in his duty of antiquarian cicerone to their royal mistress on the progress. To these Burleigh added his own corrections, where his quick eye detected errors or oversights, and sent the treatises back to the archbishop with his revise.[2]

From Dover, the queen proceeded to Canterbury, where she arrived September 3rd. She was met at Folkestone by the archbishop Parker, lord Cobham, and a gallant company of the chivalry of the county, who conducted her to the city with great respect. One of her MS. wardrobe books bears record of the following minor mishap that befel her majesty on that day.

"At Mr. Hawkes's, lost from the queen's majesty's hat one small fish of gold, with a diamond in it. 3rd of September, anno 16."[3]

It is well known, that, out of compliment to her royal French suitor, the duc d'Alençon, Elizabeth cherished the jewelled similitude of a frog in her bosom, in the form of a brooch; but whether this *petit poisson* of gold, with which she adorned her hat, was emblematical of any of her numerous train of lovers, we presume not to decide.

Elizabeth was lodged in the ancient episcopal palace of St. Augustine, where she and all her ladies, officers of state, and the members of her council, were entertained at the sole expense of the archbishop. While there, a new envoy from the court of France, Gondi, count de Retz, arrived, for the purpose of informing her majesty that her juvenile

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Nichols. Strype's Parker.
[3] MSS. Phillipps.

suitor, Alençon, was attacked with the measles,[1] which illness, his royal mamma afterwards declared, had obliterated the traces of the small-pox from his countenance.[2]

De Retz, though a Catholic, accompanied the queen to hear the service of the church of England in the cathedral, and was so enraptured with the music, that forgetful of time and place, he exclaimed aloud, "O God, I think no prince in Europe, not even our holy father the pope, ever heard the like." Unfortunately this enthusiastic sally of the musical ambassador, struck a discordant chord on the ear of a student standing near, who fiercely rejoined—"Ha! do you compare our queen to the knave of Rome, and even prefer him to her?" Our reader will remember that defiances of the pope, were at that time, even introduced into the versions of David's psalms, as in the following specimen of Robin Wisdom's paraphrases :—

> "Defend us, Lord, by thy dear word;
> From Pope and Turk, defend us Lord."

But marshal de Retz, not being fully aware of the state of excited zeal, which then pervaded protestant England, took great umbrage at the incivility of the remark, and complained to some of her majesty's councillors, who were present. These made light of it, entreating him "to take it patiently, for the boys," said they, "do call him so, and the Roman Antichrist too." "He departed, with a sad countenance," says bishop Parkhurst, by whom this characteristic trait of the spirit of the sixteenth century is related.[3]

Notwithstanding the affront he had received in the cathedral, the ambassador dined at the archbishop's palace with the queen. After dinner he had much discourse with her on matrimony and politics.[4] The queen's birth-day occurring while she was at Canterbury, was celebrated with the greatest festivity by Parker, who gave a magnificent banquet, on that occasion, to her majesty, and her court and council. The archbishop feasted them in his great hall, which had been newly repaired and decorated for the occasion. Her highness was seated in the midst, in a marble chair, covered with cloth of gold, having two French ambassadors at one end of the table, and four ladies of

[1] Camden.
[2] In a letter to Gualter of Zurich.
[3] Despatches of Fenelon.
[4] Strype.

honour at the other end. "The queen was served by none but nobles, even to the washing of her hands," says Parker, "her gentlemen and guard bringing her the dishes." So grand an assembly had not been seen since Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles V. dined in that hall in the year 1519.

Elizabeth was so well pleased with the entertainment she received from the munificent, learned, and hospitable archbishop, that she prolonged her stay at Canterbury a whole fortnight. She went to church every Sunday in state, to hear both sermon and evensong while she stayed, being conducted under a canopy to her traverse by the communion board, as Parker then termed the altar.

Of Elizabeth, it is recorded, that she never travelled on a Sunday, but made a point of resting on that day, and attending divine service at the parish church nearest to her lodging. A good and edifying custom; but unfortunately her respect for the Sabbath was confined to the act of joining in public worship, for the rest of the day was devoted to sports unmeet for any Christian lady to witness, much less to provide for the amusement of herself and court; but Elizabeth shared in the boisterous glee with which they were greeted by the ruder portion of the spectators. Bear and bull-baitings, tilts, tourneys, and wrestling, were among the noon-day divertisements of the maiden majesty of England—dancing, music, cards, and pageants brought up the rear of her sabbath amusements. These follies were justly censured by the more rigid reformers.

In the days of Elizabeth, the harvest-home festival, in Berkshire, was still celebrated by the farmers and peasants with rites in honour of Ceres, whose effigy was carried on the top of the last load of corn.[1] A custom derived from the Roman conquerors of the island.

On the last day of August, Elizabeth visited Sandwich, where her reception, if less magnificent than in more wealthy towns, was most affectionate, and arranged with exquisite taste. All the town was gravelled and strewn with rushes, flowers, flags, and the like, every house painted black and white, and garlanded with vine branches, supported on cords across the streets, interspersed with garlands of choice flowers, forming a bowered arcade for her

[1] Hentzner's Travels.

majesty to pass under to her lodgings—a fine newly built house, adorned with her arms, and hung with tapestry.[1] The town orator made her majesty an harangue, which she was graciously pleased to commend, observing "that it was both eloquent and well handled." Then he presented her a gold cup, worth a hundred pounds, which she received from the mayor's son. The orator, who was a clergyman, presented the queen also with a Greek Testament, which she received very thankfully, and it is to be noted, that, even in this maritime town, verses were fixed upon every post and corner, the same as at Oxford; and at the entry to her lodgings, all these verses were put in a tablet, and hung up.

The next day, she was entertained with a variety of nautical combats in boats, and the storming of a fort at Stonor, which had been built up for that purpose. The following day, Mrs. Mayoress and her sister, the jurat's wife, made her majesty a goodly banquet of 150 dishes, in the school-house, and the schoolmaster made her an oration, and presented her a cup of silver gilt, with a cover nearly a cubit high, to whom Elizabeth answered, "*Gaudeo me in hoc natam esse, ut vobis et ecclesia Dei prossim*,"[2] and so entered the school-house, where she was very merry, and ate of divers dishes, without any assay; that is, she shewed her confidence in the affection of her loyal mayoress of Sandwich, by dispensing with the usual ceremony of having the dishes tasted first. So highly did she approve of the cookery withal, that she caused some of the viands to be reserved for her private use, and ordered them to be carried to her lodgings.

On the day of her departure, a hundred, or six score, children, English and Dutch, were exalted on a bank, built up of turf, and spun fine baize yarn for the amusement of her majesty,[3] who was always well pleased at exhibitions tending to the encouragement of the industrious classes. The improvement of manufactures, and the establishment of crafts, which gave employment and prosperity to the great body of her people, were always leading objects with Elizabeth, and

[1] Corporation of Sandwich Records, by Boys.

[2] I am glad to have been born in this age, that I may aid you, and the church of God.

[3] Records of the Corporation of Sandwich, by W. Boys.

to those ends her progresses conduced. The royal eye, like sunshine, fostered the seeds of useful enterprise, and it was the glory of the last of the Tudors, that she manifested a truly maternal interest in beholding them spring up and flourish. At her departure, Mr. Mayor presented a supplication for the haven of Sandwich, which she took, and promised herself to read. Burleigh, Leicester, Sussex, and the lord-admiral, also promised their furtherance in the suit, touching the improvement of the haven.

Elizabeth visited Rochester on her homeward route, towards Greenwich, for the purpose of surveying her dock-yards, and the progress of her naval improvements at Chatham. She spent four or five days at the Crown Inn, at Rochester, and attended divine service at the cathedral, on the Sunday. She afterwards became the guest of a private gentleman of the name of Watts, at Bully-hill, and gave the name of *Satis* to his mansion, as a gracious intimation that it was all-sufficient for her comfort and contentment.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Elizabeth's talents as a peace-sovereign—Renews the treaty with Alençon—Plans an interview with him—Her progresses—Her new year's gifts—Receives three night-caps from the queen of Scots—Elizabeth's anger at Henry III.'s marriage—Note to her godson—Anecdotes of her private life—Her costume—Presents from her courtiers—Losses in her wardrobe—Her persecutions—Her visit to Kenilworth—Offered the sovereignty of the Netherlands—Progress into Suffolk, &c.—Her letters of condolence—Her visit to Norwich—Harsh usage of her host at Euston hall—Her favour to the envoy of Alençon—She excites Leicester's jealousy—Discovers Leicester's marriage—Her anger—Fancies she is bewitched—Her council deliberate on her tooth-ache—Incognito visit of Alençon (*now Anjou*)—The council oppose Elizabeth's marriage with him—Her irritation, anxiety, and demurs—Characteristics of Elizabeth—Her habit of swearing—Discrimination of character—Her patronage of Drake—Her letter to sir Edward Stafford—Second visit of Anjou to England—Elizabeth's loving demeanour to him—Her ladies oppose the marriage—Elizabeth's fondness for Anjou—Accompanies him part of his journey homewards—Her love-verses—Regrets for his loss—Her interview with Edmund Campian—Her letter to Burleigh—Her maids of honour—Her illegitimate brother, sir J. Perrot—His insolent speeches regarding her—She refuses to sign his death-warrant—Her cruel usage of Ireland.

Elizabeth's real greatness, was as a peace-sovereign; she was formed and fitted for domestic government, and her admirable talents for statistics would have established a golden age in England, if she had been contented to employ her energies, wholly as a civilizer. Her foreign wars were a series of expensive blunders, injurious to commerce, little conducive to the military glory of the realm, and attended with a sacrifice of the flower of the English chivalry. If she had not interfered in the quarrels between

other sovereigns and their subjects, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of repeated property-taxes on her own, to defray the expenses of the needless wars in which her crooked policy entangled her, and to pay the pensions of the Scotch patriots, who devoured so large a portion of English gold, and beguiled her into the ungracious office of jailor to their queen—an office which entailed upwards of eighteen years of internal discord on her realm, planted the first thorns in her own diadem, and sullied the brightness of her annals with stains of indelible blackness.

Alas! that the biographer of Elizabeth should be compelled to turn from the lovely picture of an enlightened female sovereign, smiling on the labours of the children of her own subjects, blended with those of the little Flemish refugees in the Sandwich school of industry, to depict her presiding like Atropos, over racks and gibbets, and all the horrible panoply of religious and political tyranny.

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her Kentish progress, the following strange circumstance occurred: a crazy fanatic, named Peter Burchet, having persuaded himself, by the misapplication of certain scripture texts, that it was lawful to kill all who opposed the gospel—that is to say, those who took a different view of church government from the furious sect to which he belonged—wounded the famous naval commander, Hawkins, with his dagger, mistaking him for Sir Christopher Hatton, whom he intended to despatch as an enemy of the Puritans. The queen was so much incensed at this outrage, that she ordered justice to be done on Burchet, in the summary way of martial law,[1] and directed her secretary to bring the commission to her after dinner for her signature. Sussex, her lord chamberlain, wrote in great haste to Burleigh, to apprise him of her majesty's intention; and that he and all her lords in waiting, were in consternation at the royal mandate. "What will become of this act after dinner," says he, "your lordship shall hear to-night."[2] Her prudent counsellors succeeded, finally, in convincing her majesty, that the ceremony of a trial was necessary before an Englishman could be executed for any offence whatsoever. It appears almost incredible, that Elizabeth, after reigning sixteen years, should require to

[1] Camden. [2] Ellis' Royal Letters, second series, vol. iii.

be enlightened on this point; and to be informed, that martial law was only used in times of open rebellion.[1]

The terror of the plague was always uppermost in the minds of all persons in the sixteenth century, at every instance of sudden death. One day in November, 1573, queen Elizabeth was conversing with her ladies in her privy chamber, at Greenwich palace, when, on a sudden, the mother of the maids was seized with illness, and expired directly in her presence. Queen Elizabeth was so much alarmed at this circumstance, that in less than an hour she left her palace at Greenwich, and went to Westminster, where she remained.[2]

The year 1574 commenced with new efforts on the part of the court of France, to conclude the matrimonial treat between the duke of Alençon and Elizabeth. Mauvissiye arrived in January, to woo the queen in his behalfèrnd to solicit that she would send him a safe conduct to , a her, and plead his own cause. In a recently dislevisit t ter, from Elizabeth to Dr. Dale,[3] on this subject, she exhibits her usual caution and feminine vacillation. She says—

"The French ambassador sithens the return of our servant Randolph, hath sundry times had access unto us, requiring our answer, whether we could allow of the coming over of the duke of Alençon, upon the view of his portraiture, brought over by our said servant."

She goes on to state "that she has had sundry conferences with her council, and finds they were of opinion that it might impair the amity between England and France, if, on coming, there should be no liking between her and the duke; that she understood, moreover, that a fresh enterprise against Rochelle was intended, and new jealousy and misliking conceived in her subjects' hearts against the match. That she had represented these things to the French ambassador, but he persisted in urging her to grant a public interview to the prince, which she had declined—"For that," pursues her majesty—

[1] Burchet was tried, condemned, and hanged, having first killed one of his keepers with a billet of wood, which he took out of a chimney. He had his right hand stricken off at the gallows for this last outrage, and died, says the chronicler, with a silent reluctancy. Camden. Ellis' Royal Letters.

[2] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 454.

[3] Communicated by Francis Worship, esq., F.A.S.

"We can be put in no comfort by those, that desire most our marriage, and are well affected to the crown, who have seen the young gentleman, that there will grow any satisfaction of our persons; and therefore you may say, that if it were not to satisfy the earnest request of our good brother the king, and the queen, his mother, (whose honourable dealing towards us, as well in seeking us himself, as in offering unto us both his brethren, we cannot but esteem as an infallible argument of their great good wills towards us,) we could in no case be induced to allow of his coming, neither publicly nor privately; for that we fear, (notwithstanding the great protestations he and his mother make to the contrary,) that if upon the interview, satisfaction follow not, there is likely to ensue, instead of straighter amity, disdain and unkindness."

Her majesty, however, goes on to say, "that if none of these doubts, that she has suggested, will deter monsieur le duc from coming over in some sort of disguise; then Dale is to tell the king from her," that she wishes that the gentleman in whose company he may come over, as one of his followers, may not be a person of such high rank as the duke de Montmorenci, nor accompanied with any great train; "for," pursues she, "if there follow no liking between us after a view taken the one of the other, the more secretly it be handled, the least touch will it be to our honours." Elizabeth concludes this amusing piece of diplomatic coquetry, with a really kind request, to be preferred in her name to the king of France and queen-mother, in behalf of a noble protestant lady, a daughter of the duc de Montpensier, then an exile for conscience' sake, in Germany, that she may enjoy the benefit of the late edict. The last paragraph does Elizabeth honour:—

"You shall therefore say unto queen-mother from us, that we desire her to join you in the furtherance of this suit to the king her son, our good brother, who we hope, as well for our sakes, as that the gentlewoman is so near of blood unto her children; and that it is a natural virtue, incident to our sex, to be pitiful of those that are afflicted, will so tender her case, as by her good means, the gentlewoman shall be relieved, and we gratified; which we shall be ready to requite, as the occasion shall serve us."[1]

The plan suggested by Elizabeth, for obtaining a private view of Alençon, did not suit the policy of the royal family of France, whose object it was to induce her to commit herself irrevocably in the negotiation. Charles IX. offered to come to the opposite coast of Picardy, ostensibly for the benefit of his health, bringing his brother in his train, whom he would send over as a wooer, in grand state, to Dover, whither queen Elizabeth should come to meet him. This plan Elizabeth affectedly declined, as too decided a step,

[1] Archæologia, vol. xxviii., p. 393—398.

towards a suitor, to be taken by a maid. The truth was, she meant to receive personally, all the homage and flatteries of a new lover, without in any way committing herself in public opinion. To this end, she proposed that Alençon should slip over from the coast of Picardy, to lord Cobham's seat, near Gravesend, from whence he was to take barge privately, and land at the water stairs of Greenwich palace, where she would be ready to welcome him, with all the delights her private household could afford.[1]

This fine scheme was cut short by the discovery of a political conspiracy, of which the hopeful youth Alençon was found to be the head. The quartan ague of Charles IX. was, in reality, a fatal consumption; and all his people perceived that he was dropping into the grave. Alençon, seeing that the next heir, his brother, Henry, king of Poland, was absent, began to intrigue with the protestant leaders to be placed on the throne of France; which plot being discovered by his mother, he, with Henry king of Navarre, were committed prisoners to the castle of Vincennes.

Alençon basely betrayed his allies, la Mole and Corconnas,[2] and the whole protestant interest, to make peace with his own family. Some suspicion existed that queen Elizabeth herself was at the bottom of the plot. However this might be, its discovery entirely broke off the marriage treaty between the mature queen, and the ill-conditioned imp, Alençon, for Catherine de Medicis caused La Mothe to ask Elizabeth, "whether she had received so ill an impression of her son, that she would not go on with the marriage treaty?"

To which Elizabeth replied, "I cannot be so ungrateful as to think ill of a prince, who thinks so well of me, but I must tell you decisively, that I will not take a husband with irons on his feet."[3]

He was released on this hint, and used by Elizabeth as a ready tool for embarrassing the government of his brother, as the head of a middle party.

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 56, 83, 98.

[2] They were soon after executed, to the great displeasure of Elizabeth.

[3] All the Protestants despised Alençon as an unprincipled betrayer, who had only leagued with them to gain their secrets for the information of the royal family; but he appears to have been in earnest when he desired, by their means, to circumvent his elder brother, Henry.

One of those dialogues, often narrated in ambassadors' despatches at that era, took place between the virgin queen and La Mothe, after the death of Charles IX. The affairs of the new king, Henry III., then absent in Poland, were in an awkward predicament; and his faithful ambassador, fearful lest her majesty of England might retain some spiteful reminiscences of the uncivil mode in which Henry had, when duke of Anjou, broken off his marriage with her, ventured to deprecate her wrath, by saying, that "a cloud had a little passed between his new sovereign and her, which he hoped would not cast any blight on their alliance."

The queen, who wore mourning for her good brother, Charles IX., and had not only "composed her face very strongly to grief and dolour," but had let a tear fall on her black dress, answered this speech by throwing out a hint, that another marriage proposal from him was not altogether unexpected by her courtiers. "The cloud you speak of," she said, to the ambassador, "has wholly passed by, and many other things have intervened, which have made me forget all the past; indeed, it was but yesterday, that one of my people observed to me, 'that I had made a difficulty of espousing Henry, because he was not a king; he was at present doubly king,[1] therefore I ought to be content.' I replied," continued queen Elizabeth, "that Henry III. had always been right royal, but that a matter more high than crowns had parted us; even religion, which had often made crowned heads renounce the world altogether, in order to follow God, and that neither I, nor the king ought to repine at what they had done."[2]

This would have been a most respectable version of the affair, if it had been true; but, of course, no one disputed the turn the queen chose to give to the rupture of this absurd marriage treaty, which, notwithstanding all she said regarding religion, she was desirous of renewing.

Whether from a spirit of mischief, or from a downright blundering want of tact, inexcusable in a queen, who intermeddled so restlessly in public affairs, Catherine de Medicis wrote to queen Elizabeth, a letter of apology for her son's

[1] Of France by inheritance, and of Poland by election. He ran away from the Poles when he succeeded to the French crown, to their infinite indignation.

[2] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 159, 160.

former rudeness; and this forced the English queen to remember most unwillingly all impertinences past, which she had very prudently forgotten. The discussion of this malapropos apology, occurred in July, 1574, at a state audience, when the French ambassador delivered to the maiden majesty of England, the first credentials addressed to her by Henry III., as king of France. Her demeanour, when she took the packet, was a part got up with her usual study of stage effect.[1] "First, on opening it, she threw her eyes on the signature, and heaved an audible sigh, at finding CHARLES no longer; she then observed very graciously, "that it was now a HENRY that she found there;" and she read at length, very curiously, the said letter. What she found therein, is not stated, but her comments on its contents were original enough. "She was not," she said, "exactly a lioness; yet she allowed she had the temperament, and was the issue of the lion, and that accordingly as the king of France behaved placably to her, so he should find her soft and tractable, as he could desire; but if he were rough, she should take the trouble to be as rude and offensive as possible."

This prelude was a little ominous, and Elizabeth began to give angry hints of a circumstance, which would probably interrupt the harmony between the two kingdoms; so saying, she put into the ambassador's hands, the letter she had lately received from queen Catherine, and desired him to read it through. He declared he was thoroughly aghast, and unable to guess what was coming; however, he began to read, skipping over the ciphered portion, and read on till he came to the paragraph, wherein Catherine apologised for her son's giddiness, "in having *miscalled* her English majesty, and hoped that she would not bear any enmity to him on that account." The ambassador declared "that he stopped short, and looked at queen Elizabeth, but he saw she had not got her speech ready; and she bade him, 'go on, and finish the letter.'" At the end, the execution of the count de Montgomeri, the Huguenot leader, was announced to Elizabeth—a circumstance likely to enrage her, since she had long harboured him among the Channel Islands, whence he had invaded France repeatedly.[2]

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 190.

[2] Catherine de Medicis had seized him, not without circumstances of

Elizabeth took no notice of the catastrophe of her protegé; but commented on the apology offered by Catherine de Medicis, by saying, "that if Henry III. had miscalled her, she either did not know, or had forgotten it. Not that she had been well treated in the marriage proposal; for when all was agreed upon, and she had arranged that he was to have the exercise of his religion in private, and she had sent a councillor to signify her compliance, it was found that Henry had taken a directly contrary resolution. And though she could not justly blame him for having averted a marriage with *an old woman*,[1] yet she must once again repeat that her good affection and kind intentions deserved a more civil return."

The poor ambassador could only remind her, by way of reply, "that all the impediments had proceeded from herself, and that if she had been willing, his king had now been all her own."

This compliment was graciously taken; and La Mothe felt assured, as he expressly sent word to France, the queen of England's end in the whole conversation was, to induce a new proposal from the bachelor-king of France, which would now certainly meet with a more prosperous conclusion.

Elizabeth finished the discussion by calling Leicester; he came and knelt before her, and soon after she rose and withdrew. Her expectation of a new offer from Henry III. was useless, that monarch had fallen in love on his homeward journey from Poland, with Louise of Lorraine, a pretty but portionless princess of his own age, and he married her at his coronation, in the ensuing February; to the infinite indignation of Elizabeth, which she displayed by a series of bickerings with the French court.

Before the end of the year she flamed out into open anger, on a provocation which it little suited her dignity to notice. Lord North, the ambassador whom she had sent

treachery, and hurried him to the block. This was the principal action which distinguished her second regency, during the absence of her son Henry in Poland. She exulted in it because the lance of Montgomeri had slain her husband at the tournament, and what was worse, after being set at liberty by the chivalric injunction of the dying king, he had for ten years led insurrections in France.

[1] This was one of the phrases for which Catherine de Medicis had apologised so officiously.

to congratulate Henry III. on his accession, had transmitted home a series of reports, which particularly enraged her; affirming, "that she had been ridiculed by the buffoons of the French court, at the instigation of the duke of Guise, the relative of Louise of Lorraine, aided by the queen-mother, Catherine. They had," he declared, "moreover dressed up a buffoon in the English fashion, and called him in derision, a *milor* of the *north;* but, in reality, the buffoon represented king Henry VIII." Queen Elizabeth repeated all these stories to that flower of politesse, and conciliating compliment, La Mothe, before her whole court, to the great consternation of the poor ambassador, who says—"She raised her voice in great choler, and told me so loud, that all her ladies and officers could hear her discourse, adding, with very gross words, 'that the queen-mother should not have spoken so dishonourably, and in derision of so illustrious a prince, as her late father, king Henry; and that the said lord North ought to have told those, who were mimicking him, how the tailors of France might easily remember the fashion of the habiliments of this great king, since he had crossed the sea more than once with warlike ensigns displayed, and had some concern with the people there." He had, she meant to insinuate, taken Terrouenne and Boulogne by storm.

The ambassador declared "he would maintain to the last sigh of his life," that *milor* North had neither seen nor heard anything of the kind; for the queen-mother was far too courteous and well-behaved a princess, and the duke of Guise too finished a chevalier to say, or cause to be said, anything which reflected on the queen of England, the dignity of her crown, or the honour of the late king Henry her father, "that *milor* North had misunderstood the whole, and was, consequently, a bad negotiator between princes."[1] This brouillèe had nearly occasioned a declaration of war between England and France, for La Mothe affirmed, "that her words were so high, that if the affairs of his master had permitted it, he would have defied her to war, and returned home instantly." But all lord North's budget was not communicated to him at once, for in a subsequent private interview, Elizabeth told La Mothe, "how she had heard that two female dwarfs had been dressed up in the

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 331.

chamber of Catherine de Medicis, and that the queen and her maids had excited them to mimic her (queen Elizabeth), and ever and anon, thrown in injurious words, to prompt the vile little buffoons to a vein of greater derision and mockery."

La Mothe, in reply, assured her, "that to his certain knowledge the queen-mother of France, had been unwearied in praising her English majesty's beauty and good qualities to her son, the king of France, when he was duke of Anjou, and her suitor, and he roundly laid the whole on *milor* North's utter ignorance of the French language, which had caused him to mistake the whole tenour of what he described." This apology had so good an effect on queen Elizabeth, that she forthwith desired to be excused, "if, out of ignorance of the French language, she herself, had made use of any unbecoming phrases regarding Catherine de Medicis."

The tribulation of the tormented ambassador, when describing these embarrassing scenes with the offended majesty of England, is irresistibly diverting; he slily remarks, however, "that it was not the mockery of her father, first mentioned, but of herself, which had really laid boiling and swelling at the bottom of her heart." Several interviews took place before the adroit Frenchman succeeded in flattering Elizabeth into a placable humour again.

This year, Elizabeth visited the archbishop of Canterbury at his summer palace at Croydon. The learned primate, his comptroller, secretaries, and chamberers, were at their wits' ends, where and how to find sleeping accommodation for her majesty, and her numerous train of ladies and officers of state, on this occasion. There is a pitiful note, signed J. Bowyer, appended to the list of these illustrious guests, for whom suitable dormitories could not be assigned, in which he says:—

"For the queen's waiters, I cannot find any convenient rooms to place them in, but I will do the best I can to place them elsewhere; but if it will please you, sir, that I do remove them, the grooms of the privy chamber, nor Mr. Drury, have no other way to their chambers but to pass through that where my lady Oxford should come. I cannot then tell where to place Mr. Hatton; and for my lady Carewe, there is no place with a chimney for her, but that she must lay abroad by Mrs. A. Parry and the rest of the privy chamber. For Mrs. Shelton, there are no rooms with a chimney; I shall stay one chamber without for her. Here is as much as I am able to do in this house. From Croydon."[1]

[1] Sloane MS. 1—4, 160, n. 217.

Elizabeth and her court went in progress to Worcester, August 18th, 1574, and remained till the 20th. While there, she made a grant of free-bench to the widows of the city, by which they were empowered to a life interest in the property of their deceased husbands, in defiance of creditors, or any other claimants.[1] On the day of her arrival, after listening very graciously to the welcome of Mr. Bell, the town orator, she checked her horse opposite St. Nicholas' church, to look at the structure; on which her loyal lieges shouted, "God save your grace!" and she, throwing up her cap, with a heartiness that did her honour, responded, "And I say, God bless you all, my good people!"[2]

From Worcester she proceeded to Bristol, where she was entertained with pageants of a martial and allegorical character, and inspired a great deal of adulatory poetry. On her way from Bristol, she honoured Katharine Parr's nephew, Henry earl of Pembroke, with a visit, and was magnificently entertained by him and his countess, the learned and amiable sister of sir Philip Sidney, for several days at Wilton house. While there, she hunted the deer in Clarendon park with greyhounds.

The same year, a private marriage was made between lord Charles Lenox and the daughter of the countess of Shrewsbury. As the bridegroom stood next to his mother, after Mary Stuart and her son, in the natural order of the regal succession, Elizabeth was much offended at his presuming to marry, and, as a token of her displeasure, committed both the intriguing mothers, the countess of Lenox and her of Shrewsbury, to prison. They made their peace by laying the blame of what had happened on the captive queen of Scots.

Even Burleigh came in for a share of the irritation of temper, which the jealousy of Elizabeth's disposition induced at this crisis. He had been to Buxton, which had just become a fashionable place of resort for gouty and rheumatic sufferers, the queen of Scots having derived some benefit from her visits to that place. Elizabeth took great offence at her premier choosing to resort to the same place, although his maladies were of the kind for which its waters were esteemed so efficacious. He writes, in a pitiful strain,

[1] Green's Worcester. [2] Nash's Worcester.

to the earl of Shrewsbury, of the rating he had received for this offence:—"Her majesty did conceive that my being there was by means of your lordship and lady Shrewsbury, to enter into intelligence with the queen of Scots; and at my return to her majesty's (Elizabeth) presence, I had very sharp reproofs for my going to Buxton, with plain charging me for favouring the queen of Scots, and that in so earnest a sort as I never looked for, knowing my integrity to her majesty." Thus all in turn drank of the poisoned chalice their own injustice had brewed, and the captive was scarcely more wretched than mutual doubts and recriminating suspicions made the powerful sovereign, her prime minister, and the great noble who played the gaoler to the oppressed lady.

In the midst of all these heartburnings, one Corker, a malcontent chaplain belonging to the lord Shrewsbury, ran away to court, and repeated, with many additions of his own, all the *on dits* he could gather at Sheffield castle regarding queen Elizabeth, to her great indignation. In the correspondence and controversy concerning these grievances, an anecdote presents itself, which is illustrative of Elizabeth's character. It is related by Shrewsbury to Walsingham, in the course of his explanations "touching that viper Corker." "It pleased the queen's majesty (Elizabeth) to send me word that she did not condemn me for anything, saving for certain conversations her highness had vouchsafed unto me, which I had disclosed to him. The truth is, it pleased her majesty once, upon some occasion, to tell me how wonderfully God had preserved her from her enemies. Once on a time, having notice of a man who had undertaken to execute mischief to her sacred person, his stature and some scars of his face being described to her, she happened, as she was in progress, amongst a multitude of others, to discover that man; yet not being alarmed at the view of him, she called my lord of Leicester, and shewed that man to him; he was apprehended, and found to be the same. Now this wicked serpent, Corker, added, that after relating this incident, I should infer and say, 'that her majesty thought herself a goddess, that could not be touched by the hand of man;' whereas I never uttered such a thing, neither a whit more than her majesty's own sacred mouth pronounced to me; the which I uttered to him as a proof of God's merciful providence over her, and

that false addition proceeded only out of his most wicked head and perilous invention; and yet this did so sink into her majesty's conceit against me, as I verily think it hath been the cause of her indignation; but I humbly beseech her majesty to behold me with the sweet eyes of her compassion, that I may either prove myself clear and guiltless, or else be for ever rejected as a castaway."[1]

The commencement of the year 1575 found Elizabeth in high good humour; she received the congratulations and compliments of monsieur de la Mothe on the new year's day very graciously, attributing the recent misunderstandings with the royal family of France to the mistakes caused by lord North's ignorance of the French language. She was pleased to add, "that the trouble in which his excellency had remained since their last conference, recalled to her mind the distress in which she herself was plunged when the late queen, her sister, in consequence of some misconceived words regarding her, had caused her to be examined in the Tower."[2] Elizabeth was certainly fond of recurring to that epoch of her life, but her allusions, as in the above instance, rather tend to mystify than elucidate the true cause of her imprisonment.

The ambassador, perceiving that this confidential remark was intended as an extension of the olive branch, adroitly took the opportunity of presenting to Elizabeth, as a new year's gift from the queen of Scots, a very elegant headdress of net-work, wrought by her own hand very delicately, likewise the collar, cuffs, and other little pieces *en suite;* all which queen Elizabeth received amiably, and admired exceedingly. In the course of the spring, La Mothe brought her another gift of three night-caps, worked by the hand of her prisoner; but a demur took place regarding the night-caps, and they were for a time left on the hands of the ambassador; for Elizabeth declared, "that great commotions and jealousies had taken place in the privy council, because she had accepted the gifts of the queen of Scots." Finally, she accepted the night-caps,[3] with this characteristic speech to La Mothe:—

[1] Lodge's Illustrations.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 348.

[3] The inimitable Cervantes makes Sancho lament the loss of "three night-caps worth three royal cities." Surely these night-caps, worked by one queen-regnant, and presented for the wearing of another, the most re-

"Tell the queen of Scots that I am older than she is, and when people arrive at my age, they take all they can get with both hands, and only give with their little finger." On this maxim, though jocosely expressed, Elizabeth seems to have acted all her life.

Her majesty incurred some personal danger, in consequence of a visit she paid to the countess of Pembroke, who was dangerously ill this winter. The queen went by the silent highway of the Thames to the earl of Pembroke's house in the Strand. The last time, it was ten at night ere the royal guest departed, and that in so dense a fog, that divers of the boats and barges in the royal *cortêge* lost their way, and landed at wrong places.[1]

When queen Elizabeth heard of the marriage of Henry III. with Louise of Lorraine, a revival of her anger regarding the affair of the two dwarfs took place, and the unfortunate French ambassador was forced to go over all the explanations, excuses, and compliments, with which he had been so sorely troubled in the preceding autumn. At last, she forced an autograph letter on this ridiculous subject from Henry III., and then she condescended to observe, "that, as to the two dwarfs, she allowed the affair had been ill interpreted by lord North—indeed, she had since been told, that they were very pretty ones, and very properly dressed, and she should like of all things to see them; and if the queen-mother would send her one of them as a present,[2] she should receive it as a great kindness." How she would have welcomed and treated the pert pigmy, who was suspected of mimicking her dress and manners, is a point that cannot be ascertained, for Catherine sent her no such present, and it is probable she spoke but in mockery, being secretly in a bitter rage at certain intelligence, which had reached her of the royal nuptials in France.

Henry III. had fully determined that Elizabeth should have no official intimation of his nuptials till they had taken place, perhaps on account of the indefatigable activity with which she marred all matches, within the reach of her

nowned female sovereign in history, made the subject of national jealousies in a privy council, and of an ambassador's negotiation and despatch to his king, could not be worth less than those of Sancho, but as yet they have not been equally celebrated.

[1] Murdin's State Papers.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 388.

influence. La Mothe Fenelon was troubled in spirit how the tidings were to be broken to her, for she was prepared to resent as a high affront the silence of the royal family of France on the subject. "Sire," wrote La Mothe,[1] "in order that the queen of England might not guess that you would not communicate the tidings of your marriage, till after the event, I declared it was not your fault, neither that of the queen your mother, but I laid all on the laziness of the couriers. It was all," he added, "done in haste, and at the instigation of the queen your mother, to whose better judgment you had submitted your will, having previously known the princess of Lorraine, and that both you and the queen-mother had carefully contemplated at leisure her person, and the fine and excellent qualities with which God had endowed her,—all which you preferred to any other kind of advantage in marriage; and that you hoped her majesty of England would, according to the devoir of a good and faithful ally, rejoice with you."

Queen Elizabeth interrupted a panegyric on the houses of Guise and Lorraine, to which the new queen belonged, by suddenly observing, "that for many days, and much sooner than the ambassador, she had heard all about the wedding; likewise, many comments that people made on the match. Some of these were very curious, as to what had moved the queen-mother to procure for herself *such* a daughter-in-law. Others talked very loudly of the favour this new queen meant to ask of her husband, which was to make an enterprise for the liberation of the queen of Scots, her relative; and notwithstanding all the perfections of the newly married queen, she could not help wishing that the king of France had made his election in some other family than that inimical house of Guise, which had always made war on her, and molested her; and, moreover, she knew well that this wedlock formed one of the secret articles of cardinal de Lorraine's will; and as the king of France had not considered her satisfaction, in the alliances he made, neither should she consider his interest in a like case."

The French ambassador replied, "that he was sure nothing had moved his royal master to the marriage, excepting the instances of his mother, and the contemplation of so beautiful and desirable an object as the queen, now his bride;

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 390, &c.

that a king of France was great enough to marry, without going questing all over the world to make an interested match; and, as for alliances, that of the triple house of Lorraine, Guise, and Vaudemont strengthened him in his state more than any he could make. As for all the intelligence she had heard, it came from those who, being bad Frenchmen, could never become good or true Englishmen."

Elizabeth, who seldom sustained a high tone, if answered with spirit, assured the ambassador she had heard her tidings from Spaniards, and she closed the conversation by apologising, provokingly, "for the thanksgivings the French Protestants had presumed to put up in their church in London for the signal defeat marshal de Damville, the Huguenot leader, had given the new king of France in Languedoc, the royal army having been cut to pieces, and all the artillery in that province taken; but she had given them no leave to rejoice, and, if they did it again, she would drive them all out;" and, with this gracious intimation, the conference closed.

On the 8th of February, parliament met, and another tremendous property tax was imposed on the people, although it was a year of dearth. Elizabeth composed a long classical and metaphorical speech, or rather essay, on the difficulties of her position as a female sovereign, to be delivered from the throne at the opening of the sessions; but she did not open the house in person, and some doubts have been entertained whether this singular composition was used. She sent a copy of it to her godson, Harrington, with this interesting note addressed to himself:—

"Boy Jack,—I have made a clerk write fair my poor words for thine use, as it cannot be such striplings have entrance into parliament as yet. Ponder them in thy hours of leisure, and play with them, till they enter thine understanding; so shalt thou hereafter, perchance, find some good fruits thereof, when thy godmother is out of remembrance; and I do this because thy father was ready to serve and love us in trouble and thrall."[1]

Harrington's delightful letters are full of characteristic records of his royal godmother, whom he dearly loves, although he cannot resist relating many whimsical traits, both of her violence, cunning, and vanity, interspersed with many encomiums on her virtues, with now and then, "like angel visits, few and far between," a fact illustrative of

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

noble feeling. "Her highness," says he, "was wont to sooth her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at the council, or other matters had overthrown her gracious disposition. She did much admire Seneca's wholesome advisings when the soul's quiet is flown away, and I saw much of her translating thereof.

"Her wisest men and best counsellors were oft sore troubled to know her will in matters of state, so covertly did she pass her judgment, as seemed to leave all to their discreet management; and when the business did turn to better advantage, she did most cunningly commit the good issue to her own honour and understanding; but when aught fell out contrary to her will and intent, the council were in great strait to defend their own acting and not blemish the queen's good judgment. Herein, her wise men did oft lack more wisdom, and the lord treasurer (Burleigh) would oft shed a plenty of tears on any miscarriage, well knowing the difficult part was not so much to mend the matter itself, as his mistress's humour, and yet did he most share her favour and good-will, and to his opinion she would ofttime submit her own pleasure in great matters. She did keep him till late at night in discoursing alone, and then call out another at his departure, and try the depth of all around her sometime.

"Walsingham had his turn, and each displayed his wit in private. On the morrow, everyone did come forth in her presence, and discourse at large; and if any dissembled with her, or stood not well to her advisings before, she did not let it go unheeded, and sometimes not unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say, 'the queen did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait that no one could escape her net-work.'

"In truth, I am sure her speech was such as none could refuse to take delight in, when frowardness did not stand in the way. I have seen her smile, in sooth, with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most inward thought to her, when on a sudden she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, and draw them out as occasion required, and sometime disprove to their faces what

had been delivered a month before. Hence, she knew every one's part, and by thus 'fishing,' as Hatton said, 'she caught many poor fish who little know what snare was laid for them.'

"I will now tell you more of her majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did often ask the ladies around her chamber, 'if they loved to think of marriage?' and the wise ones did conceal well their liking thereto, knowing the queen's judgment in this matter.

"Sir Mathew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.' 'You seem honest, i'faith,' said the queen, 'I will sue for you to your father;' at which the damsel was well pleased; and when her father, sir Robert Arundel, came to court, the queen questioned him about his daughter's marriage, and pressed him to give consent, if the match were discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished, said, 'he never had heard his daughter had liking to any man, but he would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice.' 'Then I will do the rest,' saith the queen. The lady was called in, and told by the queen, 'that her father had given his free consent.'

"'Then,' replied the simple girl, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.'

"'So thou shalt; but not to be a fool, and marry,' said the queen; 'I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it in thy possession. So, go to thy business; I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'"[1]

Harrington studied the science of courtier-craft very deeply, and has left the following amusing note on the method in which it was most expedient to prefer a petition to queen Elizabeth.

"I must go in an early hour, before her highness hath special matters brought to counsel on. I must go before the breakfasting covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her highness cometh forth her chamber; then kneel, and

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 359, 360.

say, 'God save your majesty! I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance?' Thus will I gain her favour to the auditory.

"'Trust not a friend to do or say,
In that yourself can sue or pray.'"

Elizabeth was not always in the humour to receive petitions, even from those who enjoyed her confidence and favour in the highest degree. "The queen (notes Harrington) seemed troubled to-day; Hatton came out of her presence with an ill countenance; he pulled me aside by the girdle, and said, in secret way, 'If you have any suit to-day, I pray you put it aside; the sun doth not shine.'

"'Tis this accursed Spanish business, so I will not adventure her highness's *choler*, lest she should *collar* me also," remarks our witty author, which gives shrewd confirmation to the tale that Elizabeth, in a fit of ungovernable passion, once collared sir Christopher Hatton;[1] we trust it was before his elevation to the wool-sack. A vice-chamberlain to a maiden monarch might receive a personal indignity from his royal mistress with some degree of humility, but a lord-chancellor could not, for the honour of his office, as the highest law officer in England, have submitted tamely to such an outrage from any sovereign whatsoever. Elizabeth was undoubtedly a very excitable person, and allowed her animal spirits to betray her into many undignified deeds, both in the way of wrath and levity.

"The queen," observes Harrington, in another note, "loveth to see me in my last frieze jerkin, and saith, '*'tis well enough cut.*' I will have another made liken to it. I do remember she spat on sir Mathew's fringed cloth, and said, 'the fool's wit was gone to rags.' Heaven spare me from such jibing!"

"On Sunday (April last)," pursues our courtly gossip, "my lord of London preached to the queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her majesty told the ladies, 'that if the bishop held more discourse on such matters she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without a staff, and

[1] Lingard's Hist. of England, fourth edition, vol. viii. p. 406.

leave his mantle behind him.'[1] Perchance, the bishop hath never sought (seen) her highness's wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text," shrewdly observes Harrington, by way of comment on this characteristic anecdote of his royal godmother.

The general style of Elizabeth's dress and ornaments, may be ascertained by the new years' gifts presented to her, as recorded in her elaborate wardrobe rolls. Every imaginable article of dress and ornament were brought by her courtiers and the persons of her household. All met with acceptance, from the richest jewels to such articles as gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, night rails (or night-dresses), and night-caps; of the last article of attire, the following description remains. Mrs. Cropson's gift was "a night coif of cambric, cut work and spangles, with forehead-cloth, and a night border of cut work, edged with bone lace." Another present, offered by the wife of Julio, one of the court physicians, was "a cushion-cloth, and a pillow case of cambric, wrought with black silk." In the middle of Elizabeth's reign, the favourite embroidery appears to have been of black silk on white cambric; a strange freak of fashion, since it is difficult to imagine how the whiteness of the cambric could be renewed without ruining the work. Mistress Twist, court-laundress, made a singular present to her royal mistress, being three handkerchiefs, of black Spanish work, edged with a bone lace of Venice gold, and four *tooth cloths* of coarse Holland, wrought with black silk, and edged with bone lace[2] of silver and black silk.

A present from Mrs. Amy Shelton, a kinswoman on the Boleyn side of royalty, consisted of six handkerchiefs of cambric, edged with passament of gold and silver. Mrs. Montague, the silk woman, brought a pair of sleeves, of cambric wrought with roses and buds of black silk. Mrs. Huggins, six handkerchiefs of various sorts, one worked with murry-coloured silk; the others, with silk of various colours. Sir Philip Sidney, that darling of chivalry, presented to his liege lady a smock, of cambric, the sleeves

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 170, 171.

[2] The bone lace of that day was netting of very elaborate and delicate work, made of variously-coloured silks, and gold and silver twist, as well as of white thread or black silk.

and collar wrought with black silk work, and edged with a small bone lace of gold and silver, and a suite of ruffs of cutwork, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold. This garment seems to have been, in reality, a species of gown, shaped like the ancient Saxon tunic, worn still by wagoners and Kentish peasants, called a smock-frock. Sir Philip's friend, Fulk Greville, presented the queen with another of these robes, being "a smock made of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with Spanish work of roses and *letters*, and a night-coif, with a forehead-cloth of the same work." Probably this was meant altogether as a night dress, *en suite*; but the gift of sir Philip Sidney, with its spangles and ruffs, and heavy gold and silver work, could scarcely have belonged to the queen's toilette *à coucher*. Mrs. Wingfield presented a "night-rail of cambric, worked all over with black silk;" and Mrs. Carre, "one sheet of fine cambric, worked all over with sundry fowls, beasts, and worms, in silks of divers colours." The queen's physicians brought offerings somewhat assimilating to their vocations. Dr. Huick presented a pot of green preserved ginger and orange flowers; Julio, the same. Dr. Bayley, a pot of green ginger, with rinds of lemons. The royal cook, John Smithson, brought a gift to the queen of a fair marchpane, with St. George in the midst; and the serjeant of the pastry, one fair pie of quinces, *oranged*. There are in the same rolls, several entries from noblemen and clergymen of rank, of ten pounds in gold coin, and no offence taken by the virgin queen at this pecuniary donation.[1]

The history of royal costume, when interspersed with characteristic traits of the times in which the antique fashions, which now survive only on the pictured canvas, or illuminated vellum, were worn, has been of late so popular a study with the ladies, that, for the sake of that gentle portion of the readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England," a few more extracts from the wardrobe memorandums of queen Elizabeth may, perhaps, be ventured without fear of displeasing antiquarian students, since the

[1] See the original rolls in the Lansdowne Collections, and in those of Mr. Craven Ord, quoted in Nichols' Progresses, vol. iv.

source whence they are derived is only accessible through the courtesy of the learned possessor of the MS.

"Lost from her majesty's back, the 14th of May, anno 21, one small acorn, and one oaken leaf of gold, at Westminster. Lost by her majesty, in May, anno 23, two buttons of gold, like tortoises, with pearls in them, and one pearl more, lost, at the same time, from a tortoise. Lost, at Richmond, the 12th of February, from her majesty's back, wearing the gown of purple cloth, of silver, one great diamond, out of a clasp of gold, given by the earl of Leicester, parcel of the same gown 17, anno 25."[1]

The course of chronology is a little antedated by the quotation of the last items, but not, perhaps, in vain, as the reader will be able to form, meanwhile, a more lively idea of the stately Elizabeth agitating the empires of Europe, and defying Spaniard and pope, y-clad in her purple cloth of silver or gold, bestudded with golden aglets, buttons enamelled in the form of tortoises, oak-leaves, and acorns, pearls and diamonds, of which she always returned *minus* a portion, whenever she appeared in public. Verily, her finery appears so entirely part and parcel of herself, that it is mixed up in the gravest details of her state policy.

She was never seen in deshabille by masculine eyes but on two occasions. The first time was on a fair May morning, in 1578, when Gilbert Talbot, the earl of Shrewsbury's son, happening to walk in the tilt-yard, about eight o'clock, under the gallery where her majesty was wont to stand, chanced to look up, and saw her at the window in her night-cap. "My eye," says he, "was full towards her, and she shewed to be greatly ashamed thereof, for that she was unready, and in her night stuff. So, when she saw me after dinner, as she went to walk, she gave me,"—pretty playfulness for a virgin queen of forty-five, "a great filip on the forehead, and told my lord chamberlain, who was the next to see her, 'how I had seen her that morning, and how much she was ashamed thereof.'"[2] Twenty years later, the luckless Essex surprised her in the hands of her tire-woman, and paid as severe a penalty for his blunder as the profane huntsman, who incurred the vengeance of Diana by his trespass.

[1] Ex. MSS. Phillipps, Middle Hill Collection.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations.

Whether Elizabeth condescended to sell her influence in the courts of law, where matters of property were at stake, seems almost an injurious question for her biographers to ask, yet the family vice of the Tudors, covetousness, led her to receive gifts from her courtiers, under circumstances which excite suspicions derogatory to her character as a gentlewoman, and degrading to her dignity as a sovereign.

"I will adventure," writes Harrington, in confidence to a friend, "to give her majesty five hundred pounds in money,[1] and some pretty jewel, or garment, as you shall advise, only praying her majesty to further my suit with some of her learned council, which I pray you to find some proper time to move in. This, some hold as a dangerous adventure, but five and twenty manors do well warrant my trying it."

Whether the money was rejected we cannot ascertain, but that the jewel was accepted, certainly appears in the record of the gifts presented to queen Elizabeth in the beginning of this year:—

"Item, a heart of gold garnished with sparks of rubies, and three small pearls, and a little round pearl pendant, out of which heart goeth a branch of roses, red and white, wherein are two small diamonds, three small rubies, two little emeralds, and two small pearls, three qtrs. di., and farthing gold weight, given by Mr. John Harrington, Esq."[2]

Full of hopes and fears about the success of his suit, the accomplished courtier notes the following resolution in his diary:—"I will attend to-morrow, and leave this little poesy behind her cushion at my departing from her presence." The little poesy was well calculated to please a female monarch, who was, to the full, as eager to tax the wits of her courtiers for compliments, as their purses for presents. Harrington was certainly the elder brother of Waller in the art of graceful flattery in verse. Observe how every line tells:—

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

"For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word, and every letter,
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better.

[1] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] In Sloane MS. 814, quoted in Park's edition of Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington, from the notes of which we learn that Harrington presented his royal godmother with gifts, in 1574, 1577, and 1579, but she, in return, gave him plate, weighing 40 ounces.

Sith, then, your highness doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading;
Let my poor muse, your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse—*so read my fortune.*
" From your highness's saucy godson."

Queen Elizabeth affected to be displeased with Harrington's satirical writings, especially the " Metamorphosis of Ajax," in which some of the leading men of the court were severely lashed. " But," writes Robert Markham, to the imprudent wit, " though her highness signified her displeasure in outward manner, yet did she like the marrow of your book. * * * The queen is minded to take you to her favour, but she sweareth, 'that she believes you will make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again on her, and all her court.'[1] She hath been heard to say, 'that merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies' sports and frolics.' She did conceive much disquiet on being told you had aimed a shaft at Leicester. I wish you knew the author of that ill deed. I would not be in his best jerkin for a thousand marks."

On the 17th of May, died the venerable archbishop Parker, and, on June 22nd, less than three weeks after his death, the horrible fact is recorded, by Stowe, that " two Dutchmen, anabaptists, were burnt in Smithfield, who died in great horror, with roaring and crying." Foxe the martyrologist, to his honour, wrote an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, imploring her not to sully the annals of her reign, and the practice of the reformed church, by burning for heterodoxy. His intercession was unavailing to save the two wretched foreigners from the flames, but Elizabeth's persecutions were afterwards of a bloody and not a fiery character. Unfortunately, the queen was an advocate for the use of torture, though declared, by the high authority of Fortescue, and other enlightened commentators on the constitution of England, to be contrary to the law.[2]

The royal progresses, this summer, were through the midland counties. In June, Leicester writes to Burleigh, from some place, supposed to be Grafton, as follows:—

[1] Harrington's satire was written in epistles, purporting to be written by Misacmos to his friend and cousin Philostilpnos.

[2] Many horrible details will be found in Jardine's Essay on the Use of Torture.

"I will let your lordship understand such news as we have, which is only and chiefly of her majesty's good health, which, God be thanked, is as good as I have long known it, and for her liking of this house, I think she never came to place in her life she likes better, or commends more. And since her coming hither, as oft as weather serves, she hath not been within doors. This house likes her well, and her own lodgings especially. She thinks her cost well bestowed, she saith, if it hath been five times as much; but I would her majesty would bestow but half as much more, and then I think she should have as pleasant and commodious house as any in England; I am sorry your lordship is not here to see it. Even by and by, her majesty is going to the forest to kill some bucks with her bow, as she hath done in the park this morning. God be thanked, she is very merry and well disposed now."[1]

The cause of the previous testiness, on the part of the queen, here alluded to, is related by the favourite with that quaint pomposity which leads persons of small minds to place ludicrous importance on trifles. "But, at her (majesty's) first coming," pursues he, "being a marvellous hot day at her coming hither, there was not one drop of good drink for her, so well was she provided for, notwithstanding her oft telling of her coming hither. But we were fain to send forthwith to London, and to Kenilworth, and divers other places, where ale was, her own here was so strong as there was no man able to drink it; you had been as good to have drank Malmsey, and yet was it laid in above three days before her majesty came. It did put me very far out of temper, and almost all the company beside too, for none of us was able to drink ale or beer here; since, by chance, we have found drink for her to her liking, and she is well again; but I feared greatly, two or three days, some sickness to have fallen by reason of this drink. God be thanked, she is now perfect well and merry, and, I think, upon Thursday, come se'nnight, will take her journey to Kenilworth, where, I pray God, she may like all things no worse than she hath done here."[2]

Elizabeth, though not a tea-drinking queen, certainly belonged to the temperance class, for she never took wine unless mingled, in equal parts, with water, and then very sparingly, as a beverage with her meals; and we find, from the above letter, that she was greatly offended and inconvenienced by the unwonted potency of the ale that had been provided by her jolly purveyors, who, probably, judged the royal taste by their own.

The course of chronology has now led to that magnificent

[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. ii. [2] Ibid.

epoch in the life of Elizabeth, which the genius of sir Walter Scott has made familiar. And, of course, the following narrative will, in some measure, be similar to the realities of the splendid romance[1] of Kenilworth, since sir Walter Scott's descriptions were drawn from the same sources.

La Mothe Fenelon gave, in his despatches to his own court, a hint of the causes that induced Leicester to incur this extravagant cost, which were the extraordinary benefactions Elizabeth had that year showered on him, for some important emoluments had fallen to her gift, which she bestowed on him, to the amount of 50,000*l*. Leicester, in return, prepared this gorgeous entertainment at Kenilworth,

[1] It is, perhaps, desirable to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester, at the crisis of the visit to queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, to whom he was publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in her grave. Leicester's path to a royal marriage, we have shewn in its place, had been cleared of her within two years of Elizabeth's accession, by the murder, or accident, at Cumnor Hall. Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of sir Walter's splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court, lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William lord Howard, the queen's uncle; she was the young widow of lord Sheffield. Leicester is supposed to have married her privately, in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor of the queen; he had, by her, a very handsome and promising son, and a daughter. The son was one of the most brilliant geniuses of the succeeding century, and it is inexplicable how Leicester dared to cast a stigma on the mother, whose birth-rank was so much higher than his own, or brand this boy with illegitimacy, when he was madly desirous of offspring, and at the same time doated on him. The scandalous chronicles of that day, declare Leicester had attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife, by poison, about the time of the queen's visit to Kenilworth; because he had fallen in love with Lettice Knollys, another cousin of the queen, wife to Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, and mother of the young earl of Essex, afterwards Elizabeth's favourite. This lady he married during the life of his unfortunate second wife, lady Douglas Howard, and the court used to call her and her rival, the countess Lettice, Leicester's Old and New Testaments. It is likewise said, that the words of that exquisite old melody—

"Balow my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep,"

were meant as the address of the forsaken lady Leicester to her boy.

Lady Sheffield survived Leicester, and endeavoured to prove her marriage with him, before the council in the Star-chamber, in the reign of James I., in order to legitimate her son; her deposition states, "That she concealed her marriage owing to the furious threats of the earl of Leicester, and that he gave her poison to get rid of her, by which her hair all fell off;" another account says, "the virulence of the poison likewise deprived her of her nails." She married a third husband, sir Edward Stafford. Leicester left Kenilworth, and a great landed property, to his son by this lady. Her Christian name was Douglas, which has often given rise to mistakes concerning her. See Howard's Memorials, p. 89.

" where," says La Mothe, " he lodged the queen and her ladies, forty earls, and seventy other principal *milords*, all under the roof of his own castle, for the space of twelve days. He personally invited me, but my health did not permit me to join the court."

The princely seat of Kenilworth was no inheritance of the suddenly-raised family of Dudley, it had descended to Elizabeth, from some of the most illustrious of her ancestors, and she had granted it to her favourite, from the fifth year of her reign.

The queen was welcomed, on the 9th of July, at Long Ichington, a town belonging to Leicester, about seven miles from Kenilworth. She dined under an immense tent, and, as a diversion at the dessert, was shewn two of the rarities of the country—a fat boy, of six years old, nearly five feet high, but very stupid; and, to match this prodigy, a monstrous sheep of the Leicestershire breed. In the afternoon, the queen then followed the chase, and hunted towards Kenilworth; so far a-field did her sport lead her, that it was eight in the evening before she arrived at the park gates. A continual series of pageantry and masking, welcomed her progress through the park, at various stations, to the castle gate; where the porter, representing Hercules, " tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapt in a pall of silk, with a club and keys, had a rough speech, " full of passions in metre," aptly made to the purpose, and, as her majesty came within his ward, he burst out into a great pang of impatience:"[1]—

" What stir, what coil is here? come back, hold! whither now?[2]
Not one so stout to stir—what harrying have we here?
My friends, a porter I, no puppet here am placed,
By leave, perhaps, else not, while club and limbs do last.
A garboil this, indeed! What yea, fair dames, what yea!
What dainty darlings here? Oh, God! a peerless pearl!
(*He affects to see the queen for the first time.*)
No worldly wight, I doubt—some sovereign goddess, sure!
In face, in hand, in eye, in other features all,
Yea, beauty, grace, and cheer—yea, port and majesty,

[1] Laneham's Kenilworth, p. 8. That splendid description of the approach of Elizabeth, in sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth, originates in the rich imagination of the poet, since she arrived in her hunting dress, after a devious chase by the way. Laneham's description must be accurate, since he was usher, or "husher," of the council door.

[2] Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

Shew all some heavenly peer with virtues all beset.
Come, come, most perfect paragon, pass on with joy and bliss;
Have here, have here, both club and keys, myself, my ward, I yield,
E'en gates and all, my lord himself, submit, and seek your shield."

The queen and her train now passed through the gate kept by this poetical porter, and arrived on the bridge, crossing the beautiful pool, which served as a moat to one side of the castle; when a lady with two nymphs came to her all across the pool, seeming as if she walked on the water, or, according to Laneham, floating on a moveable illuminated island, bright blazing with torches. This personage commenced a metrical description of the traditions of Kenilworth, written by one of the first literati of that day, George Ferrers:—

"I am the lady of this pleasant lake,
Who since the time of great king Arthur's reign,
That here with royal court abode did make,
Have led a lowering life in restless pain,
Till now that this your *third* arrival here,
Doth cause me come abroad and boldly thus appear.

For after him such storms this castle shook,
By swarming Saxons first who scourged this land,
As forth of this my Pool I ne'er durst look,
Though Kenelm,[1] king of Mercia, took in hand,
As sorrowing to see it in deface,
To rear the ruins up and fortify this place.

The earl sir Montfort's[2] force gave me no heart,
Sir Edmund Crouchback's state, the prince's son
Could not cause me out of *my lake to start*,
Nor Roger Mortimer's *ruffe* who first begun,
(As Arthur's heir,)[3] to keep the table round,
Could not inspire my heart, or cause me come on ground.

Yet still I will attend while you're abiding here,
Most peerless queen, and to your court resort;
And as my love to Arthur did appear,
It shall to you in earnest and in sport.
Pass on, madame, you need no longer stand,
The lake, the lodge, the lord, are yours for to command."

It pleased the queen to thank this lady, and to add withal, "We had thought the lake had been ours, and do you call it yours, now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

[1] Kenilworth is supposed to derive its name from this Saxon saint and king.
[2] Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who detained Henry III., his brother, and his nephew, prisoners here.
[3] By descent from Gladys princess of Wales, representative of Roderic the Great. Mortimer's *ruffe* does not mean an accessory to his dress, but the great crowd and bustle of his renowned tournament at Kenilworth.

The grand pageant of the welcome, was a temporary bridge over the base court, reaching to the main building, twenty feet wide, and seventy long; seven pair of pillars were on this bridge, with mythological deities standing by them, offering to the queen symbolical gifts, as she rode between them; thus, on the tops of the first pair were large cages, containing live bitterns, curlews, hernshaws, godwits, "and such dainty birds, offered to her by Sylvanus, god of wood fowl." The next pair of pillars supported two great silver bowls, piled with apples, pears, cherries, filberts, walnuts—all fresh on their branches, the gifts of Pomona. Wheat in ears, oats, and barley, waved in the next bowls. The next pillar, bore a silver bowl, piled with red and white grapes; and opposite were two "great livery pots of white silver, filled with claret and white wine," on which many in the queen's train, fatigued with the recent hunting party, in one of the hottest July evenings that ever occurred in England, were observed to cast longing eyes. The next pair of pillars supported silver trays, filled with fresh grass, on which laid the fish of the sea, and rivers, with a river god standing by; the next pillars supported the trophies of arms and arts, music and physic, while a *poet*, in a cerulean garment, stood forth and explained the whole to her learned majesty, in a string of Latin hexameters, which we have no intention of inflicting on our readers.

So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of the time, during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.

When her majesty entered her chamber, peals of great guns were shot off, with a profusion of fireworks, which continued for two hours. "The noise and flame," says Laneham, were heard and seen for twenty miles round about." This was on the Saturday night; and, it may be surmised, that many an aching head must have longed for the repose of the Sabbath, after such a lullaby to their repose; but small repose did the sacred day bring. It is true, the queen and her court went to church in the morning, but in the afternoon was music and dancing of the lords

and ladies, with lively agility; and the Sabbath evening concluded with roaring discharges of fireworks and cannon, and though this time the fireworks did not set a town on fire, "yet," says Laneham, "they made me vengeably afraid."

"Monday was so hot that her majesty kept within till five in the evening; what time it pleased her to ride forth to hunt the hart of *forse*. On her homeward way a masking-pageant met her in the chase. A salvage man, wreathed and girdled with oak leaves, having a young sapling oak plucked up, by way of a walking staff, and who represented the god Sylvanus, intercepted her majesty's steed. He began to give utterance to a speech so long-winded and tedious, that when he had arrived at the first quarto page, her majesty put on her steed; but Sylvanus, who savage as he might be deemed, seems to have made no slight advance in the modern art of boring, began to run by her side, reciting the rest of his speech with wonderful volubility. At last, out of pity, the queen checked her horse to favour Sylvanus, who humbly besought 'her majesty to go on; for if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue to run and speak it for twenty miles, protesting, he had rather run as her majesty's footman on earth than be a god on horseback in heaven.'"[1]

At these words her majesty came by a close arbour, made all of holly; and while Sylvanus pointed to the same, "the principal bush *shaked;* for therein were placed both sweet music, and one appointed to represent Deep Desire, who herewith stepped out of the holly bush", and recited a long speech to the queen, tediously stuffed with flattery. Then a concert of music sounded from the holly bower, while Deep Desire sang a dismal ditty, full of such tropes, as "cramps of care," and "gripes of grief;" therefore its quotation may be very well spared here. Sylvanus concluded the mask by breaking the oak sapling he used for a staff asunder, and casting it up in the air; but, unfortunately, one end almost fell on the head of the queen's horse, which started violently, and Sylvanus, who was no other than the poet Gascoigne, was terribly alarmed at the consequences of his awkwardness.

"No hurt—no hurt!" exclaimed the queen, as she skil-

[1] Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

fully controlled her horse; "and this benignity of the sovereign," continues Laneham, "we took to be the best part of the play;" and assuredly Elizabeth shewed both good-nature and magnanimity in her reception of this accident.[1]

Towards night, on Tuesday, the queen chose to walk on foot over the bridge, into the chase; at her return she stood on the bridge, and listened to a delectable concert of music, from a barge on the pool. The queen hunted the hart of *forse* on Wednesday, in the chase; the hart took to the pool, where he was caught alive, and her majesty granted him his life on condition that he "lost his ears" for a ransom.

This useless cruelty, aptly preceded the bear-baiting of the next day, when the virgin queen had the satisfaction of seeing a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in the outer court, let loose on thirteen bears, which were baited in the inner; "where," says Laneham, "there was plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, and such an expense of blood and leather between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover." This refined diversion took place in the daytime; but the Thursday evening concluded with strange and sundry kind of fireworks, and discharge of great guns for two hours; and during this din, her majesty was entertained by an Italian tumbler of such extraordinary agility in twistings and turnings, that the court considered him to be more of a sprite than a man, and that his backbone must have been like a lamprey, or made of a lute-string.

The drought and heat of the season was on the two succeeding days seasonably refreshed by rain and moisture; the queen, therefore, attended none of the shows in the open air; until that time the weather had been hot and blazing. The second Sunday of Elizabeth's sojourn at Kenilworth was Saint Kenelm's day, the royal Saxon saint, who was murdered at the foot of the neighbouring Clent hills, and whose patronage and influence was once supposed to extend far and wide over the midland counties, especially round Kenilworth, his former palace. The new ritual had not yet superseded the ancient regard of Warwickshire for Saint Kenelm, and the whole district was astir, to do up-

[1] Laneham's Kenilworth. Gascoigne, who was the unlucky perpetrator of this maladroit feat, takes care not to record it in his narrative of the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

roarious honour, at once to him and his successor, queen Elizabeth. The weather again set in gloriously bright, and every one attended her majesty to church, where they heard "a fruitful sermon."

In the afternoon, a comely quintain was set up, and a solemn bridale of a proper couple was marshalled in procession in the tilt-yard. The bride was thirty-five, "very ugly, red-haired, foul, ill-favoured—of complexion, a brown bay." This amiable object was very anxious to be married, because she had heard she should be called on to dance before the queen." She was, however, wholly disappointed; for her majesty, who particularly disliked ugly persons, bestowed all her attention on the Coventry play "of the Slaughter of the Danes, at Hock tide, wont to be played in that city yearly without ill example of papistry, or any superstition." A sport, representing a massacre, was so wonderfully to the taste of the era, that the queen requested its repetition at the earliest opportunity; and to the infinite satisfaction of the men of Coventry, she gave them the royal benefaction of two bucks, and five marks. Captain Cox made his entry, at the Coventry play, on his hobby-horse; but it is a point in doubt, whether he was a character in the play, or a worthy flourishing at that time in Coventry.[1] An "ambrosial banquet," and a gorgeous mask, concluded those Sunday diversions.

The heat of the next day caused the queen to keep within the castle till five in the afternoon, when she hunted the hart in the chase; and, on her return, beheld on the pool, from the bridge, one of those grand water pageants, which the marriage of Henry III. had rendered fashionable in Europe. There was the lady of the lake on her illuminated island, attended by a swimming mermaid, twenty-four feet in length; besides Arion on a dolphin of equal vastness. When it came to Arion's turn to make a speech to the queen, he, who had been rather too powerfully refreshed from the earl of Leicester's cellar in order to qualify his aquatic undertaking, forgot his part, and pulling off his mask, swore, "He was none of Arion, not he; but honest

[1] The list of the songs sung by captain Cox, of which only the first lines are extant, raise a pleasant idea of old English lyrics; they were "Broom, broom on hill," "Bonny lass upon the green," "By a bank, as I lay," "My bonny one gave me a beck."

Harry Goldingham." A proceeding which pleased the queen more than all the rest of the performance. Harry Goldingham had a fine voice, and was a poet who had aided in composing some of the interludes; he sang very well from the back of his dolphin, and concluded the pageant, to the universal satisfaction of the beholders.

Such was the general tone of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, during the queen's visit, which lasted till July 27th. Laneham declares, moreover, "that her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'king's evil;' which the kings and queens of this realm without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure."

Among the dull metrical compliments offered in fatiguing profusion to Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, there was one sufficiently absurd to be amusing, especially as it contained an historical allusion to the queen's rejection of Leicester's addresses. It is part of a lengthy dialogue, in which a salvage man, clad in ivy, questions Echo on the cause of the unusual splendours then enlivening the chase and domains of Kenilworth. The English language, between the two, was much tortured by various quaint quips and quirks, as for instance, the salvage man demanded—

"And who gave all these gifts? I pray thee, Echo, say,—
Was it not he who (but of late) this building here *did lay?*
Echo.—Dudley.
Salvage Man.—O, Dudley! So methought; he gave himself, and all,
A worthy gift to be received, and so I trust it shall.
Echo.—It shall.
Salvage Man.—What meant the fiery flames that through the waters flew?
Can no cold answers quench desire—Is that experience true?"

Elizabeth's attention was soon after recalled, from the idle joyaunce of progresses and pageants, by the important appeals that were made to her by the oppressed Protestants in the Low Countries. St. Aldegonde, the friend and confidant of the prince of Orange, with other deputies, came over to England, to implore her to accept the sovereignty of their states, as the descendant and representative of their ancient counts, through her illustrious ancestress, Philippa of Hainault. This ambassade, and its result, is briefly summed up in two lines by Collins, in his Ode to Liberty:—

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen refused."

Elizabeth was not prepared to contest this mighty adjunct to the Spanish empire with Philip, and she replied evasively, offered publicly to mediate between him and the states, and privately encouraged the deputies to continue their resistance. They proposed to throw themselves on the protection of France, but from this step she earnestly dissuaded them, and privately supplied them with pecuniary aid. She also, by her intrigues with the duke of Alençon, incited him to coalesce with the king of Navarre and the Huguenot party in France, thus furnishing Henry III. with sufficient employment at home to prevent him from interfering in the affairs of the states.[1] The details of these struggles belong to general history. On the 7th of January, queen Elizabeth finally concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the states, engaging to assist them with a loan of 100,000*l.*, with 5000 foot soldiers, and 1000 horse. She soon after employed Casimir, the brother of the Elector Palatine, who proceeded as her lieutenant, with 12,000 German auxiliaries, to the low countries, at the expense of England.[2] The German mercenaries committed so many excesses, that the poor Dutchmen found their friends even more intolerable than their foes, and requested to be placed under the protection of the queen of England's suitor, Francis of Alençon, who had now assumed the title of duke of Anjou, formerly borne by his brother, Henry III.

Elizabeth at first regarded this requisition with jealous suspicion as a manœuvre of the king of France, but there was no love between the brethren, and Anjou professed himself devoted to her interests. He was, indeed, a convenient tool, ready to be employed in any service, whereby his own personal advancement might be forwarded. This summer he sent an envoy, of the name of Bucherville, to prosecute his suit, who was accompanied by Rambouillet, sent from the king, his brother, to second his solicitations.[3] The French envoys found Elizabeth at Long Melford hall, in Suffolk, the seat of sir William Cordall, her master of the Rolls, being the first in that county who had the honour of feasting the royal traveller, and who, to use the quaint language of old Churchyard, the contemporary historian of the eastern progresses, "did light such a candle to

[1] Grotius. Camden. Strada. [2] Strada. Camden. Rapin.
[3] Camden.

the rest of the shire, that many were glad bountifully and frankly to follow the same example, with such charges as the whole train were in some sort pleased thereat." The next morning she rode from Melford to Lawshall hall, where she dined with sir William Drury. The royal visit is recorded in the parish register, as occurring August 5th, in the twentieth year of her majesty's reign, to the great rejoicing of the parish, and all the country thereabouts.

Elizabeth appears to have been on very affectionate terms with lady Drury, for, on the death of sir William Drury, who was slain ten years later in France, she addressed to her the following friendly letter of condolence, or rather, we may say, of kind expostulation, on the excess of grief to which the widow had abandoned herself:—

"Be well *ware*, my Besse, you strive not with Divine ordinance, nor grudge at irremediable harms, lest you offend the highest Lord, and no whit amend your marred hap. Heap not your harms where help there is none, but since you may not that you would wish, that you can enjoy with comfort a King for his power, and a queen for her love, who leaves not now to protect you when your case requires care, and minds not to omit whatever may be best for you and yours.

"Your most loving, careful sovereign."

Of a similar character to this quaint consolation is the brief and pithy letter of condolence, if such it may be called, addressed by Elizabeth to her friend, lady Paget, on the death of her daughter, lady Crumpton, which, in the brief space of a few lines, exhibits much good and honest feeling. No one could come more tersely to the point than Elizabeth, when she wrote under the strong impulse of anger or affection. What can be more simply sweet and gracious than the following specimen of familiar language from the generally Latinized pen of this learned queen:—

"Call to your mind, good Kate, how hardly we princes can brook the crossing of our commands. How ireful will the highest Power be (may you be sure) when murmurs shall be made of his pleasing his will. Let nature, therefore, not hurt herself, but give place to the Giver. Though this lesson be from a *sely* vicar,[1] yet it is sent from a loving soveraine."[2]

But to return to Elizabeth's eastern progress:—Her majesty was astonished at the gallant appearance and brave array of the comely Suffolk squires, who came to meet and

[1] Meaning vicar of Christ, in allusion to her pontifical office of head of the church of England, which she, and the rest of her establishment, deemed the church universal: *sely* meant, in her day, harmless or innocent.

[2] Sloane MS., vol. i. 4160. The original document is at Hagley.

welcome her into their county. The bachelors, all gaily clad in white velvet, to the number of two hundred, and those of graver years, in black velvet coats and fair chains, with fifteen hundred serving men, all mounted on horseback—these formed a volunteer guard of honour, under the command of the high sheriff, sir William le Spring, of Lavenham, and attended her majesty in her progress to the very confines of their county,—"a comely troop," says Churchyard, "and a noble sight to behold."

From Lawshall hall, in the evening, the queen came to Hawsted hall, at present the seat of sir Thomas Cullum, where there are several memorials and traditions of her visit, where it is said, that she dropped a silver-handled fan into the moat.[1] The fans used by Elizabeth were made of feathers, set in a rich handle, and in form resembling a modern hand-screen. The following is the description of one of those graceful accessories to the royal toilet, which was presented to her majesty by sir Francis Drake, as a new year's gift:—"A fan of feathers, white and red, enamelled with a half moon of mother of pearls, within that a half moon garnished with sparks of diamonds, and a few seed pearls on the one side; having her majesty's picture within it, and on the reverse a device with a crow over it." Her majesty spent ten days at various seats in Suffolk, and having been received on the borders of Norfolk by the cavaliers of the county, approached Norwich, as near as Brakenash, on the 16th of August.

At the western boundary of the city of Norwich, which is a place called Harford Bridge, the mayor received the queen with a long Latin speech, which he recited in a manner that did great credit to the erudition of mayors in general. The purpose of it was, however, to offer a fair standing cup of silver, with a cover, containing 100*l.* in gold. Lifting the cover, the mayor said to her majesty, "Here is one hundred pounds, pure gold."

One of the queen's footmen advanced to take it, when the queen said to him, significantly, thinking he might not have understood the learned mayor's Latin, "Look to it, there is a hundred pound."

When the royal procession had advanced within a flight-shot of the metropolis of the east of England, and in a spot

[1] History of Hawsted, by sir John Cullum, Bart.

commanding a good view of the castle of Blancheflower, which stands like a mural crown above the city of Norwich, a pageant arrested the attention of the queen, representing king Gurgunt, to whom tradition imputes the building of the castle and the founding of Cambridge university. King Gurgunt having explained in verse his ancient doings in Norwich, another pageant beset her by the way at St. Stephen's gates, "from whence," says the annals of the city, "an enormous *muck-hill* had been recently removed for the occasion." We will pass over the allegories which severally "bestowed their tediousness" on the queen, to arrive at the only pageant of real interest, some remnants of which, are displayed at Norwich elections, and other grand occasions, to this day. This was called "the Stranger's Pageant," being the show of queen Philippa's industrious Flemish colony, even in that era of Elizabeth, a separate and peculiar people in Norwich. There was a stage, with seven looms actively at work with their separate weavers; over the first, was written, the "weaving of worsted;" over the second, the "weaving of russels," a sort of Norwich crape."[1] Among others, the weaving of lace, and of fringe, and several other manufactures, which it would be vain to seek as Norwich produce at present. Upon the stage stood at one end "eight small *women-children*," spinning worsted yarn; at the other end, as many knitting of worsted hose; "and in the midst a pretty boy stood forth," and stayed her majesty's progress with an address in verse, declaring, that in this "small show, the city's wealth was seen."

"From combed wool we draw this slender thread,
(*Shewing the spinners.*)
From thence the looms have dealing with the same;
(*Shewing the weaving in progress.*)
And thence again, in order do proceed
These several works, which skilful art doth frame;
And all to drive dame Need into her cave,
Our heads and hands together laboured have.
We bought before, the things that now we sell,
These slender imps, their work doth pass the waves.
(*Shewing the women-children, spinners, and knitters.*)
God's peace and thine we hold, and prosper well,
Of every mouth, the hands, the charges saves.
Thus, through thy help and aid of power Divine,
Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine."

[1] Now, with some modifications, called Orleans cloth, a pleasant winter dress, if obtained of *real* Norwich manufacture.

Elizabeth had the good sense to be particularly pleased with this pageant; she desired to examine the knitting and yarn of the "small women-children;" "she perused the looms attentively," and returned great thanks for this show.

"A grand pageant thwarted the entrance of the market-place from St. Stephen's-street." Here the queen was addressed by seven female worthies, among which were Debora, Judith, Esther, the city of Norwich and queen Martia.[1] The last dame described herself thus:—

"I am that Martia bright, who sometime ruled this land,
As queen, for thirty-three years space, gat licence at the hand
Of that Gurguntius king, my husband's father dear,
Who built this town and castle, both, to make our homage here;
Which homage, mighty queen, accept.—the realm and right are thine;
The crown, the sceptre, and the sword, to thee we do resign."

Thus Elizabeth was welcomed at various stations in Norwich till she reached the cathedral, where she attended Te Deum; and, finally, arrived at the bishop's palace; where she sojourned during her stay at Norwich.

On the Monday morning, "a very excellent boy," representing Mercury, was driven at full speed through the city in a fantastic car, painted with birds and clouds, the horses being dressed out with wings; and Mercury himself appeared in an azure satin jerkin, and a mantle of gold cloth. He was driven into the "preaching green," on the north side of the bishop's palace, where the queen, looking out of her bed-chamber window, beheld him jump off his car and approach the window in such a sort, that her majesty "was seen to smile at the boldness of the boy." He looked at the queen with courage and audacity, then bowed down his head, "shaked his rod," and commenced an unmercifully long string of verses; but the gist of his message was, "that if her highness pleased to take the air that day, there were shows and devices to be seen abroad." Unfortunately, it rained hard, and the queen did not venture out, but received a deputation from the Dutch church, with a goblet of exquisitely wrought silver, worth fifty pounds, presented with a speech, which pathetically alluded to the cruel persecutions perpetrated by

[1] The tradition, regarding the ancient laws instituted by this British queen, is mentioned in the Introduction to this work.

Philip II. and Alva, in the Netherlands. Norwich was then crowded with protestant emigrants, whom this conduct, impolitic as it was wicked, had expatriated with their ingenious crafts and capital, from the Spanish dominions.

The next day, her majesty was engaged to hunt in sir Henry Jerningham's park at Cottessy; as she passed out of St. Bennet's Gates, master Mercury and all the heathen deities were stationed there with speeches, and presents of small value. Among others, Jupiter gave her a riding rod made of whale's fin. Venus presented her with a white dove. The little creature was so tame, that, when cast off, it made directly to the queen, and sat before her all the time as quietly as if it listened to the speeches.

The queen, and the French ambassadors who were in her train, dined on Wednesday with the young earl of Surrey, heir of her victim the beheaded duke of Norfolk. His residence was not at the famous duke's palace, in Norwich, now utterly destroyed, but at a conventual structure by the water-side, at present in good preservation; not very large, but suitable to the altered fortunes of the young heir of Howard.[1]

The poet Churchyard, an old retainer of that family, was the person who had arranged all the pageants on this occasion; "and when her majesty took her barge at my lord Surrey's back-door, he had prepared a goodly mask of water-nymphs, but the place being small and the passages narrow, he removed all his nymphs to a spot lower down the river, where a deep hole had been dug in the earth by the water-side, and covered with green canvas, which, suddenly opening, as if the ground gaped, "first one nymph was devised to pop up, and make the queen a speech, and then another; and a very complete concert was to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth." Unfortunately, at the very moment when the queen passed in her coach, a thunder shower came down like a water-spout, and almost drowned the water-nymphs, while awful bursts of thunder silenced the underground concert. "Though some of us got to a boat, and stood up under a bridge (probably Bishop's Bridge), we were all so splashed

[1] By the death of his grandfather, he soon after took the title of the earl of Arundel.

and washed, that it was found greater pastime to see us all look like drowned rats, than to behold the best of our shows." As the water-nymphs were only great boys, who may be considered in the eastern counties almost as aquatic animals, our discomfited poet affords no commiseration for their sousing. But on the subject of their dresses, and on the impolicy of planning masks in England, exposed to the caprices of the climate, he is positively pathetic. "What shall I say of the loss of the city in velvets, silks, and cloth of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage, 'Man doth purpose, but God dispose.'"

He contrived, however, a successful "mask of faeirie," as the queen left Norwich on the Friday, when she passed to sir Roger Wodehouse's mansion at Kimberley. Elizabeth bade an affectionate farewell to Norwich; she knighted the mayor, and told him "she should never forget his city." "When on her journey, she looked back, and with the water in her eyes, shaked her riding whip, and said, 'Farewell, Norwich!'"[1]

The visits of Elizabeth to private individuals, during her progresses, were often attended with great expense and inconvenience, and occasionally with evil results to her hosts. In her homeward route from her eastern progress this year, an incident occurred little to the credit of the sovereign and her advisers, though it is related with base exultation by Richard Topcliffe, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury.[2]

Her majesty was pleased to pay one of her self-invited visits to Euston Hall, in Suffolk, belonging to a young gentleman of the ancient house of Rookwood, who had just come of age. Here she abode with her suite a whole fortnight, and though much abuse is levelled at the youthful owner of Euston Hall, it seems his religion was his only crime. "This Rookwood," says Topcliffe, "is a papist newly crept out of his wardship. Her majesty was lodged at his house at Euston—fitter for the black-guard.[3] Nevertheless, this gentleman was brought into her majesty's presence by some device, and her excellent majesty gave Rookwood ordinary (usual) thanks for his bad house, and

[1] Nichol's Progresses, vol. ii.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. History, vol. ii. p. 119—121.

[3] The lower functionaries of the palace, who did not wear uniforms or liveries.

her fair hand to kiss; after which it was *braved* at," whether the thanks or the hand, it is difficult to divine. "But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for papistry, called him before him, and demanded of him how he durst attempt her royal presence—*he*, unfit to accompany any Christian person;" and adding, "that he was fitter for a pair of stocks,—forthwith commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure."

This was a strange return for a fortnight's hospitality; for if the queen and her courtiers had not liked their entertainment, why did they stay so long? but, alas, for poor Rookwood! his guests were not contented with this curious specimen of their courtly manners. Their next proceeding was to raise an outcry that some of their property had been stolen; and, to ransack his house and premises. Unfortunate man! he was in much the greatest danger of being robbed, as the sequel will shew; but no words, excepting those of master Topcliffe, can do justice to this precious trait of the times: "And to decipher the gentleman to the full, a piece of plate being missed in the house and searched for, in his hay-house was found such an image of our lady, as for greatness, for gayness, and workmanship, I did never see a match; and after a sort of country dance, ended in her majesty's sight, the idol was set in sight of the people, who *avoided*.[1] Her majesty commanded it to the fire, which, in her sight, by the country-folks, was quickly done to her content, and the unspeakable joy of every one, but some one or two who had sucked the idol's poisoned milk." But the guests of the owner of Euston Hall had not yet made Rookwood sufficient returns for his hospitality, for the amiable inditer of the epistle says, "The next good news (but in account the highest) her majesty hath served God with great zeal and comfortable examples, for by her council two notorious papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston Hall, where her majesty did lie on Sunday, now a fortnight) and one Downs, a gentleman, were both committed—the one to the town prison at Norwich, and the other to the county prison there, for obstinate papistry; and seven more

[1] *i.e.* turned from it.

gentlemen of worship, were committed to several houses in Norwich, as prisoners."

Such were our forefathers' ideas of serving God with "great zeal and comfort;" the strangest part of this letter is, that a man could write down a narrative of such conduct, without perceiving the hideousness of the polemic spirit, that inspired his exultation in the incarceration of an unoffending young gentleman among felons in a common jail, for no greater crime than quiet adherence to the faith in which he had been educated. Such were the neglected state of prison regulations, too, at that period, that only in the preceding year, "when the prisoners were brought into court for trial at Oxford, the noxious atmosphere that clave to them slew the lord-chief-justice Bell, the principal law-officers present, and most of the jury, as with a sudden blight." Such are among the records of the golden days of good queen Bess, although the privy council appears more chargeable with this instance of persecution than the sovereign; yet, as the deed was transacted under her very eye, she cannot be acquitted of having sanctioned the cruel return that was made to her unfortunate young host for her entertainment at Euston Hall, so true it is, that, "they who permit oppression share the crime."

Another instance is recorded of the ill consequences that resulted from one of Elizabeth's unwelcome visits, by Smith, in his Lives of the Berkeleys, who states "that she came in progress to Berkeley castle, what time Henry lord Berkeley, the then possessor, had a stately game of red deer in the park adjoining, called the Worthy, whereof Henry Ligon was keeper; during which time of her being there, such slaughter was made, as twenty-seven stags were slain in the toils in one day, and many others on that and the next stolen and havocked; whereof, when this lord, being then at Callowden, was advertised, having much set his delight in this game, he suddenly and passionately disparked that ground; but in a few months after, he had secret friendly advertisement from the court, that the queen was informed how the same was disparked by him, on repining at her coming to his house (for, indeed, it was not in her *gestes*[1]), and at the good sports she had had in the park, advising this lord to carry a wary watch over his

[1] *i.e.* plan of progress.

words and actions, lest that earl (meaning Leicester) that had, contrary to her set justice, drawn her to his castle, and purposely caused this slaughter of his deer, might have a further plot against his head and that castle, whereto he had taken no small liking, and affirmed to have good title to the same." The reader will scarcely wonder that, in many instances considerable alarm was experienced by some of her loyal lieges, at the idea of the expensive compliment of a royal visit. The earl of Bedford writes thus to lord Burleigh, on the subject—"I trust your lordship will have in remembrance to provide and help that her majesty's tarrying be not above two nights and a day; for so long time do I prepare. I pray God the rooms and lodgings there may be to her majesty's contentation for the time."

It is not generally known that, expensive as these visits were to private individuals, the cost of them to the public treasury was matter of deep concern. Even Leicester, in a letter to his enemy Sussex, on this subject, says, "We all do what we can to persuade her majesty from any progress at all, only to keep at Windsor, or thereabouts; but it misliketh her not to have change of air."[1] It was one of her peculiarities, too, that she gave very brief notice of the direction in which she meant to bend her course. Consequently the nobility and gentry of the provinces must always have been in a state of excitement and expectation as to the royal movements, when her majesty gave indications of an intention of quitting the metropolis. Lord Buckhurst, who had reason to expect a visit from her majesty, at Lewes, in 1577, was so forestalled with respect to provisions, by other nobles in Sussex, that he was obliged to send for a supply from Flanders.[2]

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her eastern progress, the duke of Anjou sent his favourite, monsieur Simiers, to plead his suit to her. This envoy proved so agreeable to her majesty, that she invited him thrice a week to her private parties, and never appeared so happy as in his company.[3] The greatest jealousy was excited among her ministers at the favour manifested by their royal mistress to the insinuating foreigner. They even suspected that she confided to him her most secret thoughts. Leicester, infu-

[1] Murdin's State Papers. [2] Ellis's Letters. [3] Camden.

riated at the attention her majesty bestowed on Simiers, attributed his influence to sorcery and other unhallowed arts. It was quite apparent to every one that if Elizabeth had ever cherished undue regard for Leicester, she had conquered her passion. Her quondam governess, Mrs. Ashley, who had not changed her intriguing habits, though now in the vale of years, ventured to plead the cause of Leicester to her royal mistress, and from the nature of the reply, she must have recommended the queen to marry him. "What!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with tenfold of her father's pride; "shall I so far forget myself, as to prefer a poor servant of my own making, to the first princes in Christendom."[1]

If it be true that Elizabeth actually gave a promise of marriage to Leicester, in the presence of one of her ladies, Mrs. Ashley was probably the witness of the plight. Be this as it may, the declaration of her present feelings on the subject was definitive. Leicester himself had previously ventured to cross question his royal mistress as to her intentions on the French match, and being deceived by the subtlety of her dealing into the idea that she really meant to wed the duke of Anjou, considered his own ambitious hopes at an end, and privately married the widowed countess of Essex, of whom he was deeply enamoured. Simiers, having penetrated this secret, gave immediate information of it to the queen, as he suspected that her regard for Leicester was the principal obstacle to her marriage with Anjou.[2] Elizabeth was so greatly offended with Leicester, that she ordered him not to stir from Greenwich castle, and would have sent him to the Tower, had she not been dissuaded by the earl of Sussex, from an action liable to constructions so derogatory to her dignity as a female sovereign.[3] Leicester, who could not forgive Simiers for his interference, has been accused of practising against his life, because one day when Simiers was attending her majesty to her barge, not far from Greenwich, a gun was discharged from a neighbouring boat, and one of the queen's bargemen was shot through both his arms within six feet of the queen's person. Every one in the barge were amazed, and the poor man bled profusely. Elizabeth did not lose her presence of mind, though she

[1] Murdin's State Papers. Camden. [2] Camden. [3] Sidney Papers. Camden.

believed the shot was aimed at her life; she took off her scarf, and threw it to the bargeman to bind up his wounds withal, telling him "to be of good cheer, for that he should never want, for the bullet was meant for her, though it had hit him." All present admired her intrepidity, but her future conduct was still more admirable, for finding when the man, Thomas Appletree, was put upon his trial, that the piece had gone off by sheer accident, she not only pardoned him, but interceded with his master to retain him in his service.[1]

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth made the following gracious declaration, "that she would not believe anything against her subjects that loving parents would not believe of their children."[2] She however, took the precaution of declaring, by public proclamation, that the French envoys and their servants were under her royal protection, and forbade any person from molesting them on peril of severe punishment.

The frivolous pretence of plots against the queen's life by sorcery had recently been revived. There were found at Islington, concealed in the house of a catholic priest, three waxen images of the queen, and two of her chief councillors, which it was said were intended to be operated upon in a diabolical manner for her destruction.[3] Much at the same time her majesty was attacked with such grievous toothache, that nothing could mitigate the torture she endured, and she obtained no rest either by night or day. Some persons attributed these sufferings to the malign magic that had been employed against her.[4] Her physicians held a consultation on the royal malady, and instead of devising a remedy for her relief, fell to disputing among themselves on the cause of her indisposition, and the medicines the most advisable to use. The lords of the council then took the matter in hand, and decided on sending for an "outlandish physician, of the name of John Anthony Fenatus," who was celebrated for curing this agonizing pain, but as it was a perilous thing to entrust the sacred person of a sovereign, so suspicious of plots against her life by poison, as Elizabeth, to the discretion of a foreign practitioner, "who might possibly be a Jew, or even a papist," they would not permit him to see her majesty, but required him to write his prescription.

[1] Speed, 1159. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid. [4] Strype.

Fenatus composed a long and elaborate Latin letter in reply,[1] declaring, in the first place, his unworthiness to come after such great physicians, and then prescribing divers remedies, but with the intimation "that if the tooth were hollow, when all was said and done, it was best to have it drawn, though at the cost of some short pain. If, however, her Majesty could not bring herself to submit to the use of chirurgical instruments (of which it seems he had heard something of her abhorrence), then he advised that the juice of *chelidonius major*[2] might be put into the tooth, and so stopped with wax, that none of it might touch the sound parts, which would so loosen the tooth, that in a short time it might be pulled out with the fingers, or the root of the said plant might be rubbed upon the tooth, which would produce the same effect, but concluded by declaring, that drawing the tooth was, by all, esteemed the safest and best way." The courage of the lion-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion, and she expressed so much repugnance to the loss of her tooth, combined with terror of the pain that might attend the operation, that the eloquence of her whole cabinet could not prevail upon her to undergo it. Aylmer, bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, then stood forth, and after assuring her Majesty, that the pain was less than she apprehended, told her "that although he was an old man, and had not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on himself," and thereupon, bade the surgeon, who was in attendance, extract one of his teeth in her majesty's presence, which encouraged the queen to submit to the like operation.[3] After this rich incident, some readers may possibly feel disposed to entertain doubts of the valiant temperament of the maiden queen, of which more has been said than can be demonstrated, but of her pugnacity we have sufficient evidence from contemporary record.

On the 16th of June, Simiers demanded a definitive answer from the queen, on the subject of his master's suit for her hand, and she replied, as she had done many times before "that she could not decide on marrying a man whom she had never seen."

[1] Strype declares that he had seen this letter.

[2] Likewise called *fenugreek*; it is a strong smelling plant, still used in Suffolk as a remedy for the toothache, by way of fomentation.

[3] Strype's Life of Aylmer.

At this declaration, the *mounseer*, as the French prince was styled in England, acted, for once in his life, like a man of spirit, and, to deprive the royal spinster of her last excuse for either deferring his happiness or disappointing his ambition, crossed the seas in disguise, attended by only two servants, and unexpectedly presenting himself at the gates of Greenwich palace, demanded permission to throw himself at her majesty's feet.[1] Elizabeth was charmed with the romantic gallantry of her youthful wooer. His ugly nose and marred complexion were regarded, even by her dainty eye, as trivial defects, so greatly was she captivated with his sprightliness, his attention, and his flattery. She had been accustomed, from hearing his personal disadvantages exaggerated, by the party who were adverse to the marriage, to think of him as a ridiculous, ill-favoured, misshapen urchin, and she found him a very bold, insinuating young man, and vastly agreeable, in spite of his ugliness. He was the first, in fact, the *only* one, among Elizabeth's numerous train of royal lovers, who had the spirit to court in person, and the impression made by his advent appears to have been, while it lasted, such as to justify the bold step he had taken. Elizabeth was guilty of a few tender follies on his account. In one of her wardrobe books we find the following quaint entry of a toy evidently devised at this period:—"Item, one little flower of gold, with a frog thereon, and therein mounseer, his *phisnomye*, and a little pearl pendant."[2] Query, was this whimsical conceit a love-token from the Duke of Alençon to his royal *bel' amie*, and the frog designed not as a ridiculous, but a sentimental allusion to his country?

In the course of a few days he succeeded in ingratiating himself so thoroughly with Elizabeth, that he departed with the fullest expectations of winning the august bride, for whose hand the mightiest kings, the most distinguished conquerors, and the handsomest men in Europe had contended in vain.

The queen summoned her council in the beginning of October, to meet and deliberate on the subject of her marriage with the duke of Anjou. Their first debates were with each other, on the unsuitableness of an union between the parties on the score of disparity of age, as the prince was but

[1] Camden. [2] Ellis' Royal Letters, vol. ii.

twenty-three, and her majesty forty-six. The point was discussed with great freedom it should appear. The minutes remain in Burleigh's hand, in which the opinions of the differing privy councillors are placed in opposition to each other, under the heads of Perils and Remedies. To say the truth, the non-contents have exceedingly the best of the argument. Amongst these, the opinion of Sir Ralph Sadler is remarkable for its uncourtier-like bluntness. The oracular sentences which he delivered were as follows:—"In years the queen might be his mother. Doubtfulness of issue, more than before — few old maids escape."[1] Sussex and Hunsdon advocated the marriage as a measure of expediency for the security of the queen's person and government. Burleigh, in compliance with her commands, seconded their reasons, but not honestly. Leicester and Hatton did the same at first, but finally pretended to be converts to the strong arguments of Bromley, Sadler, Mildmay, and Sidney against it. On the seventh, they waited upon her Majesty in a body, and requested "to be informed of her pleasure on the subject, and they would endeavour to make themselves conformable to it."

The queen, who expected to have been furnished with a legitimate excuse for following her own inclination, in the shape of a petition for her to marry, was surprised and offended at their caution, and, bursting into tears of anger and vexation, she reproached them for their long disputations, "as if it were doubtful, whether there would be more surety for her and her realm, than if she were to marry and have a child of her own to inherit, and so to continue the line of Henry VIII."[2] In conclusion, she condemned her own simplicity in committing so delicate a matter to them, for "she had expected," she said, "that they would have unanimously petitioned her to proceed with the marriage, rather than have made doubt of it, and being much troubled she requested them to leave her till the afternoon."[3]

The afternoon found her majesty very ungraciously disposed; she used passionate and bitter vituperation against those who had opposed the match; she even endeavoured herself to refute the objections, that had been made to it, in council, and she issued an edict forbidding the matter to be touched upon in the pulpit, by any preacher whatsoever.

[1] Murdin's State Papers. [2] Murdin. [3] Murdin. Lingard. Aikin.

Burleigh finding that the queen was not be crossed, openly compelled the council to assume a semblance of compliance with her wishes, by discussing of the marriage articles with the duke of Anjou's procurator, Simiers.[1] Nothing could, however, be more unpopular in England than the idea of such a marriage. Was the lawful heiress of the crown to be immured and kept in hourly fear of death because she was a member of the church of Rome, while the sovereign herself, the defender of the protestant faith, wilfully endangered the stability of the newly-established church, by entering into a matrimonial treaty with a Roman Catholic? The inconsistency and want of moral justice involved in such a proceeding, was felt by the professors of every varying creed throughout the realm.

The queen acknowledged, to a certain degree, the force of the objections of her subjects against the marriage, but was troubled with a perverse inclination to act according to her own pleasure in the matter. Deeply offended at the demurs of her cabinet, she asked the advice of the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, who at that time filled the office of cup-bearer to her majesty, and from whom she probably expected to receive counsel more agreeable to her apparent wishes on the subject. Sir Philip Sidney, with all the graceful courtesy and elegance of a finished gentleman, possessed a lofty spirit of independence. He never condescended to practise the arts of courtier-craft, and when his sovereign asked him to give her his opinion without disguise, he addressed to her a long and energetic letter, beginning, "Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious sovereign."[2] After which honeyed words, he proceeds to tell her many bold truths on the impolicy of the measure:—

"How the hearts of your people," says he, "will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a papist, in whom the very common people know this, that he is the son of the Jezabel of our age—that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in religion. As long as he is monsieur in might, and a papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you, and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax' shield, which rather weighed down than defended, those that bare it."[3]

The queen having solicited the opinion of Sidney, and, respecting his integrity, had the philosophy to take his

[1] Murdin. Lingard. Aikin. [2] Sidney Papers. [3] Scrinia Ceciliana.

remonstrance in good part; but a terrible example of her vengeance had taken place, during the visit of Anjou, on a luckless bencher of Lincoln's Inn, named Stubbs, who presumed to write and publish at this crisis a book with the following quaint title:—

"The discovery of a gaping gulf, wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her see the sin and the punishment thereof."

The work contained, as may be supposed, a series of fierce vituperations against the unsuitableness of the alliance, and the choler of the writer was especially excited by the circumstance of monsieur having paid her majesty a personal visit, incognito. This, Stubbs denounced as "an unmanlike, unprince-like, French kind of wooing."

"This man (the duke)," says he, "is a son of Henry II., whose family, ever since he married with Catherine of Italy, is fatal, as it were, to resist the gospel, and have been, every one after the other, as a Domitian after a Nero, &c. Here is, therefore, an imp of the crown of France to marry with the crowned nymph of England."

An expression by no means inelegant or uncomplimentary to the maiden monarch, now well-stricken in years.

The book was prohibited, the whole impression seized and burned, and the author, printer, and publisher, were all proceeded against on a statute of Philip and Mary, although the lawyers stoutly contended such statute was virtually null and void. Stubbs and his publisher had, nevertheless, to endure the barbarous sentence of the loss of their right hands, which were smitten off with a butcher's knife and mallet in the market-place at Westminster. The conduct of Stubbs, at the most bitter moment of this disgusting execution, proves that the subjects of Elizabeth, even when suffering from her vindictive spirit for contradicting her will, assumed an extraordinary devotion of loyalty. "I remember," says Camden, "standing by John Stubbs, who, as soon as his right hand was off, took off his hat with the left, and cried aloud, "God save the queen." He fainted the next moment. A long and rigorous imprisonment in the Tower was, nevertheless, added to the miseries of this brave, but unfortunate gentleman.[1]

[1] Wright, vol. ii. The death of this victim of Elizabeth's personal cruelty was pitiable. His health was always languishing after the loss of his hand;

All this opposition, however, brought the marriage negotiation to a pause. Elizabeth had felt the force of Sidney's remonstrances, and even the fulminations of the hapless Stubbs had probably created misgivings. "If her highness mean to marry," writes Hatton to Walsingham, "I wonder she so delayeth it. If she do but temporize, and will leave it at the last, what may we look for, then, but that the pope, with Spain and France, will yoke themselves, in all ireful revenge, according to their solemn combination so long ago concluded on against us." The fact was, that neither the French court, her ambassador there, nor her most trusted servants at home, could discover what were her real intentions in the matter. Whether she exactly knew them herself appears to be doubtful.

"The marriage is on book again," writes Sir George Bowes to his brother Robert, the treasurer of Berwick, "and her highness seemeth now as forward as ever she hath been, at any time before, and yet Sir William Drury, whom you well know to be a setter forth of that cause, having occasion to ride unto the court on Thursday last, and using some speeches upon that matter to her majesty, did, with great reverence, inquire of her majesty's disposition that way, who, giving him a great clap of the shoulder with her hand, answered, 'I will never marry; but I will ever bear good will and favour to those who have liked and furthered the same.'"[1] She meant those who had advocated the marriage.

Among the great events of this period, may be reckoned the death of Elizabeth's great minister, Sir Nicholas Bacon, generally distinguished by the title of my lord keeper. It is recorded, that when the queen visited him at his modest country residence, she was pleased to observe that his house was too little for him. "No, madam," replied he, "you have made me too big for my house." He afterwards had the honour of entertaining his royal mistress in his stately mansion of Gorhambury, which he built, probably

he retired to France, and died a little while afterwards. His bones rest somewhere in the sand near Boulogne, a pitying friend having buried him at high water mark in the spot nearest the English shores. Stubbs died a rigid Calvinist; burial in consecrated ground was neither desired by him, nor permitted by the laws of France.

[1] Bowes MSS.

in consequence of her remark on his former abode. Among the elaborate dainties which furnished forth the memorable banquet for the maiden monarch and her court, was a hog roasted whole, garnished with links of sausages, a queer culinary pun on the name of the learned host.

Elizabeth one day asked Sir Nicholas Bacon, "what he thought of a monopoly licence she had granted?" "Madam," he said, "if I must speak the truth, I will reply in the Latin proverb,—"Licentia omnes deteriores sumus—we are all the worse for licence."[1]

The splendid talents of his son, the learned and eloquent Francis Bacon, afterwards the great Lord Bacon of Verulam, early attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth, who was wont to call him playfully, "her little lord keeper," and predicted that he would one day become a distinguished man. He proved, it is well known, one of the brightest ornaments of her reign, a diamond of unrivalled lustre, though not without a flaw. His records of Elizabeth are among the most favourable that contemporaries have preserved of her character. Eulogiums from such a source are calculated to make a strong impression on every reader, even when no supporting facts are given; and there can be little doubt that Elizabeth is indebted for much of her posthumous popularity to the powerful pen of Bacon. Like his father, he was a great advocate for the celibacy of his royal mistress.

"Female reigns," says he, "are usually eclipsed by marriage, and all the glory transferred to the husband; while those queens, who live single have none to share it with them. And this was more peculiarly the case of queen Elizabeth, for she had no supporters of her government, but those of her own making—no brother, no uncle, nor any other of the royal family to partake her cares and assist her government. The ministers whom she advanced to places of trust she kept so tight a rein upon, and so dispensed her favours, that they were continually solicitous to please her, whilst she ever remained mistress of herself."[2]

"Like some of the most fortunate monarchs, as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Trajan, she was childless,

[1] Bacon's Apothegms. [2] Ibid.

and left no successors of her own issue, and it is a disputed point whether children augment felicity.

"She had her outward embellishments—a tall stature, a graceful shape, a most majestic aspect mixed with sweetness, and a happy state of health. Besides, she was strong and vigorous to the last, experiencing as little the miseries of old age as the reverses of fortune. To fill up the measure of her felicity, she was happy not only in her own person, but also in the abilities and virtues of her ministers of state. If it should be here objected, as Cicero did to Cæsar, 'There is matter enough to admire, but I would gladly see somewhat to praise,' I answer that true admiration is a superlative degree of praise. I shall, however, add a few words not on the morals and virtues of this queen, but only on such particulars as have occasioned some malicious tongues to traduce her. As to her religion, she was pious, moderate, constant, and an enemy to novelty. She was seldom absent from divine service and other duties of religion, either in her chapel or closet. She was very conversant in the Scriptures and writings of the fathers, especially St. Augustine. She composed certain prayers on emergent occasions. When she mentioned the name of God, though in ordinary discourse, she generally added the title Creator, and composed her eyes and countenance to an expression of humility and reverence, which I have myself often observed." This observation is evidently urged in contradistinction to Elizabeth's well-known habit of profane swearing, in which she outdid her father, bluff king Hal, from whom she probably acquired that evil propensity. Her favourite expletive was, however, certainly derived from her first lover, the lord admiral, with whom it was in fearfully familiar use, as those who have read the State Papers collected by Haynes, and also by Tytler, must be aware; but expressions which startle us, even from the lips of a bad man, appear to the last degree revolting when used in common parlance by a female, especially a princess whose piety is still a favourite theme with many writers. In illustration of Elizabeth's inconsiderate habit in this respect, we give the evidence of a contemporary, who appears neither shocked nor surprised at the coarse manners of the maiden monarch.

"Curiosity," says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "rather

than ambition, brought me to court, and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel before the great queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees, in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but none knew me, till sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married sir W. Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen looked attentively at me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, 'It is pity he married so young,' and thereupon gave me her hand to kiss twice, both times gently patting my cheek."

This licence has been attributed to the grossness of the age. That age produced the daughters and grandaughters of sir Thomas More, Katharine Parr, lady Jane Grey, "Sidney's sister," and many other spotless examples of female purity and refinement; and for the honour of the ladies of the 16th century, it may be presumed that the use of oaths was a characteristic of Elizabeth, rather than of her times.

"As to what was reported," continues lord Bacon, "that she was altogether so unmindful of mortality, as not to bear the mention of death or old age, it is absolutely false; for several years before her death, she would often facetiously call herself 'the old woman,' and discourse about what epitaph she would like, adding, 'that she was no lover of pompous titles, but only desired that her name might be recorded in a line or two, which should briefly express her name, her virginity, the years of her reign, the reformation of religion under it, and her preservation of peace.' It is true, that in the flower of her age, being importuned to declare her successor, she answered, 'that she could by no means endure a shroud to be held before her eyes while she was living.' And yet some time before her death, when she was pensive, and probably meditating on her mortality, a person familiar with her, observing that several great offices were vacant, and had been kept so too long, she rose up hastily, and said, with unusual warmth—'That she was sure *her* place would not long be vacant.' She hated vice, and studied to preserve an honourable fame. Thus, for example,

having once ordered a despatch to be written to her ambassador, which he was to communicate privately to the queen-mother of France, Catherine de Medicis, her secretary had inserted a compliment for the ambassador to use, importing, 'That they were two queens, from whose experience in the arts of government, no less was expected than of the greatest kings;' queen Elizabeth could not bear the comparison, but forbade it to be sent, observing, 'She used very different arts of government from the queen-mother of France.' The commendation that best pleased her was, if any one declared that she would have been distinguished by her virtues and abilities if her station had been in private life, so unwilling was she to owe her distinction merely to her royal station. To speak the truth," pursues this eloquent eulogist, "the only proper encomiast of this princess is time, which, during the ages it has run, never produced her like for the government of a kingdom."[1]

Elizabeth's regnal talents were shewn in the acuteness of her perceptive powers, and the unerring discrimination with which she selected her ministers and great law officers, and in some instances converted those into loyal servants who might have turned their abilities to her annoyance. It is a tradition in the Egerton family, that she was once in court when Thomas Egerton, a distinguished barrister, was pleading against the crown side, in some action in the court of Queen's Bench. She was so much struck with his eloquence and professional skill, that she exclaimed, "By my troth, he shall never plead against me again." She immediately appointed him queen's counsel—in modern parlance, gave him a silk gown; he attained the dignities of solicitor-general and lord-keeper in her reign.[2]

In the spring of 1580, the queen thought proper to check the presumptuous disposition of her subjects to emulate the height and amplitude of the royal ruff, which forms so characteristic a feature in her costume, and an act was passed in parliament, empowering certain officials to stand at corners of the streets, armed with shears, for the purpose of clipping all ruffs that exceeded the size prescribed by this droll sumptuary law, and also to shorten the rapiers of all gentlemen, who persisted in wearing them of an unsuitable length.

[1] Bacon's Apothegms. [2] Life of Egerton, by the Earl of Bridgewater.

During the progress of this forcible reformation in the dimensions of ruffs and rapiers, the French ambassador, Mauvissière, chancing to recreate himself with a morning ride in Smithfield, was stopped at the Bars by the officers who sat there to cut swords, who insisted on shortening his rapier, which exceeded the limits prescribed by the recent statute.[1] To impugn the taste of a Frenchman in any matter connected with his dress, is attacking him on a point of peculiar importance; but for the clownish officials of Smithfield Bars to presume to make a forcible alteration in the costume of the man, who represented the whole majesty of France, was an outrage not to be endured, even by the veteran statesman, Mauvissière de Castelnau. He drew his threatened rapier, instead of surrendering it to the dishonouring shears of the officers, and sternly stood on the defensive, and but for the seasonable interposition of lord Henry Seymour, who luckily was likewise taking the air in Smithfield, and hastened to rescue the insulted ambassador from the hands of the executive powers, evil consequences might have followed. Mauvissière complained to the queen, and her majesty greatly censured the officers for their want of discrimination, in attempting to clip so highly privileged a person.

At the same time that Elizabeth was so actively employed in retrenching any extraordinary deviations from good taste in her subjects, she had a most singular purchase made for her at Mechlin, of six Hungarian horses, to draw her coach. These creatures were of a light grey colour, with their manes and tails dyed orange.[2] Perhaps the aggrieved parties, whose sword points and ruffs had just been clipped, might have thought that the flaming orange manes and tails of the queen's coach horses, were quite as outrageous in regard to taste, as long rapiers and high frills.

This year the queen took the alarm at the rapid increase of her metropolis, and prohibited any new dwelling-house to be built within three thousand paces of the gates of London, upon pain of imprisonment, and forfeiture of the materials brought for the erection of such edifice, and forbade any one to have more than one family in a house. The latter clause in this arbitrary and inconvenient regula-

[1] Lodge's Illustrations. [2] Wright. [3] Camden.

tion might have been called, an act for the suppression of lodgings.

In November, the celebrated navigator, Francis Drake, returned from his great voyage of discovery round the globe; and, in the following spring, the queen did him the honour of going on board his ship at Deptford, where she partook of a collation, knighted him, and consented to share the golden fruits of his succeeding adventures. As some of Drake's enterprises were of a decidedly piratical character, and attended with circumstances of plunder and cruelty to the infant colonies of Spain, the policy of Elizabeth, in sanctioning his deeds, is doubtful; in a moral point of view, it appears unjustifiable. The English nobles, to whom Drake offered costly presents of gold and silver plate, refused to accept them; "which," says Camden, "angered him exceedingly, as it implied an intimation that they had not been honourably acquired." The Spanish court demanded restitution of the spoils, but in vain. Drake commenced his career in life as the apprentice to a pilot at Upnor, who finally bequeathed to him his little barque, which proved the foundation of his fortunes.

After he had received the honour of knighthood from his sovereign, he assumed the heraldic device of three wiverns, the family coat of sir Bernard Drake, the representative of an ancient house of that name. Sir Bernard Drake, who disclaimed all affinity with the crestless stock from which his valiant namesake sprang, considered this a great piece of impertinence, and, the first time he met him, gave him a box on the ears, and demanded, "by what right he had presumed to assume his family arms?" Sir Francis took the blow patiently, and explained that he had assumed the wiverns as the general device of the name of Drake. Sir Bernard fiercely rejoined, "that he was the only Drake who had a right to bear the wiverns," adding a contemptuous allusion to the origin of the new knight, and his folly in pretending to any arms.

Sir Francis appealed to the queen, who told him, "that he had earned better arms for himself, which he should bear by her especial favour." She accordingly gave him an elaborate shield, charged, among other devices, with a ship, in the shrouds of which a wivern was hanging up by the heels, intended as a retaliation of the indignity

which had been offered to him by his proud namesake. The next time they encountered, sir Francis Drake asked his adversary, "what he thought of the arms the queen had given him?" "The queen," rejoined the sturdy old knight, "may have given you finer arms than mine, but she neither has given you, nor could give you, a right to bear the three wiverns, the cognizance of my ancient house."

Elizabeth sometimes punned and played on words. When the archduke raised his siege from a place called the Grave, in the Low Countries, the queen received early private intelligence of the fact, and, when her secretary came to transact business, she addressed him with these words:—"Wot you what? The archduke is risen from the grave." He answered, "An' please your majesty, without the trumpet of the archangel." The queen replied, "Yea, without sound of trumpet."[1]

But for the delusive matrimonial treaty between Elizabeth and the worthless heir-presumptive of France, the Netherlands would have been at this crisis the theatre of a three-fold contention between Spain, England, and France. The object of the States was to obtain the united protection of the two last named powers against their legitimate oppressor, Philip. They deemed they should secure this by conferring the sovereignty on the duke of Anjou, whom they and half the world regarded as the husband elect of the maiden monarch of England; and, by this measure, they trusted to secure the friendship of both Elizabeth and Henry III. Their calculation was, in the end, a sagacious one, but the suspicious temper of Elizabeth led her to take the alarm, in the first instance, at not having been consulted by Anjou ere he presumed to accept the preferment that was thus flatteringly offered to him. Under an evident excitement of feeling, she addressed the following eloquent letter to sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador at Paris:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR EDWARD STAFFORD.

Supposed date, August, 1581.

"STAFFORD,—As I greatly regard your poor man's diligence,[2] so I will not leave him unrewarded.

"For the charge I have written to *Monsieur* (her lover Anjou), what I have given in to you, this it is. First, for the commissioner's authorities I have

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

[2] The messenger who brought the letter to which this is an answer.

good reason to require that they may be as I desired, both for present mislikes, as well as for after mishaps. It happened in queen Mary's day, that when a solemn ambassade of five or six at the least, were sent from the emperor and king of Spain, even after the articles were signed, sealed, and the matter divulged, the danger was so near the queen's chamber door, that it was high time for those messengers to depart without leave taking, and bequeathing themselves to the speed of the river-stream, by water passed with all possible haste to Gravesend, and so away. I speak not this, that I fear the like; but when I make collection of sundry kinds of discontentments, all tied in a bundle, I suppose the fagot will be harder altogether to be broken.

"There is even now another accident fallen out, of no small consequence to this realm. I am sure the States have accorded to the demands of Monsieur (Anjou), and do present him the sovereignty of all the Low Countries. Suppose, now, how this may make our people think well of him, and of me to bring them to the possession of such neighbours? Oh, Stafford, I think not myself well used, and so tell monsieur, that I am made a stranger to myself, who must he be, if this matter take place? In my name, shew him how impertinent it is for this season, (*probably meaning their matrimonial treaty*) to bring to the ears of our people so untimely news. God forbid that the *banes*[1] of our nuptial feast should be savoured with the sauce of our subjects' wealth! Oh, what may they think of me that for any glory of mine own would procure the ruin of my land? Hitherto they have thought me no fool; let me not live the longer the worse. The end crowneth the work!

"I am sorry that common posts of London can afford me surer news than the inhabitants of towns will yield me. Let it please Monsieur to suspend his answer unto *them*[2] till he send *some* unto me of quality and trust, (i. e. some of the leading men of the Low Countries,) to communicate and concur with that I may think good for *both* our honours; for, I assure him, it *shall* (will) too much blot his fame if he deal otherwise, not only in my sight, to whom it hath pleased him to promise more than that, but especially to all the world, that be overseers of his actions. Let him never procure her harm, whose love he seeks to win. My mortal foe can no ways wish me a greater harm than England's hate; neither should death be less welcome unto me than such a mishap betide me.

"You see how nearly this matter wringeth me; use it accordingly. If it * * * him, the *deputies* (i. e. from the Low Countries) may have the charge of this matter joined with the other two, that were afore-mentioned. I dare not assure monsieur how this greater matter (i. e. *their wedlock*) will end, until I be assured what way he will take with the Low Countries; for rather will I never meddle with marriage, than have such a bad covenant added to my part. Shall it be ever found true that queen Elizabeth hath solemnized the perpetual harm of England under the glorious title of marriage with Francis, heir of France? No, no, it shall never be.

"Monsieur, may fortune ask you,[3] Why should not the Low Countries be governed by the in-dwellers of that country as they were wont, and yet under my superiority, as that of the king of Spain? I answer, The case is too far different; since the one is far off by seas' distance, and the other near upon the continent.

"We willingly will not repose our whole trust so far on the French nation,

[1] The meaning of this expression is not very apparent, whether her majesty means it for a pun on *banes* (harms, or ills), and marriage banns, or the bones of the meats and viands. it is altogether a very queer metaphor.

[2] Probably to the Dutch and Flemings, who had offered him their sovereignty, which had raised so much displeasure in Elizabeth's mind.

[3] i. e. *may happen to ask you.*

as we will give them in pawn all our fortune, and afterwards stand to their discretion. I hope I shall not live to see that hour.

"Farewell, with my assurance that you will serve with faith and diligence. In haste, "Your sovereign,

"ELIZABETH."

The gist of this letter seems to be, that Elizabeth was provoked at the unexpected occurrence of her lover, Francis, duke of Anjou, being elected sovereign of the Low Countries. She says that she considers the step as "untimely," or premature; deeming that the intrigues of France had outwitted her therein. Her reasons may be deduced from the document, because as the heir of France was elected sovereign of the Low Countries *before* his union with her, these valuable provinces would in consequence go with his inheritance, in case she should have no offspring by him; and thus would the Flemish trade and alliance, which had been the main object of English policy for five centuries, be for ever lost to England, and gained by France. While, on the contrary, if Anjou, as her husband, had been elected sovereign of the Low Countries, she would have contrived to have had the best share of the power and dignity; and England might have contended successfully the right of keeping them as appendages to the crown. Thus viewed, the letter is one of the best specimens of Elizabeth's love and care of her country, and of a grand and far-sighted policy in anticipating the evils that might arise to England, after death had removed her from the scene.

Elizabeth's displeasure was, however, quickly mollified. She not only acquiesced in the election of duke Francis of Anjou to the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but assisted him with the subsidy of one hundred thousand crowns; and added a hint of her favourable disposition towards their marriage.[1] An embassy extraordinary was immediately sent from the court of France; of which the prince dauphin of Auvergne was the principal. They were received in the Thames with the greatest honours by Elizabeth's command, and landed at the Tower under a salvo of artillery. They were conducted by the young Philip, earl of Arundel, the representative of the unfortunate duke of Norfolk, sir Philip Sidney, Fulk Greville, and lord Windsor, who were esteemed four of the most honourable gentlemen of the

[1] Lingard.

court, to a new banqueting house, which had been erected for their reception at Westminster, where they were entertained in the most sumptuous manner.[1] Among the pageants, sports, and princely recreations that had been prepared in honour of these distinguished foreigners, a tournament had been in contemplation; but such was the distaste manifested by the great body of her people against the French marriage, that the queen, apprehending serious tumults from any public collision with the noble foreigners, issued a proclamation, that none of her subjects should either strike, or draw weapon within four miles of London, or the court.[2]

Although the matrimonial negotiations had been renewed, in compliance with Elizabeth's insinuated wish, she was no sooner pressed to conclude the treaty, than she started fresh objections, and proposed, in lieu, one of perpetual alliance between the crowns of England and France. The king of France replied, "that he was ready to sign such a league, as soon as the queen of England should have fulfilled her promise to his brother." At length, it was mutually agreed that, "the duke, his associates, and servants, being no English subjects, should have liberty to use their own religion, in their own houses, without molestation. The duke of Anjou, and the queen of England, within six weeks after the ratification of the articles specified, shall personally contract marriage in England."[3]

It was stipulated that, as soon as the marriage was completed, the duke should assume the title of king, but the question of his being crowned should be referred to the consideration of parliament. In the event of his succeeding to the crown of France, his eldest son, by queen Elizabeth, was to inherit that realm, and the second that of England.

When it is remembered that her majesty was in her forty-ninth year, the contingency of two sovereigns proceeding from her marriage with the youthful heir of France, appears somewhat visionary. It was, however, further provided, that, in the event of the queen dying before the duke, he was to have the tuition of all their children, till the sons should attain the age of eighteen, and the daugh-

[1] Camden. Stowe. [2] Sidney Papers.
[3] Camden.

ters fifteen. He was to settle upon the queen, in dowry, 40,000 crowns per annum, out of his lands at Berri, and the queen was, by act of parliament, to secure to him, for his life, such a pension as she might please to appoint.[1] In other matters, the treaty was framed according to the marriage articles between the late queen Mary and Philip of Spain.

Before the six weeks, stipulated for the fulfilment of this treaty, had expired, Elizabeth faltered in her resolution, and attempted to evade her engagement. Yet she professed to bear a most sovereign love to her betrothed, and that her demurs only proceeded from her doubts how her subjects stood affected towards her marriage with him.[2]

The duke, who, whatever were his faults as a politician and a man, was an accomplished wooer, resolved to take no refusal from any one but the queen herself. He had had the good fortune to achieve a successful military enterprise in compelling the prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray, and, crossing the seas, hastened to plead his own cause to his august lady-love. He arrived early in November, 1582.

Elizabeth gave him, not only an honourable, but a most loving reception, and, for a time, appeared to abandon herself to the intoxication of an ardent passion. She declared, "that he was the most deserving and constant of all her lovers," and even made political engagements with him, without consulting her ministers.[3] On the anniversary of her coronation, which was, as usual, celebrated with great pomp, she, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, and her whole court, placed a ring on his finger, which was regarded, by all present, as a pledge of her intention to become his wife; and, from that time, the prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband.[4] Her conduct, at this time, was either that of the most enamoured of women, or the most unblushing of coquettes. Her gift of the ring was duly reported by the French and Dutch envoys: bonfires, and salvos of artillery, manifested the satisfaction of these countries at the prospect of so glorious an alliance.

Her own people took the matter differently. Leicester, Hatton, and Walsingham, were determined to prevent the

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid. [3] Memoires de Nevers, i. 545. [4] Camden.

marriage, and laid their plans accordingly. They were among the commissioners, whom the queen had commanded to prepare the articles, and also a paper, prescribing the rites for the celebration of the nuptials.[1] This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed, but, the same evening, as soon as she returned to her chamber, all her ladies, who had received their lesson from the anti-matrimonial cabal, got up a concert of weeping and wailing, they surrounded their royal mistress, and, throwing themselves at her feet, implored her to pause ere she took so fatal a step as contracting marriage, at her time of life, with a youthful husband, by whom she would, probably, be despised and forsaken. They represented all her sister had suffered from her joyless union with Philip of Spain, and entreated her, "not to share her power and glory with a foreign spouse, or to sully her fair fame as a protestant queen, by vowing obedience to a catholic husband."[2]

Elizabeth passed the night without sleep. In the morning, she sent for the duke. He found her pale and in tears. "Two more nights such as the last," she told him, "would bring her to the grave." She described the conflict of feeling between love and duty, in which it had been passed by her, and told him, "that although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people." Anjou would have remonstrated, but Hatton, who was present, acted as spokesman for the agitated queen, and, with statesmanlike coldness, stated the objections to the marriage, in terms which proved that they were regarded by the council as insuperable.[3]

The duke retired, in great disorder, to his own apartment, and, plucking the ring from his finger, flung it passionately on the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, "that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate, or the waves that encircled their island."[4]

He then demanded leave to depart, but Elizabeth implored him to remain, for "that it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious moment, but, at present, she was compelled to do violence to her own feelings." The

[1] Memoires de Nevers. [2] Camden.
[3] Daniel. Memoires de Nevers. [4] Ibid. Camden. Lingard.

credulous prince believed, and tarried three months, waiting the auspicious moment, which was destined never to arrive. Elizabeth, meantime, lavished the most flattering attentions upon him, and, like Calypso, omitted no device that was likely to retain this ill-favoured Telemachus spell-bound in her enchanted isle. She danced frequently, and had many tragedies and comedies acted, with masks, and all sorts of entertainments for his delight. On the new year's day, he tilted before her, at a tournament given in honour of his visit. He had chosen the following verse for his device:—

"*Serviet æternum, dulcis torquet Eliza.*"

The moment the course was over, the queen hastened to him, and if we may believe the report of the duke de Nevers, who was present in the royal lover's suite, she saluted him repeatedly, and perceiving that he was fatigued, took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber that he might repose himself. The next morning she paid him a visit before he rose.[1] Many reports, even more derogatory to the dignity and delicacy of the queen, were in circulation, but these, we trust, were the profane inventions of her foes, since they are chiefly founded on the malign gossip of the countess of Shrewsbury, or the persons who forged the coarse letter pretended to have been written by Mary, queen of Scots to queen Elizabeth. But, to return to facts. The states of Belgium grew impatient of the protracted absence of their sovereign, and demanded his return.

The prince himself was weary of the absurd thraldom in which he was held, and finding it impossible to bring his wary inamorata to the desired point, determined to be kept no longer as the puppet of her wayward will. He announced to her the day of his departure—she remonstrated; he explained the necessity of his return to his new subjects. She called them "villains,"[2] and would only consent to his departure, on condition of his promising to return in a month, and insisted, in spite of his avowed reluctance, on accompanying him part of his journey to the coast. He certainly had no wish for this tender attention, and did all he could to dissuade her majesty from leaving London, telling her, "that the journey would be painful to her, and

[1] Nevers, 555—557. [2] Nevers. Lingard,

that, as the weather was fair and wind favourable, he was loth to loose the opportunity of performing his voyage with all speed." Elizabeth was, however, resolute, and on the 1st of February, she and all her court, accompanied the prince on his journey as far as Rochester, where they passed the night.

The next day her majesty shewed him her mighty ships of war lying at Chatham, and after they had been on board several of them, the prince and all the great lords of France who were in attendance, expressed their admiration of all they saw, and declared, "that it was not without good reason that the queen of England was reported to be LADYE OF THE SEAS."[1]

The queen told the prince that "all these ships and their furniture were ready to do him service when it should be requisite," for which he most humbly thanked her majesty, and after a great discharge of the ordnance, they returned again to Rochester. The third day they went to Sittingbourne, where, dining in company, the queen was served, after the English manner, by the greatest ladies of her court, and the monsieur (as he is styled by our authority) after the French fashion by the gentlemen of his train, which ladies and gentlemen—a pleasant party, no doubt—dined afterwards together. Anjou's impatience to be gone exceeded the bounds of civility. His highness besought her majesty again to go no further, declaring unto her "that the fair weather passed away." But, notwithstanding his entreaties, the queen went on still to Canterbury. There, after the queen had feasted the French nobles, she parted from the prince mournfully, and in tears.[2] In the Ashmolean collection, the royal autograph verses "On Mount Zeur's departure," signed "Eliza Regina," are still preserved. This little poem, though a decided imitation, if not a plagiarism from Petrarca, is certainly the most elegant of all Elizabeth's poetical compositions:—

I.

"I grieve, yet dare not shew my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote, but dare not what I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate;
I am, and am not—freeze, and yet I burn;
Since from myself, my other self I turn.

[1] Contemporary Document in Nichols, vol. iii., p. 146.

[2] Ibid.

II.

"My care is like my shadow in the sun,—
Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lives by me—does what I have done:
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

III.

"Some gentler passion steal into my mind,
(For I am soft, and made of melting snow;)
Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind;
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content;
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

After the quotation of this amatory effusion, it would perhaps be difficult to make out a case of perfect indifference in behalf of the royal spinster, or to impute all the marks of fondness she manifested for her last French suitor to political coquetry alone. If we may judge from outward signs and tokens, the struggle was really severe between duty and passion in the bosom of the queen. During Anjou's journey to Sandwich, she sent repeated messages of inquiry after his health, and even when he was on ship-board, Sussex brought him an urgent invitation to return to the queen, but he was obdurate. Her ministers would not permit her to sully her glory by becoming his wife. He would not permit himself to be played with any longer. Attended by the earl of Leicester, lord Hunsdon, lord C. Howard, one hundred gentlemen, and an escort of three hundred men, he sailed on the 8th of February for Holland, promising to return to Elizabeth in March, but she never saw him again.[1]

[1] He landed at Flushing, February 10th, where he was received with great honour by the patriot prince of Orange. He was conducted to Antwerp, and inaugurated with great pomp, as duke of Brabant, with very limited powers of sovereignty. His career as the head of a protestant people, was a troubled and brief one. His contempt for his own religion did not make him a good protestant, as was vainly hoped. His sister, Marguerite, queen of Navarre, said of him, "If all infidelity were banished from the face of the earth, he alone could supply the void." Even his own attendants could not help expressing their scorn of his character to himself.

"If I were the duke of Alençon," said Bussy d'Amboise, his favourite, "and you were Bussy, I would not have you even for a lacquey."

"That is too much, Bussy," replied the duke.

"He has so little courage," said Henry the Great, his brother-in-law, and sometime political ally, "and is as double-minded and malicious as he is ill-formed in body."

It would, indeed, be difficult to quote a saying in favour of this hopeful suitor of Elizabeth. He was soon involved in a labyrinth of

If we may credit the report of the gossiping heir of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth was scarcely less afflicted for the loss of Anjou than Dido for that of Æneas. She refused to return to Whitehall, because it was likely to bring too lively a remembrance to her mind of him, with whom she so unwillingly parted. She might, nevertheless, have retained this precious charmer at the price of marriage, but her fame, her power, and her popularity, were dearer to Elizabeth than idle dreams of love, and she was blessed with a happy degree of fickleness, which, in due time, enabled her to find a fresh and more agreeable source of amusement than cherishing the image of a lost lover.

It would not only be a painful task, but incompatible with the plan of this work, to enter into the details of the persecutions on the score of nonconformity, which stain the annals of this period of Elizabeth's life and reign. Suffice it to say, that the unsparing use of the rack, the gibbet, and the quartering knife, failed either to silence the zeal of the puritans, or to deter the seminary priests from performing their perilous missions as teachers of their proscribed doctrines. The natural result of these severities was, to provoke a spirit of enmity against the queen—a spirit that animated the professors of these opposing creeds to dare the sternest inflictions of the secular power unshrinkingly, for conscience' sake, even as the protestant martyrs had done in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary.

Elizabeth had been personally interested by the learning, eloquence, and ardent loyalty of the celebrated Edmund Campian, before the possibility was imagined of that star of the university of Oxford[1] forsaking the reformed religion, by law established in England, for the proscribed doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had been tortured repeat-

difficulties in the Low Countries, owing to his intrigues to obtain more power than he had agreed for, and after many plots of intrigue and assassination for and against him, he decamped from his Brabant dukedom, and fled to France, where he died at his castle of Chateau Thiery, June 10, 1584, some say by poison.

[1] Edmund Campian was the first great scholar produced by Christ's Church Hospital as a protestant foundation; at thirteen, he pronounced a Latin oration to queen Mary on her accession. He became Master of Arts at Oxford, in 1566, where his beautiful Latin address to queen Elizabeth when she visited that city was never forgotten. He went to Ireland to convert the Irish to the doctrines of the church of England, and wrote an excellent history of that country. Revolted and disgusted by the horrors ex-

edly for the purpose of extorting from him the particulars of some secret plot against the queen, in which he was suspected of being an agent, Elizabeth determined to see and confer with Campian herself, and by her order he was secretly brought one evening from the Tower, and introduced to her, at the house of the earl of Leicester, in the presence of that nobleman, the earl of Bedford, and the two secretaries of state. "She asked him if he acknowledged her for queen." He replied, "Not only for queen, but for my *lawful* queen." She demanded, "If he considered that the pope could excommunicate her lawfully." He replied, evasively, "that it was not for him to decide in a controversy between her majesty and the pope. By the pope's ordinary power he could not excommunicate princes. Whether he could by that power which he sometimes exercised in extraordinary emergencies, was a difficult and doubtful question."[1]

Such an answer was not likely to prove satisfactory to so subtle a princess as Elizabeth, and she left him to the decision of her judges. He and twelve other catholic priests were arraigned for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to the usual horrible death awarded to traitors. This occurred while the duke of Anjou was at the court of Elizabeth, and it was observed by some of the members of the council, that the execution of so many catholic priests would disgust the future consort of their sovereign. Burleigh represented the necessity of the execution, as a measure of expediency, to allay the apprehensions of the protestants at that peculiar crisis.[2] Campian, with two others, were executed, asserting their innocence of any offence against the government, and praying, with their last breath, for queen Elizabeth.[3] Anjou took the matter as calmly as Gallio, "caring for none of those things." His creed was evidently similar to that of the cynical citizen of London in 1788, who sought to preserve his house from the attacks of the No-popery rabble, in the riots, led by Lord George Gordon, by chalking on his door, "No RELIGION AT ALL."

ercised in Ireland by the government of his royal mistress, he became an ardent proselyte to the church of Rome. He was admitted into the Order of the Jesuits in 1573, returned to England as a zealous missionary, and was executed, August, 1581.

[1] Bartoli. Lingard. Howel's State Trials. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. Camden.

All ranks of her people hailed her rejection of Anjou with enthusiastic feelings of applause. Shakspeare has celebrated her triumph over the snares of love in the following elegant lines:—

> "That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all armed! A certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

So much, however, had Anjou contrived to endear himself to the fair vestal, that the news of his danger in his last illness gave her such pain, that she refused to believe it, accused her ambassador, Sir Edward Stafford, of wishing for his death, and reprimanded him in such severe terms, that when that event actually occurred, he was afraid of informing her, for fear, as he said, "of ministering cause to her grief."[1]

Henry III., in a letter to Mauvissiere, his ambassador, directs him to communicate this event "to the queen of England, his good sister, who, I am sure," says he, "will share in my great regret, for he greatly honoured her."[2]

So ended the last matrimonial negotiation, in which Elizabeth condescended to engage. From that time, she appears to have regarded herself entirely as the spouse of the nation.

"The queen," says sir John Harrington, "did once ask my wife in merry sort, 'how she kept my good will and love.' My Moll, in wise and discreet manner, told her highness 'she had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own steadfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey, hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his.'"

"Go to—go to! mistress," saith the queen. "You are wisely bent I find; after such sort do I keep the good will of all my husbands—my good people—for if they did not

[1] Murdin's State Papers, 397. Castelnau also bears testimony to her extreme grief and trouble at his death.

[2] Bethune MS., No. 8808. Bibliothèque du Roi.

rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."[1]

In the same year (1583), the czar, Ivan Basilovitch, applied to Elizabeth to negotiate a peace between him and John, king of Sweden, and was so well pleased with her good offices, that imagining she might stand his friend in a matter more interesting to his personal happiness, he made humble suit to her majesty, to send him a wife out of England. Elizabeth made choice of a young lady of royal Plantagenet descent, Anne, sister to the earl of Huntingdon, but when she discovered that the barbarous laws of Muscovy allowed the sovereign to put away his czarina as soon as he was tired of her, and wished for something new in the conjugal department, she excused her fair subject from accepting the proffered honour, by causing his imperial majesty to be informed "that the young lady's health was too delicate for such a change of climate, and her mother was too tenderly attached to endure the absence of her daughter; and above all, the laws of England would not permit her to give away the daughters of her subjects in marriage without the consent of her parents." The czar was dissatisfied, and did not long survive his disappointment.[2]

Some years after, one of his successors, the czar Boris Godonouf, made a request to her, to send an English consort for one of his sons, and by the following passages in a letter from his imperial majesty to her, it should seem, that Elizabeth had either outlived her former scruples, or found some noble family willing to obtain the perilous preferment for one of the daughters, and that the royal Muscovite entertained a suspicion that some trickery was intended in the matter, for he manifests prudential caution in his inquiries as to the young lady's descent, person, and qualifications.

"Concerning the argument of your princely letters," he says, "it cannot but give us an extraordinary contentment, we finding therein your majesty's love and affection towards us and our children, carefully endeavouring the matching and bestowing of them in your own line and race. By which your letters your highness made known unto us, that amongst others you have made choice of a young lady being a pure maiden, nobly descended

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., pp. 177, 178.
[2] Camden's Annals. MS. Cotton. Nero, b. xi., p. 392.

LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

by father and mother, adorned with graces and extraordinary gifts of nature, about eleven years of age, of whom you made an offer to us. * * * But, your majesty hath not particularly written unto us of that worthy lady, what she is, whether she be of your highness's blood, descended of your royal race, by your father or mother, or from some other archduke or duke, whereof we are desirous of being resolved."

This year died Elizabeth's faithful kinsman and servant, the earl of Sussex. He retained his contempt of his old adversary, Leicester, to the last. "I am now passing into another world," said he, to the friends, who surrounded his death-bed, "and I must leave you to your fortunes and the queen's grace and goodness, but beware of the gipsy, or he will be too hard for you all; you know not the nature of the beast as well as I do."[1] Leicester, however, never regained his influence with his royal mistress after his marriage with her cousin, Lettice Knollys, the widow of the earl of Essex, though he retained his place in the cabinet, and was, with Burleigh and Hatton, mainly instrumental in traversing her marriage with the duke of Anjou.

Elizabeth's temper became more irritable than usual, after she was deprived of the amusement of coquetting with the princes and envoys of France over her last matrimonial treaty, and Burleigh often shed bitter tears in private, in consequence of the life she led him. At length, worn out with these vexations, and disgusted with the treatment he received from a growing party that was beginning to divide the council against him, he requested permission to withdraw from the turmoils of the court, and end his days in retirement at Theobalds; on which the queen, who knew his value too well to be content to part with him, wrote the following lively letter to the discontented minister:—

"Sir Spirit,

"I doubt I do nick-name you. For those of your kind (they say) have no *sense* (feeling). But I have lately seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it too soon. I will recant you from being *spirit*, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know that you desire the righting of such wrong, by making known their error, than you to be so silly a soul, as to fore slow what you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much as not to regard her trust who putteth it in you.

"God bless you, and long may you last.

"Omnino, E. R."

[1] Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

The queen likewise wrote a facetious address to him, by the title of Sir Eremite, of *Tyball* (Theobalds), a rhapsody which, in affectation, surpasses all the euphuism of that era. Queen Elizabeth loved now and then quietly to circumvent Burleigh. On one of her visits to Theobalds, she had promised to make seven knights; he chose and arranged the candidates for that honour, so that some gentlemen of ancient lineage stood at the lower part of his hall, meaning that the parvenus should be knighted first as the queen passed—and thus as the elder knights take precedence ever after of their better-born neighbours. The queen was informed of this scheme, but said nothing. As she went through the hall where the candidates for knighthood were placed, according to Burleigh's policy, she passed all by, till she came to the screen, when she turned about and said, "I had almost forgot what I had promised," and beginning with the lowest-placed gentlemen, knighted all in rotation as they stood. Stanhope, a gentleman of her privy chamber, observed to her, "Your majesty was too fine for my lord Burleigh."

"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture, 'the first shall be last, and the last first.'"[1]

Elizabeth's ladies and courtiers were universally malcontent at the idea of a visit to Theobalds, where strict economy and precision of manners always prevailed, and no amusements were provided for their recreation.

Elizabeth's maids of honour were regarded with a jealous eye by her cabinet, as the purveyors of the abundant stores of gossip with which her majesty was constantly supplied. Yet they had little influence in obtaining her favour for any applicant, which made sir Walter Raleigh declare, "that they were like witches, capable of doing great harm, but no good." Sir Fulk Greville, who had often access to the queen, held long private conversations with her, and though he had both the power and inclination to do good, which he often used for the benefit of those who had fallen into disgrace, the queen's maids declared, "he brought her all the tales she heard," which made him say merrily of himself—"That he was like Robin Goodfellow, for when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

and racket, they laid it all on Robin; so whatever gossip tales the queen's ladies told her, or whatever bad turns they did to the courtiers, they laid all upon him."

Indeed, there seems to have been an incipient warfare for ever going on between Elizabeth's maids of honour and the gentlemen of her household. Her kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, a learned old *militaire*, whose office brought his apartment in close contiguity to the dormitory of the maids of honour, declared "that they used, when retired for the night, to frisk and hey about, so that it was in vain for him to attempt sleep or study." One night, when the fair bevy were more than usually obstreperous, he marched into their apartment in dishabille, and with his book in his hand, and an enormous pair of spectacles on his nose, walked up and down, declaiming in Latin: some of the young ladies fled, half-dressed, others entreated his absence, but he said "he would not leave them in quiet possession of their dormitory, without they permitted him to rest in his apartment."

But these lively ladies, like the rest of Elizabeth's household, sometimes felt, in their turn, the effects of her caprice. "I could relate," says Harrington, "many pleasant tales of her majesty's outwitting the wittiest ones, for few knew how to aim their shafts against her cunning. I will tell a story that fell out when I was a boy. She did love rich clothing, but often chid those that bought more finery than became their state. It happened that lady Mary Howard was possessed of a rich border, powdered with gold and pearls, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved many to envy, nor did it please the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day, the queen did send privately, and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth the chamber among her ladies, the kirtle and border being far too short for her majesty's height; she asked every one "how they liked her new fancied suit?" At length, she asked the owner herself, "if it were not made too short and ill-becoming?" to which the poor lady agreed.

"Why then," rejoined the queen, "if it become not me, as being too short, it shall never become thee, as being too fine."

This sharp rebuke abashed the lady, and the vestment was laid up till after the queen's death.[1]

As a proof that Elizabeth possessed the rare faculty of dividing her attention among a variety of subjects at the same time, Harrington records the fact, that she wrote one letter while she dictated another to her amanuensis, and listened to a tale, to which she made suitable replies, all at the same time. He has preserved the letters, which were found in a MS. entitled, "A precious Token of her highness's great wit and marvellous understanding."

In one of these letters, queen Elizabeth defines friendship "to be the uniform consent of two minds, such as virtue links, and nought but death can part. Therefore," says the royal metaphysician, "I conclude the house which shrinketh from its foundation shall down for me." With consummate knowledge of the human heart, she goes on to observe, "that where minds differ, and opinions swerve, there is scant a friend in that company."

Queen Elizabeth gave her half-brother, sir John Perrot, the command of a fleet to intercept a meditated invasion of Ireland by Philip II. And sir John prepared for the voyage, taking with him for his personal band fifty gentlemen of good family, dressed in orange-coloured cloaks. As this party lay to, in his barge off Greenwich palace, where the queen kept her court, sir John sent one of these orange-men on shore with a diamond, as a token to his mistress, Blanche Parry,[2] willing him to tell her "that a diamond coming unlooked-for did always bring good luck with it;" which the queen overhearing, sent sir John a fair jewel hanged by a white cypress, (a white love-ribbon,) signifying withal, "that as long as he wore that for her sake, she did believe, with God's help, he should have no harm."

This message and jewel sir John received right joyfully, and returned answer to the queen—

[1] Lady Mary Howard appears to have incurred the queen's ill-will by her undisguised flirtations with the young earl of Essex, who was beginning, at this period, to attract the favour of her majesty.—Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] Blanche Parry, the queen's old maid of honour, was one of the learned women of the day. She was born in 1508, died blind in 1589. She was an alchymist, astrologer, antiquarian, and herald. She was a great crony of Dr. Dee, the conjuror; and it is probable, kept up his connexion with the queen.—Ballard.

"That he would wear it for his sovereign's sake, and he doubted not, with God's favour, to restore her ships in safety, and either to bring back the Spaniards prisoners, if they came in his way, or to sink them in the deep sea."

"So, as sir John passed in his barge, the queen, looking out of a window at Greenwich palace, shaked her fan at him, and put out her hand towards him. Whereupon, he making a low obeisance, put the scarf and jewel round his neck." Sir John encountered no enemy but a dreadful storm.

Perrot was soon after appointed by the queen to the highest military command in Ireland, where, while he exercised the most despotic cruelty on the insurgents, he manifested the strongest inclination to act independently of her majesty, whose birth he considered not a whit better than his own. The speeches he made on various occasions to this effect, were carefully registered against him. It was his pleasure to suppress the cathedral of St. Patrick; the queen forbade this proceeding when he thus undutifully addressed the council:—"Stick not so much on the queen's letters of commandment, for she may command what she will, but we will do what we like." The queen appointed Mr. Errington clerk of the exchequer, on which sir John exclaimed, "This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure. God's dear lady, he shall not have the office! I will give it to sir Thomas Williams." This was proved by the oath of his secretary, Philip Williams, who, when he was brought to trial for disobedience and contempt of the queen, was the principal witness against him. Sir John earnestly requested his secretary might be confronted with him; but with the infamous injustice with which such trials were carried on in the sixteenth century, Popham, the queen's attorney-general, forbade this reasonable request. One of the depositions of this man touched Elizabeth on tender ground; at the time of the Spanish invasion, sir John by his report said, "Ah, silly woman, now she shall not curb me! now she shall not rule me! Now, God's dear lady, I shall be her white boy again;" adding, that when sir John Garland brought him a letter from the queen, he said, with violent execrations, "This it is, to serve a base-born woman! Had I served any prince in

Christendom, I had not been thus dealt withal."[1] He was accused of treasonable communication with Spain, but nothing was proved excepting foolish speeches.

He attributed his disgrace chiefly to the malice of his old enemy, sir Christopher Hatton, whom he despised as a carpet knight, who had danced his way into Elizabeth's good graces. When sir John Perrot was told he must die, he exclaimed, "God's death! will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?"[2]

When Elizabeth heard this truly Tudor-like remonstrance, she paused from signing his death-warrant, saying—"They were all knaves that condemned him."

His furious antipathy to sir Christopher Hatton, and his sneers at his dancing, will remind the reader of Gray's celebrated lines—

> "My lord high-keeper led the brawls,
> The seals and maces danced before him."

Sir John Perrot was not executed, but pined himself to death, like a prisoned eagle, in confinement in the Tower.

The greatest contradiction ever offered to queen Elizabeth proceeded from men of her own blood. One afternoon, when she was at cards, she turned to her young kinsman, Robert Carey, who stood at her elbow, and asked him when his father, lord Hunsdon, meant to depart to his government at Berwick? he replied, "after Whitsuntide." This information put her majesty into a great rage, "God's wounds!" she exclaimed, "I will set him by the feet, and send another in his place if he dallies thus." Robert Carey replied, that the delay was but to make provision. She declared that Hunsdon had been going from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsuntide; and if he was not off directly, she would put another in his place, and so she commanded Carey to tell him. But Hunsdon came of her own lineage, and shared her own indomitable spirit. By way of reply he told his mind very freely to Burleigh. The threat of laying him by the feet, he could not digest, and alluded to it in these high spirited words: "Any imprisonment she may put me to shall redound to her dishonour; because I neither have nor will I deserve it."[3]

[1] State Trials, p. 30, vol. vii.
[2] Fragmenta Regalia.
[3] Life of sir Robert Carey, p. 231—233.

The queen's conduct to this faithful kinsman is characteristic of her niggardliness. He had a double claim on the earldom of Wiltshire. Elizabeth withheld it through his life, but when he was on his death-bed, she sent the robes and patent to his bed-side. Whereupon, he who could dissemble neither in life nor death, sent them back with these words, "Tell the queen, that if I was unworthy these honours living, I am unworthy of them dying."

It will be allowed, that a narrative wholly devoted to the personal biography of Elizabeth, can afford but a few words as a retrospect of her regal sway over the sister island. "Ireland," says Naunton, "cost her more vexation than anything else. The expense of it pinched her; the ill success of her officers wearied her; and in that service she grew hard to please." The barbarity with which she caused that country to be devastated, is unprecedented, excepting in the extermination of the Caribs by the Spaniards.

Henry VIII. had given himself little concern with the state of religion in Ireland; it remained virtually a catholic country; the monasteries and their inhabitants were not uprooted, as in England; and the whole country incipiently acknowledged the supremacy of the pope, through all the Tudor reigns, till Elizabeth ascended the throne. The false step taken by the pope at Elizabeth's accession, by mooting the point of her reign *de juro*, instead of considering it *de facto*, forced her into the measure of insisting that all Ireland should renounce the catholic religion, and become protestant; and this she enforced under the severest penal laws. Ireland, which had acknowledged the English monarchs as suzerains, or lords paramount over their petty kings and chiefs for several centuries, had scarcely allowed them as kings of Ireland for a score years, now flamed out into rebellion, against the English lord-deputy; and this functionary, by the queen's orders, governed despotically, by mere orders of council; and endeavoured to dispense with the Irish parliament. The taxes were forthwith cessed at the will of the lord-deputy. The earl of Desmond, the head of the Fitzgeralds, and possessed at that time of an estate of six hundred thousand acres, aided by lord Baltinglas, head of the Eustaces, whose family had for four generations filled the office of lords-treasurer, or lords-deputy, and were ever closely allied with the Geraldines, resisted the

payment of this illegal tax, and required that a parliament might be called, as usual, to fix the demands on the subject; for which measure, these gallant precursors of Hampden were forthwith immured in a tower of Dublin castle. They sent messengers to Elizabeth, to complain of the conduct of her lord-deputy; for which presumption, as she called it, she transferred them to the more alarming prison of the Tower of London. The English parliament, however, finding their sole crime was the vindication of the existence of a parliament in Ireland, were inclined to view the case as bearing on their own. Elizabeth, therefore, postponed her vengeance on Desmond and Baltinglas, and ordered their liberation.

Philip of Spain then, in revenge for the assistance given by Elizabeth to his protestant subjects in the Low Countries, proffered aid to the Irish; the Geraldines and Eustaces flew to arms, and for many years sustained a contest with the English lord-deputy. At length the venerable earl of Desmond, crushed by overwhelming numbers, became a fugitive, and after wandering about in glens and forests for three years, was surprised in a lonely hut by a party of his enemies. Kelly of Moriarty struck off his head, and conveyed it, as an acceptable present, to queen Elizabeth, by whose order it was fixed on London Bridge.[1]

The lord-deputy Montjoy (the Irish say by the advice of Spenser, the poet), the commander of the English forces, commenced that horrid war of extermination which natives call "the hag's wars." The houses and standing corn of the wretched natives were burnt, and the cattle killed, wherever the English came, which starved the people into temporary submission. When some of the horrors of the case were represented to the queen, and she found the state to which the sister island was reduced, she was heard to exclaim, "that she found she had sent wolves, not shepherds, to govern Ireland, for they had left nothing but ashes and carcasses for her to reign over!"

This deprecatory speech did not, however, save the lives of the patriots who had resisted the extinction of the Irish parliaments. Lord Baltinglas was beheaded, and a peculiar act passed, called the Statute of Baltinglas, which confiscated the estates granted to the Eustaces in Ireland, al-

[1] Camden. Lingard.

though the young brother of lord Baltinglas had taken no part in the rebellion.[1]

The latter days of Elizabeth were certainly impoverished and embittered by the long strife in Ireland, and if her sister declared "that, when dead, Calais would be found written on her heart," Elizabeth had as much reason to affirm, that the burning cares connected with the state of Ireland had wasted her lamp of life.

[1] See the important document in Egerton Papers, published by the Camden Society, headed, "Royal Prerogative." The Rev. Charles Eustace, of Kildare, is the representative of this family, and the claimant of the Baltinglas peerage. The illegal attainder, by which the last lord Baltinglas suffered, could not, in point of law or justice, affect the descendants of his brother, who never forfeited his allegiance. The restoration, by George IV., of the forfeited peerages to the descendants of some of the noblemen who suffered for their devotion to the cause of Stuart, was not only a generous but a politic measure, as it healed all ancient wounds, and for ever quenched the spirit of hereditary disaffection to the reigning family in many a noble heart, which, from that hour, glowed with loyal affection to the sovereign, in grateful acknowledgment of the royal act of grace. Surely the services which the father and brothers of the venerable claimant of the Baltinglas peerage have performed for England, have been sufficient to obliterate the offence of their collateral ancestor, the unfortunate but patriotic victim of the unconstitutional government of Elizabeth in Ireland.

BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES CENTRAL
ENGLAND VOL. VI
MAR 1929

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

Just Published,

A NEW & CHEAPER EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

Uniform with MISS STRICKLAND'S "LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND," in 2 vols., with Portrait, &c., 21s. bound,

LETTERS

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Illustrative of her Personal History, now first published from the Originals.

EDITED BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The best collection of authentic memorials relative to the Queen of Scots that has ever appeared."—*Chronicle.*

"No public or private library can be considered complete without this valuable work."—*Morning Post.*

"A publication of the deepest interest, not alone to the student of history, but to the most ordinary class of readers."—*Herald.*

"Undoubtedly the most valuable and by far the most interesting work, illustrative of the life and character of Mary Stuart ever given to the world."—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

"A work deeply interesting, in every personal respect, and of high historical value."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A valuable contribution to English historical literature. It enables the reader to form a most correct estimate of the character and talents of Queen Mary."—*Britannia.*

"A most valuable and instructive work, both in an historical and a nationa point of view."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

"No historical library can be complete without these volumes."—*Court Journal.*

"A publication of great historical interest and value."—*Sunday Times.*

"These volumes are among the most curious, interesting, and highly valuable historical documents ever put on record."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

HENRY COLBURN, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

To be had of all Booksellers.